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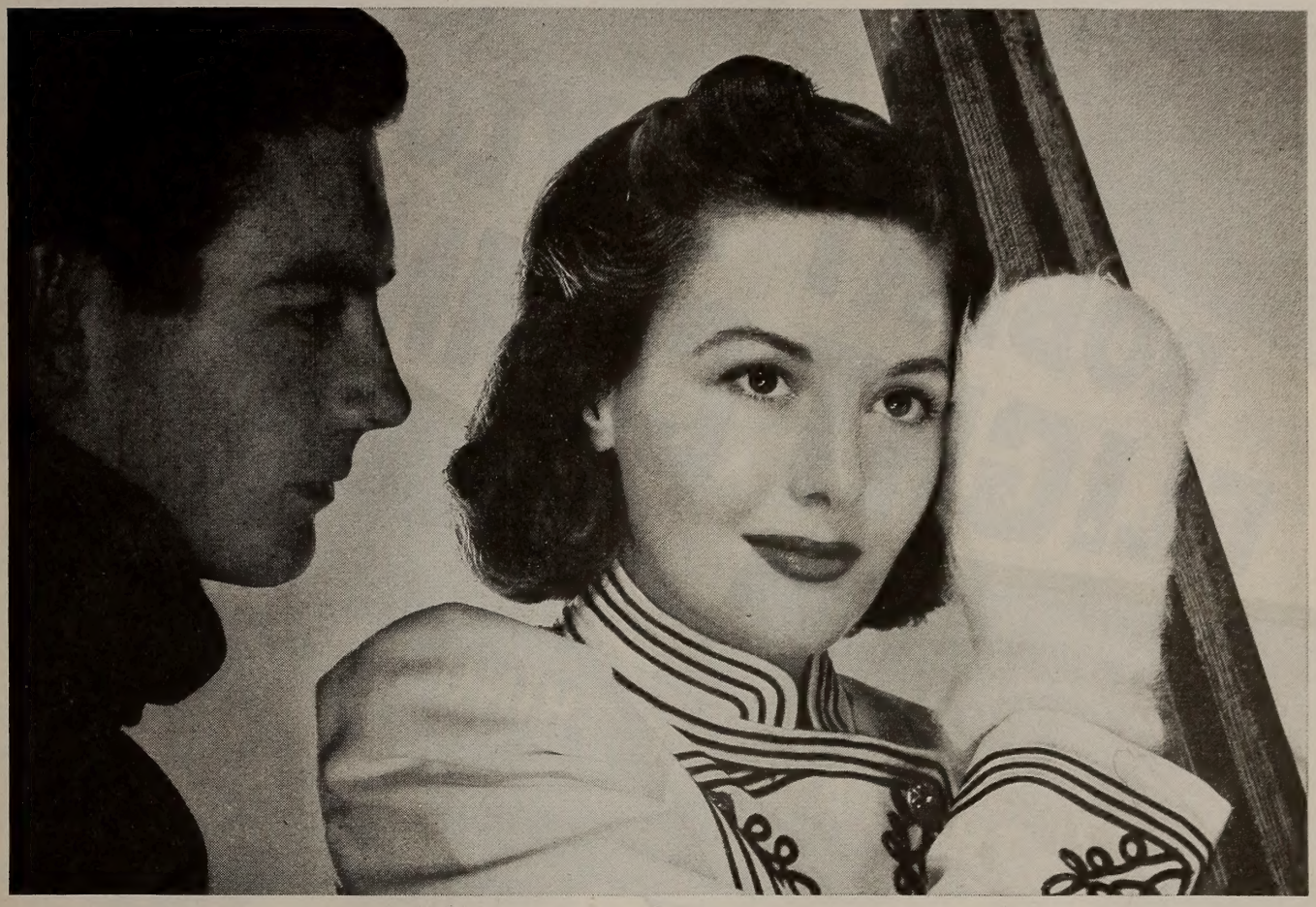
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20273
1967 D

HIS EYES SAID:

"YOU'RE MY DREAM COME TRUE!"

UNTIL, ALAS, SHE SMILED!



Don't risk the charm of your own precious smile. Help keep your gums firm, your teeth sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

IN HIS EYES she saw her hopes come true! And her heart beat fast to read his thoughts..."How lovely, how truly lovely you are"!

Her moment of magic!—but then she smiled...and lost! For dull teeth...a lifeless smile...are a poor invitation to love and romance.

YES, IT'S TRAGIC INDEED for a girl to let her beauty be dimmed by a dull and dingy smile! And often so needless! If you would make yours a smile that invites and never repels, heed this expert advice: Give your *gums* as well as your teeth regular daily care...and never ignore the warning



of "pink tooth brush"!



THAT TINGE OF "PINK" may not mean serious trouble...but the minute you see it, *see your dentist!* He may simply tell you that your gums, denied hard chewing by today's soft foods, have become weak and flabby from lack of exercise. And, like so many dentists these days, he may suggest, "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

FOR IPANA, WITH MASSAGE, is specially designed to aid the gums to health as well as clean teeth thoroughly. So, every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Feel that invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It tells you that gum circulation is improving—stimulating gum tissues—helping gums to sounder health.

TRY IPANA TOOTH PASTE today. And begin now the faithful, every day use of Ipana and massage. See for yourself how much this sound and sensible dental habit helps make your gums stronger and firmer, your teeth brighter and your smile more radiantly attractive.



Get the new D. D. Tooth Brush too—specially designed with the twisted handle for more thorough cleansing, more effective gum massage. A "plus" for aiding your smile.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

WAC 5/14/42

With the Gratefully Acknowledged Cooperation of the

★ UNITED STATES NAVY ★

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

presents

ROBERT TAYLOR IN FLIGHT COMMAND

THE FASTEST THING ON FILM!



THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH!

Ever since M-G-M gave to the public its memorable production "Hell Divers", this famed studio has sought a drama equally thrilling and romantic, with a spectacular background of America's fighting ships of the air. Here it is, surpassing highest hopes for a successor! It is the story of the "Hell Cats" of the Navy's Armada of the skies...excitingly filmed at Pensacola, San Diego and Pearl Harbor... a romance of air-devils and the beauties who love them...a picture that will electrify America with its breath-taking unfolding!

WITH RUTH HUSSEY ★ WALTER PIDGEON

PAUL KELLY • SHEPPARD STRUDWICK • NAT PENDLETON

A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION

Screen Play by Wells Root and Commander Harvey Haislip
Directed by Frank Borzage • Produced by J. Walter Ruben

WALTER PIDGEON
as the Commander
and...
RUTH HUSSEY
as the girl who made the "Hell Cats" purr!

★ ★

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DEC 13 1940

Hollywood

JANUARY, 1941 Vol. 30 No. 1

W. H. "BUZZ" FAWCETT, JR., President
JOAN VOTSIS, Editor

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

The grand total circulation of this column is 30,936,879. To every one of our readers in the twenty-nine national magazines, the lion roars a Merry Xmas.



As a pre-holiday treat we present you with one of those dashing affairs with Clark Gable doing most of the dashing.

★ ★ ★ ★

And Hedy Lamarr is something to dash after.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Comrade X"—that's Clark—is a mysterious correspondent who attempts to smuggle news past the censor and Hedy Lamarr past the immigration.

★ ★ ★ ★

He is caught smuggling Hedy.

★ ★ ★ ★

The film is a confection of suspense, speed and merriment. The screen play, written by Ben Hecht and Charles Lederer, has a pace that is Hechtic.

★ ★ ★ ★

Our studio spies send us a warning that "Comrade X" is a most dangerous picture. People laugh themselves sick and the laughter is contagious.



An epidemic of laughter isn't a bad idea.

★ ★ ★ ★

Knee-bends to those great characterizations (in addition to Gable and Lamarr) by Oscar Homolka, Felix Bressart and Eve Arden.

★ ★ ★ ★

King Vidor, whose direction is direct, has not missed on this one. Long live King!

★ ★ ★ ★

It's a great job, M-G-M. More "Comrade X"es, say we all of us.

★ ★ ★ ★

In fact, there'll be a movement afoot to rename the merry season.

★ ★ ★ ★

They're thinking of calling it—

★ ★ ★ ★

Comrade Xmas. —Leo

Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-May Pictures*

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By DUNCAN UNDERHILL

■ The sprightly duel between RKO and the Hays Office goes merrily on. The issue, now as before, is whether the studio can show Minsky burlesque stripteasers on the screen.

The point was first mooted and booted around when Ginger Britton was lifted out of a Main Street, Los Angeles, skin-palace to appear in a sequence with Lucille Ball and Maureen O'Hara in *Dance, Girl, Dance*. In addition, she was designated "technical director of undressing."

The minute the studio made the announcement (some time after Ginger had actually gone to work) Joe Breen got on his trusty high-speed motorcycle and raced around to the RKO executive office with fire in his eye and restraining orders stuffed in all his pockets. The upshot was that Ginger's shapely anatomy was cut out of the picture; her name was cut out of the studio publicity, and she was forcibly severed from her advisory job.

By this time, however, her function had been served. She had coached Lucille Ball how to appear properly nonchalant in the wind-blown sequence in which she was divested of her garments in oh! such a dainty and charming manner. This sequence was the authentic highlight of the film.

Now the studio has hired Betty Rowland (The Redheaded Ball of Fire) from the Minsky circuit to instill a similar dose of vitamins into the Bob Crosby picture variously known as *Let's Make Music* and *Malvina Swings It.*

After long and dreary consultations with the Hays Office cops, Director Les Goodwins came up with a compromise settlement that is virtually a moral victory in favor of burlesque.

Betty will be permitted to do her strip-tease in a scarcely expurgated version of the original. But the camera will be trained not on her, but on her shadow!

Thus does the art of the motion picture progress.

■ The cosmic Orson Welles, who does nothing by half-measures, is in the final throes of producing *Citizen Kane,* which literally promises to wind up in a blaze of glory.

The last setting is the library of a newspaper publisher who is suffering from convictions of grandeur. To add the correct tone to the room, Welles designed a fireplace eight feet high and thirty feet wide, or large enough to drive a cavalry troop through.

When the fireplace was completed, he ordained that actual logs be placed on the grate. Woodchoppers went out and denuded the Low Sierras of evergreens two and a half feet thick, which they then sawed up into twenty-five-foot lengths.

The gas-jet installation that produces the crackling flames is so big that in full operation it consumes 3,000 cubic feet of fuel per hour.

Welles was about to start shooting the final sequence, which is one of the longest and most important in the story, when a bystander pointed out that over a period of two weeks, the estimated shooting time, the logs would appear in various stages of wholeness, decomposition and ashes if allowed to burn freely.

So the studio chemists were called in to think up ways of preserving the initial set of logs in their original state. Finally a solution was discovered that would pickle them effectively against the ravages of the gas flames, and the play went on.

In full blast, the Welles fireplace looks like *Dante's Inferno* on the Fourth of July, with overtones of forest fires and Bessemer furnaces. A visitor, strolling on the set, inquired of Welles when the holocaust was at its height, "What do you do with that thing—toast marshmallows?"

■ For the first time in history, a contract was signed last week which is contingent on the continued health of a fictitious character.

Bill Boyd, star of dozens of *Hopalong Cassidy* adventure tales, was signed by Producer Harry Sherman to keep starring in the series in the title role as long as Hopalong's box-office health remains unimpaired.

To all intents, this is a lifetime contract both for Boyd and Hopalong, since individual bookings on each set of the durable Westerns has increased steadily until it is now near the 250,000 mark.

■ Universal has a serial queen under contract whose life story is a complete 20-chapter serial in itself. She is that rarest of all combinations, an Irish noblewoman reared in Costa Rica who made her debut in Spanish pictures and feels more at home in the German language than in English.

Jeanne Kelly is her synthetic name, chosen because it fits better on horseback than her genuine title, Lady Yolanda Fitzgerald. Her father is a genuine Irish baron, the landless son of the first of his line who migrated to Costa Rica to become a coffee planter.

Lady Jeanne of the hoss operas was born in Houston, Texas, taken immediately to the paternal acres in Costa Rica, and schooled there. Only on her return to the United States for advanced studies did she become acquainted with English.

After trying unsuccessfully to get a foothold in the high-minded drama in New York, she took her Spanish accent into the night clubs and became a singing guitarist. Warner Brothers hired her as Spanish musical atmosphere and Paramount snapped her up to play Spanish features opposite Tito Guizar.

After this Universal catapulted her onto a horse, from the saddle of which she speaks her first English lines in a drama of pistols and passions called *Riders of Death Valley.*

Which proves that the Irish transplant easily but don't always take root.

■ Like Appleseed Johnny, who scattered fruit trees

[*Continued on page* 8]



We thought gentlemen preferred blondes, but when this trio was snapped at Ciro's, the brunette was getting all the attention. All three, however,—June Duprez, Walter Pidgeon and Maria Montez—seem to be enjoying themselves in grand fashion

"BUT, MY DEAR, HAVE YOU HEARD THE LATEST?"



...Paramount has actually got Jack Benny and Fred Allen to appear together on the screen for the first time in Paramount's big holiday show, "Love Thy Neighbor." Yes, and they've finally agreed to bury the hatchet . . . in each other's necks!



...Paramount has the first picture in which Paulette Goddard *dances* . . . and, do you know whom she's dancing with? Fred Astaire! Wait'll you see them do the "Dig It" in Paramount's big New Year's show, "Second Chorus."

...Yes, and did you know these big musicals are coming to your favorite theatre right in time for the Christmas holidays. You sure can do your Christmas movie shopping early!



Paramount presents

JACK **BENNY** · FRED **ALLEN**

in

"LOVE THY NEIGHBOR"

with MARY MARTIN · Verree Teasdale
The Merry Macs · Virginia Dale
and "ROCHESTER"

Produced and Directed by
MARK SANDRICH



Paramount presents

FRED **ASTAIRE** · PAULETTE **GODDARD**

in

"Second Chorus"

with
ARTIE SHAW and his Band
CHARLES BUTTERWORTH
BURGESS MEREDITH

Produced by Boris Morros
Directed by H. C. Potter

[*Continued from page* 6]

over a good part of the nation, Fredric March has aided so many struggling actors that he doesn't remember them all.

On the set of *Flotsam* the other day a girl reminded him of a boost he had given her years ago when he was co-starring with Clara Bow in *True to the Navy.*

"I was an extra kid," the girl narrated. "I was sitting on the sidelines studying a big thick script when you came over and asked what I was reading. I explained it was a play I was about to appear in at the Pasadena Playhouse.

"You offered to help me with my lines and invited me to lunch. Some producers and directors stopped by the table. You introduced me.

"Right after that you left for New York. When you came back, your sponsorship of me had borne fruit. I was playing the lead opposite Maurice Chevalier in *Playboy of Paris.*"

The ex-extra girl is, of course, Frances Dee, now co-starred with her benefactor and Margaret Sullavan in *Flotsam.*

■ Cecil B. DeMille is buttonholing anybody who will listen to him and displaying a curio picked up at a preview of *North West Mounted Police,* in which Paulette Goddard, as the half-breed *Louvette,* is acknowledged to have projected the sexiest personality since Pola Negri appeared in *Passion* for Lubitsch.

DeMille's exhibit is an applause card filled in by a member of the premiere audience on which the emphatic declaration is made:

"If Chaplin doesn't want her, I want her."

■ After dozens of conferences with his board of strategy, Arthur Hornblow, producer of the air epic *I Wanted Wings,* finally accepted Veronica Lake as the name of the leading lady, a draftee from the New York stage, where she had performed under a less poetic billing.

Hornblow telephoned his agent to get an opinion on the choice.

"Hasn't it got a nice, cool, summery touch?" he asked breathlessly.

"Sure," the agent agreed. "But what are you going to call her in the winter?"

Undeterred, Hornblow fastened the name on his starlet and ordered the studio press department to get busy and make the name famous. One of the junior publicity wizards came up with a brain flash, with the result that a telegram went forth from the studio to the city fathers of Lake Placid, New York, suggesting that the name of that famous resort be changed to Veronica Lake.

"Happy to accede to your request," the Lake Placid authorities replied, "if you will change the name of Hollywood to Lake Placid."

•

■ Unable to agree with Republic studio officials on the stories offered for her movie debut, Elizabeth Altemus Whitney, variously known as the ex-Mrs. "Jock" and Liz Whitney, has taken her portable typewriter to New York to create the yarn out of her own experience.

The thing will definitely be a hoss opera, tailored to fit the title, *Beauty and the Beast.*

■ The Melrose Grotto, a professional hangout that serves as a rendezvous for the staffs of the RKO, Paramount and Columbia studios, the National Broadcasting Company and the Decca Record Company, has lately become the scene of some of the nuttiest goings-on since the inception of the autograph-hunting nuisance.

Dizzy young damsels of high school and college age show up there every evening at the dinner hour wearing open-midriff dresses with plenty of authentic epidermis on display. Carrying little inked pads, such as are used with rubber stamps, they scurry around the room soliciting the fingerprints of celebrities, actors, directors, singers and musicians.

Nearly indelible records of the occasion are preserved by pressing the inky thumbs of the notables on the exposed skin in the approximate region of the diaphragm.

■ Indiscriminate free-style kissing is having a Renaissance with the holiday season.

Jeffrey Lynn and Eddie Albert, no dopes, offered themselves as guinea pigs in a blindfold test to determine whether they could identify any of the four girls in *Four Mothers* after kissing Priscilla, Rosemary and Lola Lane and Gale Page.

The quartette, using the same perfume and lipstick, were lined up and the two marksmen let fly with their most analytical busses. After going through the ranks three or four times each, they confessed themselves nonplussed.

The other manifestation of the resurgence of wholesale necking is the stunt pulled by RKO at the Hollywood premiere of George Abbott's *Too Many Girls.*

Every male guest received a telegram signed by "The College Co-Eds," reading:

IT IS UNBELIEVABLE BUT TRUE THAT WE HAVE NEVER BEEN KISSED—ADEQUATELY—BUT YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF AT THE PREVIEW OF OUR PICTURE. YOURS FOR A SMACKING GOOD TIME.

The telegrams themselves were smeared, by a process known only to Newcomb Carlton and his associated tycoons on the board of directors of Western Union, with cupid's-bow lipstick prints.

■ When Uncle Sam suddenly turned "Indian giver" it put the Paramount prop department on the spot and brought about some of the fastest improvising ever carried out in the sphere of military supply.

The studio had obtained the use of a dozen Switlik chutes for use in an air epic, and they were in actual use before the cameras when an emergency arose in the Air Corps. The commanding officer at Randolph Field, Texas, the

[*Continued on page* 10]



Mary Pickford, Norma Shearer and Claudette Colbert were interested in the children's work at All Nations Foundation, which the stars visited recently



Dorothy Lamour was recently snapped dancing with her agent, Wynn Rocomora, at El Morocco. Dorothy wore a beautiful gray gown, exquisitely embroidered

It's Here!

The thundering story that challenges all filmdom to match its excitement!

"Iron Rails to Kansas . . .
Iron Nerves from there on!"



WARNER BROS. *PRESENT*

ERROL FLYNN
OLIVIA DeHAVILLAND

in

Santa Fe Trail

A thousand miles of danger with a thousand thrills a mile!

Original Screen Play
by Robert Buckner
Music by Max Steiner

with **RAYMOND MASSEY**
RONALD REAGAN · ALAN HALE
Wm. Lundigan • Van Heflin • Gene Reynolds
Henry O'Neill • Guinn 'Big Boy' Williams

DIRECTED BY ***MICHAEL CURTIZ***

WATCH!
The big hit right after 'Santa Fe Trail' will be 'FOUR MOTHERS.' It's the wonderful new Warner Bros. picture starring the 'Four Daughters'!

[*Continued from page 8*]
American West Point of the air, wired that the equipment was needed immediately for the training of defense forces.

One parachute was left behind for use as a sample and the studio drapers went to work on a twenty-four-hour basis turning out replicas so that the large cast would not be held up indefinitely.

In addition to the Switliks, the army also recalled eleven rare barrel-type parachutes, a rare model used in huge bomber planes.

Luckily for the peace of mind of the leading players, Ray Milland, Wayne Morris and William Holden, they will not be required to make landings in the "homemade" paraphernalia.

■ Broderick Crawford and Dick Foran, two well-matched he-men, share a penthouse apartment on Sunset Strip atop a building that houses the offices of several movie agents.

Forced to arise early in the morning to travel to their distant studios in the San Fernando Valley, they made a habit of pausing every morning and extracting the Hollywood film trade papers from under the door of one of the agents. On the way to work they would take turns reading the news and gossip to each other.

The agent whose papers they were swiping raised the devil with the publications, whose circulation managers swore that copies were being delivered every morning. So the agent set a janitor to watch his door. The spy reported that Crawford and Foran were the culprits.

Thinking to teach the boys a lesson, the agent went to a friendly police magistrate and had a petty larceny complaint sworn out against the two rootin', tootin' bad men.

The same day the agent was served with a civil summons alleging that he had been guilty of slander, defamation of character and a whole catalogue of misdeeds. In a panic, he called his lawyer, wondering if he had overstepped. The lawyer told him it looked pretty serious.

That night on the way home, Crawford and Foran dropped in on their neighbor, the agent, stripped off his pants, disconnected his telephone and locked him in his office, promising to let him out as soon as he promised to reform and be a better neighbor in the future. After a few hours the prisoner relented and tapped his surrender on the ceiling of his office.

The penthouse dwellers came down and released him. With them was their lawyer, who was also the agent's lawyer. The whole thing was, of course, a bit of Hollywood horseplay.

The agent's trade papers are now delivered to his home.

■ Lynne Overman and William Demarest, under contract to the same studio, have been carrying on a reciprocal nuisance campaign for months. Overman, at the moment, appears to have the upper hand.

His newest tactic is to hire children, ragamuffins and nondescripts to stand at the studio gates and heckle Demarest, who resembles Overman, with requests for the Overman autograph.

The pleas, carefully rehearsed, go something like this: "You are our favorite actor, Mr. Overman," and "Mr. Overman, you are the handsomest man in Hollywood."

The only means Demarest has devised of getting even is to write perfectly outrageous sentiments in the proferred signature-books and sign them with Overman's name.

■ Lunching with a friend at the Vine Street Derby, Mary Astor settled her account with a check.

A stranger, sitting in the next booth, intercepted the waiter on the way to the cashier's desk and asked if he could purchase the check, as a memento, for cash. Mary gave her permission and assured the beaming fan that she would sell as many checks as he could buy if he promised to keep them permanently out of circulation.

■ Margaret Lindsay is thinking of buying a horse. As she set out for the studio the other morning, the motor of her car gasped and expired. Her chauffeur, an antique darky, set out on foot for a nearby garage to bring assistance.

Time was short. Margaret called the garage and found the line continuously busy. Finally, in desperation, she commandeered the chauffeur's personal car, a 1926 racing model decorated with ribbons, tinsel and wreaths.

She made a brave start toward the studio, but the old prairie schooner collapsed at the end of the first lap. She nudged it into a curb and flagged a passenger car that ferried her as far as a cab stand.

The taxi she hired blew a shoe on a detour and she was picked up by a studio telephone operator riding to work in her boy friend's jaloppy.

Arriving at her dressing room, she telephoned her home to tell the chauffeur where he could find his car (if he wanted it).

"You done the right thing, Miss Margaret," the menial congratulated her. "When yo' big shiny cyah go foof, you just use my little ol' rambler. She got you dere dis time an' she'll never fail, nohow."



Doug Fairbanks, Jr. gave the shirt off his back at an auction for the benefit of Douglas Hospital in England. Virginia Fields helps Dermot Quinn remove shirt

■ Fred MacMurray, playing a "folksy" part in the lead of *Virginia,* is having a race with strangulation.

Except in period pictures, actors are required to furnish their own wardrobe. Fred's part required that he get a rather garish shirt for a certain sequence. He went to the basement of a department store and picked out a plaid effect for $1.95.

The garment passed the inspection of the director and cameraman and Fred went to work in a key sequence. What he didn't know was that the initial sequence was the pivot of some thirty others.

Pretty soon the shirt had to be laundered. It shrank alarmingly. Inevitably it had to be laundered again and this time it came back in a boy's size. The scenes in which it is required are practically interminable.

The wardrobe department tried frantically to duplicate the atrocious garment. There was nothing remotely like it in stock. The department store had no more; the thing was a sample and the manufacturers were out of business.

If Fred seems a bit stout and asthmatic in the love scenes, it's only because he's choking to death.

■ Young Tom Rutherford, one of the best gentleman jockeys and hunt meet competitors in the country, went on location with a Paramount company to the prime hunt area of the country, Virginia.

He was the only member of the troup not permitted to go out with the hounds and risk his neck. The reason: his employers had anticipated that he might be tempted to try some nonsense during the life of his contract, so they craftily prohibited it in writing. The other members of the company, all notoriously poor riders, were legally free to take their reins (and lives) in their hands whenever they chose.

■ In Rocky Mount, N. C., in 1924, Kay Kyser acquired a broken-down flivver and the services of a dark gentleman named Mac to drive it.

The jaloppy has long since been interred but Mac calls for Kyser at the end of the day's work on *You'll Find Out.*

The extent to which Mac has taken over the management of the Kyser career is evidenced by his personal card, which reads:

"Ulford Madison Maxwell Clement Cordell Riggsbee—chef, chauffeur, valet, personal secretary and chaperon to (over) Mr. James King Kearne Kyser, better known as The Man from the South."

THE GLORIOUS SEQUEL TO "LITTLE WOMEN" BECOMES THE GRANDEST COMEDY-ROMANCE OF THE YEAR!

Only Louisa May Alcott, author of "Little Women," the picture millions will always remember, could write this sequel you will never forget. More laughs . . . more romance . . . more downright enjoyment than you've had since you can remember!



Directed by Norman Z. McLeod. Produced by Gene Towne and Graham Baker • Screen Play by Mark Kelly and Arthur Caesar

MOVIE MEMOS

FROM: The Editor

TO: The Readers

Re: Editorial Change

A change has been made on the editorial staff of your favorite movie magazine, HOLLYWOOD. In view of this, we memo the following:

With the closing of the December, 1940, issue, Llewellyn Miller vacated the editorial chair in HOLLYWOOD to assume the editorship of SCREEN LIFE, another fine Fawcett publication.

Miss Miller has imbued HOLLYWOOD with her own vivid personality and has given freely of her editorial ability in an effort to make this magazine one we all like to read.

Let us all extend to Miss Miller our sincerest wishes for happiness and success in her new assignment.

* * *

Re: Gary Cooper

There was an audible fluttering of feminine hearts last week when Gary Cooper paid an impromptu visit to the Paramount offices in our building. Being rabid movie fans, we scampered all over the place trying to get a peek at the Cooper profile, but did not succeed. However, our ruffled feelings have been assuaged, for we've been invited to have luncheon with the big smoothie. How do you like the wonderful Gary Cooper pictorial spread on pages 24-25?

* * *

Re: Allan Jones, Irene Hervey, Bob Cummings

Chalking the Gary Cooper slip-up to experience, we decided to practice up on our footwork for future emergencies —such as this one.

When the golden-voiced Allan Jones, the lovely Irene Hervey, and the handsome Bob Cummings lad and his missus arrived in town en route to a Caribbean cruise, we put our gears in high and sped over to the pier. Along with a small group of fellow press people, who had also received hasty invitations, we toasted the happy vacationers with a cup of hot coffee.

Undoubtedly, this mid-season vacation trip was inspired by the lazy atmosphere and charming locale of Allan's and Bob's most recent film, *One Night in the Tropics*, which was formerly entitled *Caribbean Holiday*.

* * *

Re: Bette Davis

On Bette's recent trip to New York, Warner Brothers gave a "Meet-up-with-Bette-Davis" party.

Having been Bette Davis devotees since *Of Human Bondage* days, we could hardly wait for the momentous occasion. Finally, the big day arrived and out we went to meet the drama queen. We received a pleasant surprise, for Bette is even more attractive than she screens. The top half of Bette was draped in white orchids, and above the floral interruption was a warm smile, sparkling eyes of deep blue—not saucer-like as they appear on the screen—and lovely blond tresses. She was so natural and "unactressish" that we have placed her at the top of our "most charming actress" list.

* * *

Re: World Premiere

You who have enjoyed the "baaad boy" antics of Bud Abbott and Lou Costello on the radio and on their recent country-wide personal appearance tour, will enjoy seeing them in the Universal film, *One Night in the Tropics*. The comedians have a good-sized role in the new Allan Jones flicker, and as a result of their excellent team work have been signed to do three more pictures.

The world premiere of *Tropics* was held in Paterson, New Jersey, in honor of Lou Costello, a local boy who made good. The entire city, including the mayor, visiting film stars and fellow citizens, attended the affair, whose proceeds went to local charity. Since this was Paterson's first world premiere, the large turnout did not surprise us.

* * *

Re: Hollywood Gossip

The recent draft drawing revealed a most avid Durbin admirer. When Claude W. Maxwell, Jr., was asked for the address of a person who would know his whereabouts at all times, he unhesitatingly gave Deanna's name and address. Upon further questioning, the young man revealed that Deanna is the recipient of regularly-written fan letters, and would at all times be aware of her No. 1 fan's whereabouts. Nice going, Mr. Maxwell.

We wonder if Cary Grant mentioned our name to his local draft board?

* * *

Re: February Issue

For the next issue of HOLLYWOOD, we are going to pull out of our bag of tricks special stories on Mickey Rooney, Hedy Lamarr, Jimmy Stewart, Humphrey Bogart, Peggy Moran, Betty Grable, George Brent and others.

For the first time in her screen career, Hedy Lamarr is going to do comedy. Perhaps comedy is what the beautiful but unflexible Lamarr needs. We don't know. Don't miss next month's production story on *Come Live With Me*, for it will contain an abundance of intimate facts.

Budgets are consistent pains in the neck to us all at one time or another, and we find Mickey Rooney is no exception. Despite his fabulous movie salary, the genial, red-haired Mickey has to budget his small weekly allowance. Whether you're a budget-expert or a budget-failure, we urge you not to miss the interesting and informative piece on Mickey's budget in the February issue.

See you in HOLLYWOOD next month.

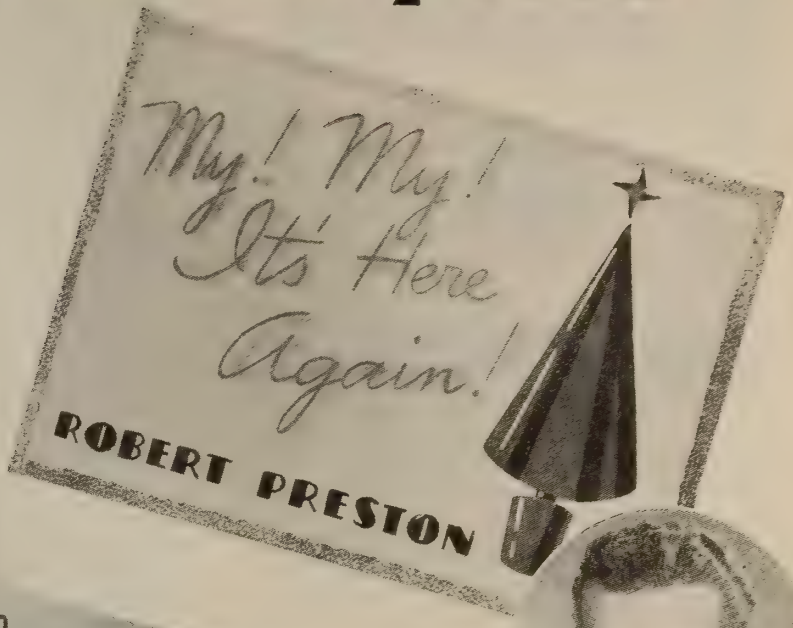


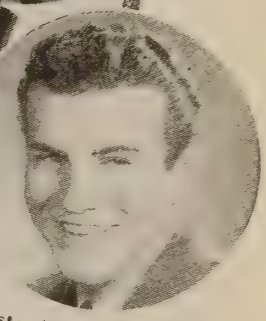
As their liner pulled out of the New York harbor for a Caribbean cruise, Bob Cummings, Irene Hervey Jones and Allan Jones wave goodbye to their many friends seeing them off. Irene Hervey just completed *San Francisco Docks*

Greetings From Hollywood



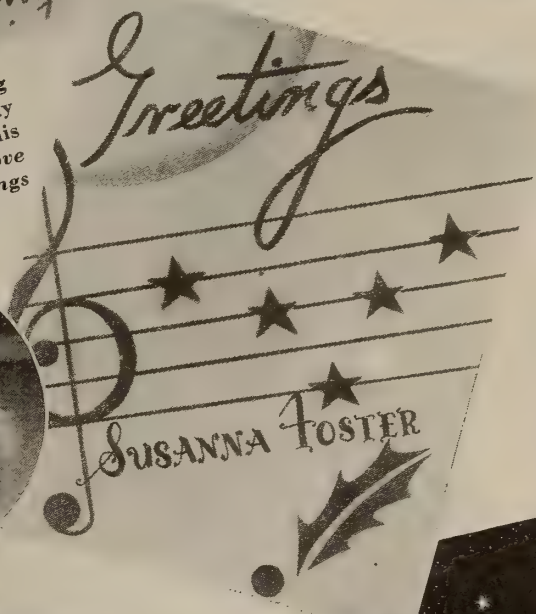
Ray Milland's greeting card for the holiday season typifies his roles in *Arise, My Love* and *I Wanted Wings*





Bob Preston's sprightly greeting is in bright red—possibly in honor of his latest film, *North West Mounted Police*





Susanna Foster expresses her sentiments with a musical score, descriptive of her role in *There's Magic in Music*



All of French-born Claudette Colbert's Christmas cards show a French village scene

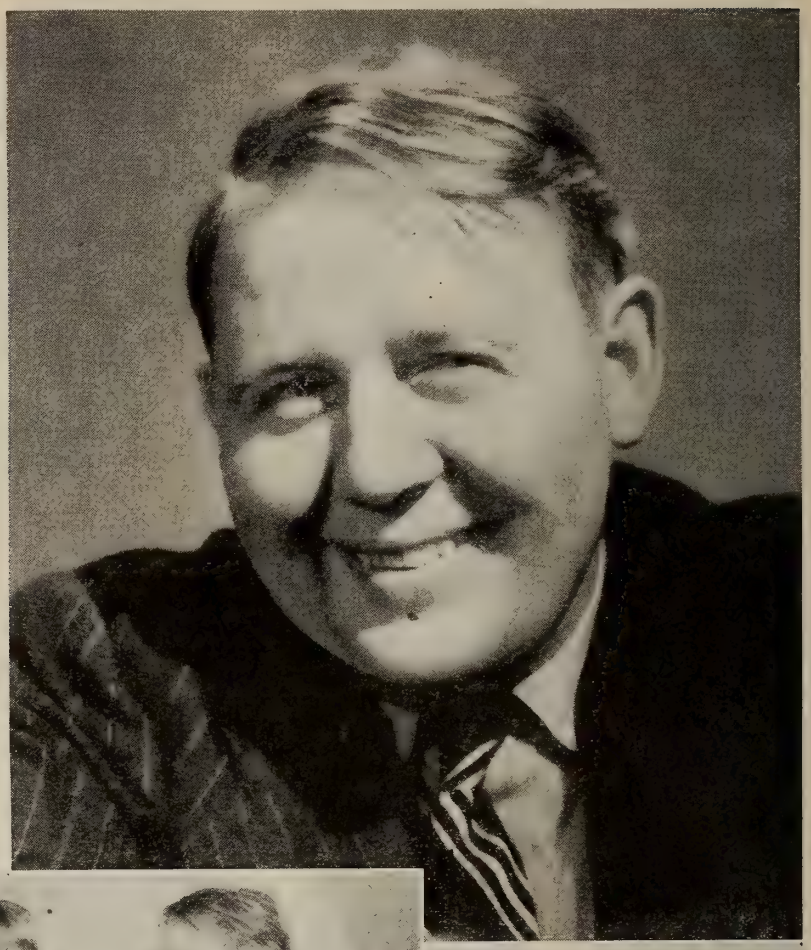




Jackie Cooper has chosen a romantic scene comprising a silver coach-and-four upon a dark red background

Laughing At Laughton

By CHARLES SAMUELS



The bogey man of the silver screen, Charles Laughton, is at heart a friendly, fun-loving prankster

■ Don't look now, but the funniest man in Hollywood is Charles Laughton.

No kidding. For eight years now this butterball of bombastic horror has been fooling us with his spine-rattling, leerings and sneerings, fright wig make-ups, terror-inspiring screen felonies and skillful characterizations of rogues and rotters of high and low degree.

Occasionally, as in his recent *They Knew What They Wanted*—Gruesome Charlie has gone in for genial comedy. But this was only a hint of the real Laughton, for he, the man who walks like a heavily-bombed super-dreadnaught and whose face is something to scare whole troops of Grade-A boy scouts, is, at heart, a merry and untiring cut-up.

To tell all, certain of his frantic antics and jolly cavortings make better known pranksters of movieville such as Groucho Marx and Bill Wellman seem positively wistful and highly inhibited.

And when Laughton goes in for some good, clean fun he does it on a big scale. No silly hot-foots or fake telephone calls appeal to him. With the rotund Britisher, it's always an A production when he clowns.



In her recent association with Charles Laughton in RKO-Radio's *They Knew What They Wanted*, Carole Lombard found the robust actor to be a charming opposite of his gruesome screen characters

Fate isn't co-operative, however. Instead of being appreciative of Laughton's private laughs, the gods of merriment seem forever to be playing tricks on him.

Consider what happened to the big, good-natured fellow recently while he was whirling about the country on a personal appearance tour. Arriving in Detroit, Charles rushed to the amusement cathedral, where he was scheduled to appear, before the first performance. Always the artist, he was eager to test the acoustics.

"Is there an apron on this stage?" he asked the first person he met.

The man he spoke to apparently didn't know that an apron is that part of the stage that curves outward in the middle of the front. That is, of course, when there is an apron. "Sure, we got an apron," said the man.

Whereupon, the mighty Laughton lumbered out to rehearse his famous version of Lincoln's "Gettysburg Address" in the empty and half-dark theater.

But just as he was about to stop and begin with, "Four score and seven years ago—" he plunged off the stage and down twelve feet into the orchestra pit. Being liberally upholstered with fat, the screen's topnotch Bogey man was fortunately not hurt. But as he sailed through the air, smashing music-stands and chairs, his clothes were ripped to pieces.

The details came out a few days later when this interviewer asked Mr. Laughton whether his fans had been tearing his clothes off for souvenirs during his triumphant tour.

"No, sir, I tear off my own clothes," he said, fixing me with one of those paralyzing glares that have made him famous, "by falling off stages." The accident made the tour very complicated as Charles was only lugging around two suits with him and refused to be fitted for another. While the damaged garments were being repaired, his remaining suit got baggier by the hour.

It wasn't the first time that Laughton had taken a tumble that wasn't in the script. The other calamity happened while scenes for *Mutiny on the Bounty* were being made on a ship off Catalina Island.

■ As none of us who saw that tense and lusty melodrama is likely to forget, Laughton played the crafty, cruel role of *Captain Bligh*, as tough a British tar as ever brought a ship through a typhoon.

Unfortunately, Charles not only got sunburned and seasick in a most distressing manner while working on this picture

but also fell overboard. When word of this disaster leaked out, M-G-M sent out indignant denials of the story.

They were afraid the public wouldn't accept such a landlubber as a sinister devil to whom weakness was anathema. But Laughton's flawless performance convinced even the sceptics in the British Navy itself.

Actually, Laughton confesses that he is the worst sailor in the world. The early plan of his family to put him in His Majesty's Navy brought out the comic streak that contrasts so strikingly with the savagely wicked parts he plays.

Dragged against his will to take a seamanship examination, Charles ingeniously put a big minus sign against his name as future Admiral when asked, "Who was John Paul Jones?"

The answer which confounded historians and mariners alike, was, "John Paul Jones was Lord Nelson before the latter lost his leg."

That ended the examination. But aggrieved sailors the world over had their chuckles at the irreverent Laughton's expense when, in his first picture, he was cast as a submarine commander. In that one, *The Devil and the Deep,* the story called for the *drowning* of "the worst sailor in the world."

Laughton, who hates the sea as other men hate a mad dog, was compelled to sit in a chair while water in the submarine rose to his chin, his ears and finally over his head! The emergency resuscitation crew, with inhalator and other equipment, that attended him out of camera range in case he was overcome didn't make him any happier.

But don't feel too sorry for Chubby Charles. He can dish it out as well as take it and when he's in a dishing-out-mood the producers quiver in their custom-made boots.

The devilish twists the Laughton laughter takes at times is shown perfectly in the feud he carried on successfully with Alexander Korda, the Hungarian who produced in London *The Private Life of Henry VIII,* in which the Britisher won the Academy Award.

Some years later, Korda engaged Laughton to star in *I, Claudius,* an epic of ancient Rome, with Merle Oberon, now Mrs. Korda. Laughton was eager to have the art directing wizard, William Cameron Menzies, direct.

Korda was agreeable but ran into a bit of a financial snag while putting on the massive production. He had just hired Marlene Dietrich for *Knight Without Armor,* at the unheard of one-picture fee of $350,000.

When it came time to pay off Marlene's last $100,000, Korda just didn't have that much cash in the till. "All right," said the gracious la Dietrich, "let my old friend and sponsor, Joseph von Sternberg, direct *I, Claudius,* and we will forget the hundred grand, as Americans call it."

Laughton went into a tantrum when he heard the news. He screamed and roared and threatened to quit. In a day, however, he calmed down, agreed reluctantly to let Von Sternberg direct him. He didn't say that he had a cute trick or two up the sleeve where he conceals his funny-bone.

Shooting started quietly enough. Korda, busy wishing Miss Dietrich bon voyage and with several other matters, didn't see the 'rushers' of the new picture for a week. When he did, he all but fainted.

Laughton, playing the rascally Roman emperor, was imitating the Prince of Wales, mimicking his voice and all his mannerisms. That meant the picture could never be released in the British Empire.

Calling his star on the carpet, Korda pleaded with him.

"I'm sorry you don't like my work," said Laughton with a sober face. "But I always strive to please. I will change my approach and technique completely."

The company started all over again. At tremendous expense great sets were re-erected. Korda went away for a few days' rest cure. When he came back he found Director von Sternberg tearing his long hair.

"Now Laughton is imitating Groucho Marx!" the temperamental director shouted.

■ Called on the carpet again, Laughton glibly explained, "But Alex, old fellow, I've studied the life of Claudius and Groucho Marx is a friend of mine. They seem twin souls to me."

[*Continued on page* 51]

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April Showers

IMPORTANT PICTURES

By JOAN VOTSIS

THE GREAT DICTATOR
United Artists

■ Charles Chaplin has an important message to impart in his present film contribution, *The Great Dictator*. Directing, producing and acting in two leading roles, he expresses his ideas by contrasting slapstick comedy with tragic scenes and serious speeches.

Chaplin succeeds fairly well in his condemnation of the dictators, Hitler and Mussolini. Playing a dual role of dictator *Hynkel* (Hitler) and the persecuted barber, he is riotously funny in scenes meant to be funny, while the pathos injected occasionally is extremely effective.

Chaplin spent several years making *The Great Dictator*. During this period rapidly changing conditions abroad forced him to make numerous changes in it. For example, the end was altered five times before the picture was released.



Charles Chaplin and Paulette Goddard in *The Great Dictator*

The much-discussed last speech of the little barber, delivered dramatically by Chaplin with sweat rolling off his brow, is not only overdone and out of character, but entirely superfluous. The picture up to that point had so humorously ridiculed the egotism of a dictator who thinks himself infallible and indispensable, and had shown so clearly the tragedy of persecuted peoples under a totalitarian government, that the last lengthy speech for freedom and democracy seemed an obvious, unnecessary and anti-climactic attempt to arouse emotion. We resented that speech just as we would resent it if a writer interpolated into a good novel a long harangue on some point of ethics, or ended his story, as Aesop did each of his Fables, by saying, "The moral of this tale is . . ."

Recent tragic events somewhat dampen the humor of some scenes which would ordinarily be hilarious, but despite this they are not without effect. For instance, Chaplin does a burlesque ballet dance with a balloon upon which is painted a map of the world. With exaggeratedly dainty gestures, the dictator pirouettes around the room and hops from floor to table to chair, tossing the balloon up into the air, always catching it when it comes down, enjoying himself immensely. This seemed so grim that we could hardly crack a smile. But, funny or grim, it added to the picture. Another dance of Chaplin's, however, had us nearly rolling in the aisle. As the barber, he gets hit on the head and teeters crazily down the street, sometimes on the curb and sometimes slipping off. His nimbly awkward feet and expressionless face are superbly comic.

Jack Oakie is so funny as the pompous dictator, *Benzino Napaloni*, that he steals the show at times. Particularly good is his introductory scene, where *Napaloni* is arriving by train to visit *Hynkel*. *Hynkel* and his people are waiting to greet him, crowding along the long carpet laid for the visiting dictator to walk upon. The train pulls in, stopping so that *Napaloni's* door is just at the carpet. His chin thrust upward and his chest out, *Napaloni*, with lordly gestures, prepares to descend from the train. Just as he does so, the train jerks and pulls away from the carpet. The carpet is then hustled up to the door and *Napaloni* again is about to emerge, but the train jerks backward this time. This checker-board byplay is repeated three or four times before the train door and carpet meet simultaneously, and *Napaloni* arrogantly struts out, not a whit disconcerted.

Paulette Goddard performs with conviction her role of one of the downtrodden people of the Ghetto. Reginald Gardiner has an important role, that of right-hand man to the dictator, and he plays it very capably, Billy Gilbert, another of *Hynkel's* men, is an amusing character.

The Great Dictator is not a perfect production by any means, but it is entertaining, moving, thought-provoking, and, therefore, well worth seeing.



Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Rita Hayworth in *Angels Over Broadway*

ANGELS OVER BROADWAY
Columbia

■ Fitting into none of Hollywood's familiar picture formulas, *Angels Over Broadway* is brilliant in its simplicity. Mr. Hecht's three-way job of writing, directing and producing probably explains the sparkling qualities of this film.

The plot unfolds during the course of a stormy evening when an unusual group of characters meets. First of the group is *Gene Gibbons* (Thomas Mitchell) a "distinguished" playwright. Distinguished because his three attempts at playwriting have failed. Mitchell, of no mean acting ability, truly surpasses all of his previous incomparable performances. With the aid of brilliant and scintillating dialogue, Mitchell's performance falls into the Academy Award brackets. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., as *Bill O'Brien*, significantly portrays the role of a cynical young man with fervor and feeling. John Qualen as *Charles Engle*, the would-be suicide, is convincing, while Rita Hayworth in a straight dramatic role is somewhat disappointing.



Dietrich and the boys in *Seven Sinners*

SEVEN SINNERS
Universal

■ Swaying well-shaped hips, swinging incredibly beautiful legs and fluttering gold-dusted eyelashes down to there, Marlene Dietrich is in top form when it comes to unpremeditated riot forming.

The action of *Seven Sinners* takes place amidst loud screeching of police sirens, gusty screaming of women and well-placed left-hooks to unshaven jaws on the island of *Boni-Komba*, where part of the American Navy is stationed.

Deportation from one island to another finds *Bijou* (Dietrich) returning to the isle of *Boni-Komba*. The induction of a new governor, who knows nothing of *Bijou's* colorful past (but soon finds out), is the cause for *Bijou's* happy return. The hearts of naval officers, with whom *Bijou* comes in contact, do a neat back-flip. *Lieutenant Bruce Whitney* (John Wayne) is affected with a double-dose, and turns out to be *Bijou's* Waterloo. That gawky guy, Wayne, scores heavily in his role of the square-shooting naval lieutenant. Mischa Auer as *Sascha*, the unintentional cleptomaniac, is direct cause for much merriment. The brute-like Broderick

Crawford evoked gusty chuckles from the preview audience with his earnest and faithful glamor-girl body-guarding. Also deserving of honorable mention are the roles of Billy Gilbert as the proprietor of Cafe Seven Sinners, Oscar Homolka as *Antro* and Albert Dekker as *Dr. Martin.*

Not having been a former Dietrich rooter, I stress the following: Dietrich's interpretation of the cafe entertainer is vivid and outstanding—not empty and weak as is true of some of her earlier performances.

SECOND CHORUS
Paramount

■ *Second Chorus* is a pleasant musical comedy, livened up in the matchless Fred Astaire manner.

The plot is weak but contains innumerable amusing incidents in the dual career of two men simultaneously trying to win a girl (you can't blame them—it's Paulette Goddard) and convince Artie Shaw of their musical talents. Astaire and the second suitor, Burgess Meredith, find themselves swimming around in some very hot water because of their mutual determination to outdo each other. They are charming and shameless in their underhanded tricks, but fulfill the requirements of justice by failing miserably until their efforts are united.

Miss Goddard is a graceful and attractive dancing partner for Astaire, and plays her light and somewhat empty role with conviction. The *piece de resistance* of the picture is a dance called the "Dig-It," which is expertly executed by Fred and Paulette. Good fun if you can do it. And you can do it if you try. (See pages 30-31 for instructions.)

Meredith romps merrily through his part of a high-handed young scoundrel, and shows himself as adequate in slapstick as in more serious roles. Charles Butterworth is funny as usual in his own inimitable rabbity manner.

Miniature Reviews

ARISE, MY LOVE (Paramount) Cast: *Ray Milland, Claudette Colbert, Walter Abel.* Exciting love story of a reckless aviator and a girl reporter in Europe. Packed with suspense, snappy and humorous dialogue and poignant love scenes. *Thrilling.*

BRIGHAM YOUNG (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Dean Jagger, Tyrone Power, Linda Darnell, Mary Astor.* Based on the Mormon movement, from persecution in the East through hardships in Utah and a long and bitter fight for religious tolerance. A tremendous production with excellent performances. *Stirring.*

CITY FOR CONQUEST (Warners) Cast: *James Cagney, Ann Sheridan, Anthony Quinn, Frank McHugh.* An old, but good, story of life in the city. Based on the dreams and ambitions of a group of people who were reared in the tenements of New York. *Effective.*

DOWN ARGENTINE WAY (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Don Ameche, Betty Grable, Carmen Miranda, Charlotte Greenwood.* South American locale, with brilliant dances and charming music. Fiery Carmen Miranda makes a hit with her song presentations. See what Technicolor does for Betty Grable! *Delightful.*

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT (United Artists) Cast: *Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, Herbert Marshall, George Sanders, Albert Basserman.* A Walter Wanger thriller we wouldn't have missed for anything. Suspense is highly tensioned, with Alfred Hitchcock at his best in masterful direction. Story is gripping, timely and fast-paced throughout. *Sensational.*

HIRED WIFE (Universal) Cast: *Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, Virginia Bruce, Robert Benchley, John Carroll.* Story of a girl who married as a business proposition, but convinced the gentleman in question that he had loved her all the time. Light, but riotous fare. Carroll's performance is too good to miss. *Hilarious.*

THE HOWARDS OF VIRGINIA (Columbia) Cast: *Cary Grant, Martha Scott, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Richard Carlson.* Historical play from the best-selling novel, *Tree of Liberty.* Cary turns serious in this film, and although convincing, we prefer him as the lovable screwball. *Educational.*

KNUTE ROCKNE—ALL AMERICAN (Warners) Cast: *Pat O'Brien, Gale Page, Ronald Reagan, Donald Crisp.* Sympathetic, and at times reverent, biography of the great football coach. O'Brien's performance as the great Rockne is by far his best. The Notre Dame choir is awe-inspiring. *Great.*

THE LONG VOYAGE HOME (United Artists) Cast: *John Wayne, Thomas Mitchell, Barry Fitzgerald.* Powerful tale of men of the sea. Realistic, lusty, sentimental and beautiful, it contains terrific scenes of storms and bomber attacks. Members of the cast give unforgettable characterizations. This is a highly specialized type of film which will *not* appeal to popular box-office. *Powerful.*

NORTH WEST MOUNTED POLICE (Paramount) Cast: *Gary Cooper, Madeleine Carroll, Paulette Goddard, Preston Foster, Lynne Overman, Akim Tamiroff, Bob Preston.* An adventure film with Cooper as a Texas Ranger, Madeleine as a nurse, Paulette as a half-breed vixen, and Bob and Preston as "mounties." Innumerable fist fights and gun fights. In Technicolor, too. *Exciting.*

A NIGHT AT EARL CARROLL'S (Paramount) Cast: *Ken Murray, Lillian Cornell, Virginia Dale, Earl Carroll.* The less said about this picture, the better. Unless you are particularly interested in a large display of feminine legs, you can skip this one. *Dull.*

NO TIME FOR COMEDY (Warners) Cast: *Rosalind Russell, James Stewart, Genevieve Tobin and Charles Ruggles.* A draggy film saved only by the artistry of the two stars who have a knack for comedy. *Spotty.*

SPRING PARADE (Universal) Cast: *Deanna Durbin, Bob Cummings, Mischa Auer, S. Sakall.* A light and "springy" film with the lovely Deanna capturing the audience in her usual charming manner. Deanna sings several excellent selections in this story of old Vienna. *Enjoyable.*

ONE NIGHT IN THE TROPICS (Universal) Cast: *Allan Jones, Bob Cummings, Nancy Kelly, Peggy Moran, Bud Abbott* and *Lou Costello.* A light, romantic comedy with hilarious complications, plus the comedy team of Bud Abbott and Lou Costello. Not a spectacular production by any means, but enjoyable because of its fast tempo. *Romantic.*

STRIKE UP THE BAND (M-G-M) Cast: *Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Paul Whiteman, June Preisser.* Lively tale of youth trying to win a national high school band contest sponsored by Paul Whiteman. Obstacles and complications disperse into thin air when the forceful Mickey puts his thinking cap on to aid the dear old alma mater. *Entertaining.*

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED (RKO) Cast: *Charles Laughton, Carole Lombard, William Gargan.* Based on the Pulitzer prize play by Sidney Howard. Lombard shows fine feeling as a waitress who makes a blind date to get married. Laughton, an Italian vineyard owner, gives a magnificent performance. Complications in the plot are caused by Gargan, Laughton's young foreman. *Excellent.*

THIRD FINGER, LEFT HAND (M-G-M) Cast: *Myrna Loy, Melvyn Douglas, Bonita Granville.* Pretense of marriage by a magazine editor as "job insurance," is the unhappy lot of Myrna Loy in this film. Douglas, in love with the beautiful editor, tries to arrange a divorce for the unmarried lady. Laughs galore pepper this fine comedy. *Sparkling.*

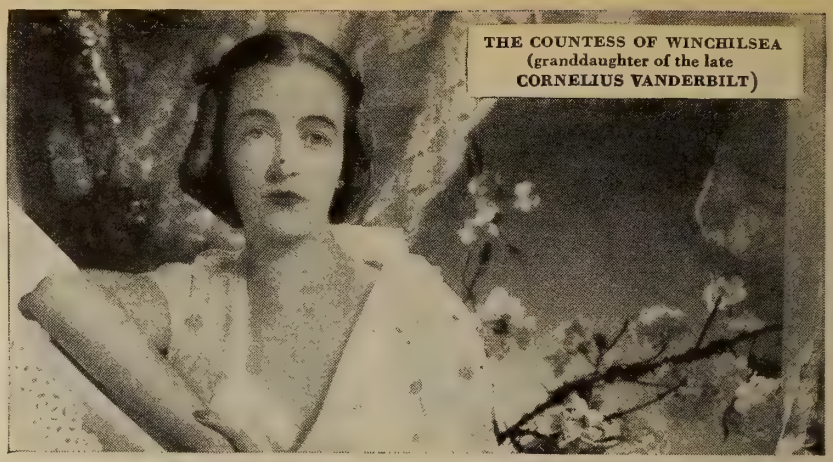
THE WESTERNER (United Artists) Cast: *Gary Cooper, Doris Davenport.* A delight to lovers of Westerners. Many exciting gun fights and well-executed dramatic situations. *Yippee.*



Dining out at the Brown Derby are Ma and Pa Gable. Clark has just completed *Comrade X* with Hedy Lamarr. Carole is working on RKO's *Mr. and Mrs. Smith*



MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, JR. (the former FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB)



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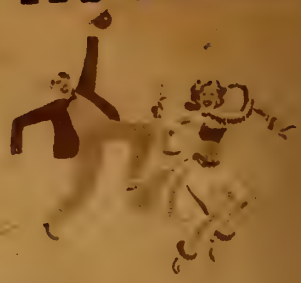

SEASON'S GREETINGS FROM
DEANNA DURBIN
Universal's *Nice Girl* with Bob Stack is next on Deanna Durbin's film program

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BIG AS ITS STARS! GREAT AS ITS SONGS!



Alice FAYE

Surpassing her "Alexander's Ragtime Band" success!



Betty GRABLE

The "Down Argentine Way" star . . . more torchy, more dazzling!

TIN PAN ALLEY

. . . the unbelievable street where songs are born!

Jack OAKIE

The comic who's just come into his own!

John PAYNE

A new romantic thrill when he makes love to K-K-Katy!

and

Allen Jenkins • Esther Ralston
Nicholas Brothers • Ben Carter

Directed by Walter Lang

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan • Based on a story by Pamela Harris • Dances staged by Seymour Felix

Tin Pan Alley's Greatest Songs!

New—

"You Say the Sweetest Things (Baby)" by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren

Old—

"K-K-K-Katy", "When You Wore A Tulip And I Wore A Big Red Rose", "Moonlight Bay", "Good-bye Broadway, Hello France", "The Sheik of Araby", "America I Love You"!



Coming soon

From 20th Century-Fox!

HENRY FONDA
DOROTHY LAMOUR
LINDA DARNELL
in
"CHAD HANNA"
In Technicolor

•

PAUL MUNI
in
"HUDSON'S BAY"
with
Gene Tierney

She's An "Oscar" Menace

By
JOHN CORWIN HURT



■ At the far end of a park bench sat a slim girl in a blue print dress. Misery was written in every line of her drooping figure, in the tear-soaked handkerchief she pressed against her face, in the convulsive sobs that seemed to tear themselves from the depths of her soul.

The normal activity of the park flowed on around her. Children chased up and down the walk, glanced curiously at her and pattered on. Nursemaids wheeling baby carriages cast sympathetic glances at the girl with the secret sorrow, then passed discreetly by without looking back. Jobless men, shaking their heads with the understanding born of long suffering, shuffled past.

Finally a young man strolled by. At sight of the girl he stopped and stared. Strange, an attractive girl crying on such a beautiful day! What could be troubling a person as young as she? Puzzled, he walked slowly past. Then he stopped, and looked back. Finally he walked over to her.

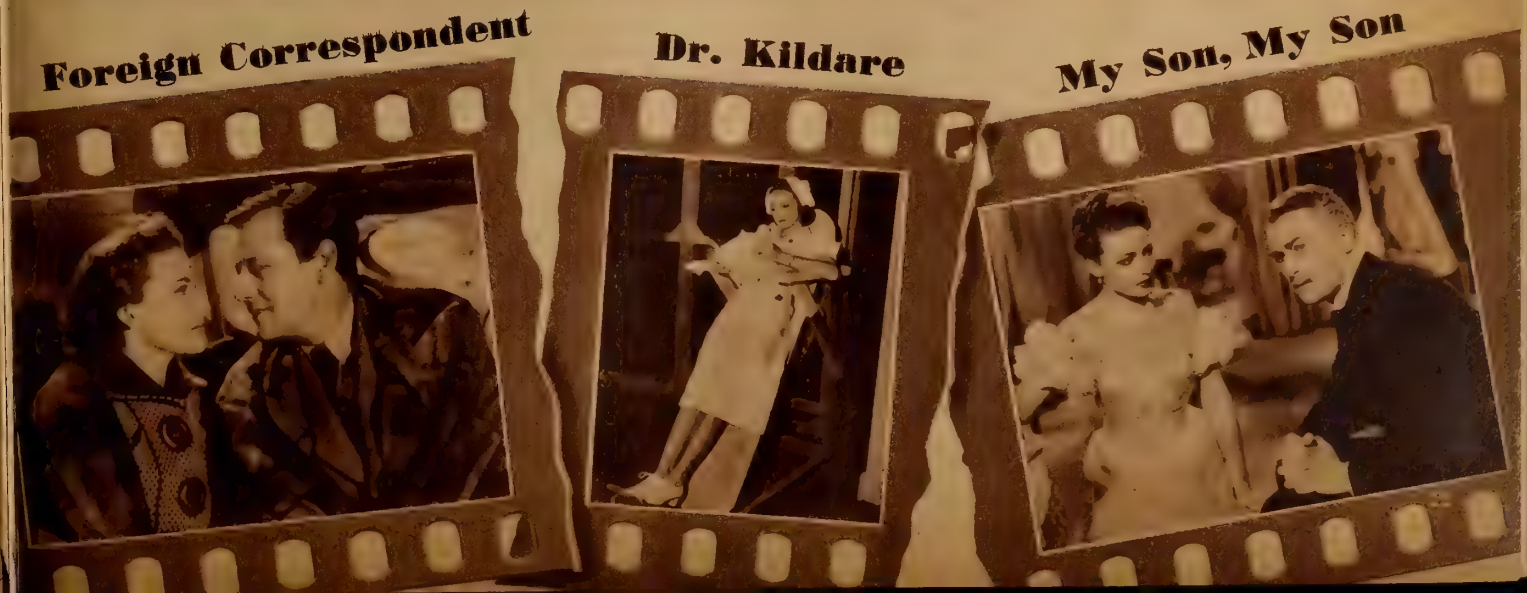
"What's the matter, Miss? May I be of assistance?" he asked.

The girl, her wistful eyes a clear crystal color, looked up. Tears were streaming down her cheeks. The rims of her eyes were red and swollen.

"Wh-who are you?" she sobbed. "Go away and leave me alone!"

"I'm only trying to help," the young man countered. "Perhaps if you tell me what's wrong you might feel better. And how do [*Continued on page* 52]

Laraine Day is shown in scenes from films which have brought her stellar recognition. Bottom left: Laraine and Joel McCrea in a scene from their four-star film. Center: Working on a new Kildare series, Laraine relaxes between scenes of her "Yes, Doctor, No, Doctor," role. Far right: The role of *Maeve*, which catapulted her to prominence. The worried looking gent is Brian Aherne



An Open Letter from

Editor's note: Ed Sullivan, in his syndicated column, recently made some derogatory remarks about Joan Crawford. HOLLYWOOD'S editors are taking no sides in this blistering feud, but are happy to give Miss Crawford space in which to answer her accuser.

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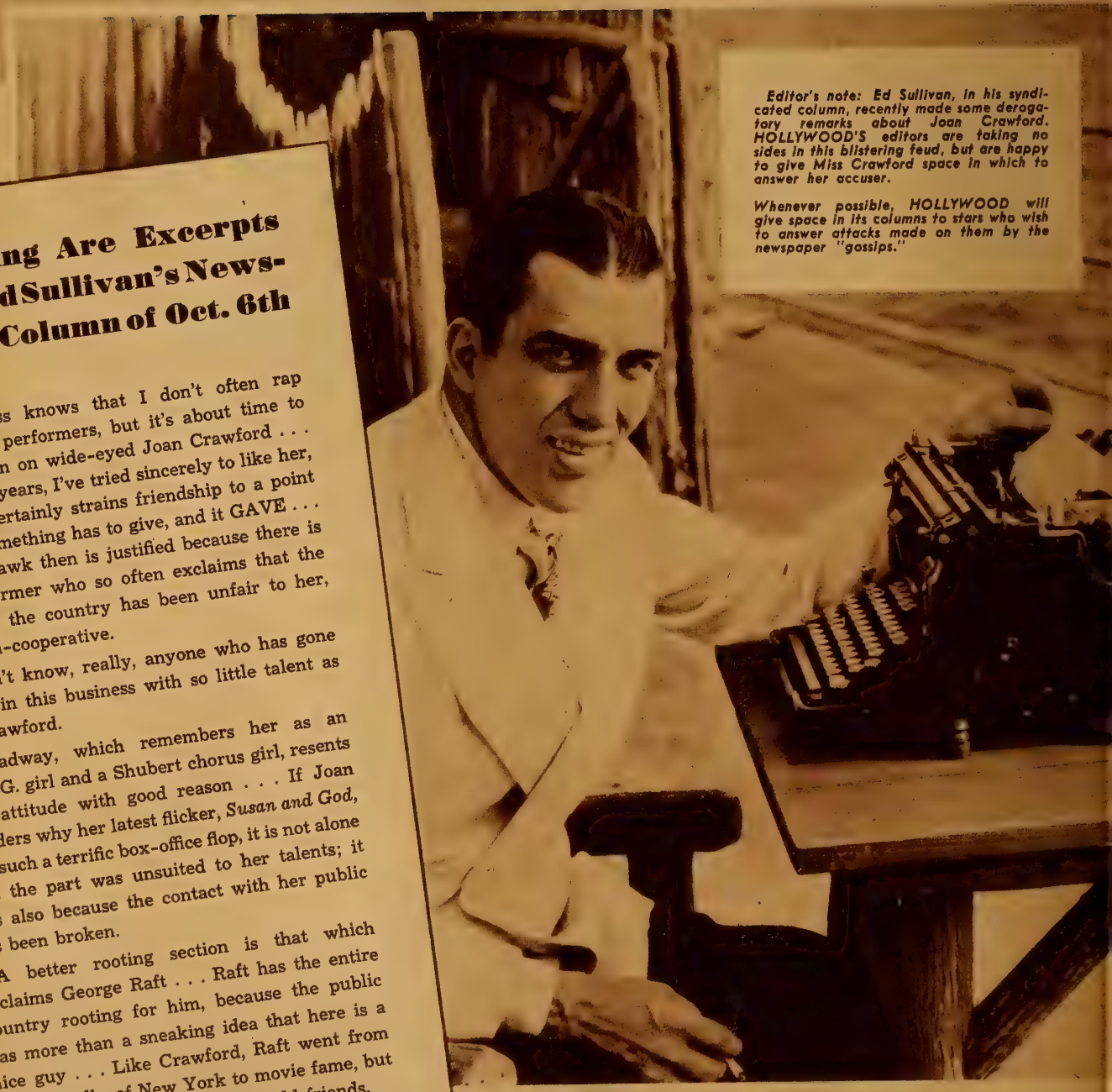
"Goodness knows that I don't often rap people, or performers, but it's about time to crack down on wide-eyed Joan Crawford . . . For some years, I've tried sincerely to like her, but she certainly strains friendship to a point where something has to give, and it GAVE . . . This squawk then is justified because there is no performer who so often exclaims that the press of the country has been unfair to her, and non-cooperative.

I don't know, really, anyone who has gone so far in this business with so little talent as La Crawford.

Broadway, which remembers her as an N. T. G. girl and a Shubert chorus girl, resents that attitude with good reason . . . If Joan wonders why her latest flicker, *Susan and God,* was such a terrific box-office flop, it is not alone that the part was unsuited to her talents; it was also because the contact with her public has been broken.

A better rooting section is that which acclaims George Raft . . . Raft has the entire country rooting for him, because the public has more than a sneaking idea that here is a nice guy . . . Like Crawford, Raft went from the sidewalks of New York to movie fame, but unlike her, he never forgot his old friends.

I confess that I've lost patience with Joan Crawford . . . No longer will this pillar rush to her defense when other movie stars put the blast on her for her insincerity, or for her affectations."



Above: Ed Sullivan, columnist, and his trusty typewriter accompany each other wherever they go

Right: From her hotel suite in New York, Joan Crawford is seen addressing her letter to the HOLLYWOOD offices

to Ed Sullivan

Joan Crawford

Dear Ed Sullivan:

Goodness knows I do often rap people and I'm honest enough to admit it, although I'm not proud of myself for doing so. Naturally, when I read your blast in the paper, my first emotion was to wish you boiled in oil. Then I thought: "No, it's over and done with. Let it pass. Forget it."

But this view I concluded in time was wrong. It implied submissiveness. Hence this letter, meant not so much to slap back at you as to take a definite stand on this business of "cooperation," to inquire, perhaps, what it means and to set you right on a point or two.

You say that for some years you have tried to like me. Ed, how? By seeing me? By talking to me—as friends? No indeed. I haven't seen you since I separated from Franchot. And before that I talked to you exactly twice, once when in New York as a visiting fireman—when I asked to see you. You had printed something perfectly silly and I thought it could be straightened out if we talked it over like civilized people. Besides, I thought it high time we met. I remember that you were kind enough to invite Franchot and me to dine with you and your very attractive wife.

Those were the only times I've ever seen you. And for the life of me I cannot remember any great effort you made to know and like me.

I have never "exclaimed that the press of the country has been unfair" to me. I have said, however, that a columnist—any columnist—is unfair to attack anyone who has no means of reply. (This does not include legitimate criticism of commercial entertainment or art by properly qualified critics.)

Certainly I have complained about that. Not for myself alone but for my craft and everyone so attacked. I consider it cheap, tawdry, and gangster journalism. I have never ceased to marvel at the paradox of otherwise respectable newspapers that are serving their community constructively and who, at the same time, permit journalistic lice to stink up their pages. If you so desire, I will tell you that at 42nd Street and Broadway through a loudspeaker.

"While she has been in the East, Miss Crawford was asked by two newspapers to cooperate with them in stunts which would have placed her in a favorable light," you say.

Ed, publicized acts of mine are not premeditated, nor for the purpose of placing me in a favorable light with newspapers or the public.

Goodness knows, certainly I do, that a motion picture actress without a public would be a thing of beauty, perhaps, and a cipher forever. [*Continued on page 60*]



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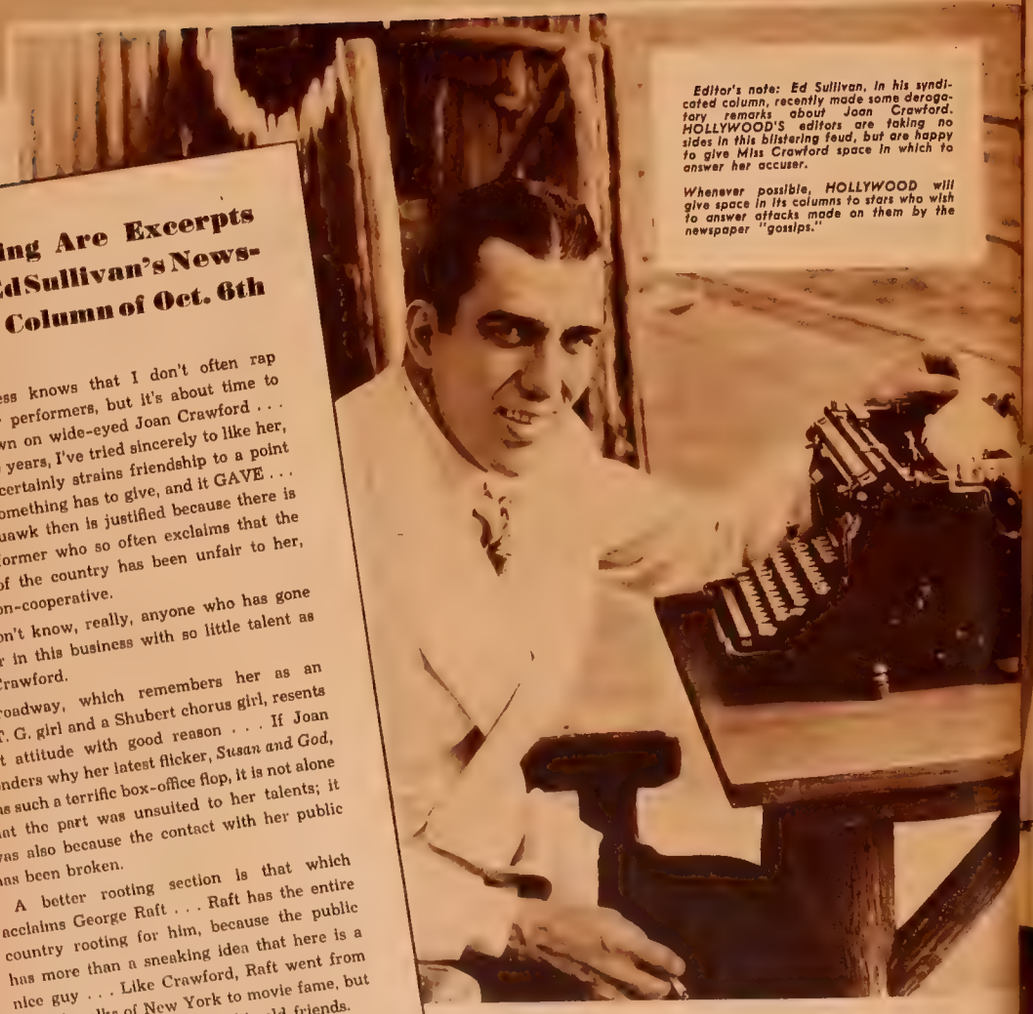
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Gary Cooper Hits the Road



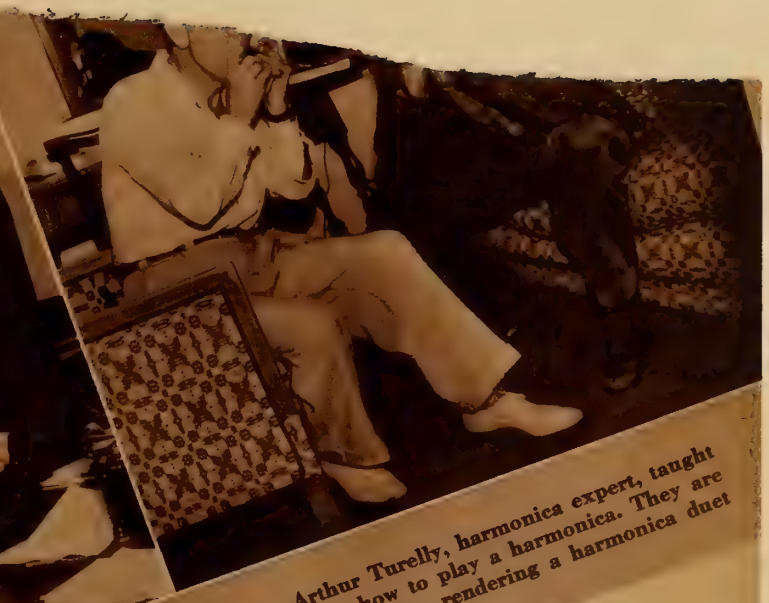
Trying to hitch a ride with glamor-girl tactics are Gary Cooper and Walter Brennan. This excellent "shot" of the two "hoboes" is a scene from Frank Capra's forthcoming film, *Meet John Doe.* The sterling combination of Cooper and Brennan makes for first-rate movie entertainment. At right: Gary and his leading lady, Barbara Stanwyck, enjoy a noon-day stroll on the Warner Bros. lot



Gary Cooper, crack shot, finds a gun to his liking among the fine collection used in this scene from the Warner Brothers' production, *Meet John Doe*



James Gleason, Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper instruct their contest winner, "Miss Average Girl" (Dorothy Andre), how to pose



Arthur Turelly, harmonica expert, taught Gary how to play a harmonica. They are shown rendering a harmonica duet



This night scene was shot at Wrigley Field Stadium with several thousand extras taking part. Capra and cameramen are silhouetted atop the camera boom

"e"



Here he is, girls, this season's new Apollo, Dennis Morgan. Although Dennis has been floating around Hollywood for a few years, it was only recently that he became popular with movie audiences. Ginger Rogers "spotted" Dennis in one of his films and went straight to the front office and demanded his services as her next leading man. They are co-starring in the new RKO-Radio production, *Kitty Foyle*

■ Something quite mysterious was going on outside of Ginger Rogers' dressing room on the RKO-Radio lot. A small crowd gathered there one day to watch what was happening. The studio painter was complacently swishing his brush up and down the dressing room door, and with each swish blotting out another letter of Ginger's name. Soon, the door was blank, and the puzzled spectators looked at each other quizzically.

"What do you suppose it means?" whispered one.

"*Mean*—why, Ginger's out! That's the only explanation. She's had that dressing room for five years. Gosh—I didn't know she was slipping."

"Wonder who the new occupant will be?" queried another.

"We'll find out in a minute."

The painter was slowly forming letters on the door. First "K," then came the "I," the "T," "T" and the "Y."

"*Kitty*—say, can it be that Katharine Hepburn is coming back?" buzzed the curious knot of co-workers.

The painter shoved his wad of gum to the other side of his face. "F," a round, fat "O," "Y," "L," "E."

"*Kitty Foyle*—when did the studio sign *her* up?"

That was Ginger's idea. It wasn't a practical joke, either. When Ginger learned that she was going to play the popular heroine of Christopher Morley's best-selling novel of the American White Collar Girl, she fell into the role with all her heart.

"*Kitty* isn't a book, and she isn't a picture," said Ginger enthusiastically. "She's a woman. She's the most real person who has ever been the heroine of a novel or a motion picture. I've got to be Kitty, not Ginger Rogers, actress, playing the part of *Kitty*."

So she ordered *Kitty's* name on her dressing room door, and on the set she was called *"Kitty."* Thus, *Kitty Foyle* became alive!

Kitty Foyle is a story that just cried for screen adaptation. It is a confessional of a working girl. It is *Kitty's* mind, revealed in searching introspection. As all of you who have read the story are aware, the story is subjective and psychological, recording the innermost thoughts and emotions of *Kitty*. To lose that soul-searching quality in the film would have meant losing some of the tremendous vitality of the story. [*Continued on page* 56]



At right: With her "little girl in the snowstorm" treasure in hand, *Kitty Foyle* shares youthful daydreams with her father, the likable Ernest Cossart

Fourteen-year-old *Kitty Foyle* (Ginger Rogers) "rubbernecks" at Philadelphia society as they arrive for big event, the annual Assembly



***Kitty* and *Wyn* (Dennis Morgan) stand uneasy upon the threshold of the Strafford mansion, as *Wyn* is about to present *Kitty* to his family**



It's secretarial school for Ginger in this scene from RKO-Radio's screen version of Christopher Morley's best-selling novel, *Kitty Foyle*



"I'd Make a Terrible Husband!"

Eddie Albert Says

By HELEN HOVER

■ The first time I saw Eddie Albert was in New York about four years ago. He was having chili-and-beans in a Radio City lunchroom with his cute little radio partner whom everyone thought was his secret bride. (P.S. She wasn't!)

The last time I saw Eddie was a few days ago. He was singing his head off at a little Russian cafe on Sunset Boulevard, with a sloe-eyed dazzler by his side.

Girl crazy?

No. The answer is girl *trouble*.

Last year, Eddie was chasing around the art galleries with Jane Bryan. The year before that, a night club singer presumably had a stranglehold on his heart. This year, he's been roller-coasting with Gene Tierney, Jean Cagney and a number of other Hollywood belles. A long procession of girls has moved through his life like fish down a stream—then completely out.

Eddie, bless his heart, gets the girls, but doesn't keep 'em. Marriage and Eddie Albert? Try mixing TNT and nitroglycerine!

According to Eddie, some men should marry, but others, like himself, should be kept away from Yuma by communal prayer or even an act of Congress.

"I owe it to any girl to stay single," he says, with his charming, cockeyed grin. "I'd make a terrible husband!" And his grimace leaves no doubt about that.

Trouble is, the girls—God love 'em—won't leave him alone. Unfortunately, Eddie's greatest charm is also his greatest drawback as a husband. It lies in his social rebellion.

Eddie doesn't want to be harnessed. He doesn't want to toe the mark. He wants to live like a free spirit—here today, gone tomorrow, and cram as much fun in between as you can.

Now all that may sound like fun. It is to Eddie, but what a pain in the neck it would be to the woman who promises to "love, honor and obey." In order to make a success of marriage, even with the most docile of men, a woman must have more than a grain of tolerance and good humor in her system. But the girl who expects to become Mrs. Eddie Albert must have those rare qualities found in an Irene Dunne, Claudette Colbert, and a snake charmer.

Eddie tore into the Warner Brothers' Green Room where we were waiting for him. He was late, of course, but then we had expected that. And when he flashes that eager, half-apologetic grin you're quite helpless anyway.

He propped his elbows on the table like a small boy and spoke enthusiastically.

"I just had the riot act read to me by my business manager. He says I haven't enough money in the bank—that I'm careless and give too much of it away. I had some money saved up, but now there isn't a bloody-



Tieless and wearing his favorite hand-crocheted slippers, Eddie Albert swings from the beam rod in his low-ceilinged living room. Note map of South America at left, and general litter of books, magazines, paste pot, bamboo pipe on table



Only the Eddie Alberts of Hollywood would venture into the exclusive Brown Derby restaurant hatless and attired in plaid jacket, striped trousers and polo shirt

red Indian head in the bank.

"I don't know why he's so upset about it, I'm not. This may sound like kinardy, but money means little to me. I have all I need. I have my boat, some clothes and the rent on my home is paid up for the month. In a pinch I can always live on my boat or pitch a tent. That would be even more fun than living in a house. What more do I need? As long as I can shove off in my boat to a certain little island in Mexico and catch game and fish and hunt for buried treasure, I'm happy. I have discovered that often it's more fun to keep your seat on a wild burro than in a super, special motor car. And it's more fun catching your own food and hunting your own gold from the rocks than going crazy in this man-made civilization. I don't need money to live the way I like to live."

■ This is the Albert philosophy of life and living. Just listening to him talk makes you enthusiastic about it too, then all of a sudden you sit up with a start. How long could *you* stand it? The hardships, the insecurity, the danger, the complete madness of it. Certainly, only one girl in a million could go for the idea.

One of the first rules observed by the wise bride is not to try to change the man she marries. But what girl wouldn't be tempted to change Eddie into a more conventional person? And Eddie, who is obedient only to his own caprices, not caring how many man-made drawing-room rules he breaks, would thoroughly resent a woman trying to make him over. It just can't be done. The result would be a household as harmonious as a Clyde Beatty menagerie.

And then his lack of money values would drive a girl crazy. Every wife wants security—wants to know that there's money in the bank and a growing nest egg for that rainy day. But Eddie Albert's wife, unless she undertook the tremendous job of trying to make him over, would know none of that peace of mind.

"I get so darned restless, too," continued Eddie. "I can't stand being tied down. I don't want to hurt anyone, but when I get the urge, I want to be able to pack my toothbrush and be off. *Alone!* Last year, between pictures, I took off in my boat without telling a soul. It never occurred to me to let anyone in on my plans because I myself didn't know where I was going or how long I'd be away.

"Well, I sailed for a few weeks and had one ripping good time. No shaving, no dressing, no fuss. Just navigating the boat, fishing and eating what I caught. I ended up at Turtle Bay, and a picturesque but forbidding little island right off Mexico, composed mostly of desert and rocks and inhabited by very few people. It fascinated me. I struck up with a couple of fishermen and we decided to go deep into the interior and search for gold or buried treasure. I equipped myself with a blanket, a knife and a few cans of food, roped a stray burro and set out.

"I fished and shot deer and harpooned turtle and slept in the open. I lived a swell life out there in the desert. No alarm clocks, no telephones, no headwaiters, no gushing hostesses, no rhumba bands, no razors, no hardboiled shirts, no hot and cold running glamor girls with portable eyelashes. After a couple of months of this I began to wonder what the boys in the back room were doing so I *worked* my way back north on a lobster boat.



Looking mighty handsome when he troubles to comb his unruly locks, Eddie, decked out in formal clothes, steps out for an evening of fun with his fair companion, Marion Martine

■ "Being away from civilization makes a fellow lose all perspective of time. I had completely forgotten Hollywood and all that goes with it. When I returned to Los Angeles with plenty of grime and a beard, I learned that I was the object of a nation-wide search. Even the United States Marines were looking for me! My studio was in an uproar. My family in Minneapolis were frantic with worry and a lot of people had given me up for dead or kidnapped. Of course, there were others who thought that this was a magnificent publicity stunt, but that I couldn't help.

"So you see, I had innocently caused quite a few people a great deal of worry. I hadn't meant to, because these people were my parents and my studio co-workers—folks who mean a lot to [*Continued on page* 66]



'Tis Eddie Albert hiding behind that two-months' growth of fuzz. This photo was taken while Ed was on one of his "I-must-get-away-from-it-all" trips to Mexico

Hollywood's Newest Dance

That artist of terpsichore, Fred Astaire, finds the changing of dancing partners a right good idea. He is shown with Paulette Goddard in a dance series from their new film, *Second Chorus*. Unable to convince Astaire that she could handle the role with the amount of grace and ability required of all his partners, Paulette was given a two weeks' period in which to learn the many intricate steps performed in this picture. P. S. She got the job.



1. Fred Astaire and Paulette Goddard show you how to do the "Dig It," current dance craze. Read instructions, then try it



2. Arms outstretched, start out face front, side by side. With right foot, take two steps forward—in single time



3. Two steps sidewise to the left, two to the right. All over again, double time, two to the left, and then two to the right



7. In an open position, facing each other, step to the left, cross over right and on third count jump with feet together



8. Following the jump, take open position facing each other and circle round for three counts. Then a graceful dip



9. From the dip, the girl turns her back to the man. Then step to the left, pause a moment, and go into the swing dig

Craze— The "DIG IT"

These pictures are proof of the pudding that the vivacious Paulette "wowed" everyone concerned, including the genial Fred Astaire. From their new film, *Second Chorus*, Fred and Paulette bring you their version of the newest Hollywood dance craze, the "Dig It." The intricate steps were created by Fred and Hermes Pan, who invariably collaborates on Fred's tricky routines



4. Then crouch and jump. Both feet together and off the ground. Get 'em high and hold on tight to your partner



5. Next comes the circle. Cross right foot over left for eight counts, then reverse, left over right for eight more



6. This is a repetition of number 2, except the step is done in ballroom fashion —the man lightly holding the girl's waist



10. With backs to each other, let go one hand and swing so you are facing each other, then swing back and clasp hands



11. A rocking step going around in a circle, leaning forward, then backward. This step continues for eight counts



12. Finish with partner at arm's length. Making a big circle, right foot in back of left increase speed as you circle

Screwball In Reverse



■ Paradoxically enough, the most lovable "funny guy" on the screen today is the sane and practical Cary Grant.

His side-splitting facial distortions, his inimitable pratt falls, his vigorous arm gyrations, his banister sliding, his uncanny "feel" for humor, and his general noise-making are only a screen counterpart of Cary's true self.

On *The Howards of Virginia* set one day, people were sitting, talking in whispers, obviously waiting for something. Over in a corner, a man was looking at himself in a mirror. He was making faces, gesticulating and muttering something fierce. Someone rehearsing a tantrum, one thought. A tantrum to end all tantrums.

"It's Cary," director Frank Lloyd whispered. "He's mad at himself again. He's just 'blown' a line," Frank chuckled. "Other people can blow up a dozen times and

Scampering through a picture in a maribou-trimmed negligee in bare feet is not Cary Grant's idea of sane doings. But Cary will do "anything" for the sake of his career. Large portrait shows Cary in a more characteristic pose of his true self. He's in *Philadelphia Story*

Zany? No! Screwball? No! Normal? Yes! Yes! A thousand times yes! All screen performances to the contrary, Cary Grant is a serious young man who of necessity sports a dual personality

By DICK PINE

charge it off to profit and loss. Not Cary. I think he's all right now."

Cary shook his fist at his reflection and turned away from the mirror. He drank a glass of water, sighed and said, "Okay! Think I've got it licked now." He looked tired but cheerful. The players sprang into action, and quicker than you could say "Phooey," the scene was in the "can" and everyone went to lunch. Everyone, that is, except Cary. He visited the mirror once more, and gave himself a long reproachful look. He had forgiven but not forgotten. He intended to stand for no more nonsense.

"Great guns! Is he always that hard on himself?" I asked, thinking what a strain it must be for everyone.

■ "Well, he doesn't blow up very often," Lloyd said, "but he certainly takes it hard when he does. D'you know, he won't take a day off. He comes to work when he isn't needed. Comes and sits and watches and concentrates on what everyone else is doing. Offers suggestions. You'd think *his* money was paying for the whole thing, and that *he was playing every part!* The only time I've seen him relax on this picture was in the very dramatic scenes where the character he's playing had to suffer. I declare, it seemed to rest him! Maybe it's relief from the comedy he's been playing for so long. I don't know."

Well, that's the sort of chap Cary's co-workers have been seeing for a long time now. The grim and earnest Cary—at work. He doesn't like to talk to newspapermen much, and he's the bane of press agents' lives because they want him to do so many things that he refuses to do. Only a few people see him at home and enjoying himself, and they don't gossip about it or print it.

First there is his house. So far as Cary is concerned, it is The House. The only one he ever really wanted to own. It belonged to some friends of his, and he first came across it seven years ago. It's a Normandy chateau type of house, which sounds impressive, but is really quite modest. Windows look out over the beach and the curve of the hills around Santa Monica Bay. Cary coveted The House the first time he saw it, and decided that no other house would quite do. If he built a copy of it, it wouldn't be in the same spot and so, of course, the curving hills and the sunsets wouldn't be quite the same. The flower garden couldn't be duplicated, and . . . well, it just wouldn't be The House. So he waited and waited, having a queer sort of faith that Fate wouldn't let him see The House and then deprive him of it.

Yes, you've guessed the happy ending. Last spring, his friends confided that they planned to move and that they wanted to sell this dream house of Cary's. The House wasn't for sale a minute after that. Cary was so anxious to move in that he went [*Continued on page* 50]



Cary Grant is caught in various moods which have become well known to movie audiences. Circle—Far left: The business growl. Top left: The confused state. Top right: Sophisticated annoyance. Bottom left: The "thanks, pal" expression. Bottom right: The penance puss

BLOND DYNAMITE



By JOHN FRANCHEY

Fabulously endowed with a captivating personality, a dynamic face and a figure incomparable, Mary Beth Hughes' movie stock continues to rise. Mary's next film is *Sleepers West*

■ You'd think that a girl down to her last three pairs of silk hose (none of them the sheer two-thread numbers, either) and fresh from knocking herself out trying to get a toe-hold in Hollywood wouldn't give Fame the high-hat when the two collided, even if she was blond, scenic and electric.

Mary Beth Hughes did that and more. When she met up with her destiny in the form of a mild-looking stranger who wanted to talk contract right then and there on the sidewalk, she ran. But like sixty. If only he hadn't pursued her, well, who knows? Maybe Fame would have caught up with her back home in Missouri whither she was most emphatically headed until this fantastic episode. The very next week, as a matter of fact.

Supposing we begin at the beginning.

The much-buffeted Miss Hughes with eleven years of dancing behind her and anything but rosy prospects in Hollywood ahead of her was feeling in very low spirits indeed on that particular night in December, 1938, when, out of disgust, she picked up the evening paper, skimmed through it, and came upon an announcement to the effect that Earl Carroll was looking for replacements for his show girls, eternally the object of disastrous raids by studio talent scouts.

Full of hope she showed up the next evening, convoyed by her mother. Anyone at all, much less a doting mother, could see that a bonanza like her offspring might easily become the target for undesirable [*Continued on page* 64]

To the REAGAN HOME

THIS WAY, MR. STORK

By HELEN WARE

■ Pat O'Brien asked about-to-become-a-father-any-day-now Ronald Reagan whether he wanted a girl or a boy.

Ronnie wiped his forehead nervously, answered, "A *girl!* I wouldn't want any son of mine to go through what I'm going through, waiting for the baby to arrive!"

That's the first thing you notice about the Expectant Reagans. Ronnie is scared! Jane Wyman isn't. She is still the flip, wise-cracking young modern with apparently no more worry on her mind than a prom-trotting little co-ed.

It's not that Jane isn't excited about it. Good Heavens, she even knits baby socks! But Jane, more than most young wives, has whipped the old-fashioned fears and bugaboos that usually herald the approach of the First Baby. She is a young modern, and she is facing motherhood in the proud way the modern girl faces just about anything these days.

Ordinarily, when the Stork announces an imminent visit, a whole set of reactions takes place in the average young woman. There descends a flurry of fears and wonders, there come those moments of anxiety and terror, of tabus and old wives' tales. Some women take this as an occassion in which to be babied themselves. Because of their "condition," many girls think they can violate all the standards of neatness and good humor. They seize this as the golden opportunity in which to put on a martyred air and impose on the patience and sympathy of their husband and friends.

With a movie star, there is an added fear: will her figure and beauty be affected?

But to Jane Wyman Reagan, there is only one grave problem, one great worry.

"*Will my baby,*" she says dramatically, "*be born with my nose?* Good grief, how awful! It's not a nose at all, but a button!"

Ronnie doesn't take such a flippant attitude toward the blessed event. Ronnie is jittery and if he had his way he would wrap Jane up in cellophane and keep her under glass until the Day arrived. But as for Jane now . . .

"Pooh! she [*Continued on page* 49]

Calmly awaiting the arrival of Sir Stork, Jane Wyman Reagan, Warner actress, sits in her favorite chair and knits baby socks and sweaters for the expectant heir





Ahaaa. This is more like it. In the "buggy" department, Ronald Reagan gives a scooter-carriage close inspection. P. S. They bought it

Ma Reagan turned around for one moment and enthusiastic Pop Reagan came back with this collection of tennis racket, football helmet, drum and sailboat. But Ronnie still wants a baby girl!



Jane took Pop Reagan shopping for baby clothes, but he wasn't much help in this department. "What's a baby need all those things for?" inquires Ronnie





Jane and Ronnie had fun at the world premiere of *Knute Rockne.* Also in group are Anita Louise, left, Rosemary Lane and Rudy Vallee

NO MORE WANDERLUST FOR RAY

By JERRY ASHER

The Ray Millands live in this modest 10-room English style country house in Beverly Hills. A lovely English garden, sycamore and magnolia trees, hundred year old oak trees, and a vegetable garden of tomatoes, eggplant, red and green peppers are a few of the exterior features

■ It's a far cry from the restless, unpredictable Ray Milland of yesterday to the stabilized individual who is Hollywood's newest star today. If you saw Ray's performance in *Arise, My Love,* you know what I mean. Claudette Colbert knows. Ray is going to play opposite her again in *Sky Lark,* her next picture. Claudette personally went to the front office and demanded Ray's services.

"And don't go skiing off to Sun Valley and break your leg," she chided Ray when she told him the good news.

All of which goes to prove that small miracles are still being performed on sound stages. Not so very long ago Ray was up for a part in *Midnight.* Francis Lederer eventually played it. The casting office said something about Ray not being the type. Hollywood gossips whispered that Claudette didn't want him in the picture. Naturally Ray was upset. When they put him in *Arise, My Love,* Ray looked [*Continued on page* 54]

Mr. and Mrs. Milland sit before a huge brick fireplace in their living room. The friendly warmth is enhanced by decorations of copper and brass tea pots, kettles and planted copper match boxes



Out on the brick terrace of the colorful patio which overlooks the back lawn, garden and tennis court, Ray is greeted by his playful pet setter, Gilbert, who prefers cocoanut layer cake to meats



The bar is a replica of an English tavern. On the walls in front of the bar, Ray displays his medals for expert horsemanship. The woodwork in this room was also part of the old bridge! (See story)





Ray's bedroom is English Modern. The large bed has a padded pigskin leather back trimmed with brass tacks, and is covered with a striped bedspread of henna, yellow and green. Night table holds statue converted into lamp. Over his bed, Ray keeps his favorite books of the month



This is the other end of Ray's spacious bedroom. Ray is seated at his desk of natural walnut where he answers all his fan mail. Photograph on desk is that of the lovely Mrs. Milland. Lambrequins made of same material as bedspread take the place of window curtains, give tailored look



The living room is homespun and chintzie. The extra-full draperies are tan and red unglazed print. The material is new, but aged by special process. The grandfather clock is made of rare old mahogany. Above the grand piano is a French Provincial Lavabo, planted with ivy and vines



The Millands' dining room is done in Duncan Phyfe style. The walls are covered in a neutral-toned grass paper, the rug is moss green, and the floral pattern in the draperies is fuschia, green and gold. An antique butler's tray, a Christmas gift from Joan Crawford, completes the decor of the room

The walnut wood gun cabinet is one feature of the new home with which Ray Milland always intrigues his friends. Ray is seen holding two antique revolvers

This is the workshop, where Ray and Fred MacMurray get together. Ray's most recent accomplishment is a canoe for the new heir, Daniel David

Informal Sunday afternoon tennis parti are in order at the Millands'. Bamboo furniture upholstered in bright blue Tahitian canvas print is used in the tennis house









ROBERT TAYLOR

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer returns Bob Taylor to the screen in the new aeronautical production, *Flight Command*





Above: *Ella Bishop* (Martha Scott) relates her first day's experiences at college to her mother (Dot Peterson). Top right: Climbing in her bedroom window, Ella drops her slipper. Members of the crew watch as Bill Gargan replaces slipper. Right: Ella's dreams of matrimony come true



"Cheers for Miss Bishop"

Cheering himself hoarse in an attempt to impress Central Casting, our favorite extra is now a keen competitor of Andy Devine

By E. J. (Cheer Leader) SMITHSON

DEAR EDITOR:

You could have knocked me flat on my Rome-Berlin Axis a split second after I became cool, calm, and collected enough to appreciate the good fortune that so suddenly befell me.

There I was, sitting within arm's reach of Alexander Graham Bell's invention, like a couple of thousand other hungry extras, waiting for a call from Central Casting, wondering what a nice, juicy steak would be like, when suddenly the bell on the above-mentioned invention began to jingle.

Before I could say "hello," a voice said, "*Cheers for Miss Bishop*," and I said, "Okay, pal, just a minute"; and without taking the receiver from my shell-like ear I let out with a rouser for this Miss Bishop, who was a total stranger to me, but which deterred me not in the least, since I've learned from sad experience that it pays for an extra to have a winning telephone manner. [*Continued on page* 62]

Stocking Up for Xmas

By ANN VERNON

A Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, too. Your beauty editor sends her best wishes, and will be glad to help you with special skin, hair or make-up problems to make this the happiest New Year of your life. Write her today, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply. The address: Ann Vernon, Beauty Editor, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



Matched to her blue eyes is Anita Louise's Marvelous Make-up. Give this personal set of Powder, Rouge and Lipstick to chum or sister for $1.65



Pert Helen Parrish found the new Pledge manicure aids in her stocking. Polish, remover, nail and cuticle creams in self-feeding tubes are 20 cents each



For him and her—House of Croydon's Men's Set and Revelry Toiletries in gay re-usable box, only 50 cents each



Is she romantic? Give her Evening in Paris Perfume in holiday pack, $2, or smaller size, with atomizer, $1.75



Luxor's Liberty Bell of American Beauty Perfume, DeVilbiss hobnail atomizer are patriotic pair, $1 each



Cheramy set of April Showers Perfume, boutonniere perfume applicator, and re-packaged face powder costs $1



Lip Service—Tangee Make-Up Set of Powder, Lipstick, Perfume is $1, Mini-Set of purse cosmetics, 25 cents



A gift for women of all ages, three cakes of Cashmere Bouquet Soap, large box of Dusting Powder, 75 cents



Tayton's Glamour Chest of Cosmetics from Hollywood holds Powder, Cold Cream, Foundation, Rouge and Lipstick. A gift for younger sister, just 50 cents



Campana's Italian Balm in wine bottle presentation makes an attractive gift to any girl who's proud of her pretty soft hands, $1



Susanna Foster, Paramount player, discovered that Max Factor's Tru-Color Lipstick ($1) and Double Vanity ($2) make excellent gifts

Honesty Is An Embarrassing Policy



Virginia Bruce tells how her honesty resulted in numerous blushing experiences. Read this lively and amusing interview and chuckle to your heart's content. Miss Bruce will be seen shortly in Universal's *Invisible Woman*

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

■ Personally, I think that they framed her. The setup was too neat. The expressions on the faces of the people sitting around were too innocent. The whole thing was too perfect. Besides, I *saw* that hat!

The hat belonged to Rosalind Russell. The victim was Virginia Bruce. Roz was sitting on the set, wearing the hat. It was one of those hats—*you* know—that simply defy description. It had various objects on it and was of many colors. It . . . oh, well. Anyhow, Virginia walked on the set and there was the *hat* and all the innocent faces. There were greetings and then Roz said brightly, "How d'you like my hat, Virginia?"

Your heart would have bled for Virginia at that moment. It was bad enough to be confronted abruptly with a hat like that. But to have the question hurled at her while she was recovering from the initial shock was too much. You could see Virginia getting hold of herself. Finally she said, "Well—er—I don't know yet. You see, I've never seen you wearing a hat before . . ."

There was a burst of mirth and Roz said, "It wasn't *quite* the right thing to say. But at least I know what you think of the hat. Never mind."

Virginia sat down and thoughtfully, gazed at the hat. She murmured, "I wasn't quite as bad as I am sometimes." A worried frown appeared. "D'you know, I'm beginning to *like* that hat," she whispered. "But I couldn't say so now, could I? *I can't even say the right thing after I think of it!*" she wailed.

All her life Virginia has blurted out remarks or opinions that she was sorry for later and a great many of her remarks have been more forthright and more devastating than the one about Rosalind's hat. A too glib honesty is her greatest fault, and Virginia says she "feels awful" about it.

"The trouble is I talk too fast," she admits. "I can't lie—not even little lies—and I don't want to. But I wish I could keep quiet sometimes. Once you've said something blunt and perhaps made someone cross, there's no use trying to pretend you didn't say it or even that you didn't mean it. Once [*Continued on page* 48]





Drama in the Big Top

Above left: Henry Fonda plays the lead role in 20th Century-Fox's *Chad Hanna*, story of the circus

At top: Linda Darnell, as the attractive equestrienne, shares top honors with Henry Fonda





Genial Jane Darwell, well-padded and wearing a frowsy-looking wig, plays the fat lady



Romance under the Big Top encircles two of the three main characters of *Chad Hanna*. They are Dot Lamour and Henry Fonda



Guy Kibbee, owner of the circus, heartily enjoys his duties as a side-show barker

BUDGET TIPS FOR YOU

By CANDIDA



TURN TO PAGE 55

for the names of stores where you can buy these gift fashions. If no store near you is listed, send a penny postcard to Candida, Fashion Editor, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Be sure to state which of these items interest you most.

All wrapped up for Christmas is Helen Parrish, and she doesn't look as though she were *Nobody's Sweetheart Now*. Her Fuzzy-Fluff (brushed rayon) housecoat has rayon satin front, shirring at neck and waistline, hidden zipper. You can wear this inexpensive Paulette design



Lace bow-knot, double edging, and patented straight-and-bias cut make Miss Swank's Topsie a slip that will pass in the night or day, $1.95. Caroling angel brings glad tidings, the Gotham stockings, joy to the wearer, $1 pair



Browner-Marcus suede bag is $2, Leading Lady envelope and wrist strap pouch, $1 each. La Tausca Pearls, styled for Deanna Durbin, $2.95. Aris "Senorita" fabric gloves go *Down Argentine Way*, $1. Kimball petit point hankies, 25 cents



For winter sports, and spring ones too, give Helen's Zero King Golfer Jacket of Zelan (wind proof, water repellent) gabardine. It has free action sleeves, Talon fastener, pad and pencil pockets, is light yet warm



Want to make a big impression with little money? Wear a Regina Bearskin Chubbie like Helen's for sports and dress. It's knitted of brushed mohair to look like a cozy, smart fur jacket, at nowhere near the cost!



Never neglect negligees—the biggest and best gift a girl can get. Helen's Saybury housecoat is of grape wine rayon taffeta, with ruching in French blue. Talon fastened, of course, and budget priced for your purse



Feeling patriotic? Give Helen's Joan Kenley Sportlife Blouse. It's rayon sheer, gaily striped in red and white, with adjustable French cuffs and convertible collar. You can buy it in polka dots, too, and in crepe as well



Hollywood can be thrifty. Here some used snow is cleaned and packed away!

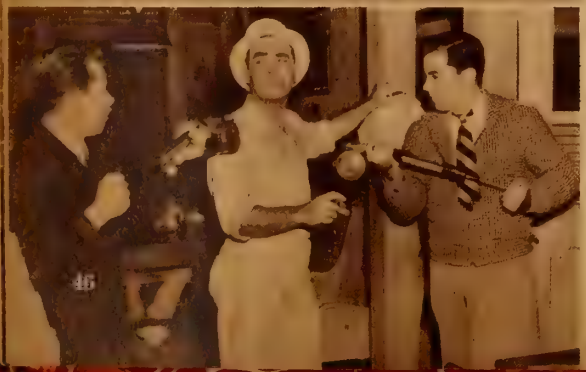


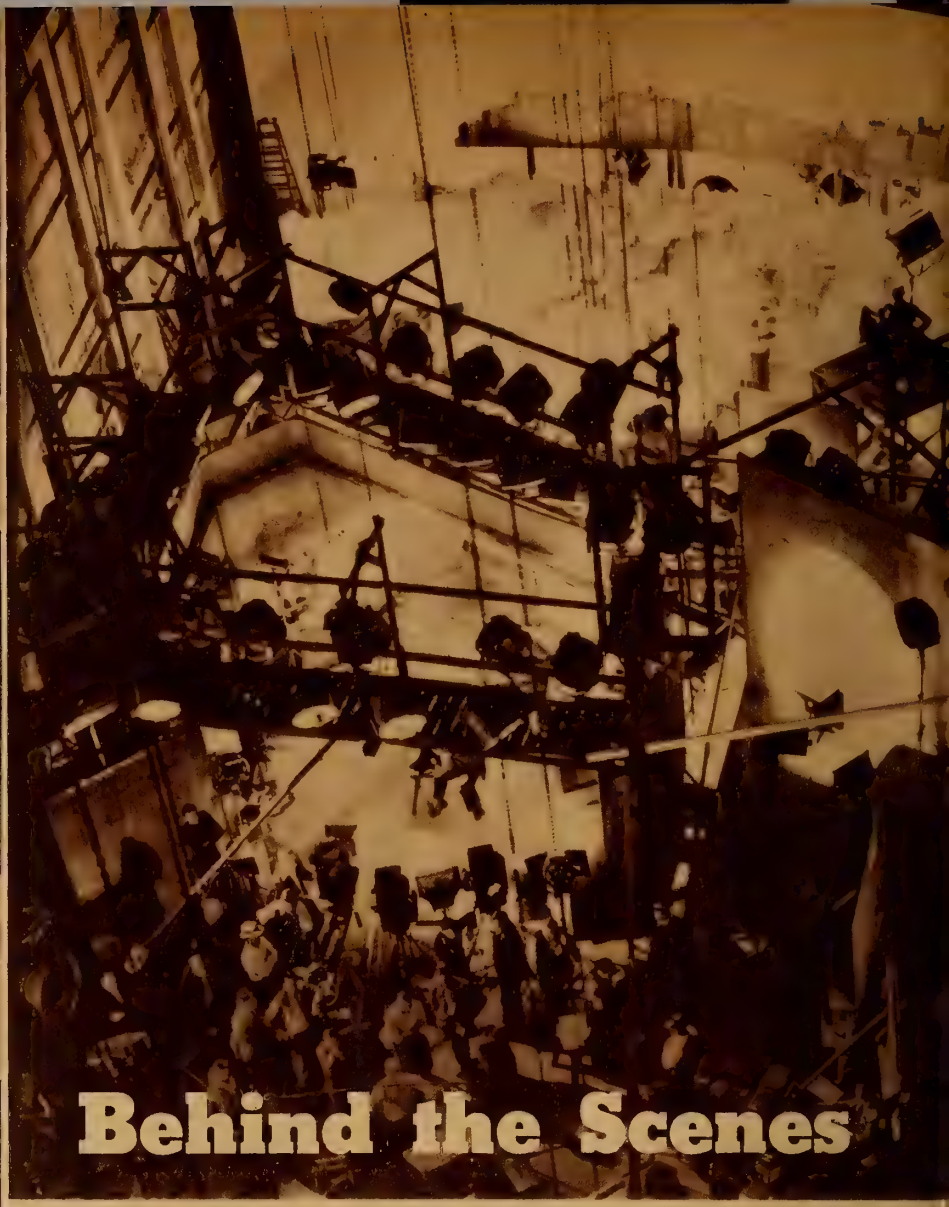
A prop man demonstrates the light weight of balsa wood furniture for fight scenes



Dry ice in a bowl of water makes the very best steam, shown by Judy Garland

Monte and Buddy Westmore aren't "flitting" Pat O'Brien. It's "perspiration"





Behind the Scenes

More magic goes on in Hollywood than you dream. Here is a fascinating story of the miracles of deception practised by the talented "prop" men

By ERSKINE JOHNSON

■ Tropical plants from the corner vegetable stand—non-skid dance floors—rattle-less dishes—soundless gravel paths—champagne that pops yet still isn't champagne—ice cream that doesn't melt—bloodless saber cuts—cakes of soap that can be eaten—perspiration by the gallon—harmless cobras—

It's all in a day's work for Hollywood's hocus-pocus experts who are trained to perform miracles at the nod of a director's head.

Hollywood classifies them as prop men, art directors, camera and special effects men but secretly regards them as the miracle men of celluloid town. Ask any one of them for a miracle and you will get it quicker than it takes Marlene Dietrich to bat an eyelash.

Director Eddie Sutherland once needed a noiseless water fountain, one that would not interfere with the dialogue of Mae West and Charles Butterworth for a scene in one of her pictures.

A nice little problem, typical of the anguish which Hollywood's hocus-pocus men experience every day.

Did Mr. Sutherland get his noiseless water fountain?

He did.

It was a perplexing problem. But the hocus-pocus boys dispatched it neatly and swiftly. They completely

closed the fountain in a large glass tube which entirely eliminated the noise of the flowing water. The glass tube, of course, was invisible to the camera's eye and it looked to movie audiences like any other fountain. Beside it, Miss West and Butterworth were able to converse naturally, unhampered by the noise of the water.

Clever thinking, you say. Ingenious. Shrewd. Yes, but just one of many similar tricks pulled out of their bags every day by Hollywood's hocus-pocus boys.

Time was when the rattle of dishes often spoiled dialogue in cafe and kitchen scenes. Dishes now used on motion picture sets are coated with a transparent, rubber-like substance which makes them noiseless.

Mashed potatoes double for ice cream in movieland because they do not melt under hot studio lights. Saber cuts and knife wounds are pieces of red tissue paper applied with gum arabic.

Cakes of soap, when eaten, are carved of cheese.

And the trick to those champagne bottles that spurt all over the place in comedy scenes is simple enough. They are not filled with champagne. They are filled with vinegar and bicarbonate of soda.

Don't get me wrong about all this Hollywood hocus-pocus business. Before we go any further, do not get the idea that Sonja Henie's dimples, Martha Raye's mouth and Shirley Temple's curls are not real. They are.

Even birds and animals are subjects, sometimes not too willing, for Hollywood hocus-pocus.

Director Robert Stevenson needed a bird to play an important part in *Tom Brown's School Days.* But the only trained bird in Hollywood capable of playing the role was a tropical bird with green and yellow plumage—and there are no tropical birds flying around loose in England, locale of the story.

So the studio make-up chief, Mel Burns, went to work and temporarily dyed the tropical green and yellow plumage to the dull gray of an English sparrow.

Strangest animal make-up job on record was when a harmless bull snake was converted into the deadly king cobra which menaced Franchot Tone in the picture, *Lives of a Bengal Lancer.*

A cobra hood was made of leather, coated with real snake scales, and then gummed onto the head of the bull snake. Make-up used on animals, incidentally, is spiced with quinine so they will not lick it off.

■ Perhaps you have wondered why the screen's he-men never miss when they casually light matches on their thumbnails. Or maybe you haven't. Anyway, here is the secret. Small pieces of emery board are taped to their thumbs to prevent costly misfires. Of course, you cannot see the emery board.

And it is no wonder tomatoes splash so nobly and convincingly when thrown at comedians and villains on the screen. They previously have been scooped out and very liberally filled with ketchup.

Grease and oil, splattered on the same comedians and villains, is glycerin, flavored with wintergreen, vanilla, strawberry or any other flavor the actors happen to like. Stan Laurel once told me he preferred strawberry—always insisted upon strawberry.

Ordinary automobile fenders cannot be relied upon to crumble convincingly for automobile accident scenes. Crushable ones made of soft lead are used instead. Smudges of ordinary lipstick double for bruises which stars receive in such "accidents."

If an actor sticks his fist through a plate glass window do not marvel at his ability to take it. That glass is made of candy.

Real ice cubes in water or other drinks melt too quickly under hot studio lights. Small squares of white cellophane reflect into the camera like ice and do not melt.

Movie moons, like the one under which William Holden and Martha Scott played their tender love scenes in *Our Town,* are pretty unromantic affairs.

Sometimes they are street light globes, held in place by invisible wires, with yellow spotlights shining on them from above. Or they are just cleverly lighted oil paintings on canvas backdrops.

■ On the set of *Green Hell* not so long ago we saw a make-up man blowing through an odd shaped glass tube into Joan Bennett's eyes. After a couple of minutes of this, Miss Bennett began to cry and great big wet tears rolled down her lovely cheeks. Then she was rushed into the scene and they photographed her crying over the death of her husband in the film.

The odd shaped glass tube was filled with menthol. The menthol fumes, blown into her eyes by the make-up man, induced a better flow of tears from Miss Bennett's eyes than if she had just learned her contract had been cancelled.

This menthol tube trick is used whenever tears must be shed for errant lovers, two-timing husbands, relatives who leave their money to someone else, or on other lachrymose occasions.

Hollywood's hocus-pocus boys use buckshot for caviar that is not to be eaten. Saves money. And weak tea looks like hard liquor. Fumes from dry ice double for steam. And when real grass is used on a movie set it is sprayed with green paint so it will photograph better.

Those soft-looking couches and beds you see in the boudoirs of the screen's fair ladies actually are very hard. Try sitting down gracefully on a soft couch and you will know why. And glamor girls always must be graceful.

■ A good deal of hocus-pocus goes on every day in the studio make-up department. Make-up hocus-pocus has banished the day when actors were forced to shave their heads for bald-headed character roles. A skull cap of artificial flesh, drawn tightly over the real hair, is used now instead.

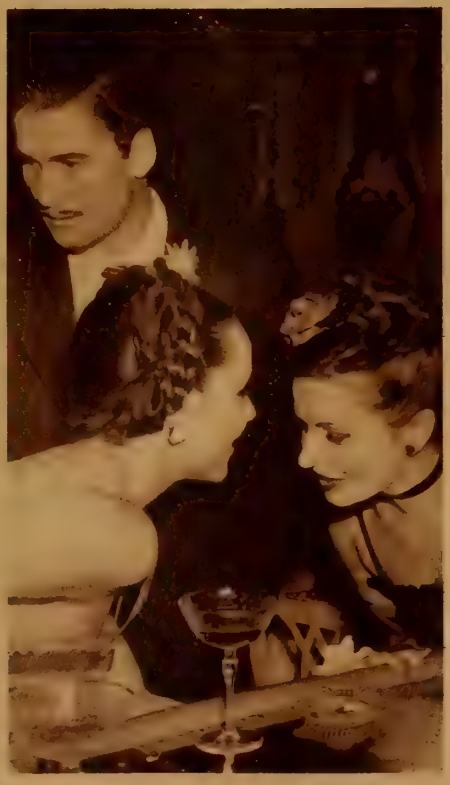
Fish skin on the lips gives a sickly appearance. Frank Morgan was made up that way just before his death in *The Mortal Storm.* White hair glares too much under studio lights and is dyed a purple-blue shade which photographs as a soft white. Half an apple stuck in the jaw is the most common way to give a screen character a puffed cheek appearance.

Marlene Dietrich puts gold dust in her hair for a glamorous effect. And Hedy Lamarr puts rouge inside her nostrils so they will photograph better.

Black shadows over the eyes give that seductive look to stars like Dorothy Lamour. Facial wrinkles are eliminated with liquid adhesive tape. Crooked noses, sunken cheeks and other bad features are corrected with plastic segments, then covered with make-up.

■ It seems anomalous, but screen cowboys must wear make-up to keep from appearing like sissies on the screen. If they do not slap "outdoor" make-up liberally on their faces, a washed-out appearance results and they look wanly aesthetic. Franchot Tone wears make-up on his hands because they are much too white for good photographic results. And the easiest way to make a movie half-wit is to shave his eyebrows. It gives the eyes a vapid look.

I assure you that John Barrymore's profile, Myrna Loy's freckles, Marlene Dietrich's legs, W. C. Fields' nose, Oliver Hardy's stomach, Victor McLaglen's muscles, Carole Lombard's laugh and Jeanette MacDonald's voice are all real.



Being a man of discretion, Errol Flynn turns away as Dolores Del Rio and Lili Damita whisper a Hollywood gossip item. Errol's in *Santa Fe Trail*

Honesty Is an Embarrassing Policy

[*Continued from page 42*]

it is said, it's *said,* and anything you try to do about it just makes things worse. Everyone who knows me knows I mean the things I say. If only I didn't love to talk so . . ."

Virginia looks very sad when she considers this major fault of hers. And it's no wonder. It has given her some bad moments. But she's a refreshing person to meet, especially in Hollywood, where so many people are purposely malicious.

It isn't that she wants to go around telling everyone what she doesn't like about him. But she has strong convictions about practically everything. For instance, she is violently health-conscious, but more interested it would seem, in other people's health than she is in her own. She always knows what *you* ought to do for your stiff neck or that funny pain, and she tells you all about it with intensity and sincerity. Her mind is as full of remedies for whatever ails you as your grandmother's almanac.

People are still telling with glee, about the morning when Virginia came on the set, took one look at the director (one of the more austere gentlemen) and advanced upon him with "That Gleam" in her eye.

"What you must do," she stated in a dictatorial tone, "is start taking a half teaspoonful of soda in a glass of hot water every half hour until you have taken six. You'd be better off if you'd go home now and go to bed."

The director looked annoyed. "I'm the director on this set," he pointed out. "I tell people what to do. They don't tell *me*!"

"You," said Virginia, "tell people what to do about making a picture. I'm telling you what to do about a bad case of sniffles. And you'd better do it, too," she added, darkly.

And he did. And was appropriately grateful afterward.

■ Virginia is an avid student of correct diction and it causes her acute pain to hear a word mispronounced or any serious grammatical error. Most of her friends being actors, and interested in the same things, don't really mind when she notices a slip and sets them right. But when she is deeply interested in a subject, she doesn't always exercise tact in choosing her audience. For instance, you couldn't call it the essence of diplomacy when she pointed out, with a horrified gasp, to a visiting president of a University that *he had split an infinitive!*

Somehow the Bruce *faux pas* rarely seem to have unhappy results. This particular scholarly gentleman, instead of being insulted, was delighted with her, admitted his error and sighed that he wished his own students might be so alert. Her little reprimand, he added, enhanced his opinion of motion picture actors. Everyone said polite things to everyone else, and Virginia, instead of being in the doghouse, found herself by way of achieving a certain social distinction.

Which just goes to show, she supposes, that you never can tell.

For example, how was she to know what the result of her purely innocent remark to Ilka Chase would be? Miss Chase, you may recall, gave a brilliant performance in the stage play, *The Women,* when it ran for goodness knows how long on Broadway. So, as was natural, when the play was to be made into a picture, she came to Hollywood to do her stuff in it. Due to a studio hitch, Miss Chase didn't play in *The Women* after all. Rosalind Russell played the part and Miss Chase went into another picture called *Stronger Than Desire.*

While sitting next to Ilka on the set one day Virginia asked casually, "Did you happen to see the play, *The Women,* when you were in New York?"

Ilka stared at her.

"What did you *do*?" someone asked Virginia later.

"Do? What was there to do? By the time I realized I'd said the wrong thing again it was too late to do anything. If it had slipped my mind that she was a great hit in *The Women,* that's nothing to be ashamed of, is it? I mean I wouldn't do it on purpose, would I? Anyone would know that. I couldn't insult her by telling her that.

"So I didn't say anything."

■ Maybe her trust in other people's understanding stems from the fact that she is able to take it herself. Years ago when she went to New York to do something or other on the stage she was very anxious to make an impression on everyone.

"I was so-o-o elegant," she recalls. "I never went anywhere without getting dressed up within an inch of my life. I tried my best to make everyone think that I knew all about the theater. I affected what I thought was a perfect air of languor, and I spoke slowly and carefully in flowery language. I don't know who I was trying to impress, but I was certainly working at it.



Bonita Granville, whose latest film success is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *Third Finger, Left Hand,* had a good year in 1940. Bonita hopes the title of her new picture holds some personal significance

"Finally one day after I had uttered a particularly unintelligible sentence, a friend of mine said to me, 'Look here, Virginia. It's fine to put your best foot forward and all that. But most people in New York are Americans and it's not a bit necessary to go to so much trouble to use all of that accent!'

"It was then I realized that instead of being impressive I'd been amusing the folks. It was heartbreaking to learn that I turned out to be a comic. But wasn't it nice of this friend to be honest enough to tell me?"

Virginia not only doesn't mind—she insists—upon honesty in other people, let the hurt feelings fall where they may. A few weeks ago she invited some people to dinner. She included in the group, one of our gayer, unattached, young men. The day before the party she had an apologetic message from him informing her that he would not be able to come because he would have to work that night.

But Hollywood is too small for such subterfuges. Next day she learned that her absent guest had been cavorting at a night spot with one of the most sloe-eyed of the current sirens. Blazing with rage Virginia confronted him with the evidence, clipped from a morning-paper gossip column. Faced with facts and the sizzling little Bruce, he just gulped, "I know it was rotten of me. But—but—when I found that I could actually go out with her, I just couldn't resist."

Virginia was wide-eyed. "Why, I didn't mind your not *coming!*" she cried. "*Of course* I understand that a chap your age would rather go out with a lovely girl than come to an ordinary dinner party. What made me so cross was your lying to me. You didn't give me credit for understanding and you weren't *honest* with me."

So the abject young man sent her flowers and she sent him a lollipop to signify that he was forgiven and everyone felt all right again.

But Virginia feels that she really topped her own record for absentminded thought-blurting in a remark she made to her husband the other day. She is married, you know, to J. Walter Rubin, an eminent producer who has been working in and around pictures for—about fifteen years.

Virginia attended an afternoon party at which a visiting celebrity was introduced to the hostess' friends. "He was *so* attractive!" Virginia told her husband. "In a mature sort of way, you know. I imagine he must have been terrific when he was young."

"And about how old," Walter wanted to know, "is this—this fossil?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly," Virginia said. "But I should think he's *at least* forty!"

"What did Walter say?" I anxiously asked her.

"What could he say? It was too late for either of us to say anything. So we just laughed. I'm afraid he's still laughing."

This Way, Mr. Stork

[*Continued from page 35*]

says briskly. "I'm going to have fun out of this. I want to get pure joy out of this child of mine from the very moment he is with me, and I want him to give me joy in return. I'm not afraid of physical pain. And if I were, I should think I would forget it when the reward is such a great one. I think having a baby is jolly and grand for Ronnie and me, and that's the most complicated reaction I seem to have."

■ The Reagans live in a smart, hillside apartment, all white and maroon and chic, with the blazing California sun pouring in through the open terrace door, flecking everything with gold. Being practical folks, they intend to keep the apartment another year, instead of rushing out to the country because of the baby. "No use getting hysterical about it," says Jane.

On the day I visited them, Jane was nearing the day of the baby's arrival, and I was prepared to see her look like anything but the way she did.

She bore her heavy burden with beautiful ease. It gave her impish face with the pouting lips and button nose the look of a child pleased with the adventure and importance of the role she was playacting. Above the childish dark blue bush jacket which she wore over slacks, and the crisp white tailored blouse, her eyes sparkled from her pert face. This was not a fair time to measure a girl's beauty. It is the most trying period of her life, that time of waiting. The anticipations and hopes, the discomfort and weariness—and yet there was Jane looking as fresh and gay as though she were on her way to play a set of tennis.

"Why not?" queried the matter-of-fact Mrs. Reagan. "It wouldn't be fair to Ronnie or to the baby if, right off the bat, I began to take him as a heavy responsibility, making a burden of him and so making a burden of myself."

Ronnie jumped in. "Him—him—*him*. Notice the way Jane always refers to the baby as a 'him.' She's so sure it's going to be a boy. I would rather have a girl, if anyone should ask me."

Jane began to hoot. "Of course I want a boy! Just imagine *our* son playing football and giving all the kids on the block black eyes . . ."

Ronnie couldn't be persuaded. "Our daughter might carry Daisy Chains or something," he muttered half to himself.

"But I haven't even thought of a name for it, if it's a 'she.' Our son would be Robert Kent—"

"Oh, Kent's too much for a little Irishman!" protested Ronnie, but obviously pleased at the thought of a "Ronald, Junior." "Mickey Rooney suggested 'Michael.' That's not bad. That would go well with the Irish pan our kid is bound to have."

"But if it's a girl," continued Jane dreamily, "I have no name selected. Besides, little girls can't play with trains and you just bought a whole set of trains . . ."

"But if it's a girl," he wheedled, "and she looks like you, she'll slay the stag-line when she grows up. What proud parents we'll be. Maybe she'll be an actress, too."

That was something new. Generally, Hollywood parents swear up and down that their children will not tread the sound stage boards.

"By all means," said Jane, "if our child wants to be an actress when she grows up, provided," she said, glaring at Ronnie, "it *is a 'she,'* I'll help her. I can't understand these movie mothers who always say, 'I never want my child to see the inside of a theater or studio.' I don't get that attitude at all. I'm an actress, and I've been in show business a long time. I can't say that the life has corrupted me."

"That's right," said Ronnie staunchly. "I'm all for my daughter becoming an actress. I married one, you know, and it's not half bad."

Jane curled a well-shaped leg under her and I noticed her fresh-as-a-daisy look.

"How do you do it," I asked. "I thought you'd be done up in those ugly smocks and those loose-fitting tops that swing out and make a girl look even more expectant than she ordinarily would. Most mothers-to-be dress like that."

"I bought some new things, naturally," said Jane. "My old dresses wouldn't fit. But my new clothes are the last word in smartness. In fact, I expect to wear them later on.

■ "They're all dark, because dark clothes make the figure less conspicuous. But then, I love blacks and navy blues. They all have adjustable waistlines, and a softly gathered front. But none of them have that dumpy, baggy look. I have to wear sensible, low-heeled shoes, but I compensate by wearing the giddiest hats you've ever seen."

From Ronnie's corner came a groan. "You should see those hats. They resemble walking radio towers."

Jane disregarded him. "I think it's so unwise for young 'expectants' to become sloppy and dumpy. Even though it's a trying period, if a girl lets herself go she'll try the patience of her husband. Besides, it's a nervous period for the man, too, so why make it worse by having him come home to a wife who looks like something caught in a potato masher. Looking smart and crisp gives a girl a mental outlook she needs so badly at this time of her life.

"When my doctor told me I was going to have a baby, I made up my mind that I wouldn't be one of those nine-months-negligee wives. I wouldn't be the whining, petulant kind, always being waited on. Then and there I determined to do what I have been doing right through the whole period of waiting. I determined to say things like, 'Let's go out to some nice restaurant tonight,' or 'Let's go to Arrowhead for some fun.' I didn't want life and fun to stop just because a baby was on its way. In fact, I want to cherish the memory of our first baby by thinking of its always as something that was enjoyable from the very beginning. That will encourage me to have more, too."

Ronnie was slouched low in his easy chair, looking at Jane. "She's wonderful, Janey is. Never complains or strikes a pose. My problem is holding her down. That girl would climb trees if I weren't around to stop her!

"We were invited by the Warners' studio to Notre Dame University for the premiere of *Knute Rockne*. The studio representative was very solicitous and told me, 'Of course, if Jane can't make the trip, we'll understand. We know that she must take it easy.'

"Well, just anyone try and keep Jane from going! She went and had more fun than anyone. She was the belle of the campus and didn't miss a thing. In fact, I had to restrain her once or twice from overtaxing herself, and because of it I'm in the doghouse with one of the students."

■ This incident reminded Jane of some past grievance. "Yes—and he wouldn't even let me dive in *Tugboat Annie Sails Again*. I had to use a double. A *double*, can you beat it! I wanted to dive, but he wouldn't let me—"

"Can you imagine that girl!" Ronnie exploded. "We were doing some scenes at the waterfront for the picture, and there was this scene where Jane is supposed to dive off the pier and flounder around in the filthy water with germs and scum and all that.

"She was all set to take that flying leap, when I put my foot down. I insisted that they get a double for her, and Jane was mad as blazes at me. She just doesn't know how to pamper herself. What a girl!"

Now that Jane is temporarily retired from the studio and has time on her hands, she is re-furnishing the apartment. "When I come home," says Ronnie sadly, "I find a piano where the sofa used to be. It's never in the same place two days in succession. The other night I came home late and sank into my favorite easy chair, only to discover, too late, that the chair wasn't there at all. It gets quite disconcerting at times like that. I'll be glad when she's working again."

Jane is an old-fashioned mother in one respect. We were at the door. "The next time I see you," said Jane shyly, "I'll have a flock of pictures this high to show you. And when our son says, 'Oogy woogy', I'll swear he's saying something brilliant like, 'Warner Brothers' pictures are the best in town . . .'"

Ronnie had the last word. "You mean our *daughter*, darling, our *daughter* . . ."

DOES MICKEY ROONEY THROW AWAY HIS MONEY?
Is he a spend-thrift—or a miser? Learn the answer by reading the amazing story in February HOLLYWOOD, on sale the tenth of January.

Screwball in Reverse

[*Continued from page* 33]

down and personally assisted his friends with their moving chores. He slept there happily while their trunks were still on the landings. He's been fussing and fidgeting with furniture, drapes and throw rugs ever since, with nary an interior decorator to advise him.

"Maybe I don't know what the experts would say should go here," he says, wrinkling his brow, "but by golly I *feel* what fits and what belongs here. After all, it's mine!"

This modest bachelor establishment is Cary's Castle. He gives small parties, mostly stag affairs, where he and Ronald Colman, Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce and a few other congenial souls dine on good masculine food and indulge in war talk, cards, or lift their voices round the piano in hopeful renditions of Gilbert and Sullivan.

One efficient woman takes entire charge of the housekeeping and cooking. Cary budgets his housekeeping expenses very carefully, and is very proud of his prowess. He knows all about the prices of meats and vegetables, how much the telephone tolls were last month, and that avocados are a better buy by the pound than by the half dozen.

■ This being so, he gave all the money he received for *Philadelphia Story* (One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars) to the British Red Cross. He had made life a burden for the British Consul in Los Angeles over a long space of time. "Isn't there *something* I can do?" he wailed. "Can't I drive a lorry, or something?" The consul assured him that all he could do was to leave his name and go about his picture making. When the time came, he would be notified. So Cary decided that if all he could do was to make pictures, he'd make *that* count. Thus, his large contribution to the Red Cross.

No actor can hold up his head in Hollywood circles unless he has a favorite sport. Cary Grant holds up his head shamelessly. He *hasn't* a favorite sport. He fishes occasionally, it's true; but he doesn't do it very enthusiastically. Ray Milland taught him. That is, if you can imagine that it takes much teaching to do what Cary does. He goes out in a small boat with Ray and a couple of fish poles and some sardines (or something) wriggling about in a bucket of salt water. This is called "deep sea fishing." They conscientiously bait their hooks with the little sardines and drop them over the side and watch them carefully. Then one of them catches a mackerel which is slightly larger than the sardine, and when that is accomplished, they hurry home, where Cary indulges himself in something far more restful.

He rarely goes to night clubs or to Hollywood parties, but when he does, he has a fine time. Like as not he will sit down at the piano and sing numbers from old musical comedies. Hostesses view him with a little apprehension because of his phobia for emptying ash trays. He's very apologetic about it. "I don't know *what* comes over me," he admits. "There's just something about an ash tray, even if it has only an ash or two in it, that does something to me. I have to empty it!"

Late at night will often find him eating clam chowder or hamburgers at the little stands which are patronized mostly by truck drivers and on-the-beach-campers. He likes to hear these people talk and likes to talk with them if he can without making himself conspicuous. He remembers a good deal from his own early days about working in beach concessions, and —well, he doesn't know why he likes to do this. Maybe he's a little homesick sometimes.

Maybe this trait has something to do with his making faces at himself in the mirror when he's "blown" a line. He said of this, "You can't kid yourself when you're in front of a mirror! There you are, looking just as foolish as you feel. When you're all done up in a costume and makeup, you may kid yourself that you're something rather important, that the spotlight is on you, that you're a big shot. But one look in the mirror and you see the old kid himself. That fellow who looks at you when you're shaving in the morning. He's on to you and you know it. Nothing is going to fool him a bit. If you have something to talk over with yourself, a mirror is a good place to meet yourself!"

He's a practical soul, this Grant. When he's working, he *works*. And he's been doing nothing else for months and months. He had eight pictures in quick succession before he went into *The Howards of Virginia*. These were not merely eight pictures, they were eight successes. After *The Howards* he did *Philadelphia Story* with Katharine Hepburn, and, as this is written, he is at work on *Passport to Life* for RKO.

Now this grim earnestness on the set surely makes for good performances and good pictures. But his sense of proportion survives, too. It was a sheer sense of proportion, surely, which prompted him to go to Frank Lloyd when *The Howards* had been shooting only a short time, and suggest that Martha Scott, a movie newcomer, be given equal billing with him. Lloyd had never heard anything like that from a star in his twenty-five years of experience. He blinked at Cary, who remarked, reasonably enough "It'll be better for the picture; better for me, too. She's so good that if you billed her below, me we'd *all* look silly!"

I've tried to give you an accurate picture of the Cary Grant of today, both on and off the set. Don't waste any sympathy on him. He doesn't need it. He's living the kind of life he enjoys, and, if we can forget the war for a moment, hasn't a care in the world. He has come a long way in the entertainment world—over all the bumps that one meets, and, having reached the top, he's profited by the bumps, and hasn't let success go to his head as have so many others. In other words, he has remained a human —a very human being.



The Henry Wilcoxons introduced a new dance, the *Bajua*, at the Pirates Den. Here are Pat Dane, Harry Ritz, Joan Davis, Rudy Vallee, Wayne Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Wilcoxon (Joan Woodbury), Victor Mature and Nancy Kelly

Laughing at Laughton

[*Continued from page* 15]

Korda might have given in and re-hired Laughton's pal as the director, trusting in fate to soothe Miss Dietrich, but Merle Oberon was badly hurt in a motor accident and the whole costly fiasco was called off. Laughton made *Rembrandt* instead.

Curiously enough, despite this and other battles with producers, Laughton has the greatest respect for some of the bigwigs of the industry.

"The widespread notion that the big Hollywood producers are all fools is pure poppycock," he told me. "Some of them are truly great men. The late Irving Thalberg was the greatest showman of our time. Goldwyn is a genius and David Selznick is no slouch, either.

"Americans don't seem to realize that Hollywood is America's show window. This country is known the world over for the splendid pictures your moviemakers turn out.

"Some of your films, it is true, aren't good. But where in the world can you find hundreds of good stories each year? The stage isn't superior to the screen. If it were, millions upon millions of people wouldn't go to see pictures every week of their lives. They'd demand plays. That's your answer."

One of the funniest things that ever happened to Laughton concerned his unruly mop of hair. Under contract to Paramount at the time, David Selznick asked him to play *Micawber* in his plush-lined production of *David Copperfield,* an M-G-M super-super film.

"The man you should get is W. C. Fields," Laughton insisted. "He would do a much better job."

But Selznick insisted and the master of melodrama obligingly allowed all his hair to be shaved off. Laughton worked a couple of days in the film whereupon Selznick decided that Fields would be better.

Bald as a baby, Laughton went back to Paramount. Officials there took one look at his naked noggin and rushed to the telephone to call up M-G-M.

"You'll have to pay Laughton's salary until his hair grows in again."

"Now, after all, Paramount," said M-G-M, "there are such things as wigs."

All sorts of highfalutin conferences between the board of directors of both studios followed. Some of these became so acrimonious that there were rumors that Paramount was going to sue the other lot in court, making them pay so much for every hair that had been snipped. But the matter never reached the legal authorities.

Laughton was the happiest man in Hollywood while the tonsorial tumult was at its height. He skipped gaily about town, wearing a skimpy beret which he swept off his noodle so his friends could see for themselves the most important haircut in history since Delilah turned her boudoir into a barbershop and sheared off Samson's curly locks.

Hollywood, by the way, calls Laughton *Buster.*

His wife, the gifted Elsa Lanchester, wrote an engaging book, *Charles Laughton and I,* some time ago which tells, among other things, what happened when Chubby Charlie reduced for a film role.

"As Charles started to get thinner," she writes, "he began to feel a completely different person. Instead of having to lift the weight that he had been established with all his life, he suddenly found he had to lift much less. When he got up from the chair he nearly hit the ceiling because he forgot to allow for the difference in the amount he had to lift."

When Laughton came to Hollywood he distressed his studio by coming to work in a battered old flivver. His bosses made him get a new car but when he became a star of the first magnitude he dusted off the rattle-box and used it again.

"Hollywood is goofy," he says, "but I like it. If you weren't a bit mad you wouldn't be there."

■ Both he and his wife recall with amusement how C. B. deMille disapproved of Laughton playing Nero as a sissy in *The Sign of the Cross.* The day after the preview the producer called the star up, and said,

"They laughed at you last night. I hope you're satisfied."

"I am," Laughton told him, "the picture will be a great success."



Shirley Temple, a lady in retirement for almost a year, just signed a contract with M-G-M. She is shown talking over her picture plans with Preston Foster at the Hollywood Brown Derby Restaurant

Laughton is fond of telling interviewers, "I am the incurable ham and Hollywood is a ham's paradise. I'm always acting even when I'm alone in a room. Then I go prancing about."

The other side of Laughton, of course, shows him as an artist of the most serious type, who does his best to live the parts he portrays. If any one ever doubted his sincerity concerning his work, the fact that he quit pictures one whole season, sacrificing a small fortune to play repertory on the London stage in classics at $100 a week should remove all cynicism.

But his sense of humor sometimes overwhelms him as it did on the set of *The Barretts of Wimpole Street.* In a solemn shot in which he was supposed to make his younger daughter swear on the Bible never to see her sweetheart again, Laughton burst into uncontrollable laughter.

Though they did not know what the joke was, Norma Shearer and Maureen O'Sullivan found his mirth infectious and joined in. Laughton laughed all day.

Finally when George Cukor, the disgusted director, demanded an explanation, Laughton said, "When I picked up the Good Book I found it irresistibly funny to recall my schoolboy struggles with some of the more difficult passages." That didn't sound like any wow to Cukor who had to explain to the front office why he had lost $10,000 worth of shooting time.

No less canny an expert on actors than George Bernard Shaw always thought that Laughton was destined to be a great comedian. When Charles was just starting his career, the great dramatist told him, "Nothing can stop you, my lad, from becoming a great comedian."

There is one thing that *has* stopped Laughton from becoming a truly great comedian on the screen. Ever since he was a boy in school people have made fun of him for being fat. It's asking a little too much for him to make fun of himself.

He can do it, as he proved in *The Beachcomber,* but he'd rather play melodrama, and scare people. But off the screen, as we have seen, he's a howl!

However, as long as he remains in pictures the laugh will be on him. Laughton first took up dramatics at Stonyhurst School, in England. No divine fire for the stage burned in him at the time. He went in for theatricals because such students did not have to participate in athletics.

So what happened? So he became a great film star and monstrous athletic stunts and physical activity have been his lot ever since. Did you see that load of weighted stuff he had to tote around with him in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame?* Remember *Les Miserables* in which he had to trudge through miles of slime and mud for the shots representing scenes in the sewers of Paris? And how about that big wrestling match in *Henry VIII?*

In addition to all this, like every other actor in pictures he has to exercise daily to keep fit. But *exercise!* Boxing, badminton and all the other more annoying forms of physical culture.

Laughton's a lucky fellow in many ways but if taking it easy was what he wanted, he isn't getting it.

She's an "Oscar" Menace

[*Continued from page* 21]

you know I can't be of some assistance?"

"Oh, I could n-never tell you," the girl sniffled.

Suddenly she looked up, a bright smile lighting her face. The last tear had disappeared.

"Thank you very much," she said calmly, rising and tucking the damp handkerchief into her handbag.

"For what?" the young man exclaimed.

"For noticing me. I was just acting." Calm, poised, self-assured now, she was off down the walk, smiling over her shoulder at the baffled young man.

This girl is the same one you saw recently as Carol Fisher, the daughter of the peace organization president in *Foreign Correspondent,* as the tragic Maeve, the girl suicide in *My Son, My Son,* and as the nurse in the *Dr. Kildare* movies. Her name is Laraine Day. And her entire life has been just as unorthodox as that scene she staged in a California park. To her, in fact, that little episode was just an ordinary, everyday exercise in acting.

This "public practice" scheme was originated by Elias Day, manager of the Long Beach Player's Guild, whose name Laraine adopted in 1938 when her tutor died. Day's direction was responsible for practically everything Laraine knows about acting. One thing he insisted his players do was try out every type of acting, no matter how strange, in public. If an actress could climb on a crowded bus and draw sympathy from all the passengers by crying, she was doing a convincing bit of acting. If everyone laughed, she was making a fool of herself.

■ Before she met Day, Laraine, without realizing it, had been developing her own variation of his acting theory during most of her life. It wasn't long after she was born Laraine Johnson in Roosevelt, Utah, that she began accompanying her father, a contractor, to a nearby Ute Indian reservation where he sometimes acted as interpreter. In no time at all the small girl was jabbering away in Ute, thus rendering what was, for a little tyke, a mighty picturesque impersonation of an Indian conversation, with gestures.

Along about the time she was beginning school Laraine had a crush on a small boy her own age. One day when the youngster joined Laraine's brothers for a little revelry in the Johnson home, she sprung her act. But she waited until the boys had tired of sliding down banisters and turning dining room, kitchen and living room into a noisy speedway.

"What'll we do now?" Laraine's twin brother asked his companions-in-arms.

No one had any ideas. Then, for the first time, the lads noticed Laraine. She had rounded up all her dolls, miniature furniture and miscellaneous toys and was playing what she thought was a right smart game of house.

The maneuver was a mild challenge to the idle curiosity of the curly-headed boy Laraine was trying so hard to interest.

"Whatcha doing?" he asked.

"Playing house. Sure is fun."

"Aw, that's for sissies," her brother Lamar interrupted. "Come on, gang, I got an idea—let's play Fu Manchu. Whatcha say?"

Laraine was crushed. For days she watched her heart-throb play cops and robbers and other stormy varieties of make-believe with her brothers and other neighborhood boys, and wondered what she could do to gain his attention. Then she had an idea. If they played cowboy and Indian, she could pretend she was a little Ute girl, and they could save her from all sorts of dangers.

It worked. Laraine became a fixture in the neighborhood games. As the years went by there were little skits, and even a circus in the Johnson back yard.

■ After the back yard days Laraine began playing to larger audiences. She recited poetry for the Lions, the Kiwanis, the Elks and the Eagles. She wowed luncheon clubs and panicked dinner parties. Her main triumphs were associated with the recital of "A Boy and His Stomach," a touching little Edgar Guest number whose punch line goes like this:

"Say, Stummick, what the matter that you had to go an' ache?" "Ache," of course, rhymed with "cake."

Such success deserved greater opportunity. When the Johnsons moved to Long Beach her parents took Laraine, still in grade school, around to the Players' Guild to find out from Day whether he thought she had enough acting ability to warrant serious training. Day saw at once that the child had natural talent. He began giving her small walk-on "kid" parts in the Guild performances, and thus began what is developing into an important career.

As she grew older, Laraine worked hard. She practiced unstintingly the Day theory of being "convincing" in public. She watched plays. She practiced her small parts over and over.

Day was so pleased with his pupil's progress in Guild plays that he recommended her for an *ingenue* part in a road show production of the play, *Conflict.* Laraine won the part. With it came her first real taste of trouping, not to mention a glimpse of several towns all over the west where the company played.

Along about this time Laraine's principal function, of course, was attending high school. She was deep in math, English and French, hardly snap courses in anyone's book. Meanwhile her Guild appearances increased. Day, a member of an old acting family, had quite a reputation, and his productions often drew movie scouts. In 1936, when one of them watched Laraine perform, he signed her up. She received a small part in her first movie—*Scandal Sheet.*

"The film wasn't much of a hit," Laraine laughs. "My part was so small though I never would have been noticed anyway."

Laraine went back to school and the Guild and nothing more was said about movies. There was a small triumph connected with that first movie, however; Lew Ayres had the lead, and now Laraine is playing opposite him in their fifth *Dr. Kildare* film.

But Laraine was hardly hiding her light under a bushel. One of the talent scouts who keeps an eye on the Long Beach group is Billy Gordon, assistant casting director at M-G-M. He saw Laraine in a play. His reaction is not recorded, but within 48 hours she had been given a screen test, a contract to sign and a good-sized part in her second movie.

Her work must have been good, for Laraine was called on to play the daughter of Wallace Beery in *Sergeant Madden.*

Laraine played in several other movies, but her first serious dramatic role came in *I Take This Woman* which starred Spencer Tracy and Hedy Lamarr. Her part was that of a despondent young girl who commits suicide. That assignment was her making.

The scene now shifts to the Edward Small lot where shooting of *My Son, My Son* was in progress. Frances Dee is playing the part of *Maeve,* the actress in the story who kills herself. Suddenly she collapses. She is rushed to the hospital for an emergency operation. Small and his associates go into consultation. Miss Dee must be replaced at once—the delay of even a day in shooting means terrific expense to the studio.

"How about Laraine Day?" one of the studio officials pipes up, thinking out loud. "She handled a tragic suicide part like a veteran in *I Take This Woman.*"

"Fine," Small agrees. "Let's see if we can borrow her from M-G-M."

A call is put through to Laraine's studio. She is on the set for the last day's shooting of her fourth Kildare picture, and is therefore available. At six that evening Small tests her for *My Son.* She looks fine. She receives the part, hurries through wardrobe fittings and hustles home with the script.

"I was too exhausted that night to read the script," Laraine recalls. "The next day I had to go to the studio to begin shooting. We had just a month—we were kept so busy on the set I never did get time to read the script. It was a case of glancing over my lines, rehearsing a scene once, then shooting it. When it was all over I read the script and enjoyed it very much."

Her performance in *My Son* earned Laraine her favorite role to date—that of Carol Fisher, the *Foreign Correspondent's* girl.

Foreign Correspondent is exciting, fast-moving and as timely as the day's headlines. If the flattering reviews it has evoked are any indication, the film will be a very serious contender for first-ten honors, if not the top award.

■ Laraine calls Alfred Hitchcock the best director in the world. She also nominates him as the fanciest practical joker she ever met. The two classifications have a connection, she claims, for Hitchcock has a talent for making acting chores seem light.

"In one particularly scary scene I had to

sneak down a dark corridor," she explains. "When I got to the end, there was Mr. Hitchock, sticking out his tongue and flapping his hands in back of his ears. I didn't dare laugh, because the cameras were turning. But he certainly eliminated any tension I felt in playing the scene."

So much for the present. The future?

"I want to play bad girls," Laraine insists. "So far I've played only good girls. But bad girls have more to them—their personalities are more complex, and as characters they are harder to play."

She may have something there. Jeanne Eagels made quite a name for herself playing a shady part, that of the notorious Sadie Thompson in *Rain*. The provocative role of Mildred in *Of Human Bondage* earned Bette Davis the first "Oscar" she received from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for outstanding performances. And Ida Lupino played a scheming, hateful murderess in *They Drive by Night*. These are the types of "bad girl" roles Laraine considers meaty.

Laraine wants to play comedy, too. In fact, in the Elias Day tradition, she wants to play every type of part there is, for the experience involved.

She lives with her parents at Chevoit Hills, near Culver City. Two of her brothers, Lamar and DeArmon, are printers in Long Beach. Another brother, Narville, is in the orange marmalade business. Her sister, Therma, is married and lives in Salt Lake City.

Laraine likes to read Ogden Nash and write verse. She also enjoys riding her bicycle for an hour every day, and on Sundays generally takes a 22-mile spin out into the country.

When Laraine paid her first visit to New York recently, she discovered pastimes which quickly became her favorites—such things as riding on the "El," dancing to Cab Calloway's music, and eating at Automats. Her chief disappointment was the night clubs. One had "a dance floor the size of an armchair," another looked "musty." "And I thought everyone would do the rhumba and the conga perfectly," she complained. "Somehow they didn't."

These incidents, however, were merely side dishes to the main business at hand, namely, receiving a private little 21-gun press-agent salute. Press photographers haunted her; magazines posed her in Mormon-style hats; the radio program, "We, The People," featured an interview with her and Walter Wanger.

Quite a tribute to a twenty-year-old miss. But with fame and fortune thus a mere step around the corner, Laraine is more interested in something else. Big parts? Not necessarily—but good parts, varied parts, parts she must study, practice, rehearse—parts like Carol in *Foreign Correspondent*, parts into which she can sink her teeth. For down deep Laraine has an ambition she doesn't talk much about—an ambition to win an "Oscar," recognition of real acting ability.

Over the fireplace in her home is a niche. If the wealth of experience Laraine has managed to store up during her teens counts for anything at all, some day soon that niche will shelter a shining statuette —Laraine's first "Oscar."





JOHN HOWARD BETS AGAINST LOVE!

For four years, John Howard has bet $1,000 against $10 that he will not marry for twelve months. Each year he has collected his $10, but this year—will he have to pay out $1,000? Amusing are the reasons for the bet; interesting the young star's reasons for making it. In January

Screen Life

10¢ AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

No More Wanderlust for Ray

[*Continued from page* 36]

forward to the engagement with no little antipathy.

"Those scenes in the pictures where I had the big closeups while they photographed the top of Claudette's head will give you a rough idea of just how nice she was to me," Ray was saying the night we came back to his new Beverly Hills home after the preview. "I have never worked with another actress who was as kind and considerate. Not only that, but it was such a pleasure being associated with someone who knows her job so well. I learned a great deal from working with Claudette Colbert. I can see more than ever why she is such a big star."

Thus another myth is exploded in the life of Ray Milland. Add to it the one about Ray being colder than the proverbial penguin's bottom. The one about Ray having no Hollywood friends. Ray being driven by an uncontrollable wanderlust. Being miserable and dissatisfied because, for the first time in his life he is anchored to one particular place. To one particular job. There have been moments along the way when these conditions have existed. But only because at that particular time there was a reason. There are no reasons now. Therefore, no results.

Like all of us, Ray started out in life a victim of his own background. Not finding the happiness he wanted resulted in his long search for it. I think that day a little over three years ago when Ray became an American citizen, he got his first feeling of "belonging." It was the start of a thawing-out period that has mellowed him and given him the courage to live his dreams. I shall never forget the look in Ray's eyes as he stood there swearing allegiance to the United States. As we walked out of the Federal Building, he said:

"This has become a great day in my life. Now I want to work hard and become successful. I've always wanted a real home. I've always hoped that some day I would have a son. If God is good to me—perhaps I can make these things come true."

■ Yes, dreams do come true. Ray's new home is one of the showplaces of Beverly Hills. Overnight, while building it, there came a sudden switch in plans. Mrs. Milland was going to have a baby! A guest-room automatically was converted into a nursery. It was not the kind of nursery Ray would have built had he received the joyous news a trifle sooner. Nevertheless, it took on a "baby feeling"—complete to electric trains! Ray, himself, made the crib in his own workshop. In due time a son was born.

The home life of Ray and Mal and little "Dee-Dee" (his full name is Daniel David) is something pretty special in Hollywood. The Millands have a few well-chosen friends. Among them are the Fred MacMurrays, Ann Sothern, Roger Pryor, the John Waynes, and the Jack Bennys, and non-professional friends who are always welcome and included. Special invitations are seldom issued to these friends. But they know they are expected to drop in any time, to step behind the bar in "The Pub" (Ray copied his barroom after "The Chequers," his favorite pub in England) and mix a favorite drink.

Not a decorator's delight is the manor of Milland. More important is it's warm, friendly atmosphere, it's livable individual charm. Mrs. George Belzer (Loretta Young's mother) helped with the furnishings. But the Millands' ideas and color schemes prevail. A great deal of it was copied from the house Ray bought for his mother in Sussex, England. This is the one sombre note right now. Unofficially Ray recently heard that his mother was forced to evacuate the home she loves so much. So far, Ray has not been able to learn the truth.

One of the nicest features in the new house is the wood used in building it. Ray himself picked it out under strange and unusual circumstances. Occasionally he likes to take little excursions into the remote sections of the City. He likes to observe human life. To watch people who think of other things besides moving pictures. On such a journey Ray came across an old bridge being dismantled in the path of progress. He observed that the posts were made of the finest old oak, something almost extinct in the building world today. The posts were gnarled and oil soaked. The stain gave them a mellowed appearance that only comes with age.

"What beautiful beams they would make in a home," Ray said aloud to himself. Before he left he had completed arrangements for their purchase and removal.

While the English country house was being built, Paramount sent Ray across the water (his fourteenth trip) to make *French Without Tears*. During odd moments Ray and Mal searched for those wonderful antiques Hollywood decorators sell at highwayman prices. It was a very kind fate that enabled Ray to get his collection on a boat that was practically pulling out of port. On its next trip, this very same boat was sunk by the Germans.

It took six months for the cargo to arrive. Ray finished his picture, returned home and pursued Patricia Morison (instead of Dorothy Lamour) through seven reels of Paramount's great outdoors, before his long wait was ended. During that period Ray literally lived with his nose buried in the shipping news section of his local newspaper. It was two in the morning when the customs were finally cleared for claiming. Ray was right there, having arrived with the driver and his truck. There were fifteen cases all told. It was sunrise in Beverly Hills when Ray finished opening the last case.

■ When Ray isn't working in his own shop, making maple chairs for the butler's pantry, etc., he's busy making movies of the new son and heir. Ray worships the little fellow. He has a complete record of his growth on film. Ray races home on lunch hours to see him. And every week Mrs. Milland receives a beautiful present as a token of Ray's affection. Next to the nursery, his workshop and the roaring fireplace in the living room, Ray likes his own bedroom the best. It was copied after a flat he once owned in England. On a chest next to his bed, Ray has a large bowl of tropical fish. They were sent to him by a fan and regardless of the hour, Ray never retires without feeding them. As he crumbles the food between his strong fingers, he leans his face down to the bowl and says:

• "Okay, boys, come and get it."

During the autumn months when a full moon makes Beverly Hills look like a city of fantasy (or is it?) friends gather at the Millands', for night tennis and a barbecue. Ray likes to handle the steaks, so Ann Sothern presented him with one of those tall stiffly-starched chef's caps. Right in front there is embroidered a Jack of hearts, a facsimile of a playing card. To his best friends and severest critics (who seldom have anything to criticise these days) Ray has always been known as Jack. He likes this name because it helps him to remember how he felt when he was starving and struggling to be an actor.

"It's taken a long time," Ray said one evening as we sat out on the brick patio. Upstairs Mrs. Milland's voice could be heard as she laughed and caressed the baby. Downstairs the Capehart was playing Ray's wonderful collection of recorded piano solos. It was a calm, peaceful picture. A picture of home, the way a home should be. Ray held up his glass of mint julep. He gazed through it reflectively.

"This is what I have always been looking for," he went on. "I guess maybe if I had found it sooner, I wouldn't have been able to appreciate it. Now I think I'm the luckiest guy in the world. I have a beautiful wife, a wonderful son, a fine career, real friends and my own home. What more could a man possibly hope for?"

Not so long ago I was riding down Sunset Boulevard with Ray. As we passed a rather shabby looking apartment house, Ray slowed up in front of it.

"I lived there for one year," he said. "I lived in a back room and I was always two or three months behind in my rent. When I could afford to send my suit out to the cleaner, I'd have to stay in bed until it came back again. I never thought then that I'd have what I have today. Boy, I *am* a lucky guy!"

Yes, Ray Milland is. And a darn nice guy, too. Because he hasn't forgotten the bad days and part of his new-found happiness is sharing the good days with others.

SHE'S GLAMOROUS, SHE'S BEAUTIFUL, SHE THREATENS ANN SHERIDAN'S SUPREMACY. Who is she? Rita Hayworth, of course, the wonder-girl whose fascinating story comes to you in February HOLLYWOOD on sale the tenth of January.

SHOPPING GUIDE

Your fashion editor gives you, below, a partial list of department stores where you can buy the clothes and accessories shown on pages 44 and 45. . . . If a store in your city is not listed, drop Candida a line on a post card telling her which merchandise you are interested in, and she will send you the name of a store near you. Address Candida, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Paulette housecoat from Hyman & Co., page 44:
Chicago.....Wieboldt Stores, Inc.
Minneapolis.....John W. Thomas Co.
Ogden, Utah.....Wolfer's, Inc.
Seattle.....Frederick & Nelson, Inc.

Miss Swank slip, page 44:
Chicago.....Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Los Angeles.....Coulter Dry Goods Co.
New York.....Franklin Simon & Co.

Gotham stockings, page 44:
Chicago.....Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Los Angeles.....I. Magnin
New York.....Gotham Hosiery Shop-Fifth Ave.

Browner-Marcus suede bag, page 44:
Boston.....Jordan, Marsh Co.
Chicago.....Marshall Field & Co.
Los Angeles.....Broadway Department Store
New York.....James McCreery & Co.

Elanbee's Leading Lady bag, page 44:
Cleveland.....Halle Bros. Co.
Oakland.....H. C. Capwell Co.
Philadelphia.....Strawbridge & Clothier

La Tausca Pearls, page 44:
Boston.....Jordan, Marsh Co.
Cleveland.....Wm. Taylor Son & Co.
New York.....Franklin Simon & Co.
San Diego.....J. Jessup

Aris' Senorita gloves, page 44:
Atlanta.....Rich's, Inc.
Chicago.....Marshall Field & Co.
New York.....B. Altman & Co.
Oakland.....H. C. Capwell Co.

Kimball handkerchiefs, page 44:
Dallas.....Titche-Goettinger Co.
Des Moines.....Younker Bros., Inc.
Newark.....L. Bamberger & Co.

Zero King Golfer jacket, page 45
Boston.....Wm. Filene's Sons Co.
Chicago.....The Hub
Denver.....Denver Dry Goods Co.
New York.....A. De Pinna Co.
San Francisco.....Hale Bros.

Regina Bearskin Chubbie, page 45:
Chicago.....Marshall Field & Co.
New York.....Franklin Simon & Co.

Saybury housecoat, page 45:
Dayton.....Rike-Kumler Co.
New York.....Gimbel Bros.
San Francisco.....The Emporium

Joan Kenley Sportlife blouse, page 45:
Chicago.....Mandel Bros.
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That man always gets a laugh! Robert Benchley found an attentive audience in Rosalind Russell, Fred Brisson, Mary Martin and hubby, Richard Halliday

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"Kitty Foyle"

[*Continued from page 27*]

The studio met the challenge and found a way to retain the intimacy of the tale. It's done through a trick device in which *Kitty's* other self appears to counsel her, points out her past mistakes and warns her against what she is about to do. This other self engages in discussion with *Kitty* and takes her back over the hectic years of her life since she was a child of fifteen.

First, the Hays office did a bit of white-washing on certain elements in the plot. In the book, *Kitty Foyle* was expecting her lover's baby without benefit of clergy. "Tsk, tsk," said the keepers of our movie morals, "none of that." So, for purposes of purity, *Kitty* is secretly married to *Wyn,* but has the marriage annulled, so the heartbreak is the same.

You're going to be introduced to two new male heart-breakers in *Kitty Foyle.* Dennis Morgan, who isn't exactly new since he has been kicking around Hollywood a few years but not getting beyond minor parts, will make you wonder where he's been all your life. He plays *Kitty's* charming but impressionable society boy friend, *Wyn Strafford.* This is considered one of the prize roles of the year, and you'd be surprised at the prominent male stars who begged for a chance at it.

The other new face is James Craig, who has done little in Hollywood outside of playing in amateur theater groups. He's a tall-dark-and-handsome and a little on the Cary Grant side. Although Dennis is the main male love interest in the picture, it is Craig who finally gets the girl. You won't feel that Ginger—that is, *Kitty*—is being short-changed, either!

Kitty Foyle loves, and is loved, by *Wyn Strafford,* a young Philadelphia society man. She meets him when she is fifteen and he becomes an integral part in her stormy life up until the age of twenty-eight.

Wyn is unable to tear away from convention. He is kept under the thumb of his very social Philadelphia family, and *Kitty* is a girl born on the other side of the tracks. She tries to escape *Wyn's* insidious hold on her and the flaming love that almost consumes them. She leaves Philadelphia for Chicago, and then New York.

In New York she gets a job and becomes a member of the gallant and staggering army of twenty million working girls—girls who live in subways, in offices and in one-room-and-percolator apartments. *Kitty* mirrors this generation of modern young working girls, their philosophy, their courage, and their ability to take an emotional jolt and pick up their lives again.

Kitty's life is no bed of roses. She bears *Wyn's* child and sees it die. In the moment when she needs him most, she learns that *Wyn* is being married in a fashionable Philadelphia church to a girl of his own set.

Nevertheless, she can't escape *Wyn,* even after she has met another man who is in love with her. He is *Mark Eisen,* a young interne, played by the handsome Mr. Craig. *Wyn* seeks *Kitty* out in New York, and begs her to go to Europe with him. His wife refuses to give him a divorce, but he promises her continuation of the love that was interrupted before. *Kitty* is still fascinated by him.

The story concludes with *Kitty* facing the most fateful decision of her life—whether to go away to Europe with *Wyn,* or to marry *Mark,* and find respectability and happiness of a sort.

Wyn is at the harbor, waiting for her to meet him and go to Europe with him. *Mark* is at the hospital, waiting for *Kitty* to meet him so that they can run off and be married in Greenwich.

In her room at the Pocahontas Hotel for Women, *Kitty* goes to a mirror, looks at herself gravely, and reminisces her past.



Lovely Dolores Del Rio is shown in an exclusive "Irene" model, a white chiffon formal gown with a gold and white silk bird embroidered on the front

She realizes she has lived it fully, courageously, has given life and had it taken away. The storm in her heart subsides. The porter comes for her bags. It's a quarter to twelve.

Climbing into her cab, she tells the doorman a young man will call for her a little after midnight. He will be quite excited, insistent. Will the doorman give him a message? Tell him she'll never forget him—will always love him in a very special way. And tell him she's being married tonight! She gives the cab driver orders, "St. Timothy's Hospital, please"... and before the doorman can recover from his bewilderment, she is gone.

There has been a change going on in Ginger's personality. You won't notice it in the picture, because her *Kitty Foyle* will have all the fire and spunk of the modern big city working girl. Privately however, Ginger has become withdrawn and quiet, she will have no part of Hollywood's communal life. On the set, she didn't bother much with the others. When she wasn't actually working in a scene, she retired to her dressing room and played one of the many symphony records she has stacked up beside her portable phonograph.

This is not as unfriendly a gesture as it may seem at first. For one thing, Ginger is in every scene, and the demands of her role are tremendous. When she has a free moment, it is only natural that she use it to store up on energy and catch up on learning new lines. All that, coupled with her newly-acquired r e t i c e n c e, made Ginger somewhat of a stranger to her fellow-workers, in spite of the fact that she reported on the set every day.

But one day, Ginger broke down and perpetrated one of her famous practical jokes. When David Hempstead, the producer of *Kitty Foyle,* celebrated his birthday on the set, he received several wires, at half-hour intervals, which almost broke him up.

"Thanks for trying *Little Miss Broadway.* It did.

"Shirley"

"None of us has worked since then. 'It Could Happen to You.'

"The Down and Out Club"

"Happy Landing. They say it's all in knowing how to fall and where.

"Sonja"

"Thanks for *Straight, Place and Show.* We didn't.

"The Ritz Brothers"

When Hempstead asked Ginger if she was the mastermind behind the telegrams, she looked up at him naively and lisped, "Who, me? Oh, Mithter Hempthead, how could you?"

Dennis Morgan was a little nervous doing his first love scene with Ginger. He knows that this picture will be his "open sesame" to stardom, and the thought gave him the jitters. The set was *Kitty's* tiny apartment in New York. *Wyn* has surprised her with a visit, and there is a thrilling reunion.

Dennis: Shall I go outside while you dress—or just close my eyes?

Ginger: Dress—?

Dennis: Why certainly. It's the night

of the Philadelphia Assembly. But we're going to celebrate it right here in New York.

Ginger: Oh, *Wyn* darling, you didn't forget.

Dennis looks confused, opens his mouth, but no words come out. He bursts out laughing, says, "But of course, I forgot—completely. Now what was that line—"

"Line" trouble—those occasions when actors' tongues get stuck—usually provides the funniest moments on a set. Ernest Cossart, who plays *Kitty's Pop* was blustering at *Kitty* for hanging around the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel in Philadelphia ogling the so-called Main Liners, or society set, arriving for the annual social event, the Philadelphia Assembly.

Said Cossart: "And that's the reason I'm going to get all this junk about the Main Line and Philadelphia Story out of your head, so you won't make a fool of yourself later on."

He should have said "Philadelphia Assembly," but Director Sam Wood let him finish the speech, then laughed, "You got a plug for *Philadelphia Story* in there, although M-G-M wouldn't like the way you plugged it."

■ *Kitty Foyle* is introduced at the dewy young age of fifteen, and wait until you see how Ginger lopped the years off to attain that age. She and Mel Burns, makeup expert at RKO, had lots of fun reconstructing the shiny-faced, awkward adolescent. And is it successful? Listen:

She and Burns were walking across the lot when one of the little boys who was playing in *Little Men* at the time saw them. He tagged after Burns, tugged at his coat sleeve. Ginger was barely recognizable in her braided hair, tied up with ribbons, black cotton stockings, blue middy suit and other youthful aids.

"Mr. Burns," began the boy in a confidential whisper. "Is that Ginger Rogers?"

"No, it's her sister," teased Burns.

"Well," retorted the youngster, "I'd tell her not to brag about it. She's not beautiful like Miss Rogers."

You can prepare yourself for some of the hottest love scenes since Rudolph Valentino kissed Agnes Ayres in the middle of the Sahara desert in July.

Ginger and Dennis Morgan are the figures in a romance which grows into a consuming emotional flame with each foot of film. It is this love which forms the background of *Kitty's* life, and makes her do the things she does.

The day we drifted on the set, Ginger and Dennis danced to the accompaniment of a weary, disheveled orchestra, presumably too wrapped up in each other to notice the time. Two waiters dozed in the midst of empty tables and chairs. A good deal of that tired feeling wasn't exactly play-acting. When the scene was finally in the bag, Dennis Morgan collapsed like an accordion. Ginger was fresh.

"This is nothing," she said, cold-creaming the makeup off her face. "Remember when I used to dance with a certain Mr. Astaire? A dance session like this is child's play compared to the toe work Fred and I went through."

■ James Craig doesn't get any burning love scenes as Dennis Morgan does. He is the nice young man whom Ginger takes when she's on the rebound. The cast kidded him about getting an inferiority complex over it.

There is one little prop I must tell you about because it acted almost in a human manner in creating a dramatic situation which will be a highlight of the picture.

This is a little glass sphere, inside of which is a little girl on a sleigh gaily coasting down a snow-covered slope. When the sphere is shaken, a quantity of tiny loose flakes swirls about the little girl, giving the effect of a snowstorm. It is an old-fashioned ornament, one that was in most American parlors about fifteen years ago.

This little toy, "The Little Girl on the Sleigh," is given *Kitty Foyle* by her father when she's a child, is fondly cherished by her throughout the years spanned in the story. It becomes a symbol of the dramatic events in her life, of her emotional crises, her heartbreaks, her irreparable mistakes, the mad pace of living.

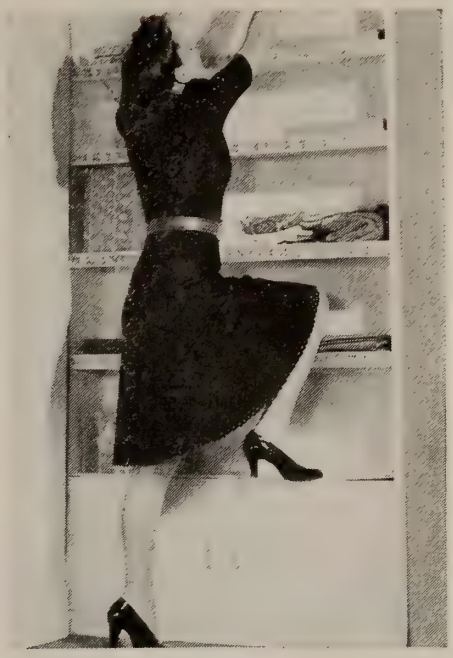
Producer David Hempstead saw to it that the symbol was retained in the picture and used at critical points in the story. To the bewildered *Kitty* it had a profound significance as she came to see the similarity between herself and that "little girl on the sleigh."

In this particular scene, *Pop* stood by the mantel looking at the little glass toy, distraught by the knowledge that *Kitty* had fallen in love with *Wyn Strafford.* He knew she had just returned from a three-day trip to New York with *Wyn,* knew she was so hopelessly in love with him that she might easily have lost her balance—undoubtedly had. For the first time he sees a fateful meaning in the symbol of the little girl on a sleigh ride.

Ginger Rogers stood perched atop a flight of stairs waiting her cue to enter. She was to make her entrance, find *Pop* standing there and make him lie down on the davenport. For *Pop* had been ill and shouldn't be up.

Slowly, Cossart reached out and grasped the little glass sphere, while the camera concentrated on him to take in the entire action. He gazed at the thing a moment, shook his head, grumbled disconsolately, "Judas Priest!" He turned the ball over to make the snow fly.

What happened at the moment wasn't in the script, but it was a mark of genius. The figure of the little girl came loose from its moorings, toppled off the sleigh!



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HI, SUGAR!



Simone Simon flings her diet to the winds, and sets up a "Sweet Tooth Bar" with assorted sugary confections—to the delight of all callers

This season's holidays hold a double meaning for the little girl with the double name, for Simone Simon has taken steps to become an American citizen

By BETTY CROCKER



■ Simone Simon has been in America before at Christmas time. But this is the first time she will have been in "America, my home" at Christmas. Simone has just taken out her first citizenship papers, and so feels that the season in which we count our blessings and express love for others has taken on a new meaning for her this year.

Most of Simone's young life has been spent in traveling. With her parents, at the age of ten, she went to live in Madagascar. After that, in rapid succession, she attended schools in Budapest, Turin, Bagdad, Berlin and Paris. And so, having lived in so many large cities in so many different countries, she knows whereof she speaks when she says that, although each land has its own customs when it comes to celebrating Christmas, there is one custom that is common to them all. All over the world, people have "a sweet tooth," and go into a sort of training about a month before the holidays so that they'll be in good form to enjoy lots of sweets at Christmastide. And that's why, following her own hospitable custom, visitors to Simone's Hollywood home will find, throughout the holidays, a "Sweet Tooth Bar" set up and loaded with sugary confections for their delight.

Simone has set up her "sweet bar," trimming the long table with enormous red poinsettias and a silver bowl full of the bright red pomegranates that are in season now. In front of them, colorful glass and hand-painted China plates are always kept

full of fresh and flavorful candies, cookies, cakes, nuts and fruit.

■ There are cheese sticks, for those who like a tang to their holiday snacks. There are crisp sweet sugar cookies, for those who don't. There are sugar-sprinkled crumpets, puffy little cakes with whipped cream topped with nuts, for those who don't give a whoop, for the time being at least, about their slenderizing diets. And for those who do care . . . well, they can assuage their conscience by taking some of the stuffed dates or fig bars. Simone herself won't help you to say "No" . . . because it's her theory that this is one time out of the year when it's no fair mentioning spoil-sport things like reducing diets. That can be attended to starting January 2nd, says she—and besides, you'll probably dance it all off, anyway.

SWEDISH ALMOND MACAROON TEA CAKES

1 cup butter
½ cup sugar
1 egg
2 cups sifted cake flour
or
1¾ cups sifted all-purpose flour
1 tsp. vanilla

Cream the butter, add sugar gradually and cream thoroughly. Add the well-beaten egg. Mix until smooth. Add the flour gradually to the creamed mixture. Blend in the flavoring. Place a rounded teaspoonful of this butter in very small greased muffin cups. Press the batter over the bottom and up around the sides of the muffin cups with a teaspoon . . . making a lining ¼ inch thick and leaving a hollow in the center. Fill hollow of each with Almond Macaroon Filling. Bake 30 minutes in a slow moderate oven, 325°. This will make 2 dozen small cakes (2 inches in diameter).

ALMOND MACAROON FILLING

2 eggs
½ cup sugar
½ lb. finely ground blanched almonds
(1¼ cups shelled almonds)

Beat eggs until light and foamy. Gradually add sugar and beat until well blended. Add the almonds (which have been put through the food chopper twice). Mix thoroughly. *Amount*: Filling for 2 dozen small Swedish Almond Macaroon Tea Cakes.

To Blanch Almonds: Pour boiling water over the shelled almonds. Let them stand from 2 to 5 minutes or until the brown skin can be slipped off with the fingers. Pour off the water and remove the skins.

RUSSIAN TEA CAKES

1 cup butter
½ cup confectioners' sugar
2¼ cups sifted all-purpose flour
¼ tsp. salt
1 tsp. vanilla
¾ cup nuts, finely chopped

Cream butter, add sugar gradually, and cream well. Sift flour and salt together and add to creamed mixture working it in thoroughly with the hands. Blend in vanilla and nuts, working them in with the hands also. Chill dough, if desired, to make it easier to handle. Form into balls about 1 inch in diameter. Place about 2½ inches apart on very lightly greased heavy baking sheet or pan. Bake 14 to 17 minutes . . . until a very delicate brown . . . in a moderately hot oven, 400°. (Watch cookies carefully after they have been in the oven for a little while, as they brown all of a sudden!) While still warm, roll in confectioners' sugar. Let cool, then roll again in confectioners' sugar. These cookies should be crisp and short. Store them in a can with a loose cover.

This amount will make about 5 dozen cookies.

OLD GERMAN HOLIDAY NUT CAKE
(Nuesse Torte)

1 cup shortening (mostly butter for flavor)
1½ cups sugar
4 eggs
3 tbsp. cream
2¼ cups sifted cake flour
or
2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
2 tsp. baking powder
¼ cup wine or brandy (or light fruit juice)
2 tbsp. lemon juice
1 tbsp. grated lemon rind
1 cup shaved or chopped blanched almonds

Cream the shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream thoroughly. Blend in egg yolks, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Blend in cream. Sift flour and baking powder together, and add to creamed mixture alternately with the wine or brandy (or fruit juice) and lemon juice. Add grated lemon rind and almonds. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a well-greased and floured tube center pan (9 inches in diameter). Bake 1 hour and 25 minutes in a moderate oven, 350°.

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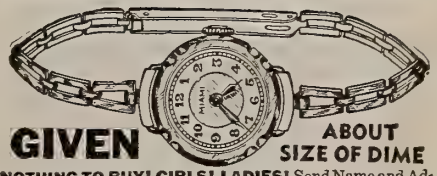
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An Open Letter to Ed Sullivan

[*Continued from page* 23]

That much is true. But how in the name of heaven does she acquire that public? Because she fell out of a tree into the arms of a movie scout? Or because Darryl Zanuck happened to see a picture of her in a cigarette advertisement? Or because she did some occasional hoofing for the Shuberts?

What this last might explain is merely how she gets into pictures—not how she acquires a public. This public she acquires, if she does, by hard work. But the press, you shriek! Yes, indeed, the papers helped. And the magazines, too. And she is properly grateful. And how does she show it? By doing everything from lolling around in pajamas to jumping through a hoop, for benefit of photographer.

For years she does all that. Comes an occasion when she does not leap through the hoop. Then annihilation! But—supposing we turn to your column:

"On both occasions she delegated the task of breaking the bad news, her refusal, to M-G-M publicity men. In other words, Joan didn't have the nerve or the courtesy to call the newspapermen or their offices to say no," you lash out.

Since the invitation to appear at the *Daily News* Harvest Moon Ball came from M-G-M publicity men it is perfectly natural that the refusal went to them. I even explained that I was in the country with my infant child who was ill with a cold. And whether you like it or not, Ed, I would not have left her for any favorable publicity.

The other affront to a paper, if I *must* go into weary detail, was perpetrated with even greater innocence on my part. Too late for any possible cancellation of plans, I received a vague and belated request to cooperate in a fashion show to be staged by the *Chicago Tribune,* for which paper I have nothing but respect. The show would have been under way and over by the time I managed to straighten out my affairs and fly down to Chicago.

Your comment on the box-office results of *Susan and God* places you in the position of having information not available to me. However, if you are interested in accuracy you can probably get the correct information from M-G-M—and according to Mr. Mayer last week *Susan* was doing all right.

Here's another little gem of yours:

"I don't know really anyone who has gone so far in this business with so little talent as La Crawford."

Aw, Ed, how could you? As long as I was getting away with murder why turn stool pigeon and snitch on me? When one is blessed with such magnificent talents as you are, Ed, you must try to be more patient with the less-fortunate, non-talented Crawfords.

Your petulant "I confess that I've lost patience with Joan Crawford" is Age II stuff. Please, Mr. Dictator, don't banish me because I have lost favor with you.

"No longer will this pillar rush to her defense when other movie stars put the blast on her for her insincerity or her affectations," you write.

Any time you "rush to my defense" it has been because of your own free will. I have never asked you to do so. The times I have seen you and had occasion to talk to you it has been as a friend to whom I desired to give my side of a story in detail. To hell with whether you retracted anything or not. It was you as a person that I wanted to be fair.

My batting average with respect to requests from your paper, the *Daily News,* has been pretty good. Last April I accepted an invitation to and attended a cocktail party given by the *News* during the publishers' convention. I considered it an honor and a friendly act to be invited. By the same token I considered the invitation to the Harvest Moon Ball as an honor and a friendly act. It was simply impossible for me to attend.

And as for not answering the telephone (as Tyrone Power and Annabella presumably do) what with a "secretary" guarding me from callers, please be informed that the only time I don't happen to pick up a telephone is when my maid—*I don't even have a secretary*—beats me to it.

From here on your column trails off into a welter of abuse, bearing little or no connection with the subject at hand. You take time off to compare me with George Raft, "a nice guy," who makes the night clubs and does the right thing. I, too, regard George Raft as "a nice guy," just as free to attend night clubs and opening nights at the bistros as I feel free to pass them up, possibly because I don't seem to enjoy these affairs quite so much as Mr. Raft does. Then, too, I don't happen to be financially interested in night clubs as is Mr. Raft.

What I have been trying to say is that what columning needs, apparently, is not only the "divine dispassion" supposedly the very soul of a good reporter, not only the sense of fair play, not only a disposition to remain always selfless and to make a religion of facts, but, above all, a recollection that an actress, even one who makes bad pictures, is an actress, first, and a trained seal secondly.

So that possibly she may be forgiven when she stumbles.

Okay, Ed?

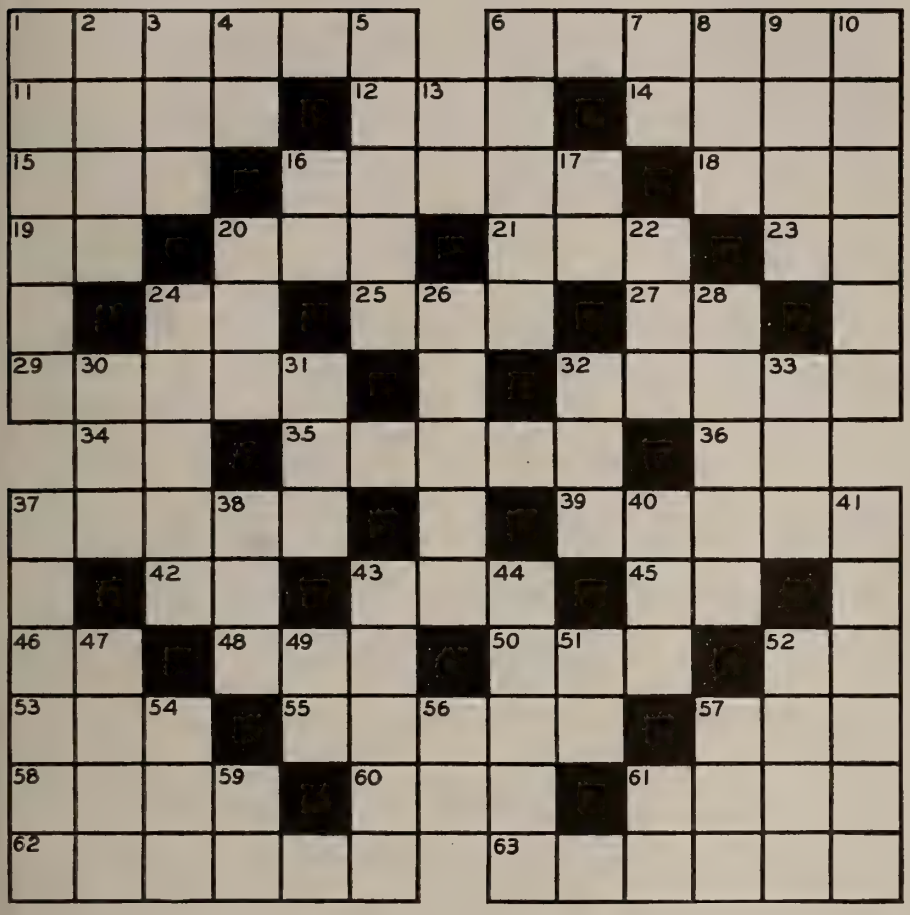
Sincerely,

Joan Crawford

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MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. A star of *Down Argentine Way.*
6. Photoplay shown in episodes.
11. Dave Williams in *Courageous Dr. Christian.*
12. First name of 1 Across.
14. Feminine lead in *A Dispatch From Reuter's.*
15. Slang term for a revolver in gangster films.
16. ——— *Wife.*
18. She had title role in *Dulcy.*
19. Edward Nugent's initials.
20. To perform in a screenplay.
21. *Lady With the* ——— *Hair.*
23. It tells what is playing at your favorite theater (colloq.).
24. Nelson Eddy's birthplace (abbr.).
25. *If I* ——— *My Way.*
27. *The Howards* ——— *Virginia.*
29. Those who play chief roles in films.
32. Feminine lead in *Young Bill Hickok.*
34. ——— *Yo Silver.*
35. De Langle in *All This, and Heaven Too.*
36. Miss Oliver's initials.
37. Captain in *Spring Parade.*
39. Actor, now deceased, who portrayed Charlie Chan.
42. ——— *You Won't Talk.*
43. Animal related to Mickey Mouse.
45. *Young* ——— *You Feel.*
46. Joan Bennett's birthplace (abbr.).
48. ——— *Girls on Broadway.*
50. His last name is La Rocque.
52. Willard Robertson's initials.
53. What a villain is often called.
55. A star of *Christmas in July.*
57. *Queen of the* ———.
58. Mrs. Morgan in *Strike up the Band.*
60. Joan Crawford's are blue (sing.).
61. Feminine lead in *Kit Carson.*
62. He was teamed with Constance Moore in *Argentine Nights.*
63. Motion pictures, collectively.

DOWN

1. ——— *Over Broadway.*
2. Descriptive of a villain.
3. What stars do at Brown Derby.
4. Initials of Clark Gable's wife.
5. First name of Miss Fellows.
6. Dummy rival of Charlie McCarthy.
7. Director Enright's initials.
8. Lana Carlsen in *They Drive by Night.*
9. Freda Heinkel in *The Man I Married.*
10. Feminine lead in *Mystery Sea Raider.*
13. *For Love* ——— *Money.*
16. Mr. Carey's initials.
17. Olivia ——— Havilland.
20. *Murder in the* ———.
22. *Meet John* ———.
24. Don Jose Alvarez de Cordoba in *The Sea Hawk.*
26. The girl in *Villain Still Pursued Her.*
28. They might annoy Asta.
30. Word appearing in many film titles.
31. ——— *Murder.*
32. *We* ——— *Are Young.*
33. He was Lennie in *Of Mice and Men.*
37. Eleanor Powell is one.
38. *You're* ——— *So Tough.*
40. George Ernest is one.
41. Star of *Spring Parade.*
43. Characters performed by actors in screenplays.
44. Tarzan climbs these easily.
47. Heroine of *Girl From Avenue A.*
49. *The Ramparts* ——— *Watch.*
51. *Stranger* ——— *the Third Floor.*
52. *The Bride* ——— *Red.*
54. *Doomed to* ———.
56. Loretta's initials.
57. First name of Miss West.
59. Initials of Dorothy Vernon.
61. Charles Chaplin's nationality (abbr.).

(Solution on page 62)



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"Cheers for Miss Bishop"

[*Continued from page* 39]

Well, no sooner had this rouser of mine died down than this same voice says sarcastically, "Hey, b u d d y, whatzahellza matter? *Cheers for Miss Bishop,* you droop, is. . . ."

I was still in the dark, but to play safe I started my apple-polishing again and let go with another rouser and, lady, did I make this one loud, clear and exultant! Whether I was acquainted with this Miss Bishop or not made no difference to me, hungry as I was. With this Central Casting voice insisting that I cheer for some dame I wasn't going to be caught off base, not while I had strength to do a bit of rah, rah, rah vocalizing. I'd keep cheering for the gal until Hades got its first coat of rubber ice, if doing so held a promise of snagging down enough folding money to keep me glued to a lunch counter.

Well, I gotta admit I was a droop. It turned out that this guy who was urging me to cheer for a strange female didn't want me to do that at all. What he wanted me to do was to take the lead outta my brogans and get over to General Service Studios where Richard A. Rowland was producing, and Tay Garnett was directing, a picture for United Artists, entitled, *Cheers for Miss Bishop.*

It didn't take me very long to get over there. I hot-footed myself up to a corner where a taxi-driver friend of mine has his stand and in no time at all and "for free," he was whisking me down Santa Monica Boulevard to Las Palmas Avenue where the studio is located. Within an hour I was on the payroll and breathing easier than I had for a week.

Up until now I didn't know what the picture was about or who was to play in it.

It wasn't until I stepped onto the sound stage that I began to savvy the whole deal, especially about the cast—and that's where my good fortune came in.

■ The first actress I saw was Martha Scott. You can take your Garbos, your Loys, your Crawfords, your Hepburns and your Davises (and I'll admit these girls are mighty fine), but as for me you can gimme Scott or gimme death and t'heck with Patrick Henry! In other words, I think Martha's our No. 1 screen actress. She's little and she's isn't what you'd call beautiful in a glamour-girlish sort of way, but goshalmighty how she can act before those cameras! You saw her in *Our Town,* didn't you? And in *The Howards of Virginia*? Well, these two roles are mere bit parts compared to her Miss Bishop role in *Cheers for Miss Bishop.*

Wait until you see her go through her acting chores as a three-star student of the first class ever to enroll in "Midwestern University," her blighted romance with a heel who got himself entangled with her niece, her years as a member of Midwestern faculty, her contacts with her students and so on. Maybe it doesn't sound exciting, but I'll guarantee that you'll find it so when you see her on the screen.

Of course this much must be said about this college teaching role of Martha's. There's a background that explains her comprehension of the role and her natural talent for carrying it out.

"You see," she told me that first day between "takes," "I studied to be an educator and spent six months teaching before I was bitten by the acting bug and tossed a great profession to the winds to become an actress. . . ."

I said I thought she could still be a great teacher right here in Hollywood as she could probably teach a lot of gals what the A, B, C's of the profession are. Well, being a very modest young lady, Martha hopped on a fence and refused to commit herself. She did say, though, that all of us had a lot to learn—and unless I'm mistaken, she gave me a very dirty look. I couldn't blame her for that because the very first thing that morning I got myself all twisted up in my farmer clothes and knocked a reflector down just when Director Garnett was going to okay a scene. I thought for a minute he was going to give a repeat performance and knock me down, but he only hinted that he'd shoot the scene over—without me.

Getting back to Martha.

Of course, nobody now questions the advisability of her action in giving up teaching for acting, but before she clicked as one of Broadway's brightest stars and before she was swept to almost overnight popularity in motion pictures, there were plenty of times when she wondered if the decision had been in error.

Martha comes from Jamesport, Missouri, which may account for her stubborn determination to make good. Her father, Walter Scott, can trace his ancestry to the novelist, while her mother, Letha McKinley Scott, is a second cousin of the late President McKinley.

When Martha moved away from the one-room schoolhouse in Jamesport to Kansas City, the first woman she met was Ida Lilly, a high school teacher who sensed in the youthful Martha the greatness that has since come to the surface. She urged Martha to make a place for herself in the world and convinced her that she should take up the art of teaching. But Martha's family could not afford a college education and said so. Miss Lilly brushed that bad news off by digging into her savings to the extent of $1500—enough to take her protegee through the University of Michigan.

For six months after she received her diploma, Martha taught school.

"For one reason or another," she says, "it turned out to be a somewhat drab existence and after long dreams about something different — footlights, the glamor of the theater, the applause of the audience—I decided to do something about it. And I did!"

■ Martha told me something very interesting about her screen roles. It's really a complaint and I can't blame her for it. She's twenty-four, auburn-haired and is extremely easy on the eyes. "In *Our Town,*" she told me, "I was seen as fourteen, sixteen, and thirty years of age. In the *Howards of Virginia,* I plunged from nineteen to middle age. In *Cheers for Miss Bishop* I have to play a sort of feminine Mr. Chips and am seen at the age of fourteen, on through to seventy. Now I hope that Mr. Lesser doesn't change his mind about putting me into his next picture, *Strange Victory.* I can be twenty-four in that picture and during the whole show I'll only age ten weeks. That will be something to look forward to."

Getting back to me.

The second day was a bad one. The set represented the steps of Central Hall, one of the college buildings of Midwestern University. (For your information, the campus of the University of Nebraska was used to provide the background shots for this picture. Bess Streeter Aldrich, who wrote the novel on which Producer Rowland based his screenplay, lives near Lincoln and actually used the University of Nebraska as the pattern for the mythical Midwestern University, which is the locale of the story.)

Well, the script contained a sequence that had all of us undergraduates, faculty, and spectators ending the first commencement exercises by singing the Midwestern college song. We'd practiced it for an hour or so the day before and if I may be pardoned for saying so, it sounded mighty fine even if I did persist in hitting a couple of do's when I should have hit a couple of re's. Anyway, Director Garnett thought we were ready.

So, we banked ourselves on those steps and we got the word to sing and for maybe three or four bars it went off fine and dandy. I saw the director grinning happily because he thought this would be a one "take" scene.

And then it happened.

There was one place in the music where we were supposed to come to a sudden stop and then, after a couple of deep breaths, go on again. I knew this as well as I knew I owed my landlady three weeks' rent, but I guess I got suddenly taiched in

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S	T	A	R	S	■	N	■	W	E	L	L	S
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E	N	I	D	■	E	Y	E	■	B	A	R	I
R	E	E	V	E	S		S	C	R	E	E	N

the haid because I kept right on, loud and clear and, away off key. Being so interested in the song and wanting to do my best, I paid little attention to the rest of the singers. One of them, a very pretty blonde on my right, hauled off and planted her tootsie smack against my shin-bone. I missed a couple of notes, but finally caught up with myself and went right on giving out. Talk about that good old college try! I sure had it. Then I got a sharp dig in the ribs from the girl on my left and once again I stumbled over a couple of notes. By this time, I was getting mad and my voice—such as it is—began to crack up.

Director Garnett walked over to where I was standing and yelled, "Who th' hell do you think you are, Kenny Baker? Maybe you don't know it, son, but so far as I'm able to learn from the score, there isn't a single solo part in the song. Besides, your voice, if I can call it that without hurting Nelson Eddy's feelings, sounds like Andy Devine's, only worse!"

Director Garnett was mad at me, and didn't give a whoop who knew it. I uttered an apology that sounded like a guy learning double talk I was that embarrassed, but I guess the director must have realized I was more enthusiastic than smart and let me finish out the singing chore. But believe me I had a terrible moment or two when I thought I had been kicked off of the sound stage.

The next day I came as close to getting scrambled as any egg you ever ate for breakfast. This scene was where Martha, now on the faculty of Midwestern U., gets an idea she ought to go modern and buy herself a horseless carriage. I am standing on the campus with a lot of other guys when all of a sudden, Martha—I mean Miss Bishop—comes tearin' around a corner in this four-wheeler of hers and I can see by the wild look in her eyes that she doesn't savvy how to stop. The machine is going all of fifteen miles an hour and heading right for me and before I can back away I get a spank, sort of, on the seat of my britches that knocks me off my feet and directly under the machine. I can hear Miss Bishop yell for help while some guy grabs me by the neckband and pulls me to safety. The machine finally stops and Martha (Miss Bishop) being more than somewhat excited, comes scurrying up to me and proceeds to give me a tongue-lashing, never forgetting to place the blame for the near-accident on me. Her eyes get as blazing as a couple of blow torches as she hits another new high in scolding and then she suddenly realizes that this isn't a real near-accident but a "reel" one and her temperature takes a sudden drop.

I am limping around the set the next day and Director Garnett surprised me by saying I'd better take it easy—with pay—but to stand by in case he decided to shoot a sequence that needed an outstanding (?) extra like me. That sounded like spreading the good old "erl," but needless to say, I took him at his word. Imagine it. For not one day, but two, all I do is park myself on the sidelines and earn my dough and watch Martha Scott, Bill Gargan, Sidney Blackmer, Marsha Hunt and others perform their acting stints. I got to enjoy this chore so well that even after I got my final check I hung around the sound stages to watch the progress of this swell film. I think you'll like it, too. Bye now, Miss Editor. See you next month, I hope!



Lana Turner won a reputation for wearing smart sweaters, some of which she crocheted herself. Here she is showing her handmade crocheting bag to Bob Stack



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Blond Dynamite

[*Continued from page* 34]

passes by the famous Hollywood wolves, equipped with slick cars, slick talk, and slick hair.

Well, she took her place in line with the others, her heart thumping. Eventually Mr. Carroll showed up and began walking up and down in front of this magnificent array of anxious beauty. Miss H. strained eighteen facial muscles trying to smile engagingly enough to bring the connoisseur de-luxe to a dead stop in front of her. And she did. Mostly, though, Mr. Carroll asked her how old she was, whether she had ever kicked those handsome legs of hers toward the ceiling of any *chic boite,* as the French say, and wound up with the paternal advice:

"Come back and see me again, why don't you, Miss Hughes, after you've got some experience?"

She changed back into street clothes, and retrieved her mother who didn't have to be told that Mr. Carroll had said "no dice." Then the two, disconsolate as a brace of Harvards who've just been smothered under a 40 to 0 score by those ungallant Yales, picked up and departed.

Outside, parked at the curb and enjoying the California sunshine, were a debonair young man and a killer-diller motor car calculated to knock your eye out. The man was just sitting there waiting, unconscious of the mob of spectators who had paused to dart admiring glances at his car. Attracted by the crowd, Mary Beth, mother in hot pursuit, pushed her way through the awed citizenry. Just as she reached the first line of attack, the non-plussed young man happened to look her way.

"Good Gawd!" he said, or something equally irreverent. And with that he jumped out of his car and headed for the blond mirage. Miss Hughes did a reverse spin and with her mother serving as interference picked up four yards by a line buck. Once in the clear the two Hugheses sprinted for home and safety, the daring (and panting) young man hot in pursuit.

At the Hughes manse he caught up with them.

"Look here," he said in gasps, pointing at the blond and beautiful, "I'm an agent, and I think you ought to be in pictures."

Mother and daughter exchanged glances. They had heard all this before. Wasn't this the formula of the wolf pack? Oughtn't they to put in a call for the police?

The man must have been psychic.

"Don't do anything rash," he advised. "I don't blame you for being cynical. But all you have to do is to take this card, call up the Hays office, and ask 'em if I'm okay."

"I'll take the card," Mary Beth said, "but I don't think I'll bother checking up. You see I've got other irons in the fire." (By this time she concluded he was merely nuts.)

"Well, suit yourself," the young man said with a sad shrug. "But I still think that you'd be a big wow in pictures."

That night Mrs. Hughes hunted up a film writer living in the same apartment building and flashed the card before him. The typewriter troubadour took one look at the inscription:

John Hyde,
Actor's Agent

"Mmmmm," he said. "You've got a good connection there. Johnny's a King. Or even aces, if you play poker."

■ Mrs. Hughes made a bee-line for her apartment, communicated the news to her daughter, and reached for the aspirin.

The next morning they met, these three stars in a remake of Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors.*

"Give me five days," Johnny Hyde said, gay as a birddog in hunting season.

Mr. Hyde is a distant cousin of a typhoon, one might say. He breezed into the offices of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer the first thing Monday morning, sought out the talent department, flashed some photography on the blond gazelle and said: "She comes high, but I'll make allowances if Metro gives her the first break." They signed the deal on the spot.

Metro, sad to relate, bungled the chance of capitalizing on their handsome new property. The studio cast her in some harmless to-do's in which, after the cutting room gal got through with her, she made appearances that were a mere matter of seconds. During the preview of *These Glamour Girls,* she dropped her purse. By the time she retrieved it, her little bit had come and gone. And she had missed it.

Chagrined at life with Metro, she was wondering where all this was taking her and brooding about returning to St. Louis, her home, wondering all this aloud and to her agent when the telephone rang. Seems like the gentleman on the other end was Lew Schreiber, casting director over at Twentieth Century-Fox. He had seen her brittle glory in three Metro films and thought she had wonderful opportunities—with the right direction. When he proposed buying her contract, both agent and actress let out a whoop. Metro offered no obstacles and so the Hughes girl went over on downs, as we say in football.

They diagnosed her instanter, over at Mr. Zanuck's lot. Her forte would be the blond menace, combined with the voltage of a high tension wire, the ethics of a card shark, and the sweetness of a Thompson sub-machine gun. In short, she was to be a hoyden with sex appeal, too dumb to be an adventuress and too clever to be an out-and-out madonna.

Which is how they proceeded to cast her. In *Free, Blond and 21,* she played a cheat. In *Star Dust,* she gave a convincing portrait of a female heel. In *Lucky Cisco Kid,* she played a dame as hard as chromium.

There was depth to these characteriza-

tions, all hands agreed. Consequently, when the studio was stymied for someone to play the part of the ardent Nazi woman in *Four Sons*, someone mentioned the Hughes gal.

They went into a huddle over it, the Zanuck subalterns did. The situation was delicate. With only two women in the cast, one of them Eugenie Leontovich, the celebrated stage star making her movie debut, the part of the young Frau was of vast importance. The part called for someone with enough personality as well as acting ability to keep her head above water.

When they took a vote on it, the exfugitive from fame won in a walk. She repaid her boosters by turning in a swell job. It was the making of Mary Beth Hughes. With her enviable co-starring performance with John Barrymore in *The Great Profile* behind her, she can afford to look the world in the teeth and gush about Life.

■ Life has gifted La Hughes fabulously indeed. These assets are in the order of their importance:

A. Her leaping personality

B. Her dynamic face, as incandescent as a 500-watt bulb

C. Her figure which is inclined toward curves, all of them properly distributed.

Add to these a sort of catch-penny wit plus a forthrightness which is, to put it mildly, uncommon among dispensers of glamor, and you have an apparition calculated to be—and is—the life of any party she chooses to attend.

This same Hughes magnetism devastated some of Hollywood's top bachelors, starting from the very day Metro signed her up. First to rush her was Franchot Tone. He chose her as a tennis partner, squired her over to Pat di Cicco's place where she met a whole posse of unmarried gallants.

Jimmy Stewart was next. He rushed her around plenty. Always the generous guy, he brought her around to meet the Fondas. Hank took her on in tennis and shellacked her good even though he pulled his punches. After that Jimmy would soothe her ruffled feelings by toting her to Ciro's.

With Lew Ayres joining the all-Hollywood sweepstakes, Miss Hughes' phone began giving her girl friends nothing but busy signals. Wistful Lew took her to the nicest boites and was always doing the rhumba with her. She picked him as the nicest dancer of the lot. They'd traipse miles to hear Pinky Tomlin's orchestra toward which Lew is somewhat partial.

In due time, all these lads, so she confessed later, held little interest for her. At which point Master Mickey Rooney, Beau Brummel of the Metro lot and Squire Rooney of Encino, where he owns a dude ranch, entered the lists. Mickey practically rushed her off her feet. At first she thought him a half pint biting off more than he could chew. But in time she changed her opinion about him. He took on, more and more, the air of Monsieur Rooney, globe trotter, long on *savoir faire* and the manners at dinner of a Charles Boyer.

All this was before our Mary Beth had met Robert Stack, the young Croesus toiling for Universal, and currently her Prince Charming. From this distance, the temperature is somewhat hotter than tepid but less than boiling. Hollywood match-makers were muttering marriage-talk until Miss H. issued the pronouncíamento not many weeks back:

"No marriage for me—not for six years. And put it in your story in big type."

For the moment the most torrid trouper punching a time clock for Twentieth Century-Fox has to struggle along on $200 a week, with a leap in salary due any minute. Not given to putting on the Ritz, Mary Beth lives in a modest bungalow in West Los Angeles. Employing no servants, she set an all-time high for the democratic spirit, in a town where everyone in the picture industry above a script girl has an unlisted telephone, by having a party-line telephone installed so's to cut down on expenses.

"Luckily for me," she confesses, "I never had the idea that movie work was a bed of roses. It certainly isn't. I have to get up at five o'clock in the morning in order to be ready and on the set at nine. We work all day until about six or seven, with only an hour off for lunch. Before I go to bed, I study my lines for the next day. It's a cycle, as you can see."

The super-glamorous type in appearance, she disdains night life as a diet. Previews she goes to as a gag. Week ends she devotes to exercise (chiefly tennis, badminton and horseback riding) so as to retain her creamy complexion and the topography that makes the Hughes figure such a magnet.

Hell-bent for the big money, she looks upon the past philosophically.

"Maybe wishing isn't enough. Perhaps luck is the more important factor. As I look back upon my life, all twenty-one years of it, seems to me that when I worked for something I never got it. It was always the freak of fortune that turned the trick."



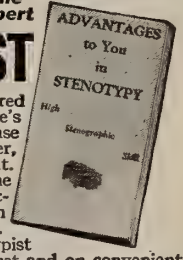
Olympe Bradna wears her "Lupino" as a choker to dress up a simple afternoon dress. The idea originated with creative Ida Lupino, and you saw it featured in the November issue of HOLLYWOOD



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"I'd Make a Terrible Husband!"

[*Continued from page* 29]

me. But nevertheless, there it was.

"That urge to be off calls again and again. Since that unintentional 'disappearing act,' I have shoved off without telling anyone and just sailed to my little island to lead the same sort of life.

"But what if I had a wife? Can you imagine the torture she'd go through worrying about me—wondering where I am, if I'm sleeping with the covers on or if I'm being eaten up by wild animals. And can I take her with me? You tell *me!* And as though that weren't enough mental agony for one girl to go through, when I came home dirty and needing a shave, she'd probably faint at the first sight of me!

"Who'd be silly enough to want to marry me and go through all that?"

One of the writers in the lunchroom happened to spot Eddie at this moment and yelled: "Hi, Eddie—where were you Saturday night? We waited for you."

A blank look spread over Eddie's face. "Saturday? Saturday?" he mumbled. "I'll be darned . . ."

"You were due at my home for dinner—remember? You said you'd come . . ."

Shamefaced, Eddie leaped out of his chair. "Honestly, did I? Did I really? Sorry, old man, I forgot all about it. Never jolted my memory . . ."

"That's all right," laughed the writer. "That's not the first time you've forgotten a dinner date. I've learned not to count on you by this time."

■ Eddie was back at our table. "Good gosh, how could I be so stupid as to forget a thing like that. I'm very fond of those people too. It's a wonder they even bother to speak to me. This is how it happened: Saturday night I tied up with a few cronies and we ended up in the Mexican section of town. I didn't know until I got there that I was going.

"Some of my more tolerant friends know that I can't be tied down to appointments and they don't nag me. But could a wife take it? No! And why should she? There are plenty of men around whom a girl can depend on without having to tie up with an irresponsible screwball like me.

"Can you imagine what my wife would have to go through? She might plan a dinner party, or any one of those little social gatherings so close to a woman's heart. She might tell me that the Squimpenpuffels are coming for dinner Friday at seven and to be sure to be home on time. Friday at seven where would I be? Your guess is as good as mine. I might be on my boat or I might come home with a couple of my fishermen cronies all dressed up in overalls and sweat shirts!

The tales about Eddie's irresponsibility are well-known. Last summer Madame Ouspenskaya invited Eddie and a party of friends to the Hollywood Bowl. Eddie accepted. But came evening, and no Eddie. Thinking he was detained, Ouspenskaya tacked his ticket on the front door and left. When she returned that evening, the ticket was still on the door. Two weeks later, Eddie showed up to keep the date and was no end surprised to learn that he was a little late!

Because he is so naive about this, and because this failing gives rise to so many humorous situations, his close friends are eager to forgive him. But the girl who has to live with him 365 days out of the year wouldn't find it so funny!

Eddie is a non-conformist. His men friends are not the gilded movie youths or princeling playboys who pal around with the Hollywood greats. His best friend is John Northpole, a tremendous, tough-looking Serb who walks and talks like a sailor, who will fight at the drop of a hat and who has a face that looks as though it were made of granite. "But," says Eddie blithely, "who cares? He has a heart of gold." Which is the Albert way of looking at friendships. Nevertheless, not many girls would be able to take Northpole with their toast and coffee.

His other friends are a widely-assorted lot comprised of frustrated musicians, lobster fishermen, Mexicans, beachcombers, hash-slingers, seamen and ex-pugs. His house is open to them all the time. A few close friends wander in and out of his apartment even when he's not home, for Eddie never locks the doors or the windows and his friends are welcome to use the place whenever they wish. Eddie will often leave on his boat, with the door to his home wide open. Friends stop in and live there without Eddie knowing, or caring. Sometimes Eddie goes to bed and lets his pals have free access to his home.

In the morning, there is that awful "morning-after" debacle which is guaranteed to sicken the heart of any orderly wife. Cigarette ashes, rumpled rugs, holes burned in the tablecloth, sticky glasses. And since some of Eddie's acquaintances are privileged to walk into the house whenever they wish and with whomever they wish, the poor girl whom he marries would never be sure of a moment's privacy. No one—least of all Eddie—would blame her for running home to Mama.

His home would give any girl the shudders. Appropriately named "No Woman's Land," it never fails to amaze the more circumspect visitors. The floors are completely covered with books and phonograph records, the chairs are stacked high with papers, trousers and fishing tackle. Walking in the Albert living room—it must be done carefully on tiptoe—is an experience similar to walking through a jungle. A phonograph, still in its packing case, rests in one corner of the room, while the loudspeaker is perched lopsidedly on the piano. The phonograph is always on full blast and Eddie doesn't bother to turn it off. Even the house boy built a little cabin clear in the back of the lot so he could get some sleep. A wife, however, couldn't be put off like that. The lights are always on and one month, when Eddie was away, he received an electric bill of sixteen dollars.

■ The blue walls are covered with maps taped on crazily, and the maps themselves have colored crayon markings making a cockeyed design. What wall space isn't reserved for the maps is covered with old mandolins, tambourines and dusty whatnots. His clothes are strewn all over the place and the closets are filled with fishing rods, more mandolins and more books.

One of Eddie's girl friends, a frail and lovely creature, visited his house for the first time the other day. She was so appalled at the litter that she attempted to put it into some semblance of order. Eddie was out at the time. Bravely, she tried to assort the debris. When Eddie walked in an hour later, she was covered with dust, but proud.

"Look," she said happily, waving a grimy hand over the room, pointing out the books resting neatly in their shelves, the clothes hung up, the records and sheet music stacked orderly in place. "Look what I did while you were gone."

Eddie surveyed this spectacle of neatness and order and it was too much for him. He gulped hard, slumped weakly into a chair and moaned, "I won't be able to find a thing now. This doesn't look like my place at all!"

Unable to bear such tidiness a moment longer, he proceeded to sweep everything onto the floor again. Then, sitting in the midst of this chaos of books, records, trousers, maps, fishing tackle, old wrapping paper, cancelled stamps, pipes, mandolin strings and hunting rifles, Eddie beamed happily and looked as though he belonged there. But somehow, not by any dream—not by the wildest stretch of imagination!—could anyone place a wife in that picture of blissful turmoil.

If any girl still wants to tackle it, the job of capturing and taming Mr. Eddie Albert is still open. But she had better have her straitjacket handy!



It took a couple of Broadway plays to put Ann Miller in the Hollywood spotlight, but she is now shining brightly in RKO-Radio's new musical, *Too Many Girls*



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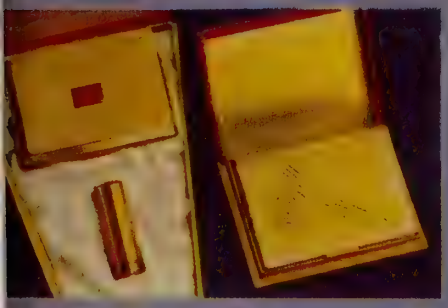
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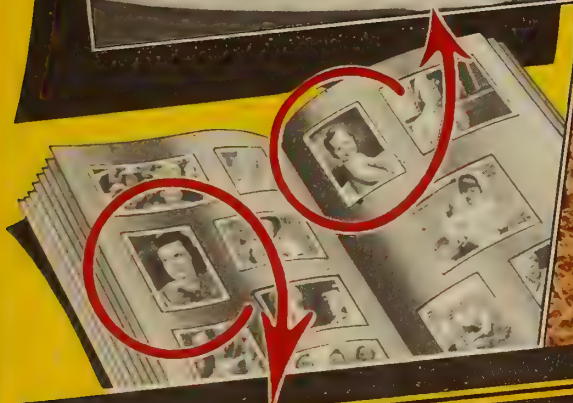
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Address.....

City.....State.....

Color of Hair.....

Color of Eyes.....

HE THOUGHT:

"YOU'RE LOVELINESS ITSELF!"

UNTIL, ALAS, SHE SMILED!



Take no chances with "Pink Tooth Brush"—help protect your own bright smile with Ipana and Massage!

FROM ACROSS THE ROOM her beauty was flawless—almost unreal in its perfection of form and color. He thought, above the swift pounding of his heart, "Why, she's the loveliest—the most exciting thing I've ever seen in my life! I *must* meet her at once!"

And when he did, his eyes held hers and whispered, "You're loveliness itself!" But then—right at that breathless moment—she smiled. And in just that instant his eagerness faded.



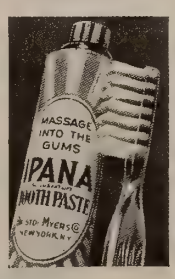
POOR TEETH—DINGY GUMS ARE A TRAGEDY. A ruined smile is a tragedy to anyone. But it is a particularly tragic handicap to a woman. So don't YOU be as foolish as this poor girl, and ignore the warning



of "pink tooth brush"! To do so is to risk your winning smile—your charm.

NEVER IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH." When you see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist and see him promptly.* It may not mean serious trouble ahead. It may simply mean that today's soft, creamy foods have robbed your gums of work, left them tender, sensitive, weak. And, often, your dentist's advice will simply be more work and exercise for those lazy gums—"the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

FOR IPANA, WITH MASSAGE, is especially designed not only to clean the teeth but to aid the health of the gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. Feel that delightful *tang*—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It flashes the news that gum circulation is improving—strengthening gum tissues—helping to make gums healthier. So get an economical tube of Ipana today. Join the charming women who have found Ipana and massage one way to a more attractive smile.



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IPANA TOOTH PASTE

JAN 11 1941 ©CIB 481965

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Good morning! We hope you've had a Happy New Year.

★ ★ ★ ★

We bring you a recipe to start 1941 off right.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's "The Philadelphia Story". Let us tell you about it.

★ ★ ★ ★

Once upon a time (are you sitting comfortably on my knee?) there was a girl who was good in the Three R's.

★ ★ ★ ★

She was Rich, Rare and Racy. The 3R's

★ ★ ★ ★

She also was a Ravishing Redhead.

★ ★ ★ ★

She was claimed by three men. They were the Three H's. Hero, He-man, and Heel.

★ ★ ★ ★

They were all Handsome. The 3H's

★ ★ ★ ★

The Three H's loved the Ravishing Redhead. They wooed her on horseback, in swimming pools and at champagne parties.

★ ★ ★ ★

They Fought for her, Flew to her and Framed her. It all happened in Filadelphia. The 3F's

★ ★ ★ ★

Now that's just a hint of the most delightful New Year's gift you or your friends or your family ever got.

★ ★ ★ ★

We cannot open the book further on "The Philadelphia Story". You must see it, not hear about it. You cannot afford to miss Cary Grant, Katharine Hepburn and James Stewart.



Paraphrasing the well-known poem, only God can make a trio like that.

★ ★ ★ ★

"The Philadelphia Story" (shh!) is directed by the incomparable George Cukor. M-G-M's own Joseph Mankiewicz is the producer.

★ ★ ★ ★

Now there are many plus values — think of adding to Grant, Hepburn and Stewart—in the cast.

★ ★ ★ ★

For example—in fact, for six examples —Ruth Hussey, John Howard, Roland Young, John Halliday, Mary Nash and Virginia Weidler.

★ ★ ★ ★

Endowed with a script by Donald Ogden Stewart from the well-known Broadway hit by Philip Barry, M-G-M proudly, buoyantly, happily presents—



★ ★ ★ ★

"The Philadelphia Story"

—Leo

Another *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer* advertisement for "The Philadelphia Story" appears on page 5.

Hollywood

FEBRUARY, 1941 Vol. 30 No. 2

W. H. "BUZZ" FAWCETT, JR., President
JOAN VOTSIS, Editor

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Once upon a cockeyed time...

there was a ravishing redhead  who was very, very elegant and fancied herself as a kind  of goddess. *(Imagine!)*... And she was all set to marry a truly stuffy guy  ...when her ex-husband showed up. Now *he* was a regular fellow  with many human frailties such as  and  and you-know-what. This time he brought with him a handsome reporter with  candid camera and candid girl friend by means of which he hoped to snare many snappy morsels for his Scandal sheet. 

So-o-o-o things got hotly mixed up. There was a midnight bathing party for two  ...and a fight  ...and a wedding  ...and how it all comes out makes THE PHILADELPHIA STORY the funniest film in years...which should cause you to roll in the aisles with laughter 

Cary
GRANT

Katharine
HEPBURN

James
STEWART

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY

with **RUTH HUSSEY**

JOHN HOWARD • ROLAND YOUNG • JOHN HALLIDAY • MARY NASH • VIRGINIA WEIDLER

Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart • Based on the Play by Philip Barry

Produced by The Theatre Guild Inc. • *Produced by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ*

Directed by GEORGE CUKOR • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

There's More About "THE PHILADELPHIA STORY" in the Lion's Roar Column on page 4

Fred's Best Yet..!
'Cause He's
Got Paulette!



FRED ASTAIRE • PAULETTE GODDARD
"SECOND CHORUS"
with Artie Shaw and His Band
Charles Butterworth • Burgess Meredith
Produced by BORIS MORROS • Directed by H. C. Potter

Paramount Pictures

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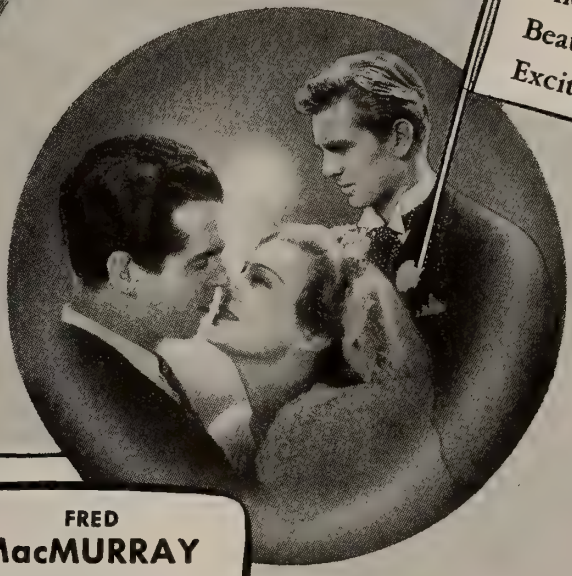


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Conrad's Great South Seas Love Thriller!

FREDRIC **MARCH** • BETTY **FIELD**
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An Island Tale
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and **Jerome Cowan** • **Sig Rumann**
Directed by John Cromwell



The Year's Most Beautiful and Exciting Picture!

MADELEINE CARROLL • **FRED MacMURRAY**
in
"VIRGINIA"
(*in Technicolor*) with
Stirling Hayden • **Helen Broderick**
Marie Wilson • **Carolyn Lee**
Produced and Directed by Edward H. Griffith

Director Mitch ('Arise, My Love') Leisen Brings You First Drama of America's New Air Defense Forces!



"I WANTED WINGS"
starring
RAY MILLAND • **WILLIAM HOLDEN**
WAYNE MORRIS • **BRIAN DONLEVY**
with **Constance Moore** • **Veronica Lake**
Hedda Hopper • Directed by Mitchell Leisen



Paramount's Glamorous New Star Discovery
VERONICA LAKE

LET DOWN BY MAKE-UP?..JUST

Be Yourself.. Be Natural!



INSTEAD of being discouraged and upset in your search for the one lipstick which suits you best...turn to Tangee NATURAL Lipstick. To *look* your *best*... you *must* "Be Yourself, Be Natural."

Tangee NATURAL, used with its matching Rouge and Tangee Face Powder, give complete make-up harmony. Orange in the stick—it changes, when applied, until your own most beautiful lip shade of tempting blush rose is produced.

And during winter Tangee's pure cream base helps prevent chapping and frees you from that dry, "drawn" feeling. Apply Tangee NATURAL and see how *long* it keeps your lips smooth and fresh.

TWO OTHER NEW TANGEE LIPSTICKS! Tangee RED-RED...one of the rarest, loveliest reds of them all—and Tangee THEATRICAL RED...a bright, daring vivid shade. Both are entirely different from Tangee Natural. They do not embody the *color change principle*—yet both have that famous smooth Tangee cream base.



TANGEE *Natural*

"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co. Dist., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City...Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

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HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By DUNCAN UNDERHILL

■ Things have been pretty tense over at Maris Wrixon's house. Warners' handed the starlet her best part to date, the romantic lead in *The Case of the Black Parrot.*

Rudi Fehr, Miss Wrixon's husband, is a film cutter at Warners' and by a diabolical accident he was assigned to do the trimming job on his wife's picture.

Fehr was in the most uncomfortable spot imaginable. If he let Maris's footage run long he might be open to a charge of favoritism.

And if he cut it short his home life threatened to become somewhat less than paradise on earth.

Finally he whispered a few trenchant words into the ears of his superiors and drew another assignment.

■ Now that his career is safely on an upward course, Louis Hayward is no longer reticent about the way he bought his way into the acting profession. It develops that his first connection with the drama was in the role of a real-life chump.

While living in London he heard of an opening in a suburban stock company. He applied for the job. The director was so little impressed with his possibilities, he recalls, that he insisted the actor pay for the privilege of appearing with the company. Louis paid. The company folded almost at once, but not before he had impressed a number of talent scouts.

When his term of service expired, Louis learned that the capital he had paid in was the sole income the company ever received. It had no funds of its own and everybody who attended its performances was a deadhead.

■ Guy Kibbee drove into a gas station. The attendant rushed out with a camera in his hand. Graciously, Mr.

[*Continued on page* 12]



W. H. (Buzz) Fawcett, president of Fawcett Publications, and Joan Crawford enjoy a tete-a-tete. Joan is showing Mr. Fawcett a photo of her newly-adopted daughter, Christina. Miss Crawford's next picture will be Metro's *A Woman's Face*, in which she portrays the role of a badly scarred woman

"This is the most exciting story I know!"

says Newspaperdom's ace story-teller
MARK HELLINGER

HIGH SIERRA

by
W. R. BURNETT
Author of 'Little Caesar'

THEY call him 'Mad Dog' Earle, enemy of all that is decent and good. Yet his dreams are every man's dreams: a fireside on a friendly farm, and the arms of the woman he loves...Then there's Marie, deep down just another woman with a hungry heart —to the world a hard-boiled taxi dancer and Killer's companion . . . (Now her man is trapped on the highest peak in the High Sierras, but he hasn't bowed to any law. He's trapped only because Man can climb no higher . . . Is this the end for the most dangerous criminal since Dillinger—or is it only the beginning? *It's all blazingly told in the new film success, 'High Sierra', hailed far and wide as 'the peak of screen excitement'!..*

'HIGH SIERRA' is the sensational new success produced by *WARNER BROS.*... For both their brilliant performances it skyrockets to the topmost star ranks

IDA LUPINO



The star whose startling performance in *'They Drive by Night'* made her an overnight sensation! Here's the big role she earned!

HUMPHREY BOGART



No characterization within memory has packed the power of this, the greatest performance in the career of Humphrey Bogart!

RAOUL WALSH,
DIRECTOR



Of all his screen successes, from *What Price Glory'* to *'They Drive by Night'*, this film stands supreme!



MARK HELLINGER'S high tribute to 'High Sierra' is a rare one, and mighty well-deserved!

with ALAN CURTIS • ARTHUR KENNEDY • JOAN LESLIE • HENRY HULL • HENRY TRAVERS
Screen Play by John Huston and W. R. Burnett • From a Novel by W. R. Burnett

Edgar Bergen's
SUPPRESSED DESIRE PARTY





Hollywood film folk have a wonderful knack for thinking up novel party ideas. The pictures on this page are the result of Edgar Bergen's latest brainstorm. The invited guests were asked to come dressed in costumes representing their childhood ambitions. At left: Joan Blondell attended party as a South Sea Island beauty, while Betty Grable wore her *Tin Pan Alley* harem costume. (See page 26)—Above: "Dr. Jean Hersholt" examines ballet dancer, Bette Davis



Lillian Barker and Chester Morris wore masks and hunting togs representing Carole Lombard and Clark Gable



Andy Devine and his petite missus attended the laugh-provoking party dressed as a sultan and his harem girl



Attractive Sheila Ryan, movie starlet, was caught sliding down the bannister in her attractive Colonial costume

TWO GREAT HITS HERALDING YOUR *Greatest* ENTERTAINMENT YEAR!



GLORIOUS ROMANCE IN GLORIOUS *Technicolor!*

HENRY FONDA
DOROTHY LAMOUR
LINDA DARNELL

CHAD HANNA

by Walter D. Edmonds

featuring
Guy Kibbee • Jane Darwell
John Carradine • Ted North
Roscoe Ates • Ben Carter

Directed by HENRY KING
Associate Producer and Screen Play
Nunnally Johnson

Printed in
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
as "Red Wheels Rolling"



PAUL MUNI

. . . *in a role unlike any he's ever had!*

HUDSON'S BAY

with
GENE TIERNEY
LAIRD CREGAR • JOHN SUTTON • VIRGINIA FIELD
VINCENT PRICE • NIGEL BRUCE

Directed by Irving Pichel
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Original Screen Play by Lamar Trotti

Adventure! Action!
Drama! Emotion!
ENTERTAINMENT!

From
20th CENTURY-FOX
...the hit-makers who've already begun to make it a very happy 1941 for you!



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FIFTH AVENUE has become the Style Center of the World...today American stylists create *the* authentic fashions! Through our "MAGAZINE OF FASHION," *you* can "shop Fifth Avenue," no matter how far away you are from New York—*you* can dress in the height of fashion, yet *save!*

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Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 8]

Kibbee got out of the car and struck a pose.

"You got me wrong," the gas man said, handing the actor the camera. "I want you to take *my* picture. I want one in my new uniform to send to my mother."

■ Johnnie Metcalfe, amateur photographer, had better get himself a business manager. He had a fortune in films in his camera the other day and sold it for practically nothing.

Johnnie is a neighbor of Miriam Hopkins. Finished with her heavy emotional role in *The Woman With Red Hair,* Miriam was undergoing a bit of relaxation in her patio, garbed in a disreputable old flannel dressing gown, her hair in curlers and her face coated with a mudpack.

Johnnie Metcalfe, from a point of vantage atop a neighboring garage, snapped eight startling informal negatives. As he was sneaking away from his observation post, Miriam spied him and called him over. Somewhat shamefacedly, the photographer acknowledged that he had a whole roll of stolen snaps.

An able negotiator, Miss Hopkins got the films for $5 and a promise to pose for eight more shots in more aesthetic costume.

Johnnie is eight years old.

■ Hedda Hopper is going hatless these days and nights, as a result of a pouting-match with Rose Hobart.

Hedda, whose fantastic hats have been unrivalled in shock-power since the heyday of Clara Bow, believes that she has been outdistanced in the matter of mad chapeaux by Rose Hobart, hitherto a conservative.

Miss Hobart won't divulge the name of her milliner to her rival, insisting that Hedda has held the nutty-hat championship long enough. Hedda is pretty bitter about it all.

■ Bill Gargan's past caught up with him so shockingly that he hasn't recovered yet.

Back in his New York days when stage jobs were not so plentiful, Bill wrote stick-'em-up fiction for the pulp magazines at $25 per story. Not wishing to publish his shame to the world, he wrote under the fancy name of "Beldon Fitzgerald."

At a Beverly Hills party the other week, Bill's hostess introduced him to a Beldon Fitzgerald. The actor had a nasty few minutes wondering whether he was being ribbed by somebody who knew about his dark past as a fictioneer. But the trick Gargan pseudonym was the actual name of his fellow-guest, executive of a New York shipping firm.

If Bill ever writes again, he promises to do it under some name that no living human could possibly be carrying around. Like Dimitri Slavkopich.

■ Edward Everett Horton, who has been perfecting the double-takem for forty years, went into a triple-takem when a visitor on his set addressed him as "a little squirt."

[*Continued on page* 17]



Underneath the head-covering is James Cagney. Both Jimmy and his derby are appearing in *Strawberry Blonde,* with Olivia de Havilland and Rita Hayworth

It's Beauty News from Hollywood!



Now YOU can give your skin screen star care—*right in your own home*

Lovely Loretta Young shows you just how screen stars protect million-dollar complexions. Now you can give *your* skin regular beauty facials just as they do. You'll find Active-Lather Facials with Lux Toilet Soap remove dust, dirt, stale cosmetics *thoroughly*—help you keep skin *smooth!*

Milder!
Costly Perfume!
Pure!
ACTIVE lather!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars—clever women everywhere—use it to protect loveliness



Test THYNMOLD

for 10 DAYS at our expense!

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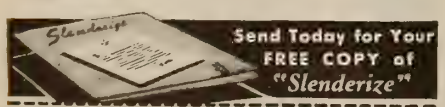
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IMPORTANT PICTURES

By JOAN VOTSIS

THE LETTER

Warner Brothers

■ The latest interpretation of *The Letter,* Somerset Maugham's tale of tragedy, is superb not only in box-office appeal, but in sheer artistry. Contributing greatly to the production are the excellent original story, the writing of the screen play, Bette Davis' top-notch performance, the dynamic portrayals of character by the supporting cast and William Wyler's faultless direction.

Miss Davis kills a man in this picture, and defends herself on the ground that she has been drunkenly attacked. A letter is in existence, however, which must be purchased to prevent its being used as evidence against her. She is finally acquitted, and the husband demands to know the contents of the ominous letter. The emotional events of the trial are intensely dramatic and lead up to a gripping, tragic denouement.

Bette Davis delivers her role with even more than her usual superlative acting ability. Herbert Marshall is good as the bewildered husband. However, the quality of the performances by the two main characters—excellent as they are—are profoundly overshadowed by James Stephenson's enactment of their faithful attorney friend who risks his professional career by purchasing the damning letter.

We have noted Mr. Stephenson's histrionic ability—always in bit parts, unfortunately—many times before, but are happy to relate that there was an audible buzz of commendation floating through the small projection room as he appeared on the screen in scene after scene. This is the first time we have viewed a Bette Davis film with the feeling that a scene stealer was lurking about—and detracting from, yet aiding Miss Davis' superb performance. And this, too, is the first time we have felt that Bette's burden of carrying the entire weight of the film upon her slender shoulders was masterfully lightened by a member of the supporting cast. We have a feeling that this not-so-young man, James Stephenson, is going places in the film world.

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

■ One quality or a moving picture, a play or a book which helps lift it above the ordinary is the delineation of characters who are neither "good" nor "bad," but who, like real human beings, are a complex mixture of desirable and undesirable qualities. *The Philadelphia Story,* the moving picture based on Philip Barry's successful play, is about a group of such characters and their relationship to one another. The plot is a substantial one.

Katharine Hepburn takes the part of *Tracy Lord. Tracy* is a Philadelphia society girl who, without realizing it, has been fancying herself as a goddess worshipped from afar. She had divorced *Dexter Haven* (Cary Grant) because he struck her. The blow hurt her a little, but worse, it brought her down from her pedestal. The play takes place two years later, covering the twenty-four hours preceding *Tracy's* second marriage. *Tracy's* ex-husband turns up for the wedding and is greeted joyfully by *Tracy's* family, but not by her. *Tracy's* father is not present because he is in New York having an affair with a dancer. To hold off the publisher of a gossipy picture magazine from exposing *Mr. Lord's* "intermezzo," *Dexter* introduces two of the magazine's staff to the *Lords,* withholding their identity, so that they may photograph and write up the inside story of the society wedding. The photographer is Ruth Hussey, poker-faced, laconic and witty, and the writer is James Stewart, clumsy because he is out of his natural habitat, bewildered by the *Lord* family, and smitten with *Tracy.* Virginia Weidler



Cary Grant, Katharine Hepburn and James Stewart in *The Philadelphia Story*

is the precocious young sister, always hearing what she isn't supposed to hear, seeing things not meant for her eyes, and saying things that would make any grown-up sister's hair turn gray. John Howard is excellent in the role of *Tracy's* fiance. He has the qualities *Tracy* thinks she wants in a man; he is a hard worker, a self-made man; he is upright and sober, and he would never knock her down, literally or figuratively, from her pedestal. *Tracy's Uncle Willie* (Roland Young) is an old roue, very attentive to the pretty photographer, and he is the center of a couple of very entertaining incidents. *Tracy* learns a lot about herself in the riotous hours before the wedding, and her ideas of life change considerably.

The action is fast, and the dialogue is snappy and amusing.

SON OF MONTE CRISTO

United Artists

■ *The Son of Monte Cristo* falls far short of his old man. *Cristo, Senior,* was a thrilling, swashbuckling hero, but his heir is considerably tamer.

[*Continued on page* 66]

MOVIE MEMOS

FROM: The Editor

TO: The Readers

Re: Joan Crawford-Ed Sullivan Feud

The featured story in the last issue of HOLLYWOOD, was Joan Crawford's blitzkrieg retort to the derogatory column written about her by Ed Sullivan, syndicated columnist of the *New York Daily News*.

Joan's hard-hitting reply caused considerable interest and excitement not only among readers of HOLLYWOOD, but in the press. Walter Winchell, Dan Walker, and the Hollywood trade papers, among others, commented upon it.

We thought you'd like to know the outcome of this blistering verbal duel between a great star and a syndicated columnist. The final blast of the battle turned out to be the cooing of the dove of peace. In his column of December 18, Sullivan wrote:

"You may well ask, then, if Sullivan is in so mellow a mood, why does he not make up with one Lucille Le Sueur, more widely known as Joan Crawford . . . Now that is a fair question obligating a fair answer . . . I took a belt at her, and she took a belt at me . . . It is with considerable professional regret that your reporter, after studying his original column and then studying her answer, must agree that her answer was superior . . . The point that she made, that a writer should be compassionate, is well taken, and I was not compassionate . . . While still of a mind that Joan was wrong, I'm not so certain now that I was not more wrong, because a grown man shouldn't pick on a girl, regardless . . . I will write that down as a New Year resolution . . . In the meantime, I say to Joan that I'm sorry."

HOLLYWOOD is indeed happy to have had the opportunity to act as the Crawford-Sullivan intermediary.

* * *

Re: March Issue

What could be sweeter than two former child stars falling in love with each other?

Next month, HOLLYWOOD brings you the sweetest, most romantic love story ever to come out of the ultra-sophisticated town of picture making, where broken hearts fall off the shelf every day and love is just another word in the dictionary.

Read this exciting story of young love, and find out how Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville met and fell in love. What their interests are, how each has influenced important changes in the other, and many other intimate aspects of their sweet romance.

* * *

Also scheduled for the March issue is an excellent production story.

Our on-the-set story concerns the new Vivien Leigh-Laurence Olivier film, *Lady Hamilton*. This picture went into production immediately after wedding bells rang out for the Oliviers and necessitated a postponement of their honeymoon trip. However, the fact that they were working on the same picture at that time softened the blow, somewhat.

You can't afford to miss this excellent behind-the-scenes story.

* * *

Other bright and important stories scheduled for the next issue are on Bob Taylor, Merle Oberon, George Brent (you'll love this one), Spencer Tracy and others.

Don't forget to buy your copy of HOLLYWOOD for March, on sale at all newsstands the tenth of February. HOLLYWOOD is the only 5-cent fan magazine in the world.

Looking forward to seeing you again next month.

Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps helps Women Everywhere to a Lovelier Skin!



"I'm just thrilled by new Camay," writes Mrs. J. W. Carlisle, Boston, Mass. "My skin has always seemed rather sensitive, but new Camay is so wonderfully mild that it actually seems to soothe my skin as it cleanses. I know women who feel they have sensitive skin will be grateful for new Camay!"

Camay now Milder than other Leading Beauty Soaps!



Trade-Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

At your dealer's now, no change in wrapper!



"I'm telling all my friends about new Camay!" says Mrs. A. L. Valery, New Rochelle, N. Y. "It's so mild and gentle it's just perfect for my skin!"

Everywhere women are turning to this wonderful new Camay to help them in their search for greater loveliness! They're thrilled to find a beauty soap milder than other leading beauty soaps they have known.

We proved Camay's greater mildness by tests against six of the best-selling beauty soaps we could find. Proved, too, that Camay gave more abundant lather in a short time.

If like many beautiful women your skin seems sensitive, let regular cleansing with this milder beauty soap help you to loveliness!

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Facial Inventory

By ANN VERNON



A pictorial lesson in make-up faults is shown in the above photos of Joan Crawford. Are you making the same make-up mistakes which Joan made in the early years of her film career? Check these photos and see. Top: Joan Crawford breaks an important beauty rule by pushing her hair all over her face. Circle: Too much eye and lip make-up and too-thin eyebrows detract from original beauty. Lower left: Improvement in lip-rouge application, but not in eye make-up. Lower right: At last, the perfect make-up which highlights Joan's natural beauty

Across the hall from my office is a huge room full of file cabinets. In these cabinets are neatly and alphabetically arranged photographs of all movie stars, each with her "story in pictures" dating from the time she had her first bit part up to the present. Many a day when I should have been attending to work piled on my desk, I have slipped into that room across the hall and spent hours looking at those pictures. They fascinate me because they tell the history of make-up, showing how the art of make-up has been developed and improved during the past fifteen or twenty years.

It occurred to me that some of those pictures would form the basis of a good object lesson in make-up. So I went through the fat files marked "Crawford, Joan" and selected the above photos. I think they demonstrate very clearly the errors in make-up that all of us have made and that some of us, alas, are *still* making, being creatures of habit.

Joan, just as God made her, is an attractive, even pretty person, but when she started in pictures she unwittingly did her level best to cover up that natural attractiveness. Take the top photo. Joan broke one of the first rules of make-up by pushing her hair all over her face in more dips than a roller coaster has. You may think that a hairstyle has nothing to do with make-up, but you're wrong. The hairstyle corresponds to a picture frame, the make-up corresponds to the painting. A fancy frame encroaching on canvas only spoils the picture. Joan should have had a clean, back-off-the-face hairline to get the right effect.

And look at the prim little button of a mouth that she has painted on, in the same photo! It's completely out of proportion to the rest of her face, hasn't the generous curves that a mouth should have to be expressive. And that isn't all. Notice the pained, lack-lustre expression those phony eyebrows give her really gorgeous eyes. She couldn't have drawn those straight, uncompromising brows much closer to her eyes—but maybe no one had told her that straight, chopped-off brows drawn too close to the eyes are unflattering. And is that eyeshadow I see, smeared all over her lids—even 'way in toward the eyes? 'Fraid it is. Wonder where she ever got the idea that close-set eyes were nice—because that's what she tried to accomplish!

Well, there's at least one improvement in the circular photo. Joan has combed her hair back off her face. Now you can begin to see that she has a face, instead of a mask. And she's beginning, tentatively, to loosen up those lips. Guess she realized that a full, curving mouth was something to be proud of. However, she's using too dark a lipstick, much too dark. Maybe Joan was suffering from migraine the day this picture was taken—but no, I guess she just wanted to look sick, and a little sinister, so she pencilled a dark line along her lower eyelids, something that no one should ever do except when impersonating Othello. Far too much shadow on those upper lids, so much that it almost looks as if someone had given her two shiners. You'll notice that the eyebrows have gone up, and up, and up. A good idea carried too far. It might not have been so bad if she had not pencilled them in such a fine hairline.

In the picture at lower left, I am beginning to have high hopes for Joan—but she still doesn't rate honors in make-up. Her mouth is much better, the lipstick almost approximating the natural curves, but her eye make-up seems to have gone from bad to worse. She has enough mascara on those lashes for a *dozen* correct applications, and I actually think she'd bleached her eyebrows, probably to match her temporarily blondined hair. A pity on both scores. Joan's face is too large, her features too bold and beautiful, for pale hair and eyebrows. They need the backdrop of dark hair and naturally full, dark eyebrows.

But the Joan of the past few years, and the Joan of today—shown at the lower right—is worth waiting for, isn't she? She's learned all the lessons of make-up and she's graduated with highest honors. Her lips are made up in luscious but not over-done curves, and in a softly flattering shade . . . her beautiful eyes are ever so lightly accented with mascara on the tips of the lashes, a faint blend of shadow on the upper lid . . . And her eyebrows are naturally full, gently arched, and dark as her hair. Which, wisely, she continues to brush back off her face, no matter how she arranges it. This is a triumphant Joan—and forty years from now, when she looks at this picture, she can honestly say, "I wasn't a bad looking gal at all."

[*Continued on page* 63]

Write to me before February 15th, if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Just enclose a stamped (3 cents U. S. Postage, please) self-addressed envelope and send your letter to Ann Vernon, Beauty Editor, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York.

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 12]

"What was that again?" Horton inquired, his quizzical expression slightly more startled than normal.

"Hello, Horton, you little squirt," the stranger, a man of venerable years, repeated.

After scraping his memory for a recollection of somebody who might conceivably have the right to abuse him verbally thus, Eddie gave up the quest.

"Wasn't your father a proofreader on *The New York Herald*?" the visitor asked.

"For many years," Horton admitted. "But does that make me a little squirt?"

"To me it does," came the revealing reply. "I used to be his assistant. When you came to visit him at the newspaper office he used to put you in my care so you wouldn't get caught in the presses or get your little white sailor suit covered with ink. So, for all the trouble you gave me when you were a little squirt, I have the right to call you a little squirt."

The visitor was Benjamin de Casseres, the distinguished essayist.

■ Preston Sturges, now being hailed freely as the new Wonder Boy among directors, didn't always rate so highly around his home lot.

In the days before *The Great McGinty* he was assigned to turn in a story idea for Jack Benny, who had just been signed by Paramount.

He spent months contriving and polishing a story that he thought the greatest job he had ever performed in the way of comedy construction. Then he took the story to Benny and read it for him, almost smothering himself inwardly to control his own laughter at the brilliant lines and situations he had created.

When the reading was finished, Benny said:

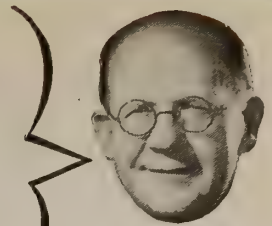
"I think when my writers get through with it, we'll have something."

■ The millenium is just around the corner. It must be, when a star of the magnitude of Barbara Stanwyck finds herself in the spot of having to ask fans for pictures; pictures of herself.

Robert Taylor is having the scripts and stills from all Barbara's pictures mounted in a leather book that is destined to be a family keepsake. Checking over the list, Barbara discovers that she lacks pictures from *Ladies of Leisure, Baby Face,* and *Mexicali Rose.*

Have you ever been to a gala Hollywood preview? Probably not, but you can go every month through MOVIE STORY Magazine. This unique magazine publishes the complete fiction story of all new and important pictures before they are shown on any screen. Each story is illustrated with pictures from the production. You will enjoy the picture more if you have read the story first in MOVIE STORY. 10c at all newsstands.

Spotlight
THE BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR
—says EMILE, of Rockefeller Plaza



Coiffure by Emile, Rockefeller Plaza, New York—one of America's foremost hairstylists. Courtesy National Artists Bureau.



Illustrates soap-washed hair



Illustrates Drene-washed hair

Tests Against Finest Soaps Prove Drene Reveals Up To
33% MORE LUSTRE IN HAIR*

LOOK once more at the two photographs above. Wouldn't it be thrilling to see such a change take place in your hair? For it to lose that dull, drab look! For sparkling highlights to come dancing out with richer, warmer color-tones revealed!

Then remember, please, that these photographs were made under exactly the same lighting conditions and that they truthfully illustrate the actual difference between soap-washed hair and Drene-washed hair.

A single shampoo with Drene can bring out beauty you'd never suspect was hidden in your hair! Leave your hair shining with up to 33% more lustre and color-brilliance than when washed with soap! And with an alluringly smoother, silkier feel!

What's the magic? Simply this. Drene is not just a soap—it's amazingly *different!* Its exclusive, patented cleansing ingredient *does not* combine with minerals in water—as all soaps and most prepared shampoos do—to form dull, beauty-hiding film (bath-tub ring). Even though you may not know this dulling film is there, it leaves your hair with a drab, off-color look.

After Drene your hair *glows*—needs no lemon or vinegar rinse.

Moreover, Drene routs loose dandruff completely. Its amazing lather sweeps away every fleck of scaly, loose dandruff, dirt and dust.

And Drene is *economical.* Because Drene makes 5 times as much lather as soap in hardest water, one tablespoonful is enough for an exhilarating shampoo with two rich sudsings.

Get Drene at any drug, department or 10¢ store—or ask your beauty operator to use it. Try it—and thrill to the new-found lustre, color and beauty it reveals in your hair!

***Scientific lustre-meter tests** at Procter & Gamble experimental beauty shop prove that hair shampooed with Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap-washed hair.

MANY FAMOUS BEAUTY SALONS USE DRENE, INCLUDING:

Burton Skiles Hairstylists, Hollywood — **Octave's of the Clift Hotel, San Francisco**

Condos, Chicago — **Filene's, Boston**

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Does Shampooing Do This To Your Hair?

BLONDE: If your hair has a *canary color* instead of that *true blonde look* it may be due to dulling film. See what a difference Drene makes.

BRUNETTE: Lime-soap film leaves brunette hair with a drab, "mousey" look. Drene leaves no such film.

TITIAN: If dulling film leaves your hair dark instead of bringing out its reddish warmth, try Drene.

GRAY: If lime-soap film leaves an ugly yellowish cast use Drene. It reveals the natural dignity and allure of gray hair.

SPECIAL — for normal or dry hair REGULAR — for oily hair



MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR



MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, JR.
(FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB)



MRS. NICHOLAS RIDGELY DU PONT



MRS. MARY ELIZABETH WHITNEY
(the former MRS. JOHN HAY WHITNEY)



MRS. ST. GEORGE DUKE (the former MRS. ANGIER BIDDLE DUKE)



MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, III

AMERICAN PASSPORT

WHAT stamps you an American girl? Proclaims it in remotest corners of the globe?

That aura of bright, pervasive freshness. The conscious perfection of groomed hair, groomed nails, chic dress—*twice*-clean skin.

That cool freshness of petal-smooth skin is your American passport to Beauty. Cultivate it, as do so many members of leading American families—by devoted observance of the Pond's ritual:—

SMOOTH ON your face and neck clouds of tender, caressing Pond's Cold Cream. Then *slap* your cream-coated skin smartly for 3 full minutes. This deliciously slippy cream cleanses and softens. It mixes with dirt and make-up, the dried, dead cells on your skin —softens them and sets them free.

WIPE OFF all this softened debris with deft Pond's Tissues.

AGAIN SLAP with cream-laden fingers. And again clean off with caressing Pond's Tissues. These creamy spankings enhance both the cleansing and softening actions of Pond's. Lines seem less apparent, pores seem diminished.

FOLLOW with the COOL, WET FRAGRANCE of Pond's Skin Freshener.

COAT this freshened, dewy face with a layer of a distinctly other type of cream—Pond's Vanishing Cream. This cream's distinguishing duty is to *disperse* remaining harsh particles, aftermath of exposure, and leave your skin silky-smooth—pliant! Wait one full minute before wiping it off. Then see how it has left an indubitable mat finish on your skin. How competently it both receives and holds your powder!

Perform this ritual in full at least once, night or daytime. And in briefer form again whenever your skin and your make-up demand freshening. Keep your face ever cool, clean, sweet as a flower—as do millions of lovely American girls—with Pond's.

Send for Trial Case. **Fill in and forward coupon below. Pond's, Dept. 6-CVB, Clinton, Conn.**

So I may start my Pond's ritual at once, please send my trial kit of basic preparations I need, including the 3 famous Pond's Creams and 7 Pond's Powder shades. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ **State**_____



MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR . . . MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, JR. . . . MRS. NICHOLAS RIDGELY DU PONT . . . MRS. ST. GEORGE DUKE . . . MRS. MARY ELIZABETH WHITNEY . . . MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, III

names which represent six great American families of culture, wealth and distinction. Each follows the Pond's ritual



VIVIEN LEIGH—CLARK GABLE

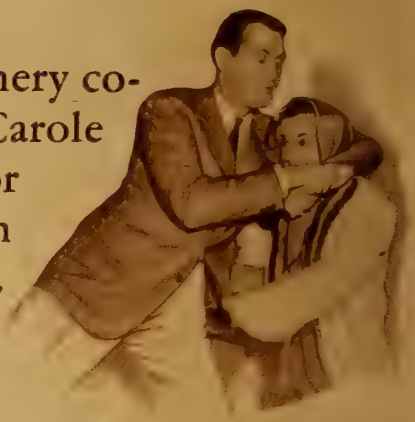
That Wind is here again! Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable in a scene from David O. Selznick's Academy Award winner, *Gone With the Wind*, soon to be nationally released at popular prices

"HOW DO WE KNOW WE'VE GOT A HIT?
THAT'S SIMPLE AS A B C . . ."



Alfred Hitchcock directed it with all the genius he put into "Rebecca" and "Foreign Correspondent"!

Bob Montgomery co-spars with Carole Lombard for the first time on any screen. And...



Carole's back in her famous comedy form, with her first laugh-show in three long years!

Carole Lombard
Rob't Montgomery

"Mr. & Mrs. Smith"

Directed by **Alfred Hitchcock**

With **Gene Raymond**

Jack Carson • Philip Merivale • Lucile Watson

Story and Screen Play by Norman Krasna



Harry E. Edington—Executive Producer

RKO RADIO PICTURE

FROM UGLY DUCKLING TO MOVIE KNOCKOUT

By GENE SCHROTT



Rita Hayworth, the fascinating redhead, has the second lead in the Warner Brothers' production, *Strawberry Blonde*

■ On the steps outside the Fox building, several years ago, a young girl was sitting and weeping bitterly!

For three entire hours her body was wracked with sobs. Tears flooded the sad, youthful eyes and coursed unceasingly down the fresh, young face. Disappointment and despair were written in every contour of her body. The girl was Rita Hayworth.

"That was the bleakest, darkest day in my entire life," Rita told me. "There was nothing left for me—I thought. I had gotten my one big chance—the one great opportunity of a lifetime. All my life I had been waiting for it. Then when it finally came—when the moment that many players wait for, for years, arrived—I muffed it! That's why I was crying."

In a voice that is soft and silky and hushed in exotic whispers, Rita Hayworth tells this sad, simple story of her heart-rending experience. A wistful note creeps into her voice. A tear hovers dangerously on the brink of a half-closed eyelid. But in the few, quiet, simple words lies the summary of all her struggles and dreams and hopes. And though this incident occurred some four years ago, Rita relives it again and again.

She can still see herself dressed in the stiff black satin of her dancing costume. She can still hear the sharp, quick strains of the tango punctuated by the staccato click of the castanets. She can still picture the vast casino where she was dancing and almost smell the warmth and lethargy of the surrounding country. Like a haze, it all seems a bit distant; yet, something she will always remember. That was the night she met producer Winfield Sheehan. She had just finished her dancing number with her father.

The following week she was in Hollywood. For Sheehan saw in Rita Hayworth that night at Agua Caliente what it took Hollywood four years to discover. He saw in her the glamor and color and poise that would make a brilliant and dazzling screen personality. He saw the charm and warmth and languor that [*Continued on page* 43]

WHAT HAPPENS TO MICKEY

■ Mickey Rooney gets $100.00 a week spending money. In any language but Hollywood's and New York's top-drawer set this would be rated a neat package for a youth not yet old enough to vote. In the greenbacked pastures where money still grows on trees it is, of course, the merest of peanuts. It hardly pays for the gasoline after the help has been paid.

And yet, Mickey Rooney saves almost a third of his allowance. Between you and me and the bank teller he puts aside every week of his crowded life the sum of $27.50. A thrifty fellow, Mickey!

He doesn't stint himself, either. Like the typical American small town boy he plays on the screen, he enjoys a good time, takes vacations where the fishing is good, goes on seasonal shopping junkets for clothes and shoes and other necessities. His pleasures and his tastes are simple. One of his simplest favorite pleasures is to pack his station wagon with his cronies and drive a few miles for some hamburger gorging at a roadside retreat. The boys go Dutch. They prefer it that way. It saves embarrassment and constraint.

Young Mr. Rooney just doesn't throw money around. He wouldn't even if he had the urge, for he keeps a budget and scrupulously lives within it.

And what happens to the balance of that fabulous sum which Mickey carts home each week? Does Mickey exercise full control of this vast amount of money? No. Definitely, not. Mickey, you know, is not yet 21, and that tremendous weekly salary check is put into a trust fund for the young



Building model airplanes is one of Mickey's favorite, but expensive hobbies

ROONEY'S MOVIE SALARY?

By LOUIS REID

Irishman. Mickey's mother, Mrs. Joe Yule, is not only his guardian, but his ace business manager as well. It is she who has taught Mickey the value of a dollar. Mickey may be the box-office king to millions of admirers the world over, but he's only mama's little boy to Mrs. Yule.

Numerous success stories have been written about Mickey Rooney, of his rise from screen impersonations of a tough cartooned brat at $200.00 a picture, to such an authentic characterization of young America as to take him swiftly to the eminence of No. 1 box-office star of the screen.

But the foundation stones of that success—the fiercely-competitive, rough-and-tumble, wit-sharpening school in which he grew up, the sharp and never-ending battle for a brief and pathetic place in a dingy spotlight, the give-and-take camaraderie of backstage life, the driving urge to be original, to be versatile, to be, in the last analysis, oneself, the constant necessity of making every dollar count in the struggle for survival—these have not been stressed. We have been told often of the result—the perching upon the topmost peak of movieland. The qualities of character which made that position possible have been glossed over.

Mickey Rooney is unable to be foolish with money because his whole teeming young life has been given

[*Continued on page* 48]

Center: Full of energy, Mickey relaxes by clowning his time away. He is shown on the set of his new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film, *Men of Boys Town*, in which he again co-stars with Tracy

Mickey doesn't patronize the night spots very often. They're too expensive! Once in a while, he breaks down and takes a new flame dancing. This flame is named Linda Darnell

The talented dynamo, Mickey Rooney, and his pet dachshund, *Mr. Dinkle-hoofer*, compare profiles for the benefit of HOLLYWOOD'S ace staff photographer, Charles Rhodes

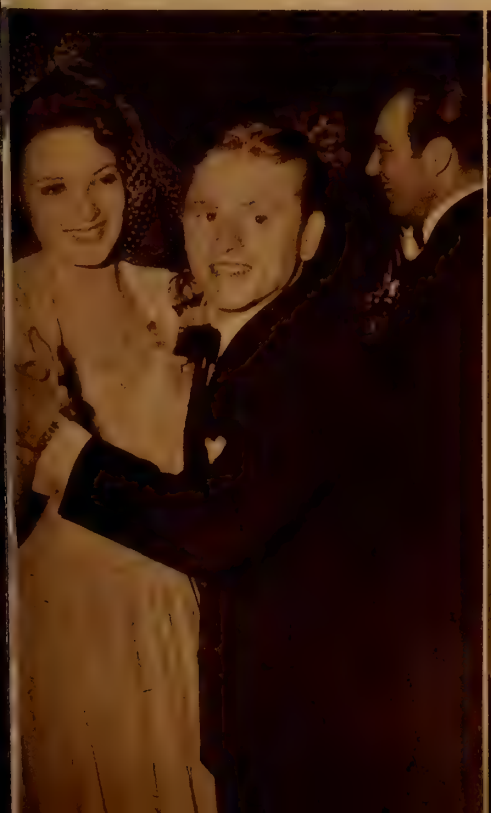
MICKEY ROONEY'S WEEKLY BUDGET

Allowance $100.00—Expenditures $72.50

$16.00 . . . Food (lunches, drive-in snacks, etc.).
15.00 . . . Gasoline, oil, upkeep of two cars.
13.00 . . . Musical arrangements for his dance band.
12.00 . . . Wearing apparel (suits, shoes, socks, neckties, underwear, sweaters, etc.).
8.00 . . . Expenses for golf, bowling, ping pong and other sports.
4.00 . . . Flowers for mother, corsages for occasional girl guests at movie previews.
4.50 . . . Incidentals.

$72.50

The $27.50 which Mickey saves each week goes toward his vacation expenses, his annual trip to Miami Beach and other travel items.











Overnight success: One night we glimpsed the colorful Cuban, Desi Arnaz, performing the Conga at a local night spot. The following week he was on his way to Hollywood fame. Below: Lucille Ball and her new husband, Desi Arnaz, are shown in an ecstatic embrace backstage at theater during a recent personal appearance tour. They are soon to co-star in an RKO film tentatively entitled, *Havana*

Dashing Desi

By

JOHN CORWIN BURT

■ His father was away when the mob came to burn the house. Smoke from one fire after another was blurring into the Cuban twilight, and spurts of flame danced higher and higher against the horizon. The din of the mob, gaining in an ever-swelling surge, sweeping everything before it, floated up from the city of Santiago, now a blazing smudge against a reddened sky.

He was only 16 years old. He and his mother were alone in the house. They sat there, stunned, knowing the truth yet not daring to believe. The fires were destroying the homes of their friends, who were, like themselves, wealthy and secure. Everyone had said it couldn't happen; the Machado regime would fall from power, but there would be no violence.

Suddenly the telephone rang, jarring them to their senses. The boy answered.

"What is it?" he asked. His uncle's voice came fast, frantic over the wire. "Desi? Heavens, boy, are you still there? Quick—the Revolutionists—they're not sparing anyone, or anything. They're coming down the road right now. Run, Desi, run with your mother for your lives. You haven't a moment to waste. Run!"

He hung up the receiver. Now the mob, its shouts crashing through the night air like the pounding of surf, swung near. His mother's nerve cracked. She burst into tears. Quickly the boy ran to the window, a dozen plans for action fleeting through his brain.

There they were—not fifty yards away. Angry men, shouting themselves hoarse, and waving revolvers, rifles, clubs. They came on and on, their red flares heightening the horror of their advance.

"Desi, Desi!" the mother shouted. "Quick—we can slip out the back way and run to the next hacienda!"

And leave them the house to burn? No. I can reason with them. They are good people, misled by their leaders. They will listen to me."

"No! Come back—you'll be killed!"

But the mother was too late. Already Desi had flung open the door and rushed to the porch. By now the angry mob was surging across the lawn. Rifle shots cracked. Hoarse shouts rocked the night air: "Down with the capitalists!" "*Viva la revolucion!*" [*Continued on page* 46]

SCREEN'S CREAM PUFF GOES DRAMATIC

By CHARLES SAMUELS

■ Olivia de Havilland doesn't want to be sweet any more! Brace your shoulders, grip your chairs and we'll give you the gruesome details.

Here's what Olivia says:

"I'm tired of being called a sweet girl. Too many people in this country associate sweetness with dumbness!"

Yes, sir, Olivia wants roles with more "character." She is not only stamping her feet in utter finality, but live wire sparks are beginning to flash from her enormous round brown eyes.

The bitter irony of the great de Havilland rebellion is that she never minded being the sweetest little thing on the screen until David Selznick cast her as *Melanie* in *Gone With the Wind.*

How much sense does that make?

The role of *Melanie* was as packed with sweetness as a bomb is with trouble. In our humble opinion, that's why the fans ate it up. Everyone felt that knowing a *Melanie* in real life would be worth parting with a chunk of arm. *Melanie's* lack of sophistication, her unwillingness to believe evil of anyone, even that devil of a *Scarlett,* tore the hearts out of most of us.

Olivia came to Hollywood after graduating from high school in Los Gatos High School, her heart filled with hope. So what happened? Did this little bunch of honeysuckle have to go to work as a waitress in the Brown Derby? Or did she sit around in a cheap hotel room, waiting for the phone to ring? Did she have to play ingenues in little playhouses around movie town, hoping a talent scout would drop in and "spot" her?

Not Olivia!

She got a job as second understudy to Gloria Stuart as *Hermia* in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* which the great Max Reinhardt was putting on the stage of the Hollywood Bowl.

Don't believe what you see in the musical pictures. Star actresses never walk out on opening nights, giving the shy little understudy her big o-p-p-o-r-t-u-n-i-t-y. And being *second* understudy is worse than being bat boy on the college team. It takes a super-miracle to get you into the game to knock a home run.

But the dice of destiny were rolling sevens for Olivia when she hit the city that extras on Hollywood Boulevard call Heartbreak Town. Gloria Stuart was called by a studio to make a picture. This made Olivia first understudy, and still a million miles from getting into the show.

And then Jean Rouveral, the original first understudy, who took Gloria's place in the Reinhardt cast, stepped out after a few days. She'd been called, also, to play in a Bill Fields picture.

The impossible had happened! Olivia went on opening night as *Hermia* and knocked the audience of movie executives, directors and stars into a tail spin. But it wasn't Olivia's acting, competent though it was, that impressed the hard-shelled film crowd.

It was the newcomer's beauty, daintiness and sweet charm that bowled them over. They hadn't seen anything quite like it since Mary Pickford was America's sweetheart.

The Warners, who were backing Reinhardt's costly adventure in artistic Shakespeare extravaganza, grabbed Olivia, signed her up, put her in the film version of *Midsummer Night's Dream* which also catapulted Mickey Rooney to the throne of Box Office Champ.

"Bunny" de Havilland, as she was nicknamed by the studio, rolled along merrily as the sweetness kid in costume pictures like *Anthony* [*Continued on page* 64]



Olivia de Havilland's role in Warners' *Santa Fe Trail* has almost the right amount of "character" she is demanding of all future screen roles. The male lead? Oh, yes. Daring Errol Flynn

HOLLYWOOD RECLAIMS BETTY









Living on Hollywood velvet might well caption the large photo of Betty Grable on opposite page. Top left: Betty and her ex-husband, Jackie Coogan, before the parting of the ways. Top right: The Technicolor tornado and her new heartbeat, Victor Mature, entertain the Alexander D'Arcys (Arleen Whelan). Left: Betty's knack for dancing really came to the fore in 20th's *Down Argentine Way*. Right: The blond bombshell's shapeliness, too long overlooked, was given sufficient opportunity to dazzle film audiences in her most recent film, *Tin Pan Alley*. Betty's next film will be 20th Century's *The Great American Broadcast*





By ERSKINE JOHNSON

■ Betty Grable was fed up with Hollywood.

And Hollywood was fed up with Betty Grable. Insidious gossipers were crying "gold-digger" as an aftermath of her divorce from newly-rich Jackie Coogan, "The Kid" of the screen's silent days.

Film fans, bludgeoned into becoming Betty Grable-conscious by an amazing publicity campaign, were expressing resentment over her unimportant, hey-hey college girl roles.

Producers and casting directors, who had seen her around Hollywood since she was in pigtails, still thought of her as just another kid—acting in pictures to kill time between spankings, or something.

Hollywood did not want her.

Betty Grable—the "ideal American girl," the "Spirit of Hollywood," the "perfect screen type," the "pearl-blond glamour girl," and the possessor of "the most perfect face and figure"—couldn't get a job.

So Betty took one long last look at Hollywood, brushed away a tear and left town.

"It was the lowest ebb of my life—mentally, physically and financially," she tells you.

Eighteen months later the same Betty Grable who had left Hollywood beaten and discouraged, the victim of heartbreaking gossip and almost penniless, returned as the successful star of a Broadway hit play, *wanted* by Hollywood for the leads in two million dollar pictures.

Certainly few of Hollywood's amazing paradoxes can compare with this.

But let's go back to the beginning of our story.

Out of a job after being hailed as Paramount's new glamour girl, Betty Grable reached the lowest ebb of her life—"mentally, physically and financially."

She was low mentally because, while public opinion had highly approved her remaining with Jackie Coogan while he was in legal jams with his family, the fact that she walked out the moment he collected his money made insidious gossipers say, "Gold-digger—just stuck long enough to get her cut."

Actually she had remained with Jackie Coogan for only one reason. She believed that a separation and divorce during his difficulties would only add more hardships.

She left without asking for or receiving one cent of either settlement or alimony.

She was so low financially as to be in desperate need of money. She was low physically because the strain of appearing to be happy with Coogan had cut her weight from a usual 115 pounds down to 98.

Beaten and discouraged, she left Hollywood for a personal appearance tour [*Continued on page* 58]

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"THE WAGONS



A glamorous portrait of Warner Brothers' 15-year-old starlet, Joan Leslie, who has a featured role in *The Wagons Roll at Night*

Joan Leslie, the lovely youngster pictured at left, is one of the newer crop of starlets—a 15-year-old, 1941 vintage Wampas Baby Star—for whom Warner Brothers predict a great film future. In The Wagons Roll at Night, *with Humphrey Bogart, Sylvia Sidney and Eddie Albert, Joan has a featured role. During the filming of this picture Joan, awed and thrilled with movieland, enthusiastically kept a diary of the exciting goings-on. Joan Leslie is not only a competent little actress, but a most observant representative who reports everything interesting she sees and hears! So we borrowed Joan's diary with the thought that this youngster's daily jottings on the exciting movie set would interest our readers. The following is exclusive to HOLLYWOOD'S readers. We sincerely hope you enjoy it.—The Editor.*

Nov. 1, 1940

■ This is my Red Letter Day. Today Warner Brothers studio notified me that I go into *The Wagons Roll at Night*. And just a few months ago I was doing bit parts. What a break for me! It's hard to write with my fingers crossed!

Nov. 4, 1940

Learned today that Humphrey Bogart, Eddie Albert and Sylvia Sidney are the stars in *The Wagons Roll at Night*. More luck for me, because I just finished *High Sierra* with Mr. Bogart, and he's a honey.

Four beauties, Gloria Faith, Pearl May, Jane Earle and Thelma Woodruff, aid Barker Bogart in attracting the crowds



Sylvia Sidney returns to the screen after a successful tryout on the Broadway stage. Sylvia plays the role of a fortune teller



Eddie Albert and Sylvia were not meant for each other in the film, which was formerly entitled *Carnival*. Ed gets Joan



ROLL AT NIGHT"

He knew that *H.S.* was my first big picture, and how he helped me! Gave me pointers in acting I'll never forget. He called me "The Kid" and always got a laugh out of my pretending I was angry at that nickname. After all, I'm going on 16. Heavens, you'd think I was a child!

Just got a wire from Mr. Bogart. "Hear that you and a cageful of lions are going to work in *The Wagons Roll at Night*. Help!"

Isn't that just like him!

Tomorrow I read the script.

Nov. 6, 1940

Read the new script and the lions have more to do than I have. I don't come in until the picture is half over. But I don't care. I get Eddie Albert! Sylvia Sidney loves him, too. In the picture "Bogey" gets done in at the end. Poor "Bogey."

"Bogey" plays *Nick Coster,* a tough sort of guy who is the owner of a third-rate carnival company which is always one town ahead of the sheriff. *Nick* has four great interests to wit: his show, *Flo Lorraine* or *"Madame Florina"* (Sylvia Sidney), the fortune teller, a cageful of five sullen performers, and me, his kid sister.

The lions and I don't come in contact with each other at all because my part actually doesn't touch the carnival. I am sheltered from everything and everyone, on a farm in a nearby state, entrusted to the care of an old couple. *Nick* doesn't want to take any chances of the circus life corrupting me.

At the carnival, there are hectic goings-on. *Hoffman,* the lion tamer, gets drunk one day, and one of the beasts escapes from the arena and heads for the town.

Matt Varney (Eddie Albert) is a clerk in a general store. *Matt* is a simple sort of fellow and he is waiting on a customer. The customer sees the lion by the cracker barrel and faints. But *Matt,* too easy-going to be alarmed, does what he feels is a very simple thing. He grabs a pitchfork off a rack, backs the lion into a corner, holds it there till help arrives.

Nick hires *Matt,* has him work with *Hoffman* and in due time *Matt* becomes a lion tamer. Eventually, *Hoffman* is fired and *Matt* gets the job and featured billing with the show: *Varney of the Lions.*

So far, I'm still on the sidelines waiting to make an appearance, but I come along soon. Here's how:

One day, *Hoffman,* drunk as all getout, appears on the grounds, gets into a fight with *Matt.* In the struggle, *Hoffman* falls back against the cage of Caesar and is frightfully clawed, believed dying.

To avoid trouble, and to save *Matt, Flo* hurries him into an auto and through the night drives him to *Nick's* farm. The farm where I—glory be!—am staying.

Matt, the poor simp, doesn't realize that *Flo* does all this for love of him. *Matt* thinks of her as *Nick's* girl, while she doesn't at all.

Matt stays on the farm for several days. Then comes Love. He and I. But only on-screen does that happen. On the set he calls me "The Kid" and teases the life out of me. Won't *anyone* take me seriously?

Well, to get on, Diary: *Nick* learns that *Matt* is at the farm and he burns up about it, and orders him off.

But *Matt* returns to the farm to see me, and *Nick* finds out. *Nick* is furious to think that his sister is in love with someone from a carnival lot, and when *Matt* returns to the show, he plans to get rid of him for all time. He practically forces *Matt* to work Caesar, the mad lion, into the act. *Flo* learns of this, rushes to the farm to get my help. But we get to the show grounds too late. *Matt* already is working Caesar in the big cage. It is a terrific battle between man and beast. The audience is limp. This is the high spot of the picture.

I'm all excited about it. Can't wait till it begins.

Nov. 7, 1940

■ *The Wagons Roll at Night* started today! Even though I'm not in the opening scenes, wild horses couldn't keep me away from the set.

First person I met on the set was Humphrey Bogart, dressed in high boots, cotton shirt and trying very hard to look like the mean-guy-with-heart-of-gold that he is in the picture.

"Here's wishing [*Continued on page* 56]

Joan Leslie poses with her mother, Mrs. Brodel, and sisters, Mary and Betty. They're in costume for a Warner short



A tense scene from the sawdust and spangles film, *The Wagons Roll at Night,* is recorded here with Cliff Edwards, Sylvia Sidney, Joan Leslie and Sol Gorss as spectators at the lion's cage



Playing the role of *Toodles* in *Hard-Boiled Canary*, Susanna Foster gets draped over a bent knee more than once. Center: A study of Susanna as she really is: a warm-hearted youngster with a mind of her own





At left: Margaret Lindsay and Allan Jones do the spanking honors. Below: A very wet *Toodles* is pummeled by two big brutes—Allan Jones and Lynne Overman—in Paramount's *Hard-Boiled Canary*



HOLLYWOOD HOYDEN

By
LUPTON A. WILKINSON

■ Susanna Foster, *the person*, has given Hollywood more jolts than any other actress, excepting only Katharine Hepburn. In Hepburn's case, the fiercely independent, chip-on-my-shoulder and take-me-or-leave-me attitude was called "temperament." After all, Kath was a grown-up. In the case of Susanna (only twelve when she started crossing executives' eyes with unbelievable amazement) terms most often used were "brash," "impertinent" and just plain "fresh." For four years Suzy's fate was a tossup: one to fame—or get kicked out. Believe me, the latter "solution" was discussed almost every day!

If Suzy was *just a fresh kid*, she wouldn't be worth writing about—and Hollywood wouldn't have put up with her these frenzied four years. Making motion pictures today is too intensive an operation—human relations count too much in it—for "temperament" to meet with any patience at all. What underlies the brashness of "Hollywood's freshest kid?" Why have harassed executives put up with it? How is it that Suzy, having done everything the hard way, wins finally to her quota of friends—to more than that: a growing circle of associates who love her?

Leave those questions till later. Meanwhile, put on your earmuffs, strap on a shock absorber, and let's take a four-year ride with "that Foster brat," the rookie who rocked Hollywood!

Suzy, just before she reached her twelfth birthday, was taken in to see a Big Executive. On the great man's desk reposed an Academy Award. Some adults find it difficult to break the ice with children. This gentleman made a heavy opening. "You see that statue?" he asked, noting Suzy's glance. "I won that for being the best-looking man at the Academy Award dinner."

Clear blue eyes, spaced wide apart, looked disconcertingly, and very directly at—then through—the Big Executive. Suzy said: "The heck, you did!"

He was in too far to pull out, so he floundered deeper. "Oh, yes"—the laugh was feeble—"I'm considered quite a good-looking fellow."

Suzy shook her head; her mouth pursed. "You must have won the statue for making a good picture," she decided—out loud. "You certainly never won it for looks."

A secretary led her away!

At Metro, the first studio which actually signed Suzy, Mickey Rooney introduced the newcomer to a sketchy form of back-lot football. Suzy, very skinny, over-boned and about to burst with intensity at everything she did, threw a forward pass. Mickey intercepted it. Suzy didn't know that was legal. "Hey!" she protested, storming up to Mickey and trying to wrest the ball away from him. "You can't do that!"

"No?" demanded Mickey. "Who says so?"

"I say so."

"We-e-ll, and what're you going to do about it?"

"Just this," said the first kid who had ever "called" Mickey—and hit him a pop on the jaw that had in it everything the fast-growing Suzy could put there!

The blow didn't knock Mickey down, but it staggered him. He dropped the ball, yelled, "Wow!" and proceeded, after a struggle, to get the upstart across his knee. Only the advent of a teacher saved Suzy a spanking.

Maybe it would be a *little* better to give a vignette picture of Suzy's life before she reached Hollywood; otherwise, as we wade through wisecracks and defiant independence, you might think, as many film capital people did, "Skip her. Why bother?"

Suzy was born in Minneapolis and two sisters were born in very close order after her. The third had scarcely arrived before 1929, that [*Continued on page* 42]

"Come Live With Me"

By HELEN HOVER

For some time now, Hedy Lamarr has been heading straight for the doghouse because of the dullness of her pictures and the slowness of her acting pace which seemed designed merely to show off her amazing beauty like a doll in a Christmas window.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer realized this and decided to breathe some life into her. Now Hedy is warm, vital and very human.

She breathes plenty in *Come Live With Me*. That coincides more with the Hedy Lamarr in private life. Off-screen she is pretty much of a regular fellow, but you would never have guessed it from the heavy exotics she has been doing on the screen.

The first thing she asked of Jimmy Stewart when she met him on the set was to play some boogie woogie on the piano. Hedy Lamarr must be a good student of psychology. Asking Jimmy to play the piano is like asking Cesar Romero to do the rhumba. It's his specialty. Jimmy scrambled out his version of "Beat Me Daddy, Eight to the Bar," and Hedy joined in on the vocals. She was a trifle off-key and wobbly, but plenty hot.

A mutual admiration society sprang up between Hedy and Jimmy almost immediately. Hedy, in turn, became a Stewart admirer when he taught her how to do a trick he invented himself, and which he performs again and again in the picture. It's a variation of the old gag of slapping the hand and flipping a cigarette into the mouth. This one flips the cigarette between the fingers.

"It's been a specialty of mine since college days," Jimmy told Hedy modestly.

From the last reports, Hedy is still trying to master the trick!

No one ever suspected that Jimmy and Hedy would hit it off so well. One is as Yankee as pork and beans, the other as exotic as a black orchid.

Hedy admitted, however, that she has never had quite as much fun working in a picture as in this one. There was that scene, for instance, when Stewart, supposedly penniless and down on his luck, is talking to Hedy. Jimmy is dressed in shabby, badly wrinkled clothes, the trousers obviously too big, the coat too small.

All during the morning, Jimmy had fought a bad cold which had sneaked up on him the night before. Came time for the "take." The dialogue went along without a hitch. Jimmy rose to his feet to saunter out of the scene when suddenly he sneezed, a terrific kerchoo which tore his trousers from their moorings and started them slipping groundward.

"Wardrobe, wardrobe," yelled Hedy, while Jimmy [*Continued on page* 61]



Hedy Lamarr and James Stewart kiss and make up in the M-G-M picture, *Come Live With Me*. Above: Hedy and Ian Hunter. The music box used in this scene was presented to Hedy by her father when she was a young girl

PRESTO CHANGO!

By CANDIDA



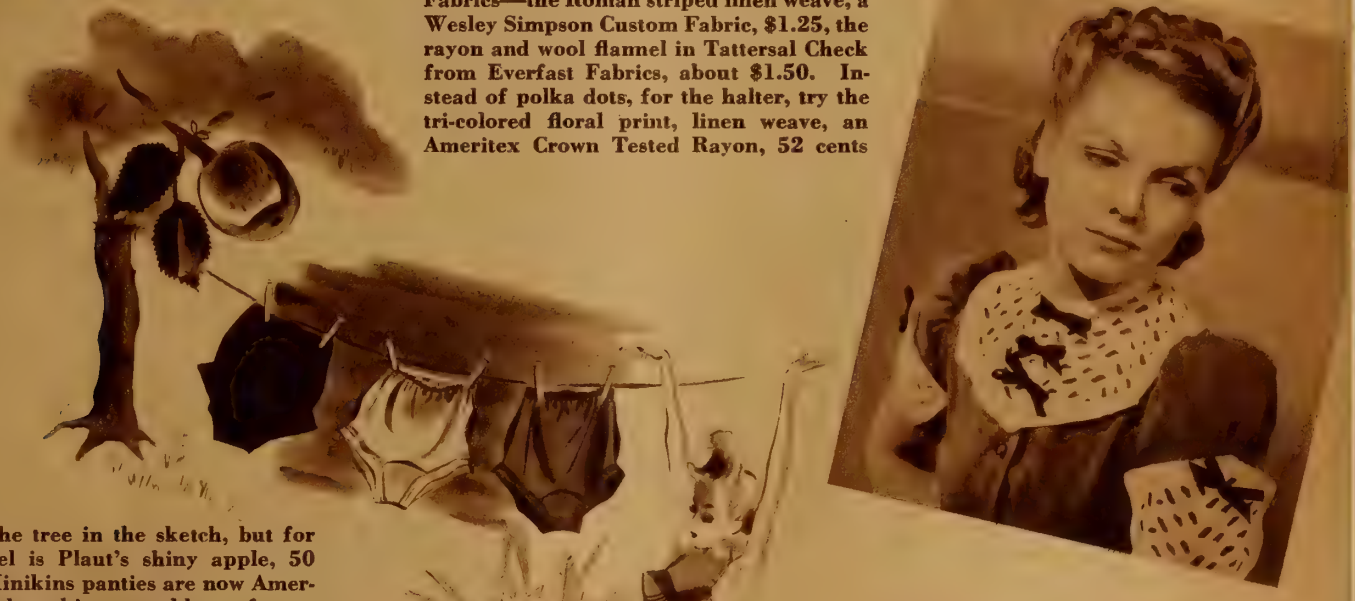
You need a change! Linda Hayes, pretty featured player of RKO's *The Saint in Palm Springs*, suggests these clothes for your mid-winter wardrobe. At left, she models a Mayflower dress of printed rayon crepe in dusty blue with white, and other combinations, too. It has mannish convertible collar, full back tucks and smart, expensive looking panel stitching on the front tab. Yours for about $4

What a grand buy at $4! Linda's Pat Perkins Casual is of spun rayon in blue, black or toast, has its own floral printed jacket in white and matching blue. The dress is made on a yoke, with round "cardigan" collar, has clever inverted cluster pleats in the skirt. Note that the jacket can be worn open or buttoned up!





Make the button-up *both sides* jerkin and halter, for a "change," from our easy directions, with help from Singer Sewing Centers. To contrast with a *plain* dress, use one of these Crown Tested Rayon Fabrics—the Roman striped linen weave, a Wesley Simpson Custom Fabric, $1.25, the rayon and wool flannel in Tattersal Check from Everfast Fabrics, about $1.50. Instead of polka dots, for the halter, try the tri-colored floral print, linen weave, an Ameritex Crown Tested Rayon, 52 cents



Part of the tree in the sketch, but for your lapel is Plaut's shiny apple, 50 cents. Minikins panties are now Amerikins—red, white or blue, for a patriotic line, 39 cents. Model Brassiere, in fine batiste, features patented bias cup to lock the bust in its loveliest uplift, $1. For boutonniere or crisp white accent on a dark dress, a bunch of lace flowers from Plaut. 50 cents



Linda adds a bow-trimmed eyelet collar and cuff set to make her dress different. You can make it on your Singer machine!

Glensder's striped Hi-Hat Wrap-Around, left, and sheer wool shawl, right, $1 each. Huffman Flatternit Hose with Wearex Toe, about $1. Accessocraft's porcelain flower necklace, $2

TURN TO PAGE 60

for the names of stores where you can buy these starry fashions. If no shop near you is listed, write Candida. Please state which items interest you. Check this coupon if you would like directions for making yourself the Singer Sewing Machine Accessories. Mail it to Candida, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Jerkin .....

Halter .....

Collar and cuff set.....

LOMBARD IS AT IT AGAIN!





Carole Lombard and Bob Montgomery return to their first love, comedy. They are shown in a scene from the RKO film, *Mr. and Mrs. Smith*. Above and Center: A little playful necking



Too ill to shave himself, *Mr. Smith* entrusts his life and his handsome face to the hands and skill of *Mrs. Smith*, whose pretty blue eyes denote she is enjoying the unusual wifely chore

Gene Raymond, as the *Smiths'* lawyer "friend," heads the selected supporting cast of RKO's rollicking, high-spirited comedy of domesticity. Carole gets dunked in this picture, too





Can it be that *Mrs. Smith* doesn't like *Mr. Smith's* floral selection? Or is it just the clown in Carole coming out again? The man behind the foliage is none other than *Mr. Smith*

Can your Beauty really be Re-Born?

"Yes!" says Lady Esther

"In your NEW-BORN-SKIN!"



Just under your present surface skin . . . a New-Born Skin is coming to life. Will it have a New-Born beauty? Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help to make it smoother, lovelier . . . so your New-Born Skin may make you younger looking when it comes to view.

WOMEN eagerly ask . . . "Is it true? . . . Will I have a New-Born Skin?" Yes . . . sooner than you know, the skin you see and touch today, will be gone, flaked away. For underneath this surface skin, new beauty is awakening in the young skin which is growing to life, and preparing to replace your older and worn-out skin of today.

Will this New-Born Skin flatter you . . . will it be lovelier . . . will it make you look younger?

Your New-Born Skin can bring a revelation of beauty to your face, if you will let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help nature gently remove the flakes of old skin . . . soothingly to clear and cleanse away surface impurities. Only then can your New-Born Skin emerge in all its beauty and all its glory!

These dry flakes are the villains that can rob your New-Born Skin of beauty. They keep your face powder from looking smooth. They can and do make you look older.

My 4-Purpose Face Cream permeates these flakes of old skin. Dirt and impurities are loosened so they can be gently whisked away. Rough spots caused by dryness seem to vanish. You can prove this if you will use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Cream at least twice every day, and above all, just before you powder. How soft your skin will feel! How smooth your powder will look! For Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream makes your skin look smooth and helps you to keep your *accent on youth!*

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

See if he doesn't agree that only the finest, purest face cream can help your New-Born Skin to be as beautiful as it can be! See if he doesn't tell you that *every word* Lady Esther says is true . . . that her cream removes the dirt, the impurities and drab, dry skin particles. That it refreshes your skin and helps Nature to refine your pores.

Try my Cream *at my expense.* Let it reveal a first glimpse of the future loveliness that may be yours.



The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is *constantly* wearing out—drying—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—*always* crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!

SAMPLE TUBE AT MY EXPENSE

LADY ESTHER,
7130 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill. (64)
Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

WHY STARS WALK OUT

By GEORGE HOWARD

■ Once again, the wine-like air of Hollywood has been pierced by the moans and anguished mutterings of producers yelling "ingrate" and "don't bite the hand that feeds you caviar from golden plates."

Recently, three stars have been infected by the dread disease, "walkitis." One, two or all three may have recovered by the time this is printed.

Ann Sheridan was sulking in grand style, stamping her size six foot and vowing to place her world-famous "oomph" in cold storage until her bosses, the Warner Brothers, agreed to tear up the parsimonious contract that pays her only $600 per week, and substitute one calling for exactly 2,000 clams each Wednesday.

George Raft, the saturnine seducer (on the silver screen), was suspended by the same studio for refusing to appear in Jack London's *The Sea Wolf*, unless some changes were performed on the completed script.

Joan Bennett, youngest and most popular of the famous "battling Bennetts," has turned up her pert nose and walked out on the Hal Roach film, *Topper Behaves*, claiming that her co-star, Joan Blondell had a fatter and juicier role than she.

To people like you and me and the fat cop on the corner the ease and insouciance with which these lavishly-paid stars walk out on fortunes has always been a bewildering spectacle.

Why do they walk out? Is it because they are greedy, vain or driven by that highly suspected thing called temperament?

We investigated the Ann Sheridan case and some others. Believe it or not, both stars and producers are right! It all depends on the point of view, upon which side of the battlefield you're sitting.

Miss Sheridan, herself, isn't discussing the matter. But her agent, the redoubtable Myron Selznick, who won't handle anyone earning less than $500 a week, gives out with the following line of argument.

The empress of oomph, he insists, has been very shabbily underpaid because her fan mail rates in volume only under that of James Cagney and Errol Flynn among the Warner stars.

"Priscilla Lane gets $1,500 a week and the studio has never said she had oomph," he continues. "In the past year Miss Sheridan has made six pictures plus a five-week personal appearance tour."

Warner Brothers has imposed a strict censorship on all its officials, concerning the Sheridan shenanigans, but by swearing to one of them that we would not reveal any names, even if we were thrown



Above: Ann Sheridan, Warner Bros.' most recent "striker," cools off with the aid of an ice cream cone and a slab of ice. Below: The *Walkout Brigade*: Pat O'Brien, Olivia de Havilland, Joan Bennett, George Raft



into a concentration camp and tortured, he gave out to us, as follows:

"Who was Ann Sheridan before the Warners picked her out of the stock players' ranks and made her a star? She was just another actress who wasn't making the grade.

"We not only put her over with a terrific publicity campaign, we also taught her to act, put her in the right parts and with the top stars of the studio.

"She had been around for years before that. Her name meant nothing. Isn't $600 a week enough for a lucky girl like Miss Sheridan? When the studio vetoed Frank Capra's idea of putting her in *Meet John Doe*, Sheridan began to get rebellious. But don't worry—she'll come around to our way of thinking.

"When you build a star, some people say you are building a Frankenstein who will turn on you and destroy you. But don't forget—Frankenstein got it in the neck, in the end."

After listening to this outburst we thought it might be interesting to get the opinion of a neutral observer wise in the ways of Hollywood. It was he who said that both studio and star are right.

"Ann Sheridan is right to get all she can while the getting is good," he explained. "It's no secret that the professional life of the average star is about seven years. She's going to have to live for the rest of her days on the savings she accumulates in those few years.

"That $600 a week isn't all gravy. Ten percent is bitten out of her pay check by her agent. The government takes a good-sized slice of it, and stars can't travel around in jaloppies and appear in public in five-dollar dresses. A star can't save very much until she goes over the $1500 a week mark."

"How can the studio be right, too?" we asked.

"The studio believes they could have taken another girl—not *any* other girl, of course—but one with the same sort of smouldering sex appeal as Sheridan—and made her the oomph girl.

"They gambled heavily on Sheridan. Not only did they put on that 'oomph' ballyhoo campaign, which cost a fortune, but they spotted her, as they say, with their big money stars.

"They won the gamble. Sheridan has a tremendous following. They feel she was only too happy to sign the contract they offered her and is acting ungratefully now."

But what about Raft? He isn't kicking about money at all. Raft only demands script approval of everything he does. Does he have as good a background to know a good script as do the experts at the studios?

This Hollywood-wise man just shook his head. "You tell me. Raft is the most rebellious star in Hollywood. By all the rules, he should be wrong. The strange part is that he proves to be right nine times out of ten when he turns down a role. Each year now, for ten years, he has become a bigger and bigger star. He's fought every inch of the way, and won Today he gets one of the biggest acting

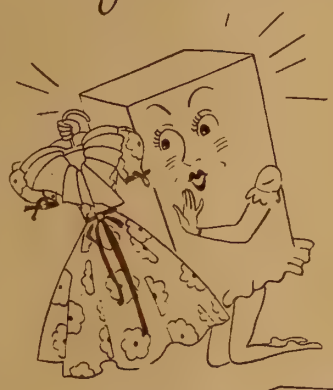
[*Continued on page* 54]

Tough with Dirt...



Golden Bar or Golden Chips, Fels-Naptha Soap goes after dirt in a determined way that no pale, weak-kneed soap can hope to equal. For reaching under-the-surface dirt, for loosening ground-in grime, there's nothing like golden soap *plus* naptha, the thorough, persistent, gentle cleaner. GOLDEN soap *plus* naptha—*Fels*-Naptha!!

Gentle with Clothes



Fels-Naptha Soap is more than just an able dirt remover. This richer, *golden* soap literally 'floats away' the clinging dirt particles that only soap and naptha working together can really loosen. So it's plain common sense to wash your sheerest washable things the Fels-Naptha way. The *strenuous* rubbing that ruins delicate fabrics is unnecessary when Golden Soap and Gentle Naptha go to work. And Fels-Naptha is specially kind to hands, too.

It's worth knowing that Fels-Naptha Soap works well in any kind of water, hot or cool, hard or soft—that Fels-Naptha Soap Chips are actually 'non-sneeze'. They were the very first to eliminate powdery dust that irritates your nose. Whether you're buying bar-soap or box-soap, tell your grocer you want FELS-NAPTHA. For free introductory bar of Fels-Naptha Soap, write Fels & Co., Dept. 5-B, Phila., Pa.



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Golden bar or Golden chips—

Fels-Naptha

—Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



"WESTERN UNION"



By E. J. (Whispering Wires) SMITHSON

Western Union tells of the hardships of the men who installed the telegraph. Bob Young and Randy Scott settle differences

Handsome Bob Young, virile Randolph Scott, newcomer Virginia Gilmore, head the cast of 20th Century's *Western Union*

Blur seen at second window of building at right is none other than our extra, E. J. (Whispering Wires) Smithson

DEAR EDITOR:

■ Having worn down my over-sized brogans until the soles were as thin as the meat in a drug store sandwich, I finally chiseled myself into a four-day extra job out at 20th Century-Fox where *Western Union* is being filmed.

Western Union tells in Technicolor the trials and tribulations that rained down on those who installed the telegraph from Omaha to Salt Lake City. Dean Jagger, Randy Scott, Robert Young, John Carradine, Laird Cregar, Slim Summerville and Minor Watson head the cast along with Virginia Gilmore, as cute a little trick as these myopic optics of mine have ever seen, comé man and boy. Add to the above-mentioned he-men of the screen a thousand or so Indians of all tribes and sizes, a couple hundred cowpokes, a varmint-mean band of renegades, and a crew of us extras who act as linemen during the wire-stringing, then set 'em all loose in a plot that spells a-c-t-i-o-n with Indian raids, private fights, double-crossing, some nifty rootin', tootin' six-gun shootin' and you have a yarn that moves faster than a harvest crew when the ding-dong rings for dinner. No foolin', I never saw so much mayhem, assault-and-battery and trigger killings in all the pictures.

My four days were spent at Kanab. Utah, where all the location sequences were shot.

Kanab is a mite of a western town totaling about 1,700 in population. If it hadn't been for the $160,000 that three studios are spending here, the town wouldn't have been able to send their children to school, several score would have escaped

hunger only by the bare necessities, and many citizens would have been receiving overdue notices from the tax collectors.

■ When Kanab's leading citizens foresaw last June the desperate winter that was ahead of the town, they got together. They sent two brothers, Chancey and Whitney Parry, to Los Angeles to "sell" Kanab to the studios. The two immediately grabbed off one of the costliest films of the year. For *Western Union*, Director Fritz Lang told me, the company would pay out more than $80,000 in wages to Kanab citizens before he was through shooting. Hollywood wages prevailed during the filming of this picture. Drivers are paid $1.63 an hour. Cowboys earn from $5.00 to $16.00 a day. Extras get from $5.00 to $11.00. Bit players, recruited from the local citizenry, draw from $25.00 to $100.00. Laborers get a minimum of $5.00.

Well, so much for my thumbnail history of Kanab's rejuvenation. Now something about me. Ahem.

There was a slight switch in the shooting schedule that first day and instead of stringing telegraph wires I was selected to join up with a special effects crew and help shoot a forest fire sequence. The safety commission of Utah was on hand to see that the blaze didn't get out of hand. What the studio had wanted to do was to buy up 15 acres of Utah forest and set the whole shebang on fire, insisting that the blaze could be kept under control. The safety commission said no dice on that but to go ahead on a practice fire just to see how we could handle it. Then, if they were satisfied, they might give the go ahead signal for a bigger and better fire. So we went out and found a small patch of trees—and within a split minute found out that controlling even such a small one was more than a man's task. That doggone fire didn't waste any time in getting started. It just seemed to explode into high, hot flames. I ought to know. I was right in the middle of that small patch of timber with a small tank of water on my back and a piece of hose in my hand and before I could scram out of there, I was smothered by smoke and singed by a big red tongue of flame that somehow had sneaked up on me unannounced. A couple of jack-rabbits whizzed past and believe it or not I was out of that timber before they were! I don't know to this day what became of my tank of water. All I know is we had a tough time playing fire fighters in earnest. I also know that the seat of my britches were smoking when I got out in the open and that I blistered my hands before slapping out the smoke in my sitting room. Well, you can imagine what the safety commission said. If 20th Century-Fox hoped to shoot a forest fire sequence it wouldn't be in Utah! Not even a bonfire! And that was that emphatically! So guess what Director Lang did to circumvent that order. He bought up 3,000 trees, carted them to a backlot on the studio homegrounds, planted them, and then set 'em all afire! And if you can tell this blaze

[*Continued on page* 65]



"H'm. You pups have got a bad rash all right. Don't know as I ever saw anybody worse broken out... Oh, you feel fine, do you?... Well, you don't look so good! You ought to see yourself in the mirror!"



"Funny—your tail looks O.K.... By Jove, I see it all now! Your mother's been stingy with the Johnson's Baby Powder—giving you little dabs in the rear instead of good all-over rubs!"



"Listen—stick around at bath-time and get in on my Johnson's rub-down. You'll feel like a different dog—so slick that rashes and chafes and prickly heat'll have a tough time getting a toe hold!"



"Babies have it pretty soft these days! Downy, soothing Johnson's Baby Powder costs so little any baby can have all the sprinkles he wants to keep him comfortable!"

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

Say It With Cookies

IMPRESS YOUR BEAU—AND FAMILY—ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY WITH THESE HEART-SHAPED COOKIES

By BETTY CROCKER



■ Like most teen-age girls, Helen Parrish, charming Universal starlet, is eagerly awaiting Valentine's Day. It's the day when all who are young in heart can be frankly sentimental! This year Helen plans to "say it with food" by means of a Valentine luncheon to be served to the cast of *Six Lessons From Madame La Zonga* of which she is the leading lady.

In the accepted Hollywood manner, Helen gave us a "press preview" of the luncheon at which Eddie Quillan, Charles Lang and Franklin Pangborn will be among the guests. Judging from the samples, she is going to be the future sweetheart of every man there.

Helen is one child player who successfully hurdled the awkward age and is now set for a long and brilliant career. You have seen her with Deanna Durbin in such pictures as *Mad About Music, Three Smart Girls Grow Up* and *First Love*. In her present role she achieves co-star billing for the first time on the screen.

Helen's Valentine luncheon, which will be served in the studio commissary, has been planned under the supervision of Andre, Universal's chef. Table decorations will be low, heart-shaped bowls of red roses, and the menu itself is simple enough for any young girl to feel at ease in serving.

VALENTINE LUNCHEON

Consomme Julienne
Hearts of Lettuce Salad
Anna Potatoes Baked Chicken Loaf
New Peas Popovers
Strawberry Gelatin Molds
Heart-Shaped Cookies
Coffee



At top: Helen Parrish pours cookie batter into heart-shaped tins. Above: Helen's beam of approval as she samples a cookie should tempt all of HOLLYWOOD'S readers to try her simple recipe



"Anna Potatoes" are prepared by slicing raw potatoes into thin, wafer-like pieces and staggering them in rows, with one piece overlapping the next, on the bottom of a shallow baking pan. Over the potatoes is sprinkled grated American cheese. Then enough milk is added so that the slices are all but covered. Bake in the open pan in a moderate oven until the potatoes are cooked through and the cheese has browned. To serve, the potatoes should be removed in unbroken strips.

For the heart-shaped cookies which were a *must* on Helen's menu, Andre has generously provided his favorite recipe. While this may look enormous for average requirements (it makes six dozen cookies) it is a dandy one to have for parties, because the basic dough can be turned into an endless variety of cookies by the addition of cocoanut, nut meats and chocolate.

■ Helen hopes that some of the cookies will be left over from the luncheon (we're afraid she's going to be disappointed) so that they can be boxed and sent to friends outside the studio as a Valentine Day greeting.

Here is the recipe just as Andre gave it:

ANDRE'S COOKIES

1 cup shortening (part butter for flavor)
1½ cups sugar
2 eggs
1½ tsp. vanilla or lemon extract
3 cups sifted all-purpose flour
1 tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
¼ cup milk

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream well. Blend in the well beaten eggs . . . then the flavoring. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together, and add to the creamed mixture alternately with the milk. Chill thoroughly. (Roll out part of the dough at a time . . . leaving remaining dough in refrigerator until ready to use.) Roll dough 1/8 to 1/16 inch thick, as desired, on lightly floured cloth-covered board. The thinner the dough is rolled, the crisper and thinner the finished cookies will be. Cut into heart shapes, place on lightly greased baking sheet and sprinkle with sugar. Bake 8 to 12 minutes (depending on thickness of cookies) in a moderately hot oven (400°). This will make 6 to 10 dozen thin cookies 2 inches in diameter (depending on thinness).

POPOVERS

2 eggs
1 cup milk
1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
½ tsp. salt

Put muffin cups into oven to heat 5 minutes while preparing batter. (Cups of heavy aluminum, heatproof glass, or iron are most satisfactory. It is better not to use a muffin pan of thin material.) Beat eggs well in mixing bowl, then add the milk. Sift flour and salt together, and add to the egg-milk mixture. Beat thoroughly with rotary beater. Take hot muffin cups from oven, place ⅓ teaspoon butter in bottom of each cup, and pour in the batter, filling each cup ½ to ⅔ full. Bake immediately in a very hot oven, 475°, for first 15 minutes if heavy aluminum or heatproof glass muffin cups are used or for 10 minutes if iron cups are used. Then decrease heat to 350°, moderate oven, for the remaining 30 or 35 minutes. This will make 9 large popovers.

VALENTINE CAKES

4 eggs
½ tsp. salt
2 cups sugar
2 tsp. flavoring
1 cup milk
2 tbsp. butter
2 cups sifted cake flour or all-purpose flour
2 tsp. baking powder

Beat the eggs with rotary beater until they are very light. Beat in the salt, sugar and flavoring. Beat in the milk which is boiling hot and which has been heated with the 2 tablespoons of butter. Beat in the flour and baking powder which have been sifted together. Pour very quickly into a greased and floured baking pan 9x14 inches or two 9-inch layer cake pans, and bake at once. Bake 25 to 30 minutes in a moderate oven, 350°.

Directions for Decorating Valentine Cakes

■ When cake has cooled, cut it into hearts and rounds using heart-shaped and round cutters. Ice with Butter

[*Continued on page* 50]

SEE PAULETTE GODDARD NOW APPEARING IN PARAMOUNT'S "SECOND CHORUS"



"Want a Morning Glory complexion?"

asks *Paulette Goddard*

"take a Woodbury Beauty Nightcap tonight"

"**Before I retire,**" Paulette Goddard recently confided to Louella Parsons, the famous Movieland Commentator, "I use Woodbury Cold Cream to remove every tiny trace of make-up. It's a wonderful cleanser—not too liquid, not too heavy. A wonderful softener, too. And it's wonderful in another way—this amazing cream actually purifies itself.

"After removing Woodbury Cold Cream with tissues, I apply a fresh, light film of it to leave on all night long. It softens and lubricates my skin while I sleep. I've been having this Woodbury Beauty Nightcap now for months, and my mirror and the camera men tell me my skin is nicer!

"**Another beauty tip**—don't put new make-up over old—take time out for Woodbury Cold Cream—and see the difference!"

For special skins—these special creams

If your skin is normal, Woodbury Cold Cream is all you need. But if your skin is oily, cleanse with Woodbury *Cleansing Cream*. If dry, use Woodbury *Dry Skin Cream* at night. And for any skin, use flesh-tinted Woodbury *Foundation Cream* for powder base.



WOODBURY COLD CREAM

THE 3-WAY BEAUTY CREAM

FREE—2 GENEROUS CREAM SAMPLES

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6720 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada: John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario)

Please send, free, sample Woodbury Cold Cream and one other cream checked. Also 6 shades Woodbury Powder

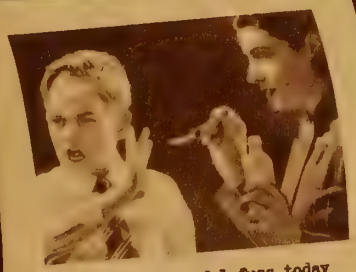
(Check only one) ☐ Dry Skin Cream ☐ Foundation Cream ☐ Cleansing Cream

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Mrs. T---- handles a Difficult Case



Billy raised an awful fuss today when I tried to give him a laxative. I even promised him new skates - but he just wouldn't take the stuff.



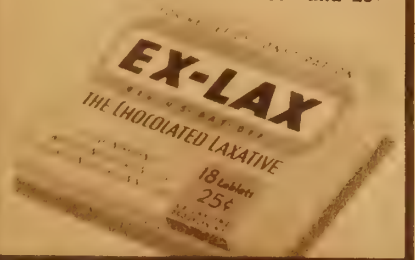
Mother had a bright idea. Told me to try giving Billy some Ex-Lax. He balked at first, but one bite and he was all smiles! Simply loved that chocolate taste!



Billy slept quietly all night. This morning Ex-Lax worked fine - didn't upset him a bit. I'll never have to bribe him to take a laxative again!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



Hollywood Hoyden

[*Continued from page* 30]

down-boom year, did its floppo. Mr. Larson (that's the real family name) had headed the Northwest office of a security company; the securities, and the company, folded. Mr. Larson, like many other white collar men, did the best he could—and found it wasn't much. The home with the three small girls—a home that formerly had had comfort and conveniences—got along now on $25 a week.

That condition didn't make for happiness. Suzy went each day to school from a home where discontent reigned; she was a terribly skinny kid, with a "strong" nose and an oversized mouth for her pinched face; she wasn't the kind to whine—she just defied everybody.

Suddenly her voice began to attract attention; Suzy's love of fine music put her on the right track with it. Her one theatrical engagement—two performances in a theater where the admission was 10 cents—probably gave her her first real feeling of self-respect. Curiously that engagement won her her best friend—and a chance at Hollywood.

The friend was Barbara Weber, who loved classical music and was trying to learn to play the violin. They had been in school together, but Barbara admits, "I didn't pay Suzy much attention until those two appearances at the theater. Then she thrilled me. A professional!

Another person thrilled by Suzy's extraordinary voice was Merle Potter, noted Minneapolis dramatic critic. At his suggestion, recordings were made and sent to the Hollywood studios. Thus—the year at Metro.

■ Some people become spiritually beaten down; others meet their bad times with bounce and snap. Suzy kept hers not only through the Metro year, but through another one, *without work*, during which family finances were too bad to talk about—and family discontent grew steadily.

This was the youngster that Paramount signed to play Mary Martin's daughter in *The Great Victor Herbert.* Suzy was in a frame of mind to meet all comers with her head up: if she had hurts she would hide them; she would resent violently anything she considered injustice; if life was to *bop* her any further she'd go down fighting. Fresh? What did she have to lose? It's a reckless way of life, and not to be recommended; but we can't all have adult wisdom at fourteen. Suzy's attitude and the courage with which she held to it were to bring her to the verge of being ousted from her job; because of it Hollywood authorities were to know startling moments—and some gay ones.

To enjoy the flavor of Suzy's first Paramount-sponsored trip, it's necessary to understand what Suzy's father calls "her complete acceptance of democracy." Mr. Larson says, "Suzy believes, next to her religion, that all men are exactly equal. She would treat a man who stopped her to ask for a dime with the identical rough-and-ready comradeship that she offers to Barbara Weber—or to film executives." In the case of one or two stuffed shirts, that trait has added to Suzy's name for brashness.

The San Francisco trip (where Suzy opened the World's Fair by breaking a beam of light with that A note above High C) got off to a typical Suzy start. Mr. Larson had given her seven dollars for spending money. In a strange city with good shops—she badly needed a sweater and spent her seven dollars in the first hour outside the hotel. However, she and Miss Rachel Smith, Paramount school teacher for youngsters on the lot, had been provided a grand suite at the St. Francis—and meal checks were included!! How Suzy did eat!

Back home at Paramount, Suzy scarcely got the feel of her new surroundings and began to enjoy her work before life gave *her* a jolt. Mrs. Larson brought action in the California courts for separate maintenance from her husband and sought a "reasonable proportion" of Suzy's earnings for herself and the two younger sisters. Suzy herself suggested the terms of division: one-third of her net income—"living money"—to Mrs. Larson; another third for the two girls; one-third left for Suzy and her father. Suzy, white-faced and with her eyes bigger than usual, had to face the judge, in her mother's presence, and make another decision: "I choose to live with my father." There's no need to enlarge on the difficulty and distress that come to any sensitive child required to make such a decision.

Suzy kept her chin up. Only one outward sign became evident: she presented to the world a "fresher" front than before. About this time she developed (for no logical reason; she had never met Dorothy) the idea that she didn't like Dottie

[*Continued on page* 51]



Carole Landis and Franchot Tone are being seen together frequently. They're shown enjoying an evening at Ciro's

From Ugly Duckling to Movie Knockout

[*Continued from page* 21]

go hand in hand with beauty. The flashing eyes, the lovely smile and the perfectly molded body—all intrigued him. He lost no time in seeing that she was given a role in *Rose of the Pampas.*

"Like any other girl who hears opportunity knocking on her door," Rita relates, "I was thrilled and excited. For nights I just lay in bed staring at the ceiling. It was futile to try to sleep. I was too happy. Too wide awake. Life was so wonderful and glorious and enchanting . . . even if the part was a tiny one. Even if I only had a few lines to speak. It was my debut. It was the beginning of my career as an actress. What more could any girl want, I thought.

"I was told to report on the set at nine o'clock sharp. But since I couldn't sleep, I was up and dressed at the crack of dawn. Nine o'clock seemed ages away. Nervously, I paced up and down my room. Every minute I glanced at the clock. But the hands hardly seemed to move. Finally, unable to stand the suspense any longer, I got into the car and drove to the studio—purposely taking the longer route in order to kill time. I didn't want anyone to know I was a novice in pictures. And when I walked on the set at five minutes of nine, I felt pleased at my proper sense of timing.

"Everything was ready. The stage was set. The players were in costume and make-up. But I—I was in my street clothes without a bit of make-up on my face. Everyone stared at me in amazement.

" 'You were told to report at nine o'clock,' they repeated.

" 'Well, here I am,' I mumbled confusedly. 'And it's only five minutes of. . . .'

"In a flash, I realized how new and inexperienced I was in the ways of the movie world, how little I knew about the picture business. In order to be on the set at nine, it meant I had to be at the studio by seven to allow enough time to dress and make up. Being a bit player—just another girl with a burning, driving ambition to be an actress—I couldn't expect them to hold up production for me. Every minute was valuable. Every hour was worth hundreds of dollars. And it would require at least two hours for me to get ready.

"That's why I sat there on the steps crying."

■ The Rita Hayworth who went through that unforgettable experience was an entirely different Rita from the one who sat across the table, dressed in an 1890 costume for her role in *Strawberry Blonde,* and told me her story. In spite of the mutton-chop sleeves, the high stiff neckband, the wasp-waisted, tight-fitting gown, the high-topped button shoes and the hair piled high on her head in mid-Victorian fashion, she was every bit as glamorous as she would have been in a gown by Schiaparelli, a coiffure by Antoine and shoes by deLisa.

[*Continued on page* 44]

THE "WONDER" CREAM THAT SURPRISED EVEN ITS MAKERS

✓ check these 7 ways it may help you

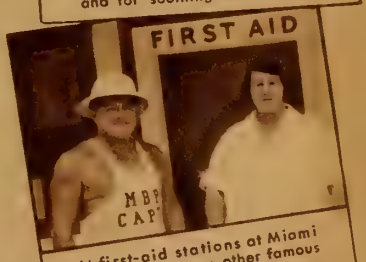


Scene from smash hit "Louisiana Purchase"

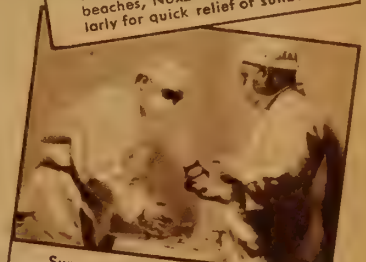
Surveys show that 4 out of 5 Broadway actresses—3 out of 4 of New York's professional models use Noxzema as a complexion aid or for skin relief.



Many leading barber shops, like the famous Terminal Barber Shops in New York, use Noxzema as a beard softener and for soothing skin comfort.



At first-aid stations at Miami Beach, and many other famous beaches, Noxzema is used regularly for quick relief of sunburn.



Surveys show that many doctors, dentists and nurses use Noxzema regularly to help heal chapped hands, keep them smooth, soft.

ONLY a few years ago a new medicated cream was introduced to the public as a soothing, greaseless skin cream. Today it's known from one end of the country to the other; *over 150 million jars have been used!* It's startled even its makers, because of the many different uses found for it. The name of this cream is NOXZEMA SKIN CREAM.

READ HOW IT MAY HELP YOU!

✓ **AS A BEAUTY AID:** If your skin is *coarse, rough and dry,* use NOXZEMA as a night cream and as a protective powder base. It helps smooth and soften the skin, keep powder on for hours.

✓ **FOR POOR COMPLEXION:** NOXZEMA'S special medication helps heal externally-caused skin blemishes; its mildly astringent action helps reduce enlarged pore openings.

✓ **FOR CHAPPED HANDS AND LIPS:** Nurses were the first to discover how grand NOXZEMA is for chapped hands. Because chapped hands are CUT hands (tiny cracks in skin). NOXZEMA's medication aids healing. Try it at night; see how much softer, whiter your hands are next morning!

✓ **FOR SHAVING:** For *tough beards and tender skin,* apply soothing, medicated NOXZEMA before lathering or use as a brushless shave.

✓ **BABIES' CHAFED SKIN:** Mothers report it's remarkable how quickly NOXZEMA relieves "diaper rash"—aids in healing.

✓✓ **FOR SCALDS AND BURNS,** fever blisters, chilblains, Tired Aching feet, insect bites —KEEP NOXZEMA HANDY! It brings quick, grateful relief! Get a jar *today*!



Trial Offer

● For a limited time only, you can get the generous 25¢ jar of NOXZEMA for only 19¢. Get it today and use it for just 10 days. If you don't say it's helped make your skin *look* better and *feel* better, your money will be gladly refunded!

New *under-arm*
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
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GIVE ORIGINAL HAIR COLOR

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

From Ugly Duckling to Movie Knockout

[*Continued from page 43*]

The Rita Hayworth who first came to Hollywood had raven black hair and was slightly heavier than she is today. But the eyes still held the same fascinating lure of romance and promise under their half-drooping lids. Today, Rita's hair is blond—strawberry blond. The body is provocatively curvaceous. The stiffness of the former Spanish dancer has softened into a languid and intoxicating charm.

Though Rita's sudden catapulting to fame may have been a lucky break, her rise in itself has been definitely and carefully planned ever since her cradle days.

Rita admits she was not a beautiful child. Her plainness made her a problem to her family and, rather than waste too much time on her, they devoted the energies to the boys in the household. Rita's father, Eduardo Cansino, was the third generation of the famous Spanish dancing family that thrilled international audiences for nearly a century.

"Knowing that I was on the 'plain' side," Rita explained, "my family concentrated on trying to endow me with other qualities. They continually stressed the fact that it is as important for a girl to be charming as it is good-looking. They tried never to mention the fact that I was the ugly duckling of the family. Instead, they tried to make me as talented and accomplished as a girl could possibly be. They thought that with a good knowledge of music, dancing, art and expression, people might forget that I was not beautiful."

Little did the Cansino family realize at the time that some day Rita's name would be a synonym for the glamor and allure that every woman cherishes and covets. Little did they dream that one day their ugly little duckling would emerge as one of the most dazzling, eye-filling beauties in the country.

"At the age of six," Rita went on, "when all the other children were making mud-pies and rolling hoops and playing games, I had to stay indoors and practice my dancing. Every afternoon, their childish laughter floated up into the studio. But there I was going through the monotonous exercises—limbering up—practicing the *pied a deux* or the pirouette. I was too young to understand why I was being made to go through this torturous routine. I was too much of a child to realize its value or to foresee that someday, through my dancing, I would be able to achieve a lifelong ambition—the ambition of becoming an actress.

"But Father and Mother must have realized it. At least, they knew that dancing would help me in overcoming my childish awkwardness. It would develop my body. It would give me poise and bearing and grace. To them, it was most important. And today, I, myself, realize that there is nothing like dancing—any kind of dancing—that helps give you the proper carriage and helps develop your body.

"Of course, it was taken for granted that some day I would join the family in their vaudeville act. You see, on Mother's side the Hayworths were descended from a family of actors ever since the days of Shakespeare. At six, I was promised a dancing part but when the chance came, I realized that I was far from being a sensation."

Instead, Rita had to practice longer and harder than ever before. And by this time, there was a definite goal in sight. But throughout the years—up until the time she was fourteen—she continued to perfect her dancing and to endure the strict, rigid training.

Rita Hayworth still hasn't accustomed herself to the metamorphosis.

"Maybe it's merely a matter of getting used to myself all over again. It seems that every few years, I undergo a change in personality. At fourteen, I was definitely the Spanish type. My hair was long and black and down to the waist. I wore Spanish clothes to keep consistent with my type.

"Later on, I cut my hair. That was when I first got into pictures. I was definitely through with the Spanish type and I had even given away my dancing clothes. I lightened my hair a trifle—just around the brow. By doing this, a dark-haired girl can make her face appear softer. And now, for my role in *Strawberry Blonde*, I had to bleach my hair. Either that or wear a wig. After considerable deliberation, I decided to go through with the bleaching. For five hours, I sat there while Perc Westmore exercised his skill and art. And when I walked on the lot, I felt like a completely different personality."

■ It was while Rita was away on a hunting trip that she suddenly received a hurried call to appear for the role in *Strawberry Blonde* that was originally scheduled for Ann Sheridan. Rita had just finished *The Lady In Question* and *Angels Over Broadway*. She looked forward to that vacation for months. But when it was suddenly cut short, she didn't seem to mind. She was glad to get back in her working environment.

"I almost didn't get back," she told me. "You see, I didn't realize I was to replace Ann Sheridan. And though Ann is one of my favorite actresses, I was naturally delighted to get the chance to play in *Strawberry Blonde*. But I felt that I was cheated out of my vacation."

Rita says this with all due modesty. There is none of the professional jealousy about her . . . no envy, no malice. In all Hollywood there isn't a single person who regards her as anything but the swell gal that she really is.

After making her very first picture, Rita decided that she was through with being a dancer. And though it caused a slight rift with her family, the young girl was determined to be an actress. Dancing had been instrumental in aiding her toward her goal. And she didn't expect anything more from it. She kept going in picture after picture. But not until she appeared in *Only Angels Have Wings* was she given an opportunity to do some real honest-to-goodness acting.

Following that, Columbia signed her to a contract. And when Rita once again showed her ability in *Susan and God,* she definitely proved that she was not merely a one picture player. With her work in *Angels Over Broadway* and *The Lady In Question* already heartily acclaimed, she realizes that she has made the turning point of her career. She is aware that she is slated for bigger and better things in the future. But Rita also knows that being a glamour girl is no easy calling.

Most people who think glamour is achieved by wearing a tight-fitting dress and being placed under the proper lights, are all wrong. You realize this the moment you see Rita Hayworth. You wonder how she can breathe in her tightly corseted and laced costume. You marvel that she's able to walk in those high-topped shoes. And yet, in spite of the obvious discomfort, she still manages to radiate all of her natural charm and beauty.

"I really think girls of today are far more beautiful than those of the mid-Victorian era," Rita confessed. "At least modern girls don't have to lace themselves in so tightly—or pad themselves here and there to make themselves attractive. The modern girl achieves glamor by making the most of her natural gifts. She stresses her own good qualities and minimizes her faults.

"I certainly feel sorry for our mothers and grandmothers who had to be courted in such uncomfortable clothes as these."

In her cool, well-poised manner, Rita shows that she is not only a girl who is endowed with more than the average share of looks, but she is a shrewd and thoughtful person as well. She realizes that looks alone are not enough. She knows that even a beautiful girl has to go out and match wits with mental giants. But that doesn't frighten Rita. She has managed very capably thus far and from all indications she will manage even better from now on.



Ray Milland, fond father, makes cute noises at his son, Daniel David. In return he receives a wide-eyed stare

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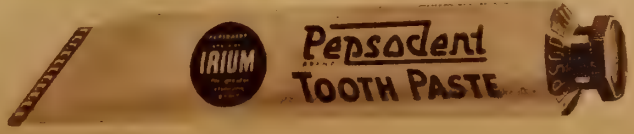
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Dashing Desi

[*Continued from page 24*]

Arms raised, Desi stood there. "Quiet!" he shrieked, trying to make himself heard. The only answer was the report of a revolver. His voice was lost in the tumult.

"Desi!" shrieked the frantic mother, from the doorway. The boy leaped back to protect her. A moment later he had slammed the door behind them as they fled through the rear of the house.

■ Desi's father, a congressman, was in Havana. He and all the other government officials were jailed. This news reached his family in Santiago. By now things had quieted down. Desi, his mother and relatives were able to borrow a limousine and cover it with huge Revolutionary signs. They sped away in the car, sailing at top speed past one guard post after another. Desi raised his arm and shouted *"Viva la revolucion!"* The Revolutionists, thinking him one of their group, shouted back approvingly.

Arriving in Havana, they bent every effort toward getting Arnaz, Sr., out of jail. Just as they began getting results with one government, it would fall. "There was a new president every three hours," Desi laughs. Later in the year Batista came into power, bringing with him some measure of law and order. Desi's father was released on a writ of *habeas corpus* but advised to leave the country. The family went to Miami.

This, however, is but one episode in an exciting life. At the age of 25, Desi Arnaz has packed away more salty experience in living than most people three times his age. A Latin? Yes, he's a Cuban, in fact. In *Too Many Girls* he played *Manuelito*, the South American who made the co-eds swoon. But the way he can take it and give it out he's more like a Viking than a Havana Romeo. Sheer guts has steered his course. And a rough course it has been.

Desi is so tough his body is covered with 14 scars. Here's a guy who's supposed to be a night club smoothie with so much glamour they put him in the movies, and he's marked up like a pro hockey player at the end of his fifteenth season in the big leagues.

No, he didn't get those scars fighting duels over *senoritas* in Havana. He got them the same way any first-class American athlete got his; in scraps when he was a kid, and in knock-down-drag-out championship competition. But young Arnaz, playing harder than most American lads, came in for more punishment.

Desi, or Desiderio Alberto Arnaz y de Acha, as he was christened, grew up in Cuba. The bravery he showed in the Cuban revolution of 1933 was only a prelude to the cool nerve he displayed five years later when he was a penniless musician in New York. Then he risked prolonging indefinitely five long months of discouraging job-hunting by refusing the one offer that came his way—until the terms agreed on were his own.

He has known luxury and hardship, security and despair. Is it any wonder, then, that Desi has emerged with poise and self-assurance and a strong grip on reality?

It was a pleasant, almost American kind of life Desi lived until the fateful day of the revolution. He grew up in a big house surrounded by servants. There was a summer house on beautiful Santiago Bay and a dairy ranch in the country. Although an only child, Desi wasn't spoiled. His father never gave him anything unless his conduct and school grades reached certain high standards.

Other vigorous *divertisements* being lacking, Desi used to dive for oysters. A sharp shell once ripped open the back of his left hand; a scar the size of a knife blade remains. A pet monkey's fierce bite and a shattered window pane account for wrist scars. His shins are decorated by soccer scars the size of quarters.

Before the revolution Desi played goalie on a high school soccer team that held the Cuban championship for two years. One kick all but cost him the sight of an eye, but he escaped with a thin marking, under the eye. An eyebrow scar is a souvenir of a brief sojourn at the bottom of a melee in a soccer game.

Life was sweet to Desi in the old days. He could invite three or four schoolmates to the Arnaz summer home, where they swam or fished. Or to the dairy farm, where they held speed derbies in cow-milking, or raced the family saddle horses across freshly-planted fields. But the revolution brought all this to a sudden end.

Desi speedily adapted himself to the new life in Florida. After all, he never has had trouble making friends. He enrolled in a Miami high school and discovered that athletics are far from extinct in the United States.

■ The following summer, in a camp near Tampa, Desi learned football. He must have been doing all right, for soon he was playing quarterback, calling signals and running the team. Then, whammie! One day Desi went down under a fierce tackle and didn't get up again. He was carried to the infirmary. His father, a Johns Hopkins university graduate in medicine as well as a politician, was summoned.

"My leg was broken," Desi recalls mournfully. "My father set it, but I have had a trick knee ever since. I couldn't even play basketball after that without its acting up."

Those were the days of mass exile, and little but Spanish was heard along Flagler street in Miami. And whenever members of the Cuban colony gathered, Desi generally brought along his guitar. He played and sang for the sheer fun of it—here was an outlet for his energy while his knee was healing.

One of the girls who came occasionally to these gatherings was the daughter of Albert Barrera, exiled president of the Cuban senate. The leader of a Cuban orchestra playing at a swanky hotel knew Barrera, and happened to mention that he was looking for a guitarist who could sing.

Barrera told him about Desi. For a joke, Desi tried out. To his surprise, he got the job.

"Singing and playing had always been so much fun I felt I was robbing the management of my $5-a-day pay," Desi laughs today.

For two successive seasons Desi was a great success. He had many friends. Night after night the Cuban colony turned out, en masse, to hear him.

Then his tourist visa expired. To continue working he had to return to Cuba and arrange American residence papers.

While in Cuba he received word from a member of the band that its engagement had been canceled. The hotel management couldn't understand why there were no customers. Desi's followers had simply stopped coming after he left!

So Desi got a bright idea. If he was the drawing card, why not return to Miami and become a band leader himself? He did. For a while his unit was so popular it played three engagements daily—at the hotel tea dances, at a night club from 5 to 7, and evenings at the *jai alai* games.

The last afternoon of his engagement at the hotel that season, 1937, a bald-headed man with a mustache kept edging up to the orchestra stand. He watched Desi intently and made one request after another. Desi was tired after the long season and began to get annoyed. During an intermission he queried a friend.

"Who is that little bald-headed man?"

"Why, that's Xavier Cugat."

When the music was over Desi walked past Cugat's table, deliberately. "I knew he would call to me," Desi says. "I felt it." Sure enough. "Hey, psst. Where you going?" Cugat called. A talk, a test, and an offer to travel with the Cugat band as special vocalist resulted.

Desi's father didn't like it. Desi had promised to finish up his last semester of high school so he could graduate that spring, "no matter what." Desi finished. And that June he joined Cugat as a vocalist, touring with the band for eight months.

At the end of an engagement in La Conga club in Miami, Desi was offered a 10-year contract by Cugat, the rhumba king. On grounds that it would limit him too much, he refused. He didn't want to be a singer all his life.

That left Desi out in the cold. He returned to Cuba. But trouping was in his blood. He borrowed $150 and landed in New York with what was left—$60.

■ Caesar DeFranco, a bass player who had toured with Desi, got the Cuban boy a room with some Italian friends in Brooklyn. For five bleak months they pounded the pavements. They couldn't get a single, solitary booking.

Finally, out of the blue, came a telegram reading, "Whole summer engagement." Here Desi showed some more of that cool, poised nerve that has guided all his actions. For two days he refused the engagement. DeFranco was going crazy. "Take it, Desi," he pleaded. "We've got to take anything we can get. We've got to eat!"

Desi held out and won. His terms were accepted and he took a good seven-piece band to a club near Saratoga, N. Y.

After several more ups and downs, Desi and his band opened La Conga club in New York the following year, 1939. He had a better offer at the same time. He gambled on La Conga's success, and the advancement of his name with it, and won.

The rest is now history. George Abbott, the producer, saw Desi at La Conga and wanted to put him in the New York show, *Too Many Girls*. But Desi didn't say "yes" right away. He argued that he had put in four tough years trying to establish himself and his orchestra, and now he would be risking all that on the fate of a new musical.

The show ran from October, 1939, to May, 1940, when the cast went to the coast to make the film. For a while Desi stayed on at La Conga, and his double schedule was terrific. He left for the theater and the matinee at 1 p. m. and returned home around 4 a. m. the next day, the last of his three shows at La Conga finally ended.

When the movie was completed the cast played *Too Many Girls* for a month on a Chicago stage. Then Desi returned to New York for a singing engagement at the Versailles club. When the movie version of *Too Many Girls* opened in New York last fall, he found himself in a stage show at another theater—the Criterion—playing in opposition to his own movie!

Desi is in dead earnest about acting. "I don't want to be typed as a song and dance man," he storms. "I want to play good, substantial comedy." Then, as he gains in experience, he wants to tackle drama. He is the first to admit his acting experience has been limited. But he feels the only way to get that experience is by acting.

"Acting is just common sense," he insists. "You study a part carefully, then try to determine what you yourself would do if you were faced with the same situations. By concentrating on the character, and living the character, you *are* the character, and your performance gradually, with practice, becomes perfectly natural."

In Hollywood Desi and Lucille Ball enjoy going to the Richard Carlsons for dinner. All four like conversation and listening to records.

Desi has worked in so many night clubs he doesn't consider them fun, but he visits one now and then. He likes dancing, too—in fact, he introduced the Conga in Miami and New York.

Back East in New York, Desi and Lucille Ball, hand-holders for these many months, finally pulled a Dan Cupid on old man time and the manager of the theater where Desi was making personal appearances. Skipping off to Greenwich, Connecticut, when they were due back at the theater, the romantic Romeo caused a minor commotion by not making a scheduled personal appearance.

However, wild cheers and literally tons of applause ensued when the embarrassed manager made the announcement of the hasty elopement to the waiting audience.

And now Mr. and Mrs. Desi Arnaz are scheduled to co-star in an RKO-Radio film, tentatively entitled, *Havana*.

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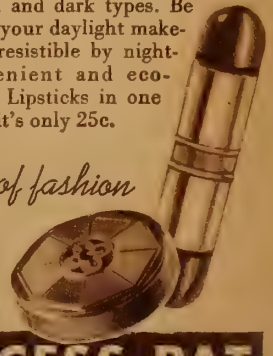
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What Happens To Mickey Rooney's Salary?

[*Continued from page* 23]

over to cultivating common sense in its use, to stretching a dollar to cover the greatest distance between two points. Though he has been reared in a traditional devil-may-care atmosphere, he, nevertheless, has learned that in the life of the trouper there's no friend so true as a dollar or two. If he were allowed only $25.00 a week spending money he'd contrive to save a portion of it.

Were he to banish from his consciousness any thought of his itinerant childhood in the sleazy, slapbang burlesque halls, the vivid recollection of his early days in Hollywood when his mother was manager of a bungalow court in a cheap rental district would deter him from adopting a good-time-Charlie philosophy of life. He is careful of his resources because his mother had to be careful while waiting hopefully for the Hollywood call of her young son. Being ever on the alert for opportunity has been invaluable to him in developing that poise, that readiness, brash but likeable, for the breaks—if and when they came.

On first meeting, Mickey Rooney is instinctively confident that the future belongs to youth. At close hand he is the epitome, the stock portrait of the self-reliant young man who not only is going places but who has arrived. I had been prepared to resent the oft-proclaimed Rooneyian self-confidence, to set it down as cockiness that would disappear with the first good brush-off from a director or a producer with a withering vocabulary and a dictator turn of mind. But the Rooney self-confidence—at least on the day I observed it backstage at the theater where Mickey was appearing—was not cocky, not impertinent.

■ He must be supremely aware he is sitting snugly on the movie throne, but his attitude is more like that of a young prince primed from infancy for the plush than of some pretender who got there because he knew his way about and could outwit and outsprint the panting horde in his path.

What were these postures, this annoying aggressiveness that had been trumpeted up and down the gossip columns? Mickey Rooney was taking all this glory-be as casually as he'd take a hamburger at the counter of a Hollywood drive-in. Could it be he was putting on an act, specially designed for sniffing New Yorkers? If he were, it was only natural. He *is* an actor, not just a boy showing off; moreover, an actor who can make the role of Andy Hardy seem honest and significant in spite of its lapses into unwarrantable naivete.

Outside on Forty-sixth Street a large group of boys and girls were waiting for autographs, a motorcycle detail of gendarmes was standing by to whisk him back to his hotel for a brief rest and some ping pong. On a make-up table were an empty milk bottle and the remnants of a corn beef sandwich. There was no need for the make-up table, for Mickey Rooney doesn't make up for his act. A sandwich and a bottle of milk are a routine lunch for him even when he is making a picture. He is too young and his digestion too good for him to give much thought to what he eats. Certainly he goes in for nothing fancy and he would feel foolish were he to visit some luxuriant food emporium for the purpose of eating a four or five dollar dinner. His only meal outside his hotel or his dressing-room, while in New York, was a steak dinner in a restaurant at the Brooklyn end of the Brooklyn Bridge to which a Loew's executive had taken him. The press of the crowd all but wrecked his host's car, all but tore his own coat off as he left the restaurant.

The coat held up well in the melee. Mickey wouldn't forget, he said, to tell the store back home about its staunchness. The store? Why, to be sure. He always buys his clothes at a store, pays about $40 for a suit; buys three or four suits a year. Their expense also comes out of the $100 a week allowance, as does that of his shoes (price: $6 a pair).

Mickey Rooney is proud of his ability to stay within his budget. Though he is earning in the neighborhood of $2,000 a week and receives a bonus of $25,000 a picture, he finds that $100 a week is sufficient for his expenses. Most of his income, incidentally, goes into a trust fund. With part of it he supports his mother and maintains an elaborate ranch house in the San Fernando Valley.

He drives a station wagon and his chief gasoline expense is his daily trip from the ranch house to the M-G-M studios. He plans his vacations far ahead, studies maps and folders, invariably decides upon an isolated and inexpensive refuge. It has to be inexpensive, for the cost must be defrayed from his allowance. The past summer he went into the Canadian wilderness on a fishing trip, but after a week or so he had had enough of solitude. He was eager to get to New York, look in at the theaters, get the "feel" of the Broadway world in preparation for his personal appearance tour. It proved a valuable trip but it also put a crimp in his bank roll. Once in the winter he goes on a brief spending splurge. He makes the trip across country to Miami Beach, luxuriates for a week or ten days on the sand, goes deep sea fishing, takes it easy generally. When he returns to Hollywood he retrenches for a period in order to get on speaking terms again with the bank teller.

The bank teller really doesn't have to worry about Mickey's remoteness any more than Mickey has to worry about the bank teller's. A showman to his finger tips, he packs so much potentiality into his stage personality that were he by some strange quirk of fate divested of his screen career he could do very well for himself in the Broadway theater. He might have to expand his budget on the stage, Broadway and New York being what they are, but his earnings would be considerably in excess of a hundred smackers a week. To watch him bounce around, as irrepressibly peppy as a Yankee rookie in a Spring

[*Continued on page* 53]

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Harford Frocks, Inc., Desk S-15, Cincinnati, Ohio

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GET RELIEF OR YOUR MONEY BACK! Hall's "Two-Method" Treatment will relieve stuffed-up nose, sinus headaches due to congestion and help clear throat of sticky phlegm or we will refund your money! Soothes hot, irritated nasal passages. Ask your druggist. Send card for FREE Chart of diet rules, information about Catarrhal congestion and money-back offer.
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48c
(Expertly painted 10c extra)
Photo Movette Ring Co., Dept. W-4, 519 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

Say It With Cookies

[Continued from page 41]

Decorating Icing. Around the edge of some of the heart-shaped cakes place border of tiny red candy hearts. Place a larger red candy heart in the center of each of the other heart-shaped cakes. To decorate round cakes, make flowers of small gum-drops. By cutting each gum-drop into three pieces with scissors, it is easy to mold each piece into a petal shape with the fingers. Use green gum-drops for leaves. Place 5 petals in the form of a flower in center of each cake. Add a bit of yellow for center of flower, and place green leaves around it. This recipe will make 16 to 20 small cakes.

Butter Decorating Icing

- 4 tbsp. butter
- 3 cups confectioners' sugar
- 2 tbsp. cream
- 2 egg whites
- 2 tsp. vanilla

Cream the butter. Add the sugar, moistening the mixture with the cream. Beat the egg whites and add to mixture. Continue beating until mixture will hold its shape, then use for icing Valentine Cakes.

MARZIPAN HEART DESSERT

- ½ recipe for Valentine Cakes Marzipan
- 1 cup whipping cream
- Strawberry preserves or jam
- Grated pistachio nuts (if desired)

Cut a heart out of paper almost large enough to cover the cake. Lay the paper heart on the cooled cake and pipe Marzipan trimming around it with a pastry tube. Remove paper. Cut a tiny heart-shaped paper pattern and place it in center of cake. Pipe Marzipan trimming around it. Remove paper. Fill in small heart with Marzipan.

Place the cooled cake back in the baking pan (right side up) with a wide strip of heavy paper underneath so that it may be lifted out easily. Bake until delicately browned (5 to 6 minutes) in a hot oven, 475°. Remove cake from pan. When cool again, split cake crosswise into two layers. Spread filling made of ⅓ of the sweetened whipped cream blended with remainder of Marzipan mixture over bottom layer. Place second layer on top. Fill in space left between large heart outline and small heart with strawberry preserves or jam, using only the thick fruity part so it will not spread. Spread sweetened whipped cream around sides of cake and pipe it to make a frill around the top edge (filling in outside the large heart) and outline the little heart on the Marzipan. For a further decorative effect, sprinkle grated pistachio nuts over the whipped cream which outlines the Marzipan hearts. This will make 8 large or 10 small servings.

Marzipan

Beat 1 egg white until stiff. Gradually beat into it ⅔ of a cup of confectioners' sugar. Blend in ⅔ of a cup of ground blanched almonds (put through the finest knife of the food grinder 3 times), and ¼ teaspoon almond extract.

Parties are such fun—especially when you have a patriotic or sentimental excuse for giving them such as Lincoln's Birthday, St. Valentine's Day and Washington's Birthday. Who doesn't love getting an invitation to a party on one of these days? There are so many interesting things to do! The refreshments can be so colorful and delicious! Betty Crocker has some delightful menus for these occasions with recipes for the special dishes. She'll be glad to send them to you if you'll just fill out the coupon below.

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Please send me—FREE OF CHARGE—your recipes and menus for February Parties.

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WRAP cotton around the end of an orangewood stick. Saturate with Trimal and apply to cuticle. *Watch dead cuticle soften.* Wipe it away with a towel. You will be amazed at the results. On sale at drug, department and 10-cent stores. Trimal Labs., Inc., Los Angeles.
Complete with manicure stick and cotton

Hollywood Hoyden

[*Continued from page 42*]

Lamour. Someone rebuked Suzy for expressing an opinion about a fellow-worker with whom she hadn't even had personal contact. Suzy—brash fifteen—snapped back: "What has she got that I haven't got?" One day the *enfant terrible* was told she had been invited to speak on the air with Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. Suzy, her mouth working twice as fast as her brain, swift-cracked: "Do I get top billing?"

Next to Mr. Larson, who is naturally Suzy's closest confidante, life, in its more trying moments, has been made bearable by the great good luck that Barbara Weber, the girl friend from Minneapolis, now lives in Hollywood. These two are something to write home about.

Suzy likes everything outdoors. Camping is a favorite. Horseback riding is her real sport-hobby. She and Babs Weber have haggled and higgled until one of the Hollywood riding stables lets *both* have horses for a total of 75 cents an hour. Then Suzy and Babs argue hours about who pays that odd nickel.

You wouldn't think a nickel would mean much, would you, to a girl with a marvelous soprano voice and who is already playing leads? Here are some financial facts. Susanna's option was recently picked up for a year—salary, $250 a week. Sounds fine, doesn't it? Well $25 a week goes to her agent; another $25 goes to her singing teacher, Miss Gilda Marchetti. (Not only in the development of Susanna's voice, but in the tendering of a wise and helpful friendship, Miss Marchetti is of inestimable value.) Under California law $100 each week must go into a trust fund; it can't be touched until Suzy is 21. That leaves $100; social security tax nicks $4 more. (Suzy apparently forgot all about income tax when she gave me these figures!) So—we're down to 96. Under the generous arrangement Suzy suggested to the court, one-third of this, or $32, goes to Mrs. Larson for her support; another $32 goes to Mrs. Larson for support of Suzy's two younger sisters. That leaves $32 a week for Suzy and her father to live on, and for Suzy to buy clothes and provide recreation. Not quite so rich, is it? And, remember, such contracts provide pay for only forty weeks a year. Shortly after I talked with Susanna, she was due to begin her annual twelve weeks' lay-off—no pay. "If my agents gets me a radio spot or two," she put it simply, "we'll eat. If he doesn't—don't ask me!"

Suzy's good points are shining—the kind of gleam that doesn't wear off. They include idealism, gallantry, willingness to do her part in life, acceptance of, and fulfillment of, responsibility, and warm-hearted generosity. Those make friends. All this sixteen-year-old needs to do is relax a trifle, not fight life so hard and let it come to her. Her great talent—and fine instincts—will do the rest. The writer had the pleasure of being a guest at a small dinner recently at Olympe Bradna's home. Suzy was there and, immediately after steak and trimmings, several people pressed her to sing the Lord's Prayer, which she does superbly. It's no fun to sing on a full stomach and without an accompanist! To put Suzy further on the spot, Olympe's escort for the evening arrived to take Olympe to Victor Hugo's. A strange young man, newly arrived, didn't help! But Suzy went quietly to the piano, fingered a note or two—and sang. The nine or ten people in the Bradnas' parlor listened like men and women enchanted; several had tears in their eyes. What came forth in such lovely clarity was more than just marvelous voice; sincerity and fineness enriched the room.

If you notice Susanna closely in *Hard-Boiled Canary,* you'll see the beginnings of tenderness in her smile. (Incidentally, she showed her approaching good looks in that picture; but she's several times prettier now, and increasing toward beauty every day.) Sixteen! Miss Independence confided to your reporter just recently: "You know, I'm not really a man-hater; but when I have anything to do with love, I want it to be the real thing." That's the tip-off!





Pretty Enough to Frame

June Lang *Beauteous screen actress who is increasing her following with each successive appearance.*

Beautiful women everywhere realize that the foundation of glamour and feminine charm is a soft, lovely, clean skin.

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the all-purpose face cream that is as handy to use as a lipstick, has been the favorite with thousands of women for many years. Use it night and morning and you'll find that it keeps the skin clean by removing every particle of old make-up and at the same time providing a perfect foundation for a new toilette. Skin roughness caused by chapping disappears. Blackheads are discouraged by the cleansing of pore openings. Try the purse size sample of Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay and be convinced. Use the coupon.



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I would like to try Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay. Please send me the purse size container of this popular face cream. Ten cents (stamps or coin) is enclosed to cover mailing costs.

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If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, Wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for **a free trial** of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

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Free Booklet—The Marvel Co., Dept. 410, New Haven, Conn.



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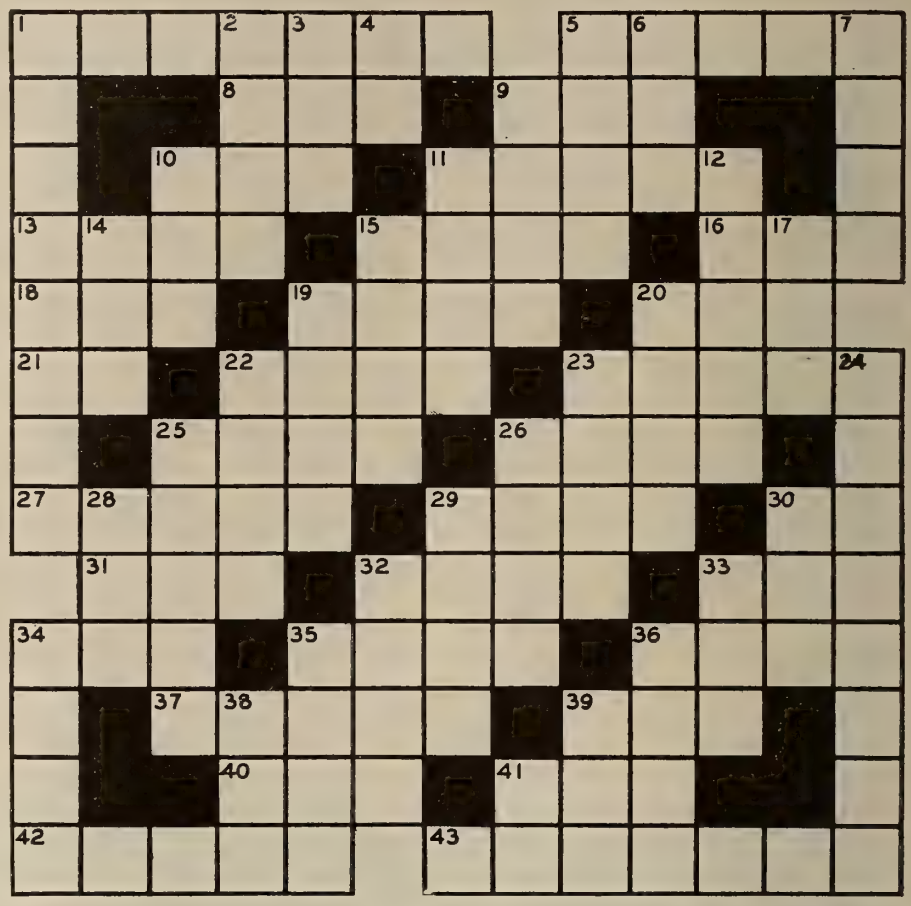
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As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years' European American experience, I am proud of my Color Imparter for Grayness. Use it like a hair tonic. Wonderfully GOOD for the scalp and dandruff; it can't leave stains. As you use it, the gray hair becomes a darker, more youthful color. I want to convince you by sending my free trial bottle and book telling All About Gray Hair.

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MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Star of *Little Nelly Kelly.*
5. Carole Lombard's husband.
8. Charlie Chaplin's birthplace (abbr.).
9. *The* ——— *I Married.*
10. Descriptive of characters portrayed by Humphrey Bogart.
11. Star of *My Favorite Wife.*
13. Gil Farra in *Rangers of Fortune.*
15. Chinese actress.
16. *Love* ——— *Neighbor.*
18. Smitty in *The Long Voyage Home.*
19. The girl in *Pier 13.*
20. ——— *Killed Aunt Maggie?*
21. "And" in French film titles.
22. Rosalind Russell's birthplace (abbr.).
23. M-G-M's Swedish star.
25. Mayor Tillinghast in *The Great McGinty.*
26. Steve in *Sky Murder.*
27. ——— *of the Desert.*
29. *Too* ——— *Girls.*
30. ——— *Stayed for Breakfast.*
31. *We Who* ——— *Young.*
32. *They* ——— *Him a Gun.*
33. *Women in* ———.
34. Feminine lead in *Murder in the Air.*
35. Carter in *Give Us Wings.*
36. Mrs. Errol Flynn.
37. Bailey No. 1 in *Dance, Girl, Dance.*
39. Daisy is one in Blondie series.
40. Slushy in *Captain Caution* (poss.).
41. *Gallant* ——— (sing.).
42. ——— *Gets Her Man.*
43. Garrett in *Yesterday's Heroes.*

DOWN

1. Star of *East of the River.*
2. One who plays leading role.
3. *Melody* ——— *Moonlight.*
4. Nan Grey's initials.
5. *That* ——— *of Mine.*
6. Tap dancer in *Hit Parade of 1941.*
7. Star of *New Moon.*
9. Star of *Hudson's Bay.*
10. Grimes in *South of Pago Pago.*
11. Dr. Ditten in *Escape.*
12. Mrs. Kane in *Stranger on the Third Floor.*
14. *Brother* ——— *and a Baby.*
15. *I* ——— *a Divorce.*
17. ——— *Steel.*
19. ——— *of the City.*
20. The girl in *Wildcat Bus.*
22. *The Ghost* ———*s Home.*
23. Star of *Carolina Moon.*
24. *Knute Rockne, All* ———.
25. Pete in *Tugboat Annie Sails Again.*
26. *Son of the* ———.
28. A star of *Arise, My Love.*
29. Name of any of three famous brothers who appear in comedies.
30. His last name is LeRoy.
32. *Dr. Kildare* ——— *Home.*
33. Laughton wore black one in *They Knew What They Wanted.*
34. Nancy in *Friendly Neighbors.*
35. *Christmas in* ———.
36. First name of Miss Andre.
38. *Lady with* ——— *Hair.*
39. *Meet John* ———.
41. Initials of Oliver Hardy's co-star.

(Solution on Page 56)

What Happens To Mickey Rooney's Salary?

[*Continued from page* 48]

training camp, dancing, singing, giving out his uncanny imitation of Clark Gable and Lionel Barrymore, thumping the piano in the manner of Eddy Duchin and winding the whole business up with some frenzied banging of the drums one gets the firm notion that here is a great, if not distinguished, artist. And great and distinguished artists have a habit of wading waist-deep in blue chips.

■ Mickey would like to do more reading. He would like to delve into some of the great literature of the ages, but he hasn't time. He's working sixteen hours a day—making pictures, doing stage shows, playing benefits, squeezing in occasional broadcasts. He can get only a glimpse of the headlines in the newspapers, take a look at the sports pages and now and then a magazine. When he's not performing, he's putting ideas for acts down on paper, dashing off tunes on the piano. Meanwhile, he gets around. More than you would think possible. He got around once to the White House, had a half-hour chat with President Roosevelt. He got around to Port Huron, Michigan, when *Young Tom Edison* had its premiere. There he met Henry Ford. The upshot of this meeting was a new convertible coupe which the motor magnate presented to Mickey as a token of his appreciation of the youth's performance in the picture.

Mickey has a phrase which expresses his readiness to get around and meet people and do things.

"Keep yourself portable," is the way he puts it. "It's the only sure way of living life to the full. I never want to think of myself as stationary. I'd miss the parade—and a lot of fun."

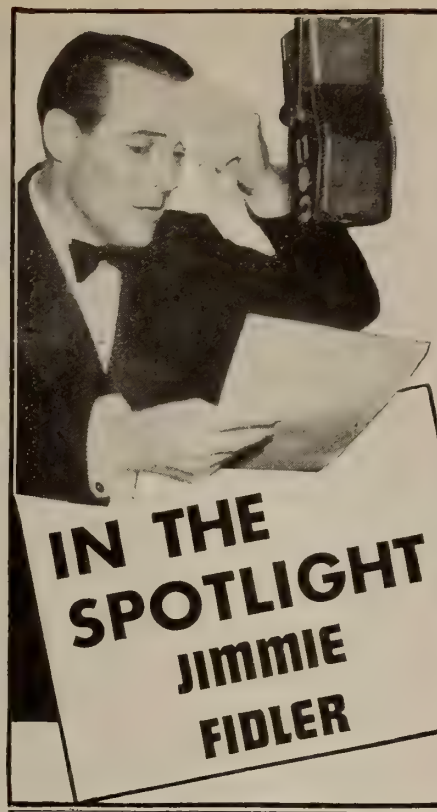
"How about the girls?" I asked. "Are you keeping yourself portable for them?"

"Yeah," he smiled. "Give me five or six years, though. Then, maybe, I'll take a look."

Maybe, that is what the $27.50 he saves each week is intended for. The day when he takes a look—a long, lingering look. To date, girls are merely incidental to his life. He likes to be with the boys, likes to pal around with studio workers and other friends of the workaday world.

Yet, there are times when he plays the gallant in public. He escorted Judy Garland to the Hollywood preview of *Strike Up the Band.* But there was one condition he insisted upon. She had to ride in his station wagon. And so on the big night, in a tuxedo that made him look even smaller than he is, Mickey Rooney drove up to the theater in the little old station wagon, Judy beside him on the front seat. There was quite a hubbub. It was a touch of individuality that pleased the crowd. Yet, it was more than that. It was a touch of Rooney showmanship.

An unpredictable fellow, Mickey Rooney, even though the bank can count on $27.50 a week.



Open Letter to Jimmie Fidler

Dear Jimmie:

For a long time now you've been giving the masses the lowdown on movie greats and ingrates through your column and on the radio. Now comes your turn to take it!

The February issue of SPOT puts you "In the Spotlight"—and maybe on the spot, too. This lively and exciting picture magazine has turned its cameramen and reporters loose on Fidler, and no holds barred.

If you get a copy, Jimmie you'll find yourself exposed as reporter, broadcaster, night club operator, and private citizen. And if you think that you've given many a movie star a thorough going-over by means of your famous "Open Letters"—wait until you see what SPOT does to *you!*

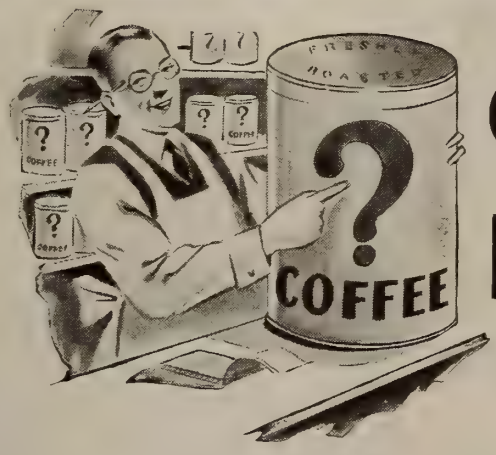
Better get a copy at the nearest newsstand, Jim. SPOT costs only 10 cents and goes on sale everywhere beginning Jan 10.

Regards,

THE EDITORS.

SPOT

10¢ AT ALL NEWSSTANDS



GIVE THIS
COFFEE
AN APPEALING
NAME

$250 in Cash
For Best 24 Names

$50.00 Check Each Month for Six Months
Extra Promptness Prize

Here is an amazing offer—one that should tax the imagination of every individual. You have the unusual opportunity to win a big cash prize and receive a $50.00 check regularly each month for the first six months of 1941. We want an easy-to-remember name; therefore, we are passing on to the readers of this magazine an opportunity to submit a new name for coffee and win a cash prize for their efforts. There are a lot of good names being used now such as Morning Glory, Sunshine, Eight O'Clock, Red Wing, and many others. We want a new name for coffee. For the 24 names selected by the judges, we will award $250.00 in cash prizes plus a $50.00 check each month for the first six months of 1941 as an extra cash prize.

The First Name You Think of May Be a Winner

Think of the many names that are now being used and send us a new name for coffee, one that you feel will appeal to the housewife. The name you send in may be of one, two, or three words, separate or combined. Only one name for coffee will be accepted from an individual. This offer is open to anyone living within the 48 states. It costs nothing to send in a name for coffee. You may win one of the

24 Cash Prizes Totaling $250.00

Write your coffee name on a penny post card or a sheet of paper. Sign your own name and address. Mail within three days from the day you read this advertisement—it always pays to be prompt. Your name for coffee must be mailed before April 15, 1941. 24 cash prizes will be awarded. If the name you send in is selected by the judges as the first prize winner, you will receive $100.00 in cash, and as an extra promptness prize a $50.00 check regularly each month for the first six months of 1941; second prize will be $25.00; third prize, $15.00; fourth prize, $10.00; and 20 additional prizes of $5.00 each. The 24 cash prizes are in addition to the extra prize of $50.00 a month for the first six months of 1941 which will be awarded to the first prize winner. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the event of a tie. A victory list will be published as soon as the judges have selected the prize winning names. Right now you may be thinking of just the name we are looking for—a name that will win first prize. Sometimes the first name you think of is the best name to mail in. Send only one coffee name—your favorite—to

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ALL SHADES OF BLONDES HAIL NEW *Shampoo!*



Light Blondes, Ash Blondes, Sandy or Brownish Blondes Delighted as BLONDEX Helps Keep Hair from Darkening—Brightens all Shades of Faded Blonde Hair!

Here at last is an easy way to bring out the full radiant loveliness of blonde hair—a shampoo made especially for blondes that washes hair shades lighter and brings out the lustrous, glimmering sheen, the alluring highlights that can make blonde hair so attractive. Amazing new BLONDEX SHAMPOO costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Used regularly, it helps keep hair lighter, lovelier, gleaming with fascinating lustre. Fine for children's hair too. Get BLONDEX at drug, department or 10c stores.



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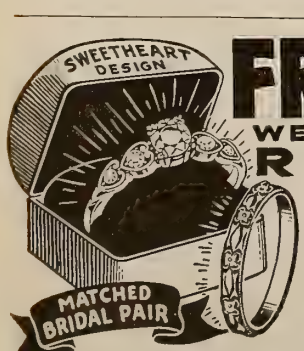
Try Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR the next time an asthmatic attack leaves you gasping for breath. ASTHMADOR'S aromatic fumes aid in reducing the severity of the attack—help you breathe more easily. And it's economical, dependably uniform, produced under sanitary conditions in our modern laboratory—its quality insured through rigid scientific control. *Try* ASTHMADOR in any of three forms, powder, cigarette or pipe mixture. At all drug stores—or write today for a free sample to **R. SCHIFFMANN CO., Los Angeles, Dept. F-41**

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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.



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with every simulated diamond engagement ring ordered now. Smart, engraved, Sweetheart design, yellow gold plate wedding ring given as get acquainted gift FREE with every Flashing simulated Diamond Solitaire Engagement ring ordered at our Anniversary Sale offer of only $1. SEND NO MONEY with order, just name and ring size. 10 days' approval. Your package comes by return mail.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 279-P, Jefferson, Iowa

Why Stars Walk Out

[*Continued from page* 37]

salaries in the business, something like $6,500 a week."

Raft, himself, says he's the luckiest man in the world. He's been suspended more times than any other major Hollywood "name." Each time he comes up with a more staggering salary.

A couple of amazing incidents in the Raft saga will illustrate why he claims the lucky mark has always been on him. Years ago, when the grim Georgie was a fixture at Paramount, getting a mere $1,500 a week, he was working in a picture in which he was supposed to curse his screen mother. When this scene was to be shot, Raft announced, "I won't say such a line. My own mother won't like it, will never forgive me."

The director stormed and pleaded and made faces.

"Look, George," he said, "we're not making this picture for your mother. We're making it for Paramount, for the public."

"No," said the star, "I won't say that line."

He sat down and wouldn't get up. The director sent for the producer of the film.

"Now, look here, Georgie," said the producer, "why don't you be a good boy?"

Raft looked at him in disgust.

"I'm trying to be nice," continued the producer, "but if you persist in being stubborn I'll fix things so you'll regret this to your dying day. You're just an actor. *I'm* the one who decides what lines go into my scripts!"

"Oh, yeah?" said Raft. He got up, popped the furious producer right on the chin, knocking him down.

In any other business in the world, Raft, star or not, would have been banished for life. But the producer picked himself from the floor and, without another word, walked sadly back to his office to brood. The line came out. Raft didn't have to say it.

Back of this strange incident and Raft's victory was the fact that other big-shot producers had been gunning for this producer for some time. All they needed to get the ace executive off the lot was evidence that he'd suspended a star in the midst of a big production.

Raft didn't know it at the time, acted impulsively. But it was his luck that this man should have been on the hot spot when he slapped him down.

Then there was the storm some time later over Raft's refusal to play the heavy in the picture made from William Faulkner's *Sanctuary,* a malodorous study of the darker passions. Raft was suspended.

Explaining his stand, he told interviewers, "In New York the fans don't mind it if you play a heavy. But in the tank towns they like to see you get redeemed in the last reel. The fellow in this picture never gets redeemed. He's a stinker through to the end. Not for me, thank you."

The picture, when released with Jack la Rue in the Raft part, laid an egg. The "Oh, yeah?" man certainly knows when



Mary Pickford bestows her blessings on her niece, Lucille Fairbanks, Warner Bros. contract player, and bridegroom, Owen Crump, writer at the same studio. The young couple were married amid much fuss and gaiety at Mary's famous home, Pickfair

to duck a poor motion picture assignment.

Raft's current battle with Warners isn't his first fracas with them. He had been suspended by that outfit months before for refusing to play in *South of Suez* and was supposed to go back on the payroll when he started work on *The Sea Wolf*, in which John Garfield is replacing him.

Within the past year, Olivia de Havilland was suspended for refusing to play in *Saturday's Children*, Priscilla Lane for turning down a part in *Money and the Woman* and Eddie Albert for not being on call.

Interestingly enough, most of these walk-outs and suspensions are not hanky-panky struggles over money. Most often it is the studio policy of putting its stars in "B" pictures. The stars don't like this, they claim it lowers their prestige.

Maybe it does but for years Pat O'Brien played anything they handed him and did all right. "I have no favorite roles," Pat says. "I'm no artist, I'm a workingman. My favorite role is going to that payroll window and getting that big, interesting-looking check every payday."

But even Pat O'Brien has finally left Warner Brothers. But with no complaints of ill-treatment. That Irishman, bless him, has found it more profitable to keep quiet and just grin.

Another big "beef" on the part of the stars is that they are forced to play in too many pictures each year. When Jimmie Cagney walked out, some years ago, he was drawing down $4,500 a week.

"I want to reject stories I don't like," he said. "My contract calls for four a year. I didn't like the fifth picture my studio prepared for me last year. Anyway, the public will tire of me if they see me too often. That will hit me where it hurts most—in the wallet."

But Jimmie made two lemons with another outfit and was happy to come back to Warners when they sent for him to kiss and make up.

The Bette Davis-Warners turmoil is the classic instance of a great star walking out. Bette had made her big hit when she was borrowed for *Of Human Bondage* by RKO and was irked both at being forced to labor for the pittance of $1,500 a week and because her cruel employers wanted her to appear in a whodunit called *The Case of the Howling Dog*.

La Davis picked up her fripperies and went to England to make a picture. The Warner Brothers got out an injunction, stopped her from working overseas and poor Bette had to pay the enormous costs of both sides in the court action.

"I'll probably lose," Bette wailed to friends in the middle of the case, "and have to go back defeated."

But her contract was adjusted. Bette came back to win the golden apple of movieville, the Academy Award, and now drags down a very pleasant $6,500 a week.

The strangest thing about all these squabbles between studios and the stars is that they are eventually patched up with no lasting damage to either side.

Divorces, however, have resulted from these poutings. It's said that Hedy Lamarr divorced Gene Markey because he wouldn't help her get more than her $575 a week from M-G-M.

Jean Arthur had a terrific tiff with Harry Cohn, head of Columbia, because he was lending her out to other studios for fabulous sums of which she got only the infinitesimal $500 a week called for in her iron-riveted contract. She was out of pictures for over a year when she struck for higher wages. But she's back in there again, delivering superb performances.

Joan Bennett's conflict with Hal Roach was of another category. She'd quarreled with Roach previously because he had put out bill posters indicating the character she played in *The Housekeeper's Daughter* was nicer to the boys than any nice girl should be. In fact, she brought a lawsuit to have those naughty posters torn down. The resultant publicity made that somewhat less than sublime film a four-star box-office hit. This last time when Bennett walked out on Roach, she was doing so as a free-lance, not under long-term contract to him.

Roach asked, "Why do you say that Joan Blondell has a better part than you in *Topper Behaves*? Blondell plays a disappearing ghost."

"The trouble is that she doesn't disappear often enough," snapped Miss Bennett as she swept out of his office.



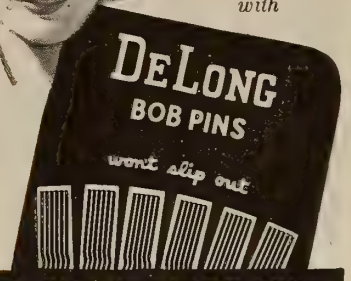
One of movieland's younger sister teams are Juanita and Rita Quigley. They are shown modeling identical skating outfits at a fashion show



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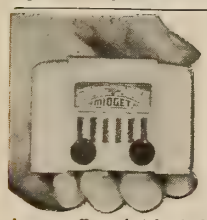
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"The Wagons Roll at Night"

[*Continued from page 29*]

you the best of luck," I said. "Oh, don't say that," he said. "You know, it's not good luck to offer best wishes when a production starts."

I told him I was not superstitious, not one little bit. And I had my case proved right then and there. A black cat crossed my path, and right afterward Eddie Albert came over and I was introduced to him. Do you call that bad luck?

I asked Eddie if he weren't frightened at the idea of working so close with lions in the picture and he said, no.

"But I wasn't going to take chances," he added. "When I learned what my part was all about, I went to Goebel's Lion Farm, not far from here, and tried to get on to some of the tricks in lion taming. I still can't tame a rabbit, but what I learned is going to come in mighty handy when I get before the cameras with those wild babies."

Nov. 8, 1940

Met Sylvia Sidney today, and main topic of conversation was one Jacob Adler, age 11 months and apple of Miss Sidney's—otherwise known as Mrs. Luther Adler—eye.

As soon as I met her, I gasped, "But you look so young. You've got a baby face yourself." I guess that wasn't the most tactful thing to say because she frowned and said, "I'm always a little annoyed that my face is small and childlike. Producers always think of me as an ingenue or a beaten down 'working girl.' I seldom get a chance on strong character parts like Tugboat Annie or Ma Joad. You know, parts that an actress likes to sink her teeth into. Now, Joan, since your whole career is ahead of you, don't let yourself be typed as a 'doll-face.' There are plenty of doll-faces in Hollywood. Develop character, and you'll get farther."

I've become an out-and-out Sylvia Sidney fan. She's so friendly and helpful to me that I practically trail her.

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Nov. 12, 1940

Something very amusing happened on the set this morning. I reported bright and early on the lot to see what was going on. I still haven't been called, but I'm learning a lot just hanging around. Miss Sidney invited me into her dressing room. As usual, the conversation veered around to her baby. She told me she wanted him to be a doctor when he grew up, because she, herself, had always wanted to be a doctor.

"Maybe I'll even go to school with him and we'll study together," she said.

As we walked out on the set, we saw a group of people rush toward Eddie Albert. "What's happened?" we asked.

"One of the lions took a swipe at Eddie and cut his hand."

Quickly, Sylvia and I rushed over. Sylvia pushed herself forward until she was close to Eddie, and then I saw her turn white. She pushed her way out again, grabbed me by the hand and said, "Please get me a glass of water, honey. I feel faint. I can't stand the sight of blood . . ."

Nov. 13, 1940

Yippeeeeee! Today I am a Wampas Baby Star! Am still dizzy about it. This is the first year, after about seven or eight, that the Wampas selections of the most promising young starlets have been revived. There was a big to-do about us at the Town House, and some of the former Wampas starlets who made good came down. Fay Wray, Janet Gaynor, Lupe Velez and others. Am absolutely delirious from it all!

When I got home, found two packages waiting for me. A baby doll with a diaper around its middle, in one. A rattle with a tremendous pink bow in the other package. No cards attached, but I'll bet anything it was the work of a certain Mr. H.B.

Nov. 15, 1940

Gosh, I'm excited!

We were on location today and it was more fun! Location was a patch of ground over beyond the Hollywood Hills and the barely moist bed of the Los Angeles River, and it's known as the Thirty Acres.

The carnival was pitched there: a big midway lined with sideshows, rides, wheel and dart games, grease joints, girl shows, menagerie tents and the whole hullabaloo that belongs with a wandering show of its sort.

Out behind the menagerie tent, where the cameras can't catch the action, I found Eddie Albert. He was watching Louis Roth, a professional lion tamer, handle a kitchen chair in his left hand and crack a long bull snake with his right. He was giving Eddie a primary lesson in how to tame lions. Eddie looked as though he were on the verge of the jitters, but wouldn't admit it when I accused him of it.

"In a few days," Eddie told me, "I really have to go into a cage with five grown lions and I'm not too happy at the pros-

pect even though I know the beasts were raised on a California lion farm and have been well trained. But a lion is a lion, after all."

Roth, a powerful little fellow, was continuing his lesson while Eddie rested. It was so fascinating I just couldn't leave. It isn't every day that a girl can get a lesson in lion taming!

"Don't forget what I told you about never trying to touch one of the cats with your hands," Roth was saying. "That's one thing they don't like. May strike at you. And don't turn your back on them until they have been placed on a pedestal or a box or something small like that. Something they can't spring from. Outside of that, treat 'em like house cats."

Eddie looked pretty dubious.

By afternoon, Eddie had grown quite chummy with the lions and assumed quite a paternal attitude toward them. He was upset when he learned that the sharp studio lights had a tendency to dehydrate the beasts. He tried to induce Director Enright to supply the lions with electric fans.

"Sure," said Enright, "but after we did that how could we get the sound of your dialogue into the microphone?"

Nov. 18, 1940

■ Did my first scene with Eddie and Sylvia today. Thought I'd be nervous, but I wasn't. By this time I knew all the people and was familiar with the set, so I felt like an old-timer. But every silver lining has its cloud. Mine was school. Can you imagine? I'd like to be treated like a grown-up!!!!

School was the craziest thing. There is a gaudy carnival tent on the set with a huge, gay banner: "Folies Bergere—Risky, Frisky, Frenchy, Funny—Girls—Girls—Girls." Inside the Folies tent, behind its red hot banner, are long wooden tables and orderly rows of folding chairs. Books, note books, scratch pads and yellow pencils are scattered over the tables. This is the school room! There are three teachers and sometimes as many as 150 school children—all depending upon the number of kiddie extras needed for the carnival scene.

Nov. 26, 1940

We're on the final week of *The Wagons Roll at Night.*

Humphrey Bogart "died" today. What an exciting death scene it was. This is the umpty-eleventh time he's done a fade-out in the finale of the picture. He "died" in the final scene of *High Sierra,* too.

I reminded him of it and he had a good laugh out of it. "I take it for granted that I'm headed for the receiving hospital or the morgue every time I receive a new script. I'm always on the wrong side of the law. It's a wonder I can walk down Hollywood Boulevard without being mobbed.

"I've always looked at it this way," Bogey explained to me. "Now actually I'm a much better pistol shot than most of these other screen villains. Eddie Robinson, in all those gangster pictures he made, was never hit in a vital spot. He always had time to make a speech that won him a lot of audience sympathy before he cashed his chips. Me, up to now, I've been instantly killed in every fade-out battle, never had a chance to say a word. But now I have it. Sig Rumann shoots me, boom, like that. But I have a chance to give you and Eddie Albert my brotherly blessing, wish you a lot of happiness as I kick off. As a matter of fact, I'm killed protecting you kids. That's the kind of death I've been begging to die for a long time."

I'm glad that Bogey has his wish, because in spite of the fact that he still calls me "The Kid" he still is my favorite people.

I told Mother tonight that Bogey "died" the way he wanted to die and that I am very happy about it. Mother threw up her hands in horror.

"Good heavens, child," she screamed, "how can you be so cold-blooded!"

Movie Masquerade

If you're a movie fan you should score four out of five on this. The phrases below suggest titles of recent movies—just the titles, remember, not the subject matter or plot of the picture. For instance, "The parting remark of wives bound for Reno" might suggest the movie *I Want a Divorce,* even though the picture itself might have nothing to do with Reno. (Answers on page 58.)

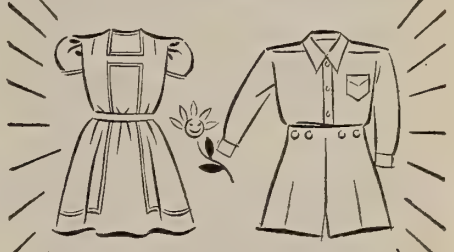
1. The card game that Napoleon couldn't have won. .....
2. How a gal with a squeaky voice would have to get by in the movies. .....
3. What a newspaperman who wants to stay at home can never hope to be. .....
4. Why the heroine in melodrama was always on the run. .....
5. The opposite of what you'd like to do when a dance orchestra goes sour. .....

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Hollywood Reclaims Betty

[*Continued from page 27*]

in the east. She shuddered to think that the Hollywood "gold-digger" gossip might have preceded her and she would be booed off the stage.

But nothing of the sort happened. To the contrary, Betty Grable was a veritable riot with her singing, dancing and wisecracking to overflow houses at every appearance. Reports of her sensational success naturally trickled back to Hollywood. But nothing happened. No one offered her a movie job.

■ The personal appearance tour continued and wound up in its last week at the Golden Gate theater in San Francisco. Betty was worried.

If Hollywood had heard about her sensational personal appearances, why didn't someone offer her a job?

As the tour reached its climax, a photograph of Miss Grable, taken by a San Francisco photographer, appeared in a Los Angeles newspaper.

Darryl Zanuck, 20th Century - Fox studio production chief, saw the photograph. He had seen hundreds of photographs of Betty Grable in newspapers and magazines. He had danced with her at Hollywood parties and seen her many times on the screen. He had even cast her in one of his own pictures, *Pigskin Parade*, filmed three years previously.

But this new photograph caught his eye, impressed him as he had never before been impressed.

"Sign Betty Grable to a contract," Darryl Zanuck ordered.

Three thousand miles away, in New York City, Buddy DeSylva, about to produce a new Broadway musical, *Du Barry Was a Lady*, was also looking at a photograph of Betty Grable. He had previously seen her song and dance act on the stage and was similarly impressed.

"Sign Betty Grable to a contract," Buddy DeSylva ordered.

Unwanted one day, Betty Grable now had two important producers offering her good jobs. And when her show closed in San Francisco, Betty Grable had two fat contracts in her purse. Zanuck's movie contract was signed contingent upon the run of the DeSylva stage show.

Back to New York went Betty for the racy, rowdy and rhythmic *Du Barry Was a Lady*. She had only a small part when rehearsals started but after a few weeks Producer DeSylva became aware of her talent and added extra songs and dances, building up her role.

The show opened, was an immediate hit. And opposite such tough competition as Ethel Merman and Bert Lahr, Betty Grable easily stole the show. She became the toast of Broadway. Critics lauded her and the paying customers came in endless streams.

You can imagine Betty's emotions, after Hollywood had given her the icy shoulder and events following her divorce from Coogan had turned into a nightmare. She was, as she herself puts it, "the happiest gal in the U.S.A."

Night after night, Betty Grable's sparkling personality won new fans while she danced and sang to Cole Porter's words and music in *Du Barry*. Then came a frantic telephone call from her new movie boss, Darryl Zanuck.

Could she come back to Hollywood immediately? Alice Faye had been taken to a hospital for an operation. The studio was caught unprepared with a huge budget picture, *Down Argentine Way*. They wanted her for the feminine lead opposite Don Ameche. And they wanted her in a hurry.

DeSylva and Zanuck talked things over and the producer of *Du Barry* finally agreed on condition that she return to the cast of the stage play for the Chicago run after completion of the picture.

This Betty Grable, who left Hollywood 18 months previously, beaten, discouraged and unwanted, returned, as the boys at the corner of Hollywood boulevard and Vine put it, "a big shot."

■ Twice before she had given Hollywood the old absent treatment and made it pay dividends.

The first time was shortly after her film debut, at the age of 14, in 1930, in a specialty number in the musical, *Let's Go Places* and subsequent chorus work in the old Fox chorus and in Eddie Cantor's *Whoopee*, when she was the first Goldwyn girl.

Born in St. Louis 24 years ago, where her first theatrical talents were expressed in kiddie shows, Betty moved with her parents to Hollywood at the age of 12. She enrolled at the Ernest Belcher dancing school, almost immediately graduated to movie chorus work.

As a chorus girl, she felt she was getting nowhere and the studios seemed to be of the opinion they could do without her services. So she obtained a part in the Barbara Stanwyck-Frank Fay stage production *Tattle Tales*. She was in that show for several months but there was nary a nibble from film producers.

Only offer came from Ted Fio Rito, the orchestra leader, to become a singer with his band. She accepted, became adept at singing torch songs in a low, smoky and mellow voice, had a vogue and a following and remained with Fio Rito for eight months.

Then Hollywood beckoned again. She played the feminine lead with Wheeler and Woolsey in *Hold 'Em, Jail* and appeared in several shorts.

"But the picture and the parts," Betty says, "were growing steadily less important. I decided to give Hollywood an-

Movie Masquerade Answers

1. Waterloo Bridge
2. Dance, Girl, Dance
3. Foreign Correspondent
4. The Villain Still Pursued Her
5. Strike Up the Band

other touch of the old absent treatment."

Back she went to torch song singing, this time with Jay Whidden and his orchestra. Again Hollywood reclaimed her services and Betty went to work for RKO on a substantial contract. Her first picture there was *The Gay Divorcee* in which she did that "K-nock K-nees" number with Edward Everett Horton.

Again the pictures and the parts became less important and when Paramount offered her an even better contract, she naturally accepted. For a year nothing happened. Producers continued to say, "Here's that Grable kid." And: "Nice little part, let's give it to Grable. Nice kid, that Grable."

But never did they say: "Hey, why not put Grable in that big one—give her the lead, too. The dame's got something."

Not until one day, that is. Some Paramount executives called her in and yelled, "Hey, where you been?"

But let Betty tell it:

"I'd been right there under their noses for more than a year, only they'd been going along, saying, 'Here comes Betty, let's buy her a coke. Nice kid, that Grable.'

"Then all of a sudden somebody said, 'Look! Wadda I see? She can dance! Heard her sing? Hey, look—the figger she's got.' And they called me in and said, 'Shake hands with a new star, Betty—we mean, Miss Grable. Shake with yourself—you're it. Perhaps we failed to recognize your possibilities sooner because you were growing into womanhood. At any rate, it's perfectly clear to us now that you are our next big star."

Ironically enough, this first stardom was thrust at Betty Grable on the very day that she announced her wedding date to Jackie Coogan.

Betty blinked her eyes, went to a telephone, told Coogan. What he said in response caused her to assume a look of doubt bordering on woe.

About to inherit a fortune, young Coogan said, in essence:

"Why bother with being a star, Betty. We don't need wealth—we will have plenty. Let's clear out of Hollywood. Let's take a boat ride—a long one."

"Just leave everything to us, Betty," retaliated the studio star builders. "You deserve every bit of glory you are going to get."

■ Betty Grable bit her lips and debated with herself, weighing realization of her fondest dreams of stardom against a life of luxury with love and money lavished upon her.

Coogan remained firm. He had his own ideas of what makes a happy married life. Both he and Betty fully realized the soundness of them—love and careers so seldom mix.

But in the end, Betty Grable and Jackie Coogan were married after she had induced him to allow her to continue her career.

"Everything is okay now," Betty said. "I'm going to keep right on working as long as it does not give displeasure to Jack, and he says that it doesn't."

Friends said the fact Coogan joined her in accepting roles in *College Swing* had much to do with it. It was a "comeback" for Coogan, and it was suggested that his resumption of his own motion picture career induced him to allow Betty to continue with hers.

But the marriage did not work out for Betty Grable and neither did the plans for her stardom.

Despite the tremendous publicity drumbeating, Paramount executives persisted in casting her only in minor college girl roles.

She was the perennial sophomore. First the public complained after being hoodwinked by reams of publicity. Then Betty herself complained. But to short-sighted studio executives she was still just another college girl type. Two years after signing with the studio she was out of a job again—and a divorcee.

After a year of married life, just as Coogan won $125,000 from his estate after a lengthy battle, they decided to call it quits and Betty went home to Mama.

There was talk that the final breakup came when he spent a huge sum of money on a flashy custom-built roadster, spent most of his time in it. But they would not air their differences, and Betty's divorce was won on the meaningless grounds of "mental cruelty." The insidious "gold-digger" gossip followed the divorce.

Betty Grable has taken it on the chin many times since she graduated from kiddie shows in St. Louis 10 years ago. But apparently her troubles are over. On her most recent trip to Hollywood, Betty was received with open arms. First was her lead role in 20th Century-Fox's gay musical, *Down Argentine Way*. Then she was given the second lead in Alice Faye's recently released film, *Tin Pan Alley*. Now she is scheduled to appear opposite Tyrone Power in 20th's *The Great American Broadcast*.

Hollywood has truly opened its arms wide to Betty Grable.



A good actress is Mona Maris, Warner starlet. She is shown expressing fear in a scene from *Invitation to Murder*



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SHOPPING GUIDE

Your fashion editor gives you a partial list of department stores where you can buy the clothes and accessories shown on pages 32 and 33 . . . If a store in your city is not listed, drop Candida a line on a post card telling her which merchandise you are interested in, and she will send you the name of a store near you. Address Candida, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Pat Perkins Casual dress, page 32:

Houston	Levy Bros. Dry Goods Co.
New Orleans	D. H. Holmes Co.
New York	James McCreery & Co.
Oakland	H. C. Capwell Co.

Mayflower dress, page 32:

Cincinnati	H. & S. Pogue Co.
Cleveland	Halle Bros. Co.
Kansas City	Jones Store Co.
New York	James McCreery & Co.

Wesley Simpson Custom Fabric of Crown Tested Rayon, page 33:

Philadelphia	Wikler & Martin

Everfast fabric of Crown Tested Rayon, page 33:

Cleveland	Halle Bros. Co.
Detroit	J. L. Hudson Co.
New York	James McCutcheon & Co.

Ameritex fabric of Crown Tested Rayon, page 33:

New York	B. Altman & Co.

Blue Swan Amerikins, page 33:

Los Angeles	The May Co.
New York	Gimbel Brothers
St. Louis	Famous & Barr Co.

Model Bias Cup brassiere, page 33:

Chicago	Marshall Field & Co.
Los Angeles	The May Co.
New York	James McCreery & Co.

Fashion flowers from Herman Plaut, page 33:

Chicago	Marshall Field & Co.
Los Angeles	Bullock's
New York	James McCreery & Co.

Accessocraft necklace, page 33:

Columbus, Ohio	F. & R. Lazarus Co.
Easton, Pa.	Wm. Laubach & Sons
Kalamazoo	Michael J. Leo
New York	Stern Bros.

Glensder Hi-Hat Wrap-Around and sheer wool scarf, page 33:

At leading stores throughout the country

Help in making halter, jerkin, collar and cuff set, page 33, can be had from your local Singer Sewing Center

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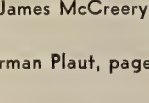
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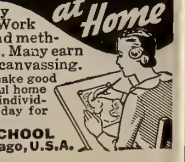
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"Come Live With Me"

[*Continued from page* 31]

clutched his trousers. "Bring a needle and thread. Mr. Stewart just sneezed off two pounds!"

Come Live With Me is a super-modern, super-sophisticated light comedy with some situations that barely sneak by the Hays office. Imagine, at the very outset, *Barton Kendrick* (Ian Hunter) and his wife, *Diana* (Verree Teasdale), are introduced as a couple whose marriage is based on the understanding that there be no jealousies. *Bart* can go his way, *Diana* hers.

Bart's way, however, is toward an attractive Austrian refugee, *Johanna Janss* (who else but Hedy?) who goes by the name of *Jones.*

■ *Bart* and *Johnny* are very much in love. While he is visiting her one evening, there is a loud knock on the door. It is an officer from the United States Office of Immigration. He tells *Johnny* that she has overstayed her allotted time and that she must return to her own country. But he feels sorry for her and gives her a tip. If, within the week, she marries an American citizen she will be permitted to stay in under her quota.

Bart is beside himself, but *Johnny* calmly makes up her mind to return to her native land. She sends *Bart* away so that she can take a long walk alone to clear the cobwebs from her brain.

It starts to rain. *Johnny* seeks refuge in a lunch wagon where she notices a young man, shabby but interesting, who surveys a lone dime and then proceeds to scan the menu. The waiter, mistaking the dime for a tip, picks it up. A quarrel ensues, with *Johnny* pitching in and helping. She finally manages to rescue the boy and the two speed away in a taxi.

The boy turns out to be a writer temporarily unemployed. His name is *Bill Smith* (James Stewart). When the taxi pulls up in front of his one-room apartment, *Johnny* goes in with him. Once there, she makes him a proposition. He needs money. She needs an American husband. *Bill,* at first disgusted, finally sees the practicability of such an arrangement. He figures out how much it costs him to live, and *Johnny* promises to call at the apartment once a week to deliver the check. And so they are married.

Struck by the unusual situation of his marriage, *Bill* starts to write a book and sends it in to the publisher. The publisher, as only Hollywood and the long arm of coincidence can manage, turns out to be *Bart,* who recognizes *Johnny* as the leading lady. He gives *Bill* an advance check for $500.

Fortified with this money, *Bill* becomes brave. He pays *Johnny* a call in her own apartment and pays back every cent she has given him. Then, when she informs him that she is starting a divorce suit, he carries her away by sheer force. She manages to get rid of *Bill* long enough to phone *Bart* to come after her.

Bill takes her to a charming farmhouse where he introduces her to his grandmother.

In grandma's little farmhouse, *Johnny* realizes she is in love with her husband. Just as she is about to confess her love, there is a commotion at the front door. There stands an excited and agitated *Bart.* And we would just as leave draw the curtain here and not tell you the end.

On the first day of work, Jimmy had little to do. The scene depicted a New York street. He was supposed to come out of a door, hop into a car and drive away.

"What a break!" Jimmy remarked before the shot. "The first day on the picture, and no dialogue. That gives a guy a chance to kind of feel his way around. Nothing to get nervous about, just walk out, drive away, and that's it."

Came time for the "take."

Stewart walked out of the door in his usual, nonchalant manner. He stepped on the starter . . . and then it happened.

The car had been left in gear.

It hopped over the curb, knocked off a fireplug, and scratched its own shiny newness.

"Maybe we'd better start at the beginning again . . . with about seven pages of dialogue," Jimmy quipped as he sat on the sideline a moment later, waiting for the repair mechanics to attend to the damage.

■ Jimmy was as happy as a new father when he learned he would have to play the piano in one sequence. After completing his entire collection from memory, a feat which took three-quarters of an hour, Brown asked, "Can you play 'Chop Sticks?' "

"Sure," answered Jimmy, and went into an elaborate version of the kindergarten tune.

"We'll use that," said Brown, "Only without the trimmings."

Jimmy took the blow like a trooper.

Although we told you that Hedy turns hoyden in a few scenes, she does wear some of Adrian's latest knockouts in other sequences. But she didn't quite get the bang out of her new clothes that you'd expect of a glamor girl. One of the reasons was that two of her dinner gowns feature hobble skirts. They are very beautiful, but darned uncomfortable. The skirts measure only 23 inches around the ankles, which allow for little more than a third of the normal step. When Hedy first tried them on in the fitting room, she tried to walk naturally and almost fell on her face. Later, she perfected a walk and dubbed it "Hedy's Hobble."

Jimmy Stewart had a different sort of clothes problem. In the opening scenes when he appears as the down-and-out young author, he wears a shabby suit that fits like a bag. Jimmy brought a suit from his own closet for the purpose. It is the first suit he ever wore for a screen role, and he firmly believes the suit brings him luck.

But the catch was that the suit, after all it has been through, didn't look old enough and had to be put through a process of aging.

[*Continued on page* 62]

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Are too beautiful to be allowed to suffer from the discomfort of strain and fatigue. Thousands of men and women relieve that burning and tired feeling by simple, soothing, cleansing applications of MURINE . . . every day.

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Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.



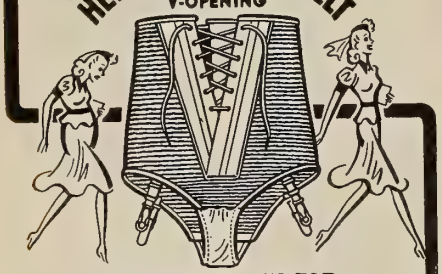
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"Come Live With Me"

[*Continued from page* 61]

"If it hangs together through this picture," said Jimmy, "I'm going to put it in a glass case."

■ Everyone had a good time making the picture. There was no strain, no tension, no rivalry. Director Brown wanted everyone to have fun because the picture is light comedy, and the actors themselves must have that carefree feeling within them to put it across on the screen.

We came across Verree Teasdale and Ian Hunter riding electric horses before the camera one afternoon.

"That's life," whispered the set hairdresser to us. "That gal has one of Hollywood's most perfect figures, so what do they do? They put her on an exercise machine. Bet she doesn't even know how to work one."

The hairdresser was right. When Brown yelled, "Let 'em go," Miss Teasdale's horse started off, jouncing her around like a bowl of Jello. She started to laugh. The harder she laughed, the more difficult it was for her to handle the control. Electricians on the set, who also had a control in case of an emergency, tried to operate theirs, but the mechanism had jammed. On Verree bounced, while everyone attempted to stop the mechanical monster.

Finally, with a thud, the motor stopped. Assistant director and prop men rushed over to help Verree dismount. She was limping in typical too-much-horseback fashion. The long jersey trousers she wore were stretched out of shape from the exercise.

"Humph," she quipped, as she happened to get a rear view of herself in a mirror. "Bustles are back!"

Even breaking three mirrors didn't dampen the good humor of Jimmy Stewart. Ordinarily, Jimmy is very superstitious and won't break a mirror or walk under a ladder, even for picture purposes. This time, either because of the contagious high spirits on the set, or because he had learned the day before that his number had been selected in the draft, he decided to bow to Fate.

The scene called for him to knock a mirror from the wall accidentally. Because of the intricacies of the action, three takes were required before the scene looked natural enough for Brown to okay.

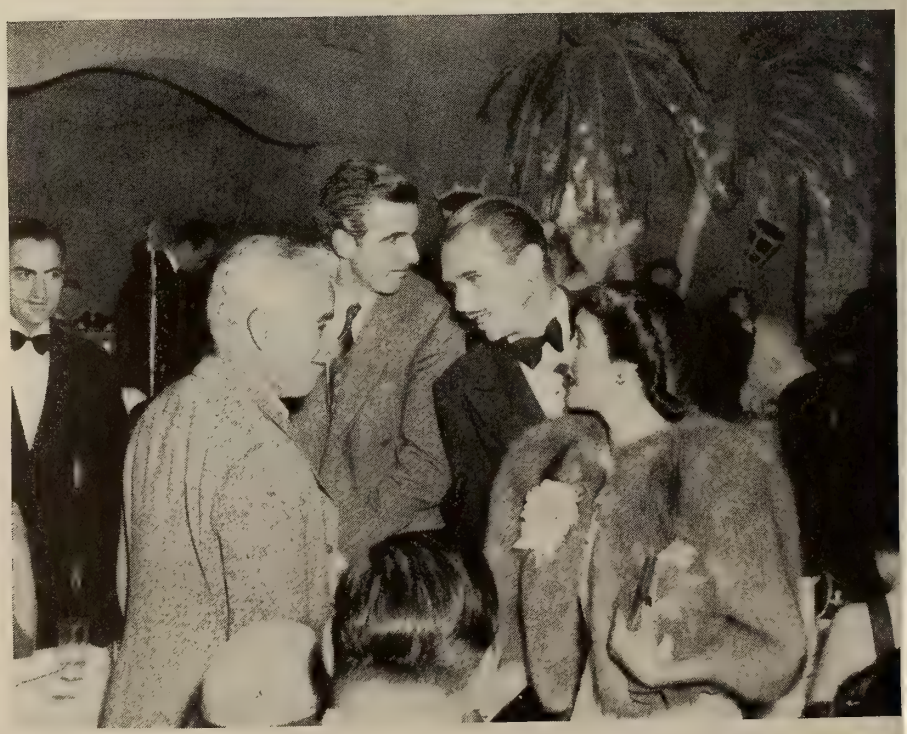
Ian Hunter tried to assure Jimmy that breaking mirrors on purpose cancelled the jinx.

"I don't know about that," said Jimmy eyeing the mirror fishily preparatory to taking a pot shot at it. "I'll let you know if that theory is true or false at the end of the next twenty-one years."

Hedy and Jimmy tried hard to out-rib each other, but Hedy pulled the top gag on the final day of shooting. She ran off the set the second lunch was called, and presently appeared with a cardboard sign neatly wrapped up. When work was over that evening, she drove immediately to the hangar where Jimmy's plane is kept, placed a sign on top of the parachute. The sign read:

"It don't mean a thing
If you don't pull that string."

Yeah, man—Hedy's quite a gal now!



Charles Chaplin is still receiving congratulations on *The Great Dictator*. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., expressed their sentiments when all met recently at New York's El Morocco. Tim Durant is the name of the gentleman whose head is turned

Facial Inventory

[*Continued from page* 16]

■ Now, please get out all the old snapshots of yourself, dear reader, and compare them with your mirrored image. Can you truthfully say, as you should be able to say, that you are a better looking person now than you were two or three years ago? If, however, you are guilty of sharing, even in a small way, any of Joan's make-up mistakes, I hope you'll take this object lesson to heart. Scrutinize your face, feature by feature, then start experimenting with lipstick, face powder and eye cosmetics—and all the little accessories that our advanced make-up methods put at your disposal. Don't give up after one or a dozen sessions, just keep on trying till you succeed in mastering artful make-up.

You'll need the right cosmetics, of course, to help—*and* in the right shades, so I'm going to tell you about some that qualify. All the skill in the world with lipstick, mascara brush and fingertips won't beautify you, if you wear the wrong shade of face powder for your general coloring. "But how, Miss Vernon," you complain, "can I find just the right shade? There are so many shades on cosmetic counters and it's so confusing to pick the right one."

There are a great many shades of powder, but don't forget that there are many fine powders that come in generous 10-cent sample packages—so you can buy several shades, and try them on just as you do a hat—before buying the larger economy size. One of my favorite powders is packaged in just this convenient way—in a small dime size, with larger sizes at 20 and 55 cents. The powder itself is one with a noble name and a proud history. When applied it feels as smooth as cold cream, and clings for as long as four hours at a time. I recently saw some microphotograph comparisons of various powders—and this one topped the list for fineness and smoothness of particles and evenness of color. It just can't give your skin a caked or blotched appearance with such an A-1 rating! The shades are every bit as nice as the texture—there are nine of them right up to the minute in fashion smartness, but one of the four newest is sure to please your skin! There's a rich creamy champagne rachel, a peach rachel that gives your skin that peaches-and-cream look, a rose brunette to give new warmth to brunette skins and new life to blond ones, and a lovely soft rose shade that is a lucky choice for most skins. The 55 cent size of the powder has recently been repackaged in an adorable powder blue box all decorated with tiny white lace fans. It's a natural for any dressing table color scheme. You'll want to get it as soon as you've picked your winning shade after trying the ten cent sizes. So do be sure to write me for the name!

You may be able to apply your lipstick with the precision of an artist—but if the lipstick has disappeared in an hour—what have you got? That's why I urge you to try a brand new lipstick that is truly one of the most lasting I've ever used. It's made from a new formula that accounts for the color constancy—and you'll also find that it goes on quickly and smoothly, a boon when you've overslept and are speeding up your make-up to get to the office on time. The colors—well, they're the most romantic and lovable ones you've ever seen. A demure, changeable shade, a yellow-red, a true red, a deep-rich red, and a pinky-blue-red. There's a great big lipstick, in a pretty swivel case, for 55 cents, and a trial size for ten. But, if you want a *free* trial so you can experiment with the shades, just send me your name and address. I'll pass it on to the manufacturer, who will send you a small "match-book" containing adequate samples of each of the five shades. Then you'll be doing no guessing.

■ And here's another special offer—this one involves a free cake of soap with the purchase of a box of four cakes. You may not be automatically interested—but you would be, if you ever used the soap! It's of the highest quality, a huge bath cake, perfumed with the truest of floral perfumes. There's apple blossom tinted pink, lilac in a delicate lilac shade, gardenia in creamy white—and several others. But the color and the perfume, and the perfectly huge size of the cake aren't what I am so thrilled about—delightful as they are. It's the action of the soap itself in cleansing your skin and leaving it as soft and supple as a baby's. A fine toilet soap has its proper place as the prelude to any successful make-up program, for without it, you can't expect to overcome skin faults such as oiliness, large pores, blackheads and occasional pimples. A thick, creamy lather like the kind this particular soap produces does a super job of (1) cutting all excess body oils which, if left on the skin, will ruin it, (2) floating all stale make-up and dirt away, and (3) removing top layers of dead skin that give any complexion a thick, dull appearance. Besides which, the mild astringent action serves to whip up your circulation, and impart a healthy glow to your skin that is the foundation for cosmetics. So, if you'd like to try this carefully made skin cleanser, drop me a line. The box of four cakes costs a dollar, but that's really inexpensive since each cake is so tremendous. And the full size free cake brings down the price considerably. Interested?

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Screen's Cream Puff Goes Dramatic

[*Continued from page 25*]

Adverse, Captain Blood and *The Adventures of Robin Hood,* also modern ones like *The Irish in Us, It's Love I'm After* and a few others.

The Warners didn't lend her often to the other studios until Selznick asked for her for his masterpiece.

■ The Warner Brothers, always shrewd showmen, had made millions out of the de Havilland sweetness. There were many great actresses on the screen, but no one with the peculiar appeal to moviegoers which little "Bunny" had.

Off the screen as on, Olivia was the best-loved honey in Hollywood.

"That kid is amazing," a Warner executive told me one day, "doesn't act like a star at all. Eager to learn, does everything we tell her to do. But how long can it last in this town of inflated egos? Sooner or later, she'll want to run her shows, like the rest of them."

But it looked as though Olivia would just go on being the co-operative marvel till her screen career was over. Everything she did or said dovetailed with the conception of a naive, sweet character fans received from her screen performances.

Shortly after she became a featured player on the Warner lot, the studio sent for her to make some re-takes of a picture that had just had a "sneak" preview. The director telephoned her home.

"Olivia's gone for a swim," said Mrs. Fontaine, Olivia's mother.

"In *swimming!* For Heaven's sake, this is March!" cried the director. "We can't have her risking pneumonia this way!"

He called the Chief of the Santa Monica police force and asked the official to send out the reserves and round up the missing player. "Take some blankets to wrap her up in."

To make sure, the director himself went down to the beach, where he found Olivia surrounded by admiring policemen. They were proffering her heavy blankets, which she disdained.

"What's the idea, Bunny?" demanded the director. "This is no weather for swimming."

"Pishposh," laughed Olivia. "I was brought up in Saratoga—that's on the Coast up North—and I went swimming there all year round. The water's much colder up there and it never hurt me."

The distraught director gritted his teeth as he led her to his car and started to take her home. Patiently, he explained: "Look, honey, you're not just a little girl without obligations any more. We have $800,000 tied up in the picture we just made. We can't release it without making re-takes and you have to be in those scenes. Stop being a polar bear. You haven't got the constitution."

"Yes, sir," said the obedient "Bunny." "I'll do whatever you say."

The first time Olivia visited New York, her simplicity astounded the cynical reporters who met her. They were accustomed to blase stars who acted as though they were on a slumming tour when they visited the Big Town to inspect the shows.

Her eyes were dancing as she stepped from the transcontinental plane.

"Tonight," she said joyfully, "I'll see Broadway for the first time. Tomorrow I'm going to the World's Fair. I'll bet it's just swell!"

The press adored her at first sight. She wasn't a fake. She was real, a beautiful dream girl who didn't put on airs.

Movie fans wondered what was happening when Warner Brothers didn't rush out de Havilland pictures to capitalize on the triumph Olivia scored in *Gone With the Wind.*

Plenty was happening at the big lot in the San Fernando Valley, although only murmurs and rumors crept out. The fast-working battery of Warner scenarists were turning out stories like mad for "Bunny."

But the sweetness kid would have none of them. For six months, she threw back the proffered yarns as soon as they were submitted to her. There were reports that she'd been suspended and taken off salary.

Then Olivia was given a story she liked—a charming comedy called *My Love Came Back* in which she was permitted to show what she could do in the smart acting line.

It was a success.

Olivia insisted that she had made her point. Her next picture—accepted after more months of sulking—is *Santa Fe Trail.* In this pre-Civil War story, Olivia, of all things, bosses around such screen toughies as Alan Hale and Guinn "Big Boy" Williams. She's had her way.

However, whatever doubts her fans had been entertaining about whether their Olivia was really changing should have been eased by a gallant gesture of self-sacrifice she had made some time before.

■ David Selznick was casting *Rebecca* and asked her to take a test for the juicy part of the wife in that picture.

"Not interested," Olivia told him.

"But why?" the producer asked in surprise. "Don't you think it's a good part."

"It's a great part, Mr. Selznick," the star told him, "but you're thinking of giving it to my sister, Joan. She told me you had tested her for it. I'm ambitious, yes, but I won't compete with my own sister."

Olivia's newest romance with Jimmy Stewart is giving the Hollywood soothsayers their worst current headache. The shy pair are seen everywhere together and no one knows if they're going to be married or not.

Right now Olivia is making *Strawberry Blonde* with Jim Cagney, a re-make of *One Sunday Afternoon,* the film in which Gary Cooper starred some years ago. In it, Olivia will play Cagney's ever-loving wife who smiles as she takes it on the chin.

We can only hope that the Warner Brothers didn't let Olivia talk them into having all of the sweetness written out of the part. Personally, we're just a big, sentimental sugar-lump of a movie fan. They can't make Olivia too sweet for us.

"Western Union"

[*Continued from page* 39]

from a real, honest-to-goodness forest fire, I'll eat all the Technicolor film left on the cutting room floor!

The second night I was there I had another big laugh. This time at, and with, Dean Jagger. While we were leaving the set, who should come along but a buxom Indian gal and her interpreter who walked up to Jagger and said that his companion wanted to propose marriage to him. Not only that, but if he—Jagger—would agree to the marriage, she'd be willing to toss in four cows to seal the bargain. She'd been watching him all day and liked his looks. She wanted to marry him so she could go to Hollywood and become an actress. Jagger hemmed and hawed, trying his best to say no and say it pleasantly, but about all he managed to blurt out was that he was already married. The interpreter turned and told the Indian gal that the deal was off. "No care," she said. "We get married anyhow. You be like Brigham Young. You have many wives."

Robert Young took his cowboy role very seriously. He told me that before the shooting started, he hired three experts to put him in shape as a fast-shooting, hard-riding 'puncher. Bob was a pretty good rider, a la Hollywood style, before he accepted the role in *Western Union*, but to become a mite more expert he hired Fay Hamblin, a cattle rancher at Kanab, to teach him how to hug rawhide on a mustang in the approved manner of cowpokes. Ben Southland coached him in drawing his "shooting irons" fast, and Mervin Adams gave him instruction in roping.

■ Due to some mix-up in shooting schedules the third afternoon I was in Kanab, I took time off to do some tall and lofty chinning with John Carradine. While we were sitting on the porch of an auto court, who should come along but a band of Navajos and a band of Piute Indians. One big buck had a football in his arms and right away John and I got interested. Yes, sir, we'd show these redskins how to play the game—if that was what they planned on doing. Just about the time the two tribes had lined up opposite each other John and I hurried down and got ourselves in the line-up and before we knew the game was on we found ourselves right in the middle of a whirling buzz-saw. A redskin slapped the pigskin smack into John's stomach and away he went like a house on fire. But not for long. A Piute made a leaping dive at John's thin legs and I thought he'd busted them plumb in two. And if John didn't slide ten feet through the dust of Kanab's main street I'll never play extra again. He came up groaning, but mad as all get out and refused to quit.

There weren't any rules to the game so far as I could see. All you had to do was to begin running when someone gave you the ball. It was every man for himself until he was smacked down. Well, John got the ball again and started off like a gay gazelle, but he was smart this time. Just as he was about to be tackled he tossed the pigskin to me and like a damn-fool I took it. I'll bet you that six Navajos hit me all at once. Anyway, I had more feathers sticking in me than you could count in a full week of overtime. Carradine was all for playing some more but, fortunately, Director Lang came along and put an end to it. The big climax to this athletic shindig was when we reached for a jug that we thought contained water. Instead it was full of kerosene—and if you've never swigged down a couple of swallows of kerosene by mistake you've got an experience coming that you won't ever forget. It was 24 hours before I dared light a cigarette fearing that I'd catch on fire. Ditto for Carradine.

Even though Indians, desperadoes, and cattle rustlers harried the crew, the cost of building a telegraph line between Omaha and Salt Lake City in 1861 cost only one-fifth of what 20th Century-Fox spent to film *Western Union* in Technicolor. The original cost was around $212,000. The studio has spent more than a million. There were 400 men in the daring band of pioneers who crossed the wilderness in 1861. Around 1,800, including technicians, helped make the film. The original party traveled 1,100 miles. Director Lang covered 2,000 miles out on location at Kanab, Utah, which is itself 500 miles from Hollywood.

The pioneers took four months and 11 days for the job. The studio will spend 11 months in all.

Western Union, so another research worker informed me, is the 113th film to carry the name of Zane Grey on it. Some of the Grey stories such as *Light of the Western Stars* and *Riders of the Purple Sage* were filmed five times. *Western Union* was his last book before he died.

Now for a little light on the character of this man, Fritz Lang, the director—

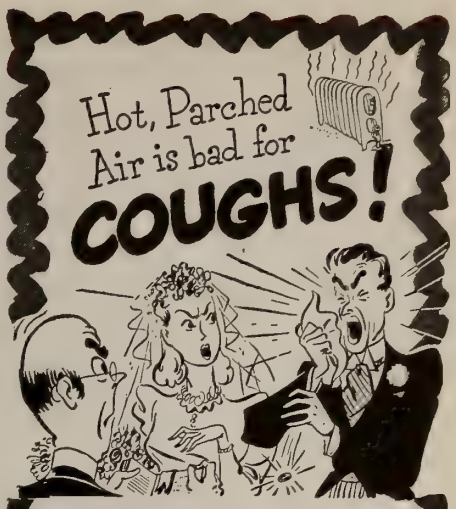
When Lang got to Kanab he found a ramshackle house that was exactly what he wanted for a set. He paid the family who was living in it $50 for the use of the house and $5.00 for each member of the family to play extras. After shooting four days he moved his crew to another location set. "We'll be back in a week," he told the family. "And we'll want to use your place again."

A week later the troupe returned. The family greeted them effusively—and very proudly. They had taken the "fortune" that the studio had paid them, painted the house, put up curtains and otherwise transformed the place.

Director Lang didn't have the heart to scold them. He went through the motions of shooting one scene.

Back in Hollywood, the studio built a replica of the house—as it looked in its pre-movie days——from photographs and then finished the necessary scenes.

Well, there you are, Miss Editor. I hope your readers enjoy this month's production stars.



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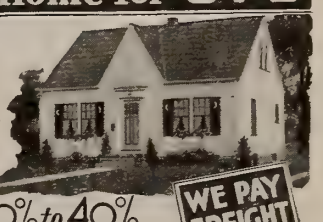
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Important Pictures

[*Continued from page 14*]

The chief trouble seems to be a lack of solid, meaty dialogue for the players. The story is about the grand duchess of a European principality who is having her difficulties with Bismarck, the Czar, and a dictator in her own country. The duchess (Joan Bennett) is aided by the son of *Monte Cristo,* played by Louis Hayward, and after a few mediocre adventures, he rescues her from a shot-gun marriage to the dictator and marries her himself. Hayward doesn't have the spirit or the dashing abandon we hoped to see in *Son of Monte Cristo,* but then, he has a lot to live up to—John Gilbert, Douglas Fairbanks, and Robert Donat each of whom played a colorful *Count of Monte Cristo.* Miss Bennett doesn't add much to the film except her beauty. The dictator is superbly played by George Sanders, who gives the best performance in the entire film.

ARIZONA

Columbia Pictures

■ Jean Arthur romps through *Arizona* in trousers, playing the part of a tough tomboy, swaggering along the dusty streets of old Tucson and intimidating the "bad men" of that rip roarin' town.

Arizona is taken from Clarence Budington Kelland's novel of the same name. There was a copious amount of good material in the original work, but too much of it was used in the picture. *Arizona* opens at a very slow pace, runs much too long (over two hours) and there appear to be several climaxes before the story finally ends.

Miss Arthur has an interesting role and plays it with gusto. As *Phoebe Titus,* she tries to make her own way in the little settlement of Tucson. Her great aim is to own the biggest ranch in Arizona. She also wants *Peter Muncie* (William Holden) and gets him.

This should have been an exciting picture, but somehow it misses the mark. Toward the end of the film during which little action had so far occurred, the preview audience became restless. When one of the characters on the screen said, "I shore hope there ain't gonna be no shootin' here!" some one in the audience murmured fervently, "Well, *I* shore hope there *is!*"

TRAIL OF THE VIGILANTES

Universal

■ In the days when there was no law and order in the West, the Vigilantes sprang up to protect cattle-owners against rustlers. The Vigilantes, however, took the law into their own hands and became as much of a problem as the rustlers themselves. In Universal's *Trail of the Vigilantes,* Franchot Tone, special investigator, is sent out by a Kansas City editor to look into the death of a reporter who was investigating the conditions in the cattle-lands. The city guy meets up with some cow-punchers and gets a job working with them for a cattle-owner, Samuel Hinds. His daughter, played by Peggy Moran, is a pert little starlet, who pursues Tone right through the picture.

Tone is an unusual hero. When he tries to jump on his horse in one picturesque leap, he makes a fool of himself. When the rancher's daughter falls into a bog and gets stuck, he tries to help her out, but she pulls him in instead. When he tries to help her take off her boot, she kicks him into the cattle's watering trough. Although a little far-fetched, these scenes are amusing.

The picture shows an ingenious jail-break (contrived by Mischa Auer), a couple of nail-biting cross-country rides and a good gun battle in the local bar.

Miniature Reviews

ANGELS OVER BROADWAY (Columbia) Cast: *Thomas Mitchell, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., John Qualen, Rita Hayworth.* A brilliant and simple picture with excellent characterizations and scintillating dialogue. *Different.*

ARISE MY LOVE (Paramount) Cast: *Ray Milland, Claudette Colbert, Walter Abel.* Exciting love story of a reckless aviator and a girl reporter in Europe. Packed with suspense, snappy and humorous dialogue and poignant love scenes. *Thrilling.*

DOWN ARGENTINE WAY (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Don Ameche, Betty Grable, Carmen Miranda, Charlotte Greenwood.* South American locale, with brilliant dances and charming music. Fiery Carmen Miranda makes a hit with her song presentations. See what Technicolor does for Betty Grable! *Delightful.*

THE GREAT DICTATOR (United Artists) Cast: *Charles Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, Jack Oakie.* Entertaining satire on Hitler and Mussolini Chaplin is at his best in the old Chaplinesque comic antics, but is less effective in the serious scenes. Jack Oakie also proves his artistry as a comedian. Excellent supporting cast. *Amusing and thought-provoking.*

THE LONG VOYAGE HOME (United Artists) Cast: *John Wayne, Thomas Mitchell, Barry Fitzgerald.* Powerful tale of men of the sea. Realistic, lusty, sentimental and beautiful, it contains terrific scenes of storms and bomber attacks. Members of the cast give unforgettable characterizations. This is a highly specialized type of film which will *not* appeal to popular box-office. *Powerful.*

NORTH WEST MOUNTED POLICE (Paramount) Cast: *Gary Cooper, Madeleine Carroll, Paulette Goddard, Preston Foster, Lynne Overman, Akim Tamiroff, Bob Preston.* An adventure film with Cooper as a Texas Ranger, Madeleine as a nurse, Paulette as a half-breed vixen, and Bob and Preston as "mounties." Innumerable fist fights and gun fights. In Technicolor, too. *Exciting.*

ONE NIGHT IN THE TROPICS (Universal) Cast: *Allan Jones, Bob Cummings, Nancy Kelly, Peggy Moran, Bud Abbott, Lou Costello.* A light, romantic comedy with hilarious complications, plus the comedy team of Bud Abbott and Lou Costello. Not a spectacular production by any means, but enjoyable because of its fast tempo. *Romantic.*

SECOND CHORUS (Paramount) Cast: *Fred Astaire, Paulette Goddard, Burgess Meredith, Charles Butterworth, Artie Shaw.* Two men, competing for one girl and for a job in Artie Shaw's orchestra, get into lots of crazy situations. You'll see some fine dancing and hear some good music. *Lively.*

SEVEN SINNERS (Universal) Cast: *Marlene Dietrich, John Wayne, Broderick Crawford, Billy Gilbert, Oscar Homolka, Albert Dekker.* Marlene, in a South Sea Island setting, gives a vivid and outstanding interpretation of a colorful cafe entertainer who does things to the stalwart hearts of American naval officers. *Gusty.*



The 20th Century-Fox starlet, lovely Joan Valerie, supplies the blond interest in the new mystery thriller, *Michael Shayne, Detective,* in which Lloyd Nolan and Lynn Bari are co-starred. Blue-eyed Joan is Hollywood's only Greek actress

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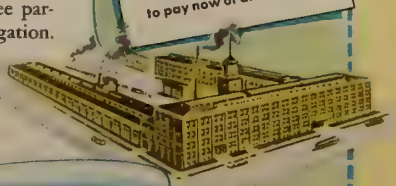
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EVERY DAY, women are finding delightful new ways for using America's Table Syrup of Quality *in cooking*. Try some of them, see how Karo adds new flavor to familiar foods.

Karo gives special zest to baked ham, sweet potatoes, apples, bananas. Just try it in cakes, pies, puddings! It makes glorious, easy-to-cut icings, smooth frozen desserts.

A new party dish: Top piping hot waffles with scoops of vanilla ice cream, and cover with lots of *hot* Karo Waffle Syrup. It's wonderful! That *new* Karo Waffle Syrup has a flavor all its own. It makes pancakes and French toast exciting eating!

Every Karo treat is nutritious and energizing. For Karo is rich in maltose, dextrins and Dextrose food-energy sugar. Serve your children all the Karo they want—on bread, cereals, in fruit juices, as dessert sauces. Two teaspoons of Karo in a glass of milk—that's the way to sweeten milk deliciously *and* increase its energy value. All grocers sell Karo.



"I like Karo sauce on my rice pudding." **YVONNE**

"Karo makes milk taste extra good." **ANNETTE**



"Have you tried Karo on your cereal? It's delicious!" **MARIE**

"Apple sauce made with Karo is grand." **EMILIE**



"M-m-m, bread and butter spread with Karo is wonderful!" **CECILE**

KARO IS RICH IN DEXTRINS, MALTOSE AND DEXTROSE—*FOOD-ENERGY SUGAR*

"Like every Bride I wanted a Lovelier Skin— and Camay helped me to have one"

—Says Mrs. James L. Macwithey



Photographs by David Berns

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Macwithey were married at Christ Episcopal Church in the fashionable town of East Orange, N. J. Mrs. Macwithey in wedding gown of blush pink satin is crowned by a Mary of Scotland cap. Mrs. Macwithey is a Camay bride —and about it she says: "I adore its mildness. Camay is so mild. It is just wonderful for delicate skin like mine. I really feel that my continued use of Camay helps my skin to look smoother and lovelier."

Camay's Greater Mildness is an important help to Every Woman—even to many with Dry and Delicate Skin.

MRS. MACWITHEY is lovely to look at, and doubly delicious because her skin is lovely, too. Her blonde hair and bright brown eyes set off a skin of creamy perfection.

A Soap Gentle Even to Sensitive Skin!

Mrs. Macwithey is keen about Camay's mildness, its soft, creamy lather. "Camay is *so mild,*" she says, "it is just wonderful for delicate skin like mine."

Many women feel that way about Camay, especially if they have a tendency toward a delicate or a dry skin.

For now a great new improvement makes Camay milder than six of the leading large-selling beauty soaps, as our tests prove. Skin specialists we asked say that regular cleansing with a fine, mild toilet soap will help your skin to look lovelier.

Get 3 cakes of this fine mild toilet soap today. Let Camay's gentle cleansing help you in your search for greater skin loveliness.



His bride in his arms, Mr. Macwithey finds her blonde hair and creamy skin an exquisite picture. After the reception the bride and groom left for a honeymoon at Sea Island, Georgia, with Camay in her luggage.



Trade-Mark
Reg. U.S.Pat.Off.

The Soap of Beautiful Women

FEB -8 1941

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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

This is a Winter's Tale. Not told by the Bard of Avon, but by the Bard of M-G-M.

★ ★ ★ ★

It is the story of things to come as the blustery season goes into the home stretch.

★ ★ ★ ★

Good things to come. Exhibits A, B, C, D.



A. James Stewart and Hedy Lamarr in Clarence Brown's production *Come Live With Me*. The screen play is by Patterson McNutt. It's a romantic comedy drama, the story of a circumstantial marriage in which the woman attempts to pay.

★ ★ ★ ★

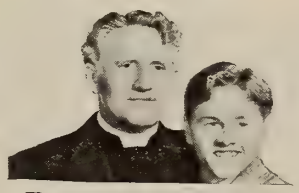


B. Wallace Beery in *The Bad Man*, screenized by Wells Root from the famous Porter Emerson Browne play which was produced by William Harris, Jr., and directed by Richard Thorpe. It has action, great humor of a high order, and Lionel Barrymore, Laraine Day and Ronald Reagan.

★ ★ ★ ★

Do you like our Exhibits?

★ ★ ★ ★



Well, **C** is the long-awaited co-starring of Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney in *Men of Boys Town* by James Kevin McGuinness, directed by Norman Taurog. Those of you—meaning all of you—who enjoyed "Boys Town", will understand that this new Father Flanagan-inspired film promises to be a contribution of remarkable merit.

★ ★ ★ ★



And **D** is *The Ziegfeld Girl*, gay, glamorous, glittering, gorgeous. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard, it will present for the delight of those with eyes and ears a galaxy of stars which include Jimmy Stewart, Judy Garland, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, Tony Martin, Charles Winninger and many, many others.

★ ★ ★ ★

That's A, B, C, and D.

★ ★ ★ ★

Your best alpha **BET** is

— Leo



Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*

Hollywood

MARCH, 1941 Vol. 30 No. 3

W. H. FAWCETT, JR., President
JOAN VOTSIS, Editor

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"Come Live with me!"
...and be my love," says gorgeous Hedy Lamarr to handsome James Stewart. Does he? We'll say he does! And she pays him $17.60 a week in the bargain!...You can't believe it? *Wait 'til you see it!*
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER presents
James STEWART · Hedy LAMARR
in CLARENCE BROWN'S production of
Come Live With Me
IAN HUNTER · VERREE TEASDALE · DONALD MEEK
Directed by CLARENCE BROWN

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IT'S Whip-Text
LASTS LONGER
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5 & 10¢ STORES

DOES HE LOVE YOU?
New! Irresistible Valentine Perfume holder spins and tells all! Wear this enchanting IRRESISTIBLE fragrance on your next date. Then spin the heart! Our guess: He loves you.



IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME 10¢

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By DUNCAN UNDERHILL

■ Jack Carson, the fast-climbing young comedian who is registering solidly with audiences, returned the scenario of his latest picture, *Strawberry Blonde,* to the Warner casting office.

"This thing is obviously defective," he said in an attached note. "Carson is the guy who muffs the girl. For reference see my last six pictures. Ginger Rogers alone has given me the bum's rush four times, and that's a career in itself. Page 41 of the attached script has me (not Cagney) folding Rita Hayworth into my arms. This is plainly a typographical error."

To make the finale all the more improbable, the loser in the *Strawberry Blonde* love match is the practically unbeatable Jim Cagney. Olivia de Havilland, holder of the record for never having lost a man in a picture, gets Cagney.

■ The aforesaid Cagney, incidentally, is undergoing a generous dose of ribbing as the result of a disclosure made to friends by his brother Bill, a Warner producer.

In an old trunk, the joint property of the two younger Cagneys, Bill came upon a certificate setting forth that James Cagney was a graduate beautician. The thing is perfectly legitimate, too, Jim having graduated from a co-educational barber college in World War days, when the Irene Castle bob fad promised rich pickings for expert hairdressers.

Jim never had the courage to practice at the trade, however, and scowls darkly at studio colleagues who ask, "How about an appointment for a finger wave, dear?"

■ Vienna-born Luli Deste is driving her studio employers to a genteel form of insanity by her preoccupation with outside interests while working on the lot.

Currently playing in *The Case of the Black Parrot* with Bill Lundigan, Luli is visited on the set by eight or nine mysterious individuals every day, much to the exasperation of her director and fellow-players.

Chief of her business interests is an automobile body factory. Luli is believed to be the only woman designer ever to achieve eminence in this field. Examples of her craftsmanship, mounted on the world's most expensive chassis, were exhibited at both World's Fairs last year, and she has been commissioned to design cars for six premiers, presidents and kings.

In Europe, Luli was the owner of a large textile factory which turned out her own patterns exclusively. This she has forfeited, but continues to create designs for the foremost American mills. An alfalfa ranch of 162 acres and a stock farm specializing in blooded Hereford cattle are other sidelines.

Warners wish she would make up her mind whether there is any future in movie acting.

■ Paul Cavanagh represents himself as the only actor in movies who graduated into the field from the equally exciting profession of gambling.

As a youth Paul was a mathematical wizard. When, in his early twenties, he inherited $30,000, he determined to capitalize his number-wizardry by perfecting a roulette system. After several months of concentrated study he went to Monte Carlo and backed his magic formula with his windfall money.

Six days later he still had the system but no money. The stage caught him on the rebound.

■ Mike Curtiz, the notorious language-mangler, is sad about the softness of American manhood. Needing a mob of roughnecks for *The Sea Wolf,* he was forced to look over 2,500 applicants before filling his quota.

"Five o'clock tea trouble," was his diagnosis of the reason for the comparative flabbiness of *homo Americanus.* "If Hollywood keeps making five o'clock tea pictures, is it a wonder I am impossible to find 300 throat-cutters?"

■ Marilyn Felix, trig, twenty-one and the possessor of a degree from the University of California, faces one of the most trying ordeals ever undergone by a screen aspirant.

Marilyn is the daughter of Seymour Felix, veteran Hollywood dance director, and is named for Marilyn Miller, whom her father was directing at the time of her birth.

Seymour has named a jury of Hollywood film directors, dance directors and talent experts to witness a private tryout

[*Continued on page* 8]



Jeanne Kelly is displaying, besides two very good-looking legs, a pretty striped swim suit. She is the leading lady in Universal's *Riders of Death Valley*


How you'll cheer
"OH, JOHNNIE" BONNIE
and ORRIN as they
sing and pla-a-y!
I COULD KISS YOU FOR THAT
YOU'RE THE ONE
STRAWBERRY LANE
Paramount presents
BONNIE BAKER ★ ORRIN TUCKER
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
in
"YOU'RE THE ONE"
with
Jerry Colonna · Edward Everett Horton · Albert Dekker
Lillian Cornell
Teddy Hart
It's more than just a song when Bonnie sings to Orrin "I Could Kiss You for That"!
Written and Produced by Gene Markey · A Paramount Picture · Directed by Ralph Murphy



Show Mickey Rooney some idle drums and you can't hold him back! When Tommy Dorsey was in Los Angeles recently, Mickey took over the drums

[*Continued from page* 6]

of Marilyn's skill as a dancer, to determine whether she shall embark on a screen career or continue her studies.

The scene of the trial will be the Emerald Lodge, from which the public will be excluded for the occasion.

Felix believes Marilyn has had adequate practice and instruction and has his daughter's pledge that she will abide by the jury's decision.

■ Nimble John Barrymore thrilled Sally Allen by taking her to Earl Carroll's three nights in a row. The romance ended with a thud when Sally discovered that her escort was slipping backstage between scenes to discuss the European situation with a red-headed chorus girl named Rosemary Randall.

■ Newspaperman John Truesdell has voluntarily barred himself from the Paramount lot while Susanna Foster is on the premises.

Truesdell, a chatter writer for *The Chicago Daily News,* composed a slick feature on Problem Child Susanna in which he described her as a "hard-boiled canary." Susanna hit the ceiling.

Paramount pondered the appellation and decided that, far from being libelous, it was the most felicitous label that had yet been pinned on the kid. Accordingly, they changed the name of Susanna's latest picture from the rather prosaic *There's Magic in Music* to *The Hard-Boiled Canary.* The hard-boiled canary no like.

■ Technical directors can be a twinge in the neck when they stickle about unimportant historical details. Vivien Leigh (fighting weight 100 pounds) was having technical director trouble on the lot of *Lady Hamilton,* in which she performs the name part.

Some high-minded dope in the research division of Korda productions dug up an accurate breakfast menu from the archives and induced the director to serve up a duplicate to Vivien.

The sickening truth of the Hamiltonian breakfast, item after ghastly item, is revealed below:

Compote of plums and grapes
Two large baked apples, glazed
Irish stew
Coarse Italian bread
Muffins
Honey in the comb
Sweet butter
Coffee with clotted cream and unrefined sugar
Mocha cake
Italian pastry



Sleepy-eyed Marlene Dietrich has Director Rene Clair looking puzzled as they walk across a lot during the filming of Universal's *Flame of New Orleans*

■ Glenn Ford, juvenile playing with Fredric March and Margaret Sullavan in *So Ends Our Night,* was gabbing with March between scenes. March mentioned that he used to be a bank clerk. Just as casually, Ford said he used to be a parachute jumper.

March, thinking he was being ribbed, challenged Glenn's statement. In no time at all, there was a bet down and Ford was calling the Burbank airport to rig him a chute for a demonstration jump.

The excitement communicated itself around the set and the tidings seeped into the front office. Producers Loew and Lewin put the kibosh on the stunt.

But Ford collected his money by getting a certified copy of his employment record as a parachutist at $50 a jump. What the papers failed to reveal was that one-half of that amount was deductible for rental of the chute.

■ Olsen and Johnson, who are each other's accomplices in the unbelievably successful musical show *Hellzapoppin,* will appear in the Universal movie of their pageant of punch-drunkenness as soon as they can pry themselves away from their Broadway public.

Beating them to the screen by many months will be Chick Johnson's ingenue daughter, June Johnson, who will be one of the infants in Republic's *Babes on Broadway.*

■ Meeting for the first time in *Comrade X,* Viennese Oscar Homolka and Viennese Hedy Lamarr got to playing the game of "Next Liar Up" about their home town.

A little conversational probing disclosed the fact that Oscar and Hedy's uncle had served in the same regiment in World War 1.

Oscar recalled that a troop train on which the outfit was traveling stalled one night beside a way station. Some of the soldiers discovered a huge wine cask on a freight car parked at a siding.

They bashed in the end and fell greedily to drinking. Suddenly the darkness was filled with sputtering coughs and curses. The cask was full, not of wine, but of essence of vinegar.

"Of course," Homolka told Hedy, "I, as an officer, had no part in the affair."

"Next liar up," Hedy invited. "It is no longer a mystery to me why my uncle, also an officer, could never abide the taste or smell of vinegar."

■ United Artists is in a quandary about its projected production of Nevil Shute's new novel, *Landfall.* Contracts have been sent to Shute's home in London, but they have never been acknowledged. The author was serving in the R.A.F. as of May, 1940, and every effort to communicate with him since has failed.

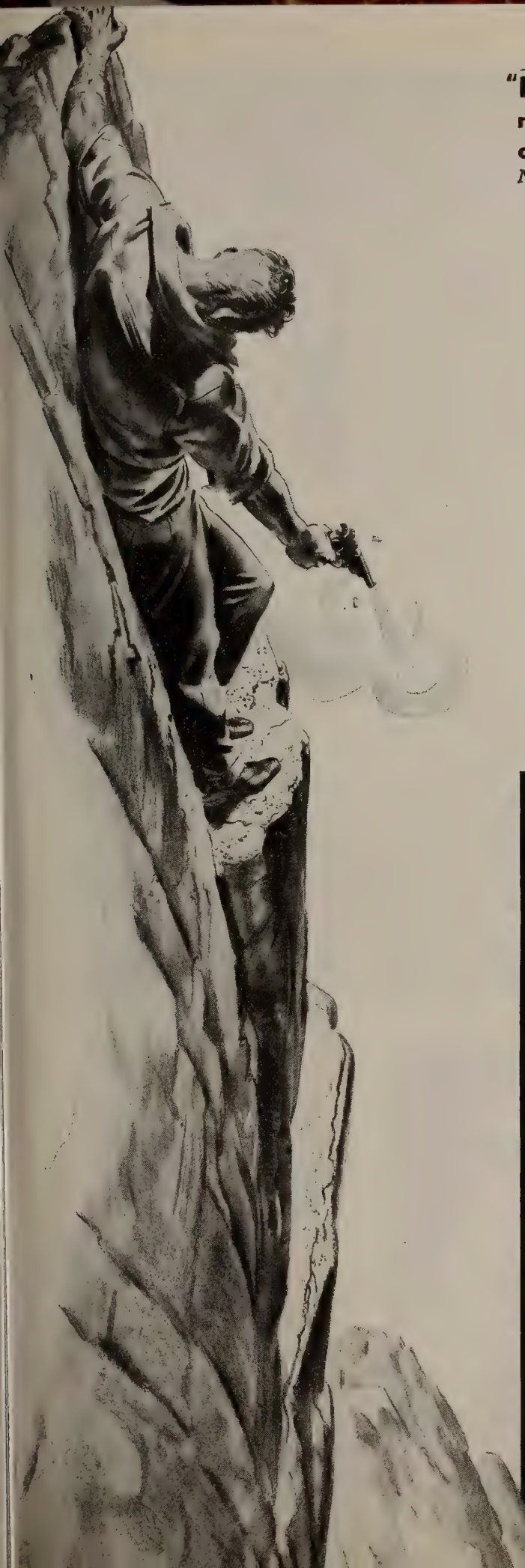
■ Miriam Hopkins is driving dinner guests half-nuts with her collapsible dining room wall.

The house Miss Hopkins is inhabiting this season was built for the late John

[*Continued on page* 10]



Grace Bradley, retired for about three years, is resuming her career in Paramount's *Hard-Boiled Canary.* In private life she is Mrs. William Boyd



"**HIGH SIERRA** is an excitement-loaded yarn if ever I knew one! On film it's a world-beater!"
Newspaperdom's acknowledged No. 1 Story-Teller
MARK HELLINGER

"**HIGH SIERRA** is the most thrilling and unusual picture I have directed since 'What Price Glory'!"
Director of a hundred Hits, **RAOUL WALSH**

"My story to top 'Little Caesar' is
HIGH SIERRA!"
Famed Author, **W. R. BURNETT**



WARNER BROS., Producers of 'Little Caesar' and 'Angels with Dirty Faces', now present the drama that towers mightily beside both . . .

HIGH SIERRA

A NEW PEAK FOR SCREEN EXCITEMENT!

It's the picture that skyrockets them to top star ranks!

IDA LUPINO

As Marie, the taxi dancer and killer's companion—deep down just another woman whose hungry heart yearned for one man.



HUMPHREY BOGART



As 'Mad Dog' Earle, enemy of all that is decent and good, defiant of every law on earth—except the High Sierras!

With ALAN CURTIS • ARTHUR KENNEDY • JOAN LESLIE
HENRY HULL • HENRY TRAVERS



Slightly bewildered is W. C. Fields who ponders what to do with little Joan Shepherd, mischief maker on the golf course. W. C. tried to save some money by taking Joan along to act as his caddy, but he found the youngster was not familiar with the rules of the game. *The Great Man* is Fields' next picture

[*Continued from page* 8]

Gilbert and contained a number of innovations conceived by the original owner. One of these is a secret passageway.

Whenever Miriam entertains she sends her butler ostentatiously out the door at the end of the room, making sure that everyone notices his exit.

A few moments later the butler reappears at the opposite end, ostensibly from nowhere.

Several of Miriam's guests have gone permanently on the water wagon after a few exposures to the phenomenon.

■ The good neighbor policy of the United States is taking root in South America with a vengeance. From Buenos Aires a gentleman writes inviting Rosemary Lane to share his worldly possessions.

The epistle is a hasty note of thirty-two pages. Among other things the senor mentions 240 reasons why Rosemary should abandon her career on the screen and take up the career of making him boundlessly happy.

"Five hundred head of cattle will be yours," he relates. "Five hundred additional on the first anniversary of our marriage and for each heir a thousand head."

Miss Lane is a vegetarian.

■ On a dull day Bill Gargan's press agent dreamed up an innocuous little yarn that his client, an old-fashioned family man, habitually slept in a flannel nightshirt. The effect on world affairs was negligible, but the item was picked up by a newspaper in Jefferson City, Mo., and set in motion a series of events winding up in a morass of embarrassment for Bill.

Two young ladies of Jefferson City, the Misses Graves and Hutton, pondered the situation and struck on a decision to possess themselves of one of Gargan's mythical sleeping costumes.

Vacationing in Los Angeles, they trekked out to the star's house in Beverly Hills and accosted him as he returned from a hard day in the studio.

A good sport, he invited them in and promised to send one of his wraparounds to their hotel. The next day he had to buy one of the darned things and make good. The cost of the gift was deducted from the publicity guy's monthly check.

■ For his role as a cigar-eating South American tobacco tycoon in *Road to Rio*, Curt Bois designed himself an elaborate beard. When he reported to the set he thought himself the victim of hallucinations. Five other people—the electrician, prop man, publicity man, hairdresser and script girl—were sporting identical whiskers.

All day they buzzed around him, flaunting the chin pieces.

Overnight Bois devised a topper for the gag. The next day he showed up wearing a Santa Claus beard and presented dime-store presents to each of his persecutors.

■ Following her selection by the Southern California Dental Association as the film actress having the most perfect teeth, Margaret Tallichet received three requests from dentifrice companies for testimonials, a request to address a local parent-teacher group on the value of sound teeth, a marriage proposal from a toothless gentleman in Baja, California, and an invitation to a dental fraternity dance.

■ The refusal of George Sanders to portray an Englishman in an unflattering light permits John Loder, his replacement, to demonstrate there is nothing squeamish in his makeup.



That man does the darndest things! It's Jerry Colonna as *Dr. Colonna*, in the Paramount picture *You're the One*



Stirling Hayden is practically "an old salt," for he has spent most of his life at sea. It should be smooth sailing with such a beautiful crew as Patricia Morison

Sanders, suspended by his studio, is of Russian birth. Loder is not only an Englishman but a distinguished horseman having held a commission in the celebrated Household Cavalry (Ray Milland's old regiment).

Loder in 1915 was the youngest officer on active service in the British Army. He was wounded and captured. The role in which he succeeds Sanders is a dual one for 20th Century's *Uncensored.*

■ Director Howard Hawks ran into some complicated Indian politics on location with *The Outlaw* company, 80 miles north of Flagstaff, Arizona.

Hawks selected 100 Hopis for a scene. Loud grunts of disapproval came from some of his nominees and from some others who had been passed up.

Puzzled, the director asked his research assistant, Joe De Young, what was up.

"The radicals are dissatisfied," the adviser explained.

It developed that the tribe is split into two unfriendly factions—roughly corresponding to radicals and conservatives. The radicals still challenge the white man's encroachment, refusing to acknowledge changing conditions, will not accept new ideas and try to retain their tribal customs intact. They will not even accept government relief.

The conservatives take things as they come.

Hawks quelled the disturbance by lining up the candidates in two groups according to their political beliefs. Then he picked 50 from each group, thus averting an Indian uprising.

■ Arriving late for dinner, John Barrymore disarmed his irate hostess with the following ingenious explanation:

"I ran into an old friend, a chap who is practically the dean of differential calculus. I couldn't resist stopping to chat with him for a while because I get so few op-

[*Continued on page* 21]





Are your fingernails the most beautiful?

Your exquisite fingers, flame-tipped with the lustrous beauty of Dura-Gloss—like tiny beacons, flashing a message to a masculine heart falling under your spell! Let Dura-Gloss, the durable, easy-onflow, longer-lasting nail polish created for the most beautiful fingernails in the world, bring flashing beauty to *your* fingertips! Exult in their longer-lasting gem-hard lustre—and *compare* this superlative polish, Dura-Gloss, to polishes costing *five, ten times as much!* Buy Dura-Gloss—*Buy* Dura-Gloss today!

The Better Nail Polish by LORR 10¢

DURA-GLOSS

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(1) Some 10¢ nail polishes "fray" off at the edge of nail within one day. Dura-Gloss doesn't.

(2) Some 10¢ nail polishes dry so fast that you can't apply them properly. Dura-Gloss goes on evenly and smoothly.

(3) Some 10¢ nail polishes never dry underneath and are easily "dented." Dura-Gloss never "dents."

(4) Some 10¢ nail polishes chip off so easily that you have "bald spots" on your nails. Dura-Gloss is true to its name—it lasts.

Hollywood's Sugar Bowl

By ANNE MEYERS

Like every other small town, Hollywood boasts of a favorite ice cream parlor. After a gala world premiere at the Grauman Chinese Theater, it is not unusual to see a long line of cinema satellites pass up the more glamorous night spots and weave a line toward the inconspicuous and homey little ice cream parlor. On such nights, the booths fill up rapidly, and the waiting line outside is liberally sprinkled with celebrities.

C. C. Brown's has flourished and prospered for thirty-five years, and is still going great guns under its original management. Mr. Brown, a skinny, folksy man who looks younger than his 60-odd years, reminds you somewhat of Pop Jenks of Harold Teen's favorite haunt, the Sugar Bowl. The Browns are real folks and their place has become more than just a confectionary store. It represents to its famous customers the little "sody parlor" they used to know and love back home in Omaha or Virginia or New York.

It was on the night of the premiere of one of his pictures that George Raft, the screen's slickest gangster but a "pushover" for old-fashioned chocolate sodas, sailed into Brown's and noticed a new waitress behind the counter.

"Saaaay, there, young lady," George addressed the nervous girl who stood trembling at the sight of her favorite movie star, "You ought to be in pictures!"

"You're kidding me, Mr. Raft. I haven't anything to offer the screen," young Terry Ray said in all seriousness.

But George Raft wasn't kidding. Neither was William Demarest, character actor, then a players' agent, who had also told her the same thing.

Demarest introduced the girl to his firm's chiefs, who appraised her negatively. "She hasn't anything—she looks like a million other girls," they deprecated.

But Bill Demarest was a persistent fellow. He advised Terry to return to Brown's, but meanwhile taught her how to dress, how to groom herself. Six months later, [*Continued on page* 14]



Above: Margaret Lindsay and Bill Lundigan are regular patrons at Brown's soda parlor. Below: Margaret and Bill temporarily park dietary restrictions and enjoy whopping chocolate fudge sundaes



Right: Ellen Drew doesn't forget she was "discovered" at Brown's. She pays frequent visits to the little soda parlor

In between scenes on the Paramount lot, Jack Benny and Ray Milland slip out for a sundae

Rosemary Lane prefers pineapple parfaits. "Pat" tries a fruit salad with whipped cream







HERE SHE IS! Lovely BARBARA STANWYCK with a charm hint for YOU



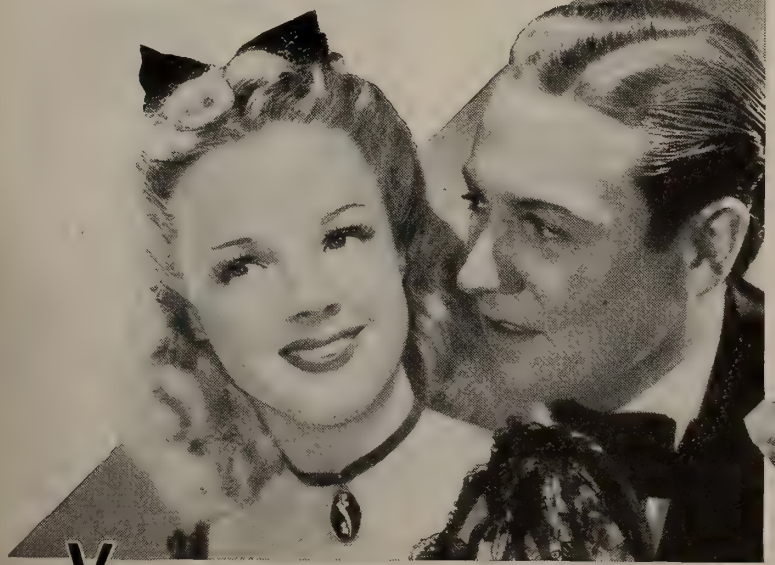
STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "THE LADY EVE"

LUX SOAP MAKES A WONDERFUL BEAUTY BATH! ITS **ACTIVE** LATHER MAKES YOU **SURE** OF DAINTINESS

THIS GENTLE, WHITE SOAP HAS SUCH A DELIGHTFUL FRAGRANCE—LEAVES SKIN **SWEET!**

Clever girls take Hollywood's tip—win out with skin that's *sweet!*

"Men love to be near the girl who's sweet," this famous beauty says. And tells you how screen stars protect the daintiness important to charm. Lux Soap's ACTIVE lather carries away perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt —leaves skin *really* fresh.



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it—



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Hollywood's Sugar Bowl

[*Continued from page* 12]

he presented her to his associates as a society girl from Chicago. This time she was immediately signed by Paramount.

A couple of years ago, George Raft made a picture called *The Lady's From Kentucky,* with a new leading woman, Ellen Drew. The young actress didn't create much of a stir then, but recently she won a flock of critical plaudits and her first bid for stardom in the Dick Powell film, *Christmas in July,* in which actor William Demarest had a big role.

You've guessed, of course, that Terry Ray and Ellen Drew are one and the same girl.

Everyone at Brown's—from "C.C." down to the bus boy—glows all over when Ellen Drew is mentioned. If you even dared to insinuate that Ellen might be changed by fame and fortune, you'd get smacked down fast. She drops in often, chats with the girls, and laughs at the days when she was a "pearl diver," too—the trade expression for dishwasher.

One of the specialties of the house today is a Cinderella sundae, named for Ellen Drew. It consists of a melba peach, vanilla ice cream, crushed strawberries, pineapple sherbert, pineapple fruit, roasted almonds and whipped cream. Its inspiration, however, has yet to try it. She prefers hot fudge sundaes.

■ Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa, who were almost nightly patrons during their recent Hollywood sojourn, were sidewalk standees one night, cheerfully waiting for a vacant table.

As she caught sight of Allen waiting his turn outside, an impish impulse overcame Marvel, one of the pretty young waitresses. With a dead-pan face, she approached the comedian.

"May I have your autograph, Mr. Benny?" she asked.

Allen took it big. "I'm not Mr. Benny," he laughed. "But I feel complimented!"

Allen's favorite is a hot caramel sundae, the second most popular confection served at Brown's. The hot fudge rates first—nine out of ten customers usually ordering one or the other. That's why the shop used three TONS of roasted almonds during the first nine months last year!

Joan Crawford is another frequent and exceedingly popular customer. During the halcyon days of her romance with writer Charles Martin, Joan averaged a visit a week for a hot fudge sundae.

One night Martin watched Joan pour the little pitcher of thick syrup over the almond-topped ice cream with deep interest.

"How about your diet?" he commented.

"Oh, my diet!" Joan shrugged a shapely shoulder. "When I come here, I park the diet and my conscience outside."

The night that *The Women* opened at Grauman's Chinese, fans formed a solid wedge from the theater to the ice cream parlor, but that didn't deter Joan from getting her usual snack. Two burly policemen escorted her to Brown's, opening a lane through the cheering crowd, while Joan graciously distributed autographs.

All of the girls at Brown's adore Joan for her friendliness and lack of snobbishness. A couple of them, Alma and Norma, have attended her over a long period, and Joan always takes a booth in their stations.

Bob Hope is one of Brown's chattiest patrons. Whether with one person or a crowd—he refuses to eat alone—the irrepressible Hope never fails to discuss the topics of the day, particularly pertaining to radio, with the waitress. Bob always tops off a couple of sandwiches with two pineapple sundaes—"one for me and one for Yehudi," is the way he puts it. His passion for sundaes dates to his childhood in Cleveland, when his mother took him marketing with her every Saturday morning, and after the shopping treated him to a sundae. Bob says those days are still the fondest memory of his adolescence.

Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck provided Brown's with a thrill one day. They had frosted drinks, the check totaling forty cents. Came time to pay up and Bob, who can write a check in multiple figures without its bouncing, found he possessed a lone quarter! Barbara's purse, crammed with the usual feminine fripperies, divulged another nickel, which brought their cash on hand to a total of thirty cents.

Although this sounds like a typical dreamed-up press agent's yarn, the story is bona fide. In this case, however, Bob and Barbara didn't sing or recite dialogue from their latest productions to identify themselves. They left a bit shamefacedly,



During their two years of happily-married life, the careers of both Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward have boomed. Their latest films are, respectively, *High Sierra* and *Son of Monte Cristo*

returned in an hour to pay the balance of their check, and left their waitress a good-sized tip.

Speaking of tips, most of the stars are generous, and since the checks are customarily small, they usually reward the girls out of proportion to the bill. However, there is one famous comedian who has been going to Brown's for years and years and still has to leave his first tip.

George Raft, Fred Allen and John Wayne are all generous tippers. Despite his he-man personality both on and off the screen, Wayne dotes on malted milks. Even ordered one daily during a siege of illness. The missus had to pick them up and take them over to the hospital.

■ Devotees of hot fudge sundaes include Katharine Hepburn; Arthur Lake, a veteran patron; Joan Blondell and Dick Powell; Slapsy Maxie Rosenbloom; the Bennett girls—Connie wanting whole almonds; and Sabu, the Hindu boy of *Drums*.

First time that Sabu entered, turban and all, he watched with rapt fascination while the occupant of an adjoining booth devoured a hot fudge sundae. Reluctantly, he ordered one for himself, attacked it with a do-or-die air, and since has become a regular patron of the occidental dish.

He-men Spencer Tracy, Jimmy Cagney, Frank McHugh and comic Lynne Overman come in a foursome, and all dig into hot fudge sundaes. Gene Autry, complete with 10-gallon hat and white boots, and Paul Muni are others on the long list of Brown's famous patrons. Producers too—Jack Warner and Darryl Zanuck among them.

George Brent, on the other hand, prefers a banana special, as does Glenda Farrell. The youth usually with her, upon whom she looks so affectionately, is her young son, Tommy.

Fannie Brice is happy with a coffee soda, with two scoops of cream. But Joe E. Brown and Gene Towne, the producer, win the palm for fancy concoctions. Joe E.'s preference is a "Lover's Delight," which includes everything but the kitchen stove. Towne likes an extra rich banana special with marshmallow syrup, and it must be gooey enough to run over the sides.

After catering to the public for thirty-five years, Mr. Brown thought he was shockproof until Gene Towne one day ordered a cold fudge sundae shipped to a friend in New York!

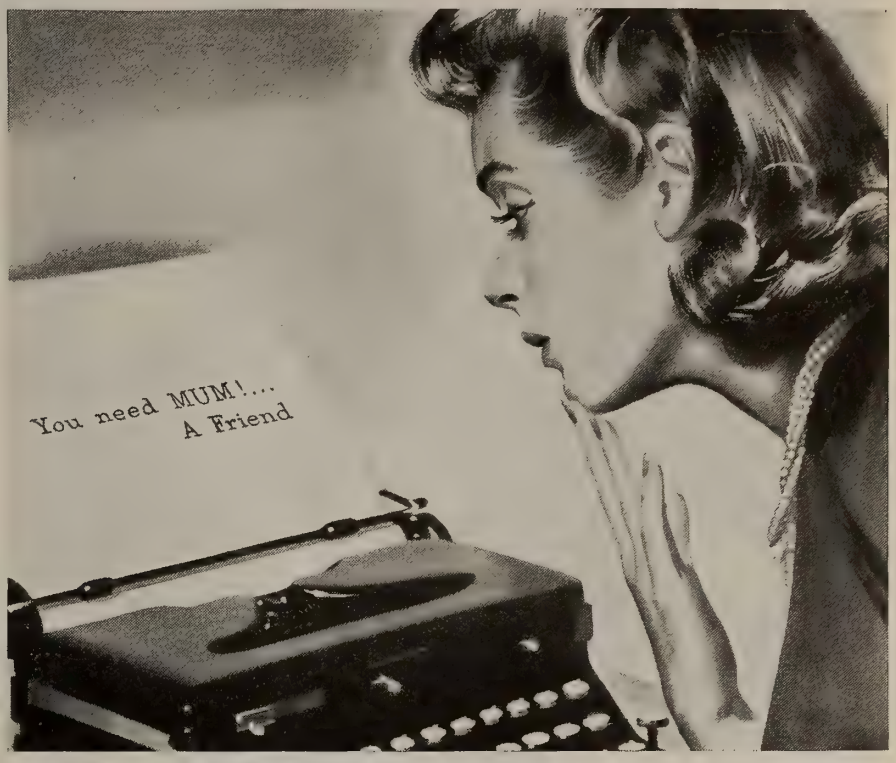
"It's impossible," said Brown.

But Gene, erstwhile half of the zany writing team of Towne and Baker, wouldn't taken no for an answer.

So, a generous serving of vanilla ice cream, covered with nuts and chocolate fudge, went into a paper carton. This was packed in dry ice and shipped to New York by air express. It arrived in edible condition.

With two exceptions, the girls at Brown's believe every film star of any consequence has been there at one time or another. The known exceptions are Mickey Rooney and Greta Garbo. Brown's can offer no explanation for this strange combination either. It may be that Greta and Mickey are allergic to sweets.

If she can't take a tip— she'll surely lose her job



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NANCY couldn't believe her eyes! Yet there, plain as day, was the note that told what her fellow workers thought.

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More women use Mum than any other deodorant because:

MUM IS SPEEDY! Thirty seconds is all it takes to apply a touch of Mum.

MUM IS SURE! Without attempting to stop perspiration, Mum *prevents* underarm odor all day long.

MUM IS SAFE! Can't irritate your skin... can't harm clothes. Mum has the seal of approval of the American Institute of Laundering. Get a jar of Mum at your druggist's today. Use it every day... be sure you're always sweet.

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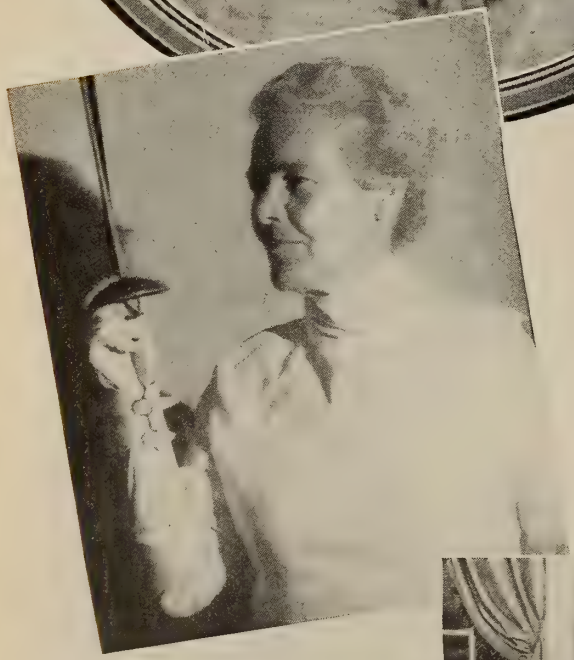
MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

BLANCHE YURKA, BENEF-ACTRESS

By LINDA LEATH





■ Maybe this will be playing a dirty trick on a poor, defenseless movie actress.

Maybe she won't have a shred of peace or privacy left, when the word gets out that she's in the habit of going around helping people to get into pictures, or on the stage.

But Blanche Yurka won't care for it is her hobby—helping talented people who might not otherwise have a chance, to get a foothold on an acting career! So step right up, folks, and don't crowd . . .

In real life, Blanche Yurka isn't at all like the "tough moll" she plays in pictures. She's a kind-hearted gal who wants to spare others the hard times that she, herself, went through in getting started. She also has a "nose" for discovering talent. Actually, it twitches, like a divining rod, when it comes into the presence of genius. And you may not know it, but there are "names" in Hollywood today that you might never have heard of, if it hadn't been for Miss Yurka.

Now she has a new protegee—an eighty-year-old woman who Blanche Yurka predicts will find fame within a year as "America's Grandmother!"

And here, for the first time, is the story of Blanche Yurka's past "discoveries."

Let us cut back, as they do in the movie scripts, to the time when Blanche Yurka, aged 17, was an obscure young singer in the choir of St. Bartholomew's Church in New York City. One Friday night, after a particularly inspiring rehearsal led by the choir master, who was also very young and equally obscure, Blanche went home and wrote in her diary, "I know that this will be one of the very greatest men ever to cross my path." This was the first evidence of Blanche Yurka's "nose" for discovering unknown talent. For the very young choir leader was Leopold Stokowski.

Ever since then, upon meeting people Blanche has somehow been able to sense just which ones were destined to be famous, and which were ordinary. From St. Bartholomew's choir, she went on to become one of the greatest stage actresses in the country. They are few who can beat





Circle: Many years ago Blanche Yurka predicted great things for Bette Davis, Leopold Stokowski, James Stewart. Her most extraordinary "find" is 80-year-old Adeline deWalt Reynolds (below circle) who appears in M-G-M's *Come Live With Me*. Right: Miss Yurka in *Tale of Two Cities*. Far right: In Metro's *Escape*

her for interpreting Shakespeare, Ibsen and Greek tragedy. Yet, in spite of all her experience and prestige, Blanche Yurka, herself, had to have help before Hollywood would give her a crack at acting for the silver screen. Her first role, that of the Madame DeFarge, who knitted while all the heads went rolling off the guillotine in *A Tale of Two Cities,* was first offered to Madame Alla Nazimova. But, in an almost-unprecedented gesture of magnanimity, Nazimova turned it down, saying, "There is only one woman in this country who should play that part—Blanche Yurka." Even so, M-G-M tested 66 other people before they finally got around to taking a look at Yurka.

"I knew then," she says complacently, "that I was doomed to be typed—that as long as I stayed on the screen, I'd never be offered anything that wasn't a 'meanie'. So—I simply decided that as long as I had to be a meanie, I'd be the meanest meanie of them all!" And that explains why she isn't at all mad because she's been called, in publicity for her pictures, "the woman you love to hate." If you hated her in *Queen of the Mob*—she hopes—you'll hate her with a passion when you see her slap down her own benefactress, that same Madame Nazimova, in M-G-M's *Escape!* Meantime, digest this one about Blanche Yurka's next great discovery, and find out why the most brilliant star in Hollywood will never regard the screen's "meanest meanie" as anything but an angel.

■ Years passed after the Stokowski episode, and Blanche Yurka, now a success, herself, was doing a season of three Ibsen dramas on Broadway. Needing someone to replace Linda Watkins as *Hedwig* in *The Wild Duck,* she heard that there was a young girl who had shown some talent in a tiny art theater in Greenwich Village. Blanche sent for the girl, but with little optimism because the role was a demanding one in which the actress had to have enough experience to play a big emotional climax and still be able to look fourteen.

"A wisp of a girl with incredibly big eyes, mousey hair and a very gentle manner, came with her mother to see me," relates Blanche Yurka. "She read the scene—and the minute she began to read I knew she was sent from heaven. Her name was Bette Davis."

At that time, Bette had only had one part before in her life. Yet, before the opening night, Blanche Yurka said to her, "Bette, I'm not going to rehearse you in that final scene. I don't want you to go stale. So you just go up on the stage, and when you throw yourself on the couch, I want you to cry harder than you've ever cried before. Remember, this girl is heart-broken, sobbing, crying her whole heart out. Remember that—and the rest is up to you!

"Boy! I got goose-flesh that night when Bette played that scene," Blanche Yurka shivers when she tells the story. "She really frightened me!" Bette played the role all season, then did *Broken Dishes* and *The Solid South,* then came to Hollywood. The rest, to coin a phrase, is history.

[*Continued on page* 18]

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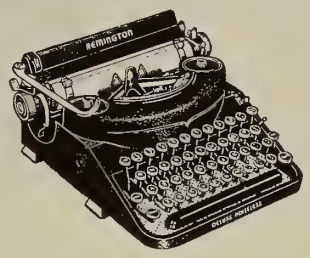
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Blanche Yurka, Benef-Actress

[*Continued from page* 17]

Next, the actress "discovered" Muriel Hutchison—no Bette Davis, by any means, or not yet, anyway, but still doing all right on both the stage and screen, with a promising future ahead of her.

"I was guest of honor at Barnard College, about five years ago," Blanche Yurka reminisces, "and after my talk there were about two hundred girls swarming around me, with all who could get up the nerve to do it, asking me how to get on the stage. Among them, I noticed, was a tall, plump girl with a beautiful face, lovely skin, and a merry, quizzical, amusing look in her eye. She served me tea, but didn't say a thing about the stage. At the elevator, as we were all saying good-bye, I said, 'And what about you, Miss Hutchison? Aren't you stage struck?'

" 'Oh, I'm going on the stage,' she said quietly, 'but I don't see any reason to trouble *you* with it.' This remark intrigued me so that I asked her to come and see me, and she did. She talked very intelligently about the theater, told me that she had traveled a great deal and had done everything possible to prepare herself for a stage career after she had graduated from college. Finally I said, 'I am going to pay you the compliment of being very frank with you. I'm looking at you with cold-blooded appraisal—and I have to tell you that if you had the talent of Duse, Bernhardt and Bette Davis all rolled into one, it wouldn't do you a bit of good, unless you lost at least fifteen or twenty pounds! You're too pretty to be the 'funny fat girl'—you'll have to be the glamour girl, or nothing.'

"Well, Muriel took it on the chin. I said, 'Go back to school, lose twenty pounds, and then we'll see if you have any talent or not! Soon after that I went abroad for six months. When I returned to America, Muriel came to see me again. In walked a tall, beautiful, svelte girl . . . an absolutely charming looking person. She had lost forty pounds! I asked her how, and she told me it was by the strictest kind of diet and constant exercise. So she was not only slender, but fit as a fiddle—no sagging flesh or bad effects from dieting.

■ "If you have the stamina and the will power to do what you have done, you have the stamina and will power and the character to be an actress!" Blanche Yurka told her. "Since then, I have seen her sit at a banquet table covered with food and take out her pint of milk and her two bananas and eat them. *I* couldn't do it! Well, we worked on her voice, her clothes and her posture, and then, since she was still going to college, I got her in summer stock in Ann Arbor, doing 'general utility.' I did *The Distaff Side* there, and she had a tiny part. The next summer, I suggested that they give her the part of the daughter, a fine, emotional role, and she did it beautifully. After that she went to New York, and has been coming along splendidly ever since. She just left Hollywood, where she had a part in *Another Thin Man* with William Powell and Myrna Loy, and a couple of other pictures, besides playing on the stage in *The Astonished Heart,* with Basil Rathbone, to go back to New York to play the glamour girl in *The Man Who Came to Dinner.*"

And here is one of the most astonishing, the most fascinating of Blanche Yurka's "finds." The tip of her nose must have "twitched" like mad when . . .

"I was playing at the West Falmouth summer theater," she says, "in a company of young hopefuls who called themselves



Lupe Velez and Guinn (Big Boy) Williams, whose engagement was recently announced, were snapped by HOLLYWOOD'S photographer as they dined out one evening. Note collection of "that glittering stuff" on Lupe's left arm

'The University Players.' There were Barbara O'Neill, Henry Fonda, Joshua Logan, Bretaigne Windust, later a director for the Lunts, in the group. And also among the youngsters was a tall, lanky boy with a drawl, who sang college songs in a very amusing way and played the accordion very well. When we got around to doing *Spring in Autumn,* there was no part in it for him, so we wrote one in. He just sat on the stage with his long legs stretched out with the accordion in his lap, and when he made his exit he glanced at the actor who was supposed to be my husband, and gave a large 'raspberry' on the accordion. Well, he was so funny that when we got back to New York, I made an appointment with Walter Batcheler, a prominent agent, took my boy in, and said, 'Walter, this is my Girl Scout deed of the year. I think this boy is the most amusing personality I ever encountered. I think if you'd sign him, teach him to sing and dance, you'd have another Jack Donahue on your hands. Because this guy is a *funny* guy!'

"Well, Walter either didn't see eye to eye with me, or he was too busy doing other things, because he never did anything about it. And I often wonder whether Walter, in his glummer moments, ever stops to realize that," Blanche Yurka grins, "that boy was—Jimmy Stewart! Well, even I didn't realize that my 'funny guy' had the makings of the fine dramatic actor that he proved himself to be in *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington.*"

Now, the itching on the tip of Blanche Yurka's nose tells her that she has found another "great one," in the person of a charming lady of eighty. Maybe we'd better remember the name; it's Adeline deWalt Reynolds.

Mrs. Reynolds refuses to grow old. Having raised a family, she started out to get herself a college education. She graduated from the University of California at the age of seventy with honors in French. Then she decided to become an actress. Got experience in little theaters, playing with a semi-professional group in San Francisco, studying with the Pasadena Community Playhouse summer school. She also became an expert fencer—for grace and extra poise! And now, with a famous actress to sponsor her (she simply wrote to Blanche Yurka, and Yurka answered), a Hollywood agent to manage her, and three of the biggest studios in town dangling offers, she's all set to start out on a brand-new career—at eighty! She plays the role of Jimmy Stewart's grandmother in *Come Live With Me.*

"Her gay face, under close-cropped gray curls—her young and well-modulated voice—and her quality of charm, convince me that she has talent," says Blanche Yurka of her latest protegee. "The facts of her life show that she has such undefeated youth of spirit that nothing is ever going to stop her. I am sure that her character, her poise, her flexibility, can't help but register on the screen—I feel that acting requires so much more than the ability to make faces! And so I have a brand-new protegee, whose career is going to interest me quite as much as my own."



MARY'S LOW ON "DATE-ABILITY." *She doesn't know that men want allure in women... the mysterious quality such as one finds in "the fragrance of youth." Don't be like Mary!*



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April Showers talcum



MEN LOVE
"THE FRAGRANCE OF YOUTH"

RULING THE WAVES

By ANN VERNON



Laraine Day's modified up-off-the-ears coiffure is youthful looking and easy to arrange. Center: The high pompadour curl gives length to Mary Martin's small face. Brenda Marshall's formal coiffure with coronet braid is regal looking. Laraine's next film will be M-G-M's *Bad Man*; Mary's in Paramount's *New York Town* and Brenda graces Warners' *Footsteps in the Dark*

■ Have you changed your hairstyle in the last six months! If yes, then you are a reader after my heart. If not, I'm afraid I must scold. The woman who wears her hair the same way year after year is seriously lacking in the imagination and the adventuresome spirit that turns Cinderellas into Princesses. I'm not suggesting that you take up with every new and odd-looking coiffure that comes along, or that you adopt a hair-style regardless of whether it is flattering to you—but I do advise you to vary a style that suits you, so that it looks smart, fresh and in tune with the times.

You need never lack for inspiration if you study the coiffures worn by the movie stars. They are forever experimenting with new twists to their locks that will harmonize with their picture costumes, or provide a piquant and flattering frame for their faces—from the side as well as the front. The three coiffures shown on this page are perfect examples of the versatility of Hollywood hairdressers. Laraine Day's soft, youthful and practical hairstyle has the new up-off-the-ears movement and the roll extending down slightly over her forehead is an adaptation of the popular pompadour. This style will become you if you have a squarish, compact face, a good chin.

Mary Martin has chosen her coiffure wisely, for the massed curls low on the neck and behind the ears provide a softening background for the lower part of her face, which narrows down to a small pointed chin. The high pompadour curl gives length to her face, yet it isn't so heavy and bulky as to overshadow her small face. Brenda Marshall has the type of face that looks well with a more severe, dignified hairstyle. Her features are definite and well molded, so she can wear a center part, with the hair swept back off the face, and with a coronet braid to give the fashionable height. This type of hairstyle adapts itself very well to ornaments or flower wreaths for evening wear. The rhinestone ornament shown in the picture gives the effect of a regal coronet, yet it is less heavy and cumbersome, can be fastened simply in the braid. . . . A slender chain of small blossoms would achieve the same effect, in a more informal manner.

Perhaps these three hairstyles will inspire you to think about changing your own slightly—but please remember that you can't work out a successful coiffure unless your hair itself is in good condition. First of all you need a good permanent wave. The days of straight expanses of hair, with the ends curled up slightly on curlers, are gone. The smartest types of coiffures feature waves, curls and rolls—and the only way to keep them tidy is to have the foundation of a permanent. If your hair has that tag-end-of-winter limpness that makes it maddening to work with, you will probably be interested in hearing about a new type permanent that will solve your problem. It's being introduced by a house devoted to hair tinting, a company that has worked with hair for many years and mastered all its weaknesses.

■ The salient factor in this system is that everything, literally *everything* used in the wave is disposable. Scalp protectors, clamps for holding the rods, even the rods [*Continued on page* 62]

GO HEAD HUNTING . . .

and capture a new loveliness for yourself . . . Simply send for Ann Vernon's FREE Coiffure and Make-Up Chart. It offers you secrets for making yourself over. Ask about other hair (skin, too) problems and be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply. Address Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 10]

portunities these days to discuss higher mathematics—my real love."

■ Henry Fonda is wondering what he got himself into by accepting the lead opposite Barbara Stanwyck in *The Lady Eve.*

In a single week's shooting he found himself involved in the following mishaps:

Tripping over Barbara's legs and sprawling headlong; smashing into Vic Potel and spilling a tray of cocktails; stumbling over a footstool and landing face down on a platter of food; wrestling with a set of portieres which finally subdue him; spilling a slice of gravied roast beef into his lap; a collision with a butler bearing a tray of coffee-filled cups; a somersault over a divan and a third encounter with the butler's tray; a fall off a train while wearing pajamas and a sit-down in a pool of water during a rainstorm.

Mr. Fonda is an extremely emotional actor.

■ No fewer than sixty Hollywood players and personalities have impersonated themselves on the screen this season.

Jack Benny and Fred Allen, in *Love Thy Neighbor,* disdain the useless device of hiding themselves under assumed names. Band leaders are practically unanimous in sticking to their actual billing. Artie Shaw in *Second Chorus,* Orrin Tucker in *You're the One* and Tommy Dorsey in *Las Vegas Nights* are all content to be known by their true names.

Deems Taylor, the eminent critic and composer, appears as Deems Taylor in *The Hard-Boiled Canary,* and even Earl Carroll, who has since probably regretted his decision, appears as Earl Carroll in *A Night at Earl Carroll's.*



Deanna Durbin and her fiance, Vaughn Paul, are shown at a recent preview. Deanna's next film will be Universal's *Nice Girl* with Bob Stack, Franchot Tone

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33% MORE LUSTRE IN HAIR*

Than Is Possible With Any Soap ... Most Liquid Shampoos

YOUR hair should highlight and emphasize your personality and charm. Don't let it appear drab and uninteresting. Soap, or liquid soap shampoos, often give hair that dull "mousey" look. Soap, you see, combines with minerals in water to form "bathtub ring"—a film that hides the loveliness and lustre of your hair. If this film is veiling your personality, by all means try Drene the next time you shampoo your hair.

Drene is thrillingly different . . . forms no such dulling film. As a result, Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre and color-brilliance . . . so all colors of hair look warmer and more vibrant, not drab and "mousey".

Drene contains a *patented* cleansing ingredient . . . actually makes more *suds* than soap... has *super-cleansing* action to remove dust, grime, loose dandruff.

Try Drene—and see the amazing difference it makes! Bring out the unsuspected loveliness of your hair that is now hidden by lime-soap film. Loveliness that will make men notice, women envy!

***Scientific Lustre-Meter Tests** at Procter & Gamble experimental beauty shop prove that hair shampooed with Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap-washed hair.



"I'VE TRIED DOZENS OF SHAMPOOS--BUT NONE CAN COMPARE WITH *DRENE*"
—say José of Charmode Salons, New York, Chicago, etc.

FAMOUS BEAUTY SALONS USING DRENE INCLUDE:
Peter Pace, Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Otto De Donato, St. Louis
Terminal Beauty Salons
New York, Baltimore, Chicago

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



BLONDE: If your hair has a *canary color* instead of that *true blonde look* it may be due to dulling film. See what a difference Drene makes.

BRUNETTE: Lime-soap film leaves brunette hair with a drab, "mousey" look. Drene leaves no such film.

TITIAN: If dulling film leaves your hair dark instead of revealing its natural reddish warmth, try Drene.

GRAY: If lime-soap film leaves an ugly yellowish cast use Drene. It reveals the natural dignity and allure of gray hair.

SPECIAL—for normal or dry hair. **REGULAR**—for oily hair.











BEAUTY OVER THE AMERICAS

FROM Alaska to Cape Horn, from the Aleutian Islands to Parahiba, easternmost tip of Brazil—throughout these wide Americas lovely women have learned the same romantic beauty lesson

The ritual of skin care prized in all these American countries is the same we in the United States likewise treasure—the simple, effective principles long laid down by Pond's:—

CLOAK your face and neck lavishly with the sleek, fragrant smoothness of Pond's Cold Cream. Smack your skin briskly with cream-wrapped fingertips for three full minutes—even five. Pond's has two distinct missions to perform for you. One cleansing. The other softening. It mixes with the dust, make-up and foreign accumulations on your skin—softens them and sets them free.

WIPE AWAY all this freed and softened debris with the gentle competence of Pond's Tissues—created tenderly soft and absorbent for this express purpose.

SMACK ON briskly a second coating of Pond's Cold Cream. Again wipe off with gentle Pond's Tissues. This second creamy spanking enhances both the cleansing and softening actions of Pond's. Note how the pores seem finer, lines less apparent in your glowing, softened skin.

SPLASH ON now the cool, wet fragrance of Pond's Skin Freshener.

Then MASK this spic-and-span face of yours with a smooth layer of a very different type of cream—Pond's Vanishing Cream—light as a cloud, innocent of greasiness. This cream's specific duty is to help disperse remaining particles, little chappings caused by exposure. Wait one full minute before you wipe it off. Then see how it leaves a perceptible mat finish on your skin—a petal-softness that receives and holds your powder smooth and captive for hours.

Perform this brief Pond's ritual in full always before retiring or during the day. A shorter ritual whenever your skin or make-up need freshening.



THESE TWO FOR THE PRICE OF CREAM

ANOTHER THRIFTY GIVE-AWAY— For a limited period you can buy Pond's Cold Cream in the medium-large (6.1 oz.) size that gives you so much more for your money, and get *absolutely free* a 20¢ box of Pond's Face Powder. At your favorite beauty counter.

MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR . . . MRS. ROBERT W. ARMSTRONG . . . SEÑORITA ANA ROSA MARTINEZ GUERRERO SEÑORA PILA SUBERCASEAUX . . . SENHORA AIMÉE LOPES DE SOTTO MAIOR . . . names that hold the magic and dual connotation of great wealth and great beauty in five great American countries. Each one observes the Pond's Ritual



Rosalind Russell

Joining forces with Melvyn Douglas, the subtle comedienne, Rosalind Russell, again supplies movie audiences with A-1 funnybone entertainment in Columbia's riotous comedy, *This Thing Called Love*



"Lady Hamilton"

Released through United Artists

■ Of course *Emma Hart* wasn't all she should have been. Even if she was the most beautiful woman in England, *circa* 1790, it seemed highly suspicious to her critics that *Emma* was always posing for *those artists*. You know what artists are! (Of course these gentlemen answered to the names of George Romney, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Thomas Gainsborough—and the combined value of their portraits of her today would run into the countless millions.)

Hollywood's real-life lovers, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Olivier, (Vivien Leigh), co-star in Alexander Korda's picturization of the immortal romance between the famous beauty of the eighteenth century, *Lady Hamilton*, and the great *Admiral Lord Nelson*

But *Emma*, tiring of criticism, tossed her pretty head, flounced her voluminous skirts and went abroad, where she emerged as *Lady Hamilton*, one of history's greatest romantic ladies and the beloved of England's greatest naval hero, *Lord Nelson*.

Lady Hamilton was the *Scarlett O'Hara*

By TOM DEVANE

of her day when it came to furthering her own ambitions. And appropriately enough, Vivien Leigh, whose name will always be linked with that of *Scarlett,* is now playing the woman whom *Lord Nelson* called "the dear Emma." It's one of the neatest bits of casting in years—especially when you consider that Vivien's own husband, Laurence Olivier, plays *Lord Nelson.*

Lady Hamilton is one of those superbly done Alexander Korda historical film romances (remember Charles Laughton in *The Private Life of Henry VIII* and Elizabeth Bergner in *Catherine the Great?* Korda produced and directed them, too) and will be brought to the screen with almost fanatical emphasis on accuracy. The English public (and there *is* one, in spite of European conflicts) doesn't like its idols presented in a false light.

Vivien Leigh is mighty happy about playing "the dear Emma." She didn't expect to get another part with quite as much *Scarlett O'Hara* oomph for some time.

I had a wonderful time visiting Vivien and Laurence Olivier on the set of the picture—and brushing up on my English history. To begin with, I arrived right in the middle of one of their first big love scenes together—and the Oliviers were throwing off sparks in all directions. *Their* love scenes will burn up the screen. Since I didn't know what the scene was all about, I was given the low-down on *Lady Hamilton* and *Lord Nelson.*

The picture begins with *Emma's* arrival in Naples in 1793, on a mission dear to her heart. She is in love with an aristocratic young Englishman (whom history records as rather a heel) and her mission is to persuade his uncle, the English Ambassador to Naples, to consent to their marriage.

But poor *Emma* soon discovers that she's been done wrong by. The elderly uncle, *Sir William Hamilton,* played by Alan Mowbray, reveals that his nephew hadn't the slightest intention of marrying her. He'd given her the pitch. But *Sir William* himself fell desperately for the charms of the discarded mistress. Invited her and her mother, the redoubtable *Mrs. Cadogan,* to be his guests at the Embassy.

Emma, like *Scarlett O'Hara,* when she couldn't get the man she wanted, promptly married another. Just to spite everybody she got her lines and a wedding ring from *Sir William* and became *Lady Hamilton,* first lady of the English colony in Naples.

In 1797, the painstaking Korda research department informs us, *Emma* was comparatively happy, tranquil in the love of her husband and secure in her close friendship with the *Queen of Naples,* the most powerful [*Continued on page 47*]





Top: Elaborate gambling room set. Below: Director Walter Mayo and Miss Leigh celebrate simultaneous birthdays

Laurence Olivier dons a nosepiece which transforms the well-known Englishman's features for his role as *Lord Nelson*



The loss of his right arm and one eye marks the triumphant return of *Lord Nelson* after the battle of the Nile



Between scenes, Vivien Leigh knitted tirelessly for the British soldiers while her huge sheep dog, *Jupiter,* watched



"Back Street"

Margaret Sullavan and Charles Boyer are co-starred in Universal's revival of Fannie Hurst's romantic novel of a secret love, *Back Street*



IS GEORGE BRENT A WALLFLOWER?

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

■ George Brent, one of our handsomest and most pursued (we thought) actors has been doing a male Stella Dallas right under our noses for years and we never even guessed.

Can you picture Brent being lonely and wistful? Not on your life. Even sophisticated Hollywood was shocked at the bald truth. Somehow, George has managed to achieve the deplorable reputation for being a sort of surly hermit. The gossip around town is that he won't go to parties, won't attend benefits, won't pose for publicity pictures, won't talk about anything, and just won't do anything gay or exciting. And here is the reason for George's negative reaction to all of this.

No one ever asks him!

The first hint of this sad state of affairs leaked out a short while ago when someone asked him, in a frightened voice while edging toward the door, something about the time when he and Garbo were—er—going together. George laughed and said, "Oh, that! Well, we certainly had fun. We used to—" And he was off in a cloud of reminiscences.

Someone interrupted in a hushed and horrified voice. "But, George! You never talk about Garbo. No one ever does. You . . ."

Brent looked completely blank. "Don't I? Haven't they? I don't know why. I guess *no one ever asked me.*" He thought over this astonishing phenomenon for a moment and then said, "I don't see why anyone shouldn't talk about Garbo. She's a very amusing woman. There wasn't anything secretive about our seeing one another—while it lasted. I went to her house, but more often she came to mine. Great guns! Why, I remember one afternoon when I was trying to teach her the trick of using a punching bag on my back lawn. She was working away like mad, 'One-two-one-two,' and she really looked very funny. We were laughing our heads off when some voices joined us and we discovered a foursome from the Lakeside Golf Club, leaning over the fence and enjoying the show. When she saw that she had a real audience she began to clown [*Continued on page* 45]



George Brent is teamed with newcomer Martha Scott in the Warner production, *They Dare Not Love*

Don't Copy a Movie Star!

Warns Hedy Lamarr

■ Girls, if you hear an innocent bystander remark that you resemble Greta Garbo, Hedy Lamarr or Joan Crawford, run to the nearest mirror and take immediate action. Don't misunderstand. There's nothing wrong with the beauty of Garbo, Lamarr or Crawford, but there is something wrong with you if you are content to remain a mere carbon copy.

There isn't one girl in a million who wouldn't give her all to be in the shoes of a famous movie star. This, of course, is a perfectly normal wish, but to remodel one's appearance and personality into an exact duplicate of another person—no matter how great—is a sad mistake.

Women the world over are making the error of emulating their favorite movie star to the point of twisting their original personality into one which is insincere and wholly unbecoming. For these well-meaning women who are [*Continued on page* 56]



Don't mimic glamorous Hedy Lamarr and wear severely man-tailored clothes if you're the demure type. If your face is round and small, forego wearing flat beret





IF YOU HAVE AN ORGANDY TEMPERAMENT DON'T





If you can't be pleasant, go hide. Don't sulk in an effort to look dramatic. It's childish. Other common faults which Hedy has profited by are shown above: too widely plucked brows and to liberally rouged lips. Right: Don't wear coronet braid if you're the outdoor girl





By JOHN FRANCHEY

EMULATE A SLINKY SIREN



The before and after stage which almost every actress passes through. At far left: When the Vision from Vienna came to this country, her vivid beauty was barely perceptible. Note the metamorphosis which took place (next photo) after Metro's make-up experts took Hedy in hand

Turbans are not for moon-faced girls. General dislike for hats has found many women wearing haphazardly-wound turbans, regardless of outcome. Center: Even movie queens make errors. Hedy protests at being "snapped." Reason: Her large hat is not suitable to her satin afternoon dress. Right: Hats with draped snoods are not for the plain girl. Hedy's in *Ziegfeld Girl*

Far left: A peasant type costume retains its smartness only when worn by the right person. "Don't overdress," is a good rule to follow. Center: Unless you have a waistline that is the envy of your sewing club's members, don't wear too-wide belts. Hedy demonstrates the ill-effects. Right: The loveliness of you will soon be forgotten if you persist in mimicking the smouldering type. Hedy illustrates drastic effects of a pretty girl gone dramatic

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"JACKIE'S GOT A GIR-RUL!"

By HELEN HOVER



■ Jackie Cooper, fresh from a swim with Bonita Granville and some kids, was lying flat on his stomach near the pool, lazily scanning a Hollywood column while he let the sun bake him dry.

Suddenly, his eye caught a paragraph in the column and he sprang up as though someone had given him a hot-foot.

"Hey, Bun—Bun," he yelled. "Did you see this? Don't pay any attention to it. There's nothing to it!"

Bonita read the article while she massaged her head dry with a Turkish towel. It stated:

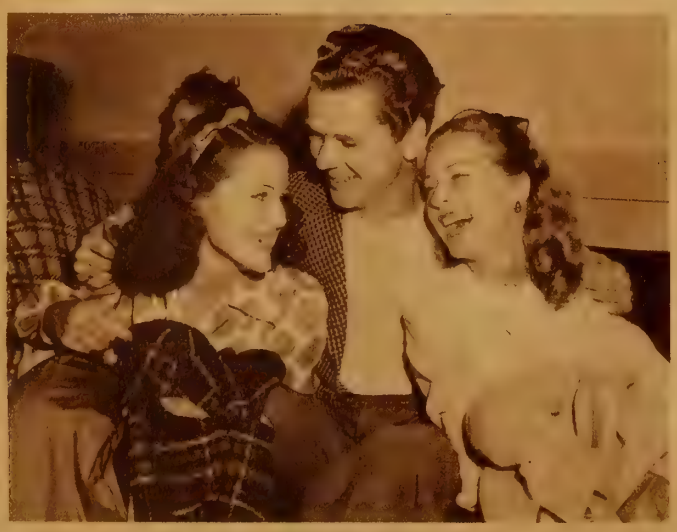
"Now that Jackie Cooper appears as Judy Garland's beau in *Ziegfeld Girl*, Bonita Granville had better watch out. Jackie is reported to want to duplicate this role in real life too."

"Oh, that," said Bonita calmly, still rubbing her damp head. "I saw that this morning. Pouf—doesn't bother me a bit." And in a lightning change of the subject she soon had Jackie telling her about the new maroon car he had set his heart on buying.

Which shows that these kids are not

It's love in bloom! That wide grin on Jackie Cooper's face and the Dan Cupid beam in his eyes is caused by Bonita Granville, the girl on opposite page

The inimitable Cooper humor finds Helen Parrish and Jackie's gal, Bonita, in hysterics. This trio constitutes a small portion of Hollywood's younger set



Jackie and Bonita can be serious, too. They are shown at Ann Rutherford's bowling party where they acted as scorekeepers. Jackie's pet name for his gal is "Bun"





Since their names have been romantically linked, publicity-wise agents pose Jackie and Bonita for fashion art. They are shown modeling twin suede jackets.



Looking domestic, Jackie and Bonita make every minute count while relaxing after a strenuous swim. Jackie holds the yarn while "Bun" crochets a new belt



A sweet love story of two Hollywood child stars grown into young manhood and womanhood is reflected in this photo. Below: A new portrait of the charming Bonita

only the youngest pair of hand-holders in Hollywood, but also the sanest. Other Hollywood couples let gossipers tear the vitals out of their friendship. Jackie and Bonita have fun and trust each other. They won't manufacture trouble or triangles.

Based on such honesty and fair play, the friendship—and some call it love—between Jackie and Bonita shows more genuine dignity and balance than the more blatant Hollywood romancers who are older in years and experience.

Jackie and Bun, as he calls her, don't like to have their relationship referred to as a "romance," although if it isn't that, then Gary Cooper is a midget! They think the term is so final, puts it in a category with so many off-again on-again Hollywood affairs.

"It's so mushy," says Jackie gruffly.

"Can't we have fun together," adds Bonita wisely, "without people asking questions?"

In that way, Hollywood youngsters going through the thrilling experience of "first love" are on the spot. Try and recall your first crush. Just imagine the embarrassment and joshing you would have been in for if that first love-affair had been splashed on billboards. Being Hollywood notables, Jackie and Bonita must endure the billboard screamings every time they go dancing, take a drive in the ribbon roads of the Hollywood hills or hold hands at a movie. They don't have much privacy, but they are making normalcy of that very cockeyed institution known as Hollywood first love.

Jackie and Bonita have known each other since [*Continued on page* 50]



Bonita's mother, Mrs. Timmie Granville, and the youthful pair examine proofs of the day's "stills" from their co-starring Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film, *Gallant Sons*





Bob Taylor portrays tough gunman in his new Metro film, *Billy the Kid*

Meet Two-Gun Taylor

Bob Taylor plays his first western role in M-G-M's *Billy the Kid*. Bob's role in this film, that of a young outlaw and desperado, is the fulfillment of a four-year ambition

By DUNCAN UNDERHILL

■ Better watch your language, pardner. What's that you called Robert Taylor? Matinee idol? Collar model?

Them's fightin' words, waddy, if you're referring to the terror of the Badlands, the scourge of the redskins and the meanest varmint that ever drew first on a deppity.

Two-Gun Taylor's in a dangerous mood. He's out to make good on a bet that may switch his career, a bet that he's been hankering for nigh onto four years. It was 1937 when he began heckling his studio to let him play *Billy the Kid*.

The objections were strenuous and seemingly valid. Robert Taylor bears no physical resemblance to the famed gunslinger. He's noticeably older than Billy, who died at twenty-one with twenty-one notches on his gun, not counting Indians and Mexicans. He's not, in short and ugly words, the type. Nor have the great-lover roles in his seven-year career fitted him to portray the frontier bully he regards as the vividest character in Western history.

Yet Two-Gun Taylor stuck to his guns and kept firing away at the front-office big shots with salvos of arguments, briefs and plain appeals until they finally surrendered to save wear and tear on their nervous systems.

When the studio moguls gave in they raised a white flag the size of a bed sheet, capitulating not only on the single point of letting the star have his pet story but also handing him an oversize budget, Technicolor, Maureen O'Sullivan, Brian Donlevy, Ian Hunter and Director Frank Borzage. So now it's up to Taylor to come through or spend the rest of his career wondering how to get back off that lonely limb he's out on.

The street-corner wiseacres who make their office on the curb at Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street professed real astonishment when they learned that Bob was going to try to get inside the character of a gun-toting desperado.

"Who will it be?" they inquired of each other. "Baby-Face Nelson or Pretty Boy Floyd?"

An additional touch of bravado is lent to Bob's dare-devil undertaking by the fact that he will be in direct competition with another Billy the Kid who seems to be closer not only in years but in background and appearance to the blood-stained bad boy of the Indian country. What makes it tougher still is that the rival Billy is backed by the fabulously wealthy Howard Hughes, the producer of *Hell's Angels*, who has no more regard for a million dollars than you have for last Sunday's newspaper.

The Hughes production is called *The Outlaw* but is based on the same facts as the Taylor picture. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had a prior claim on the *Billy the Kid* title. *The Outlaw* screenplay is by Ben Hecht, who is having a particularly good season as a writer in addition to his flyer as director of *Angels Over Broadway*. Furthermore, *The Outlaw* has a long head start on *Billy the Kid*, filming having started before New Year's at Moencopi, Arizona.

Bob Taylor's "opposite number" in *The Outlaw* is a [*Continued on page* 58]

Lady With a Line

By AL STEEN

Read about the mysterious force with which Peggy Moran gets what she wants!



Everyone in the crowded restaurant was watching her. She was a lovely girl, with shining blue eyes and hair as soft as silk. In her appearance there was little to attract so much attention, for Hollywood, the land of sunshine and a million dreams is accustomed to the endless display of beautiful faces. But this young lady was unusual in another sense. Though she sat alone, her lips kept moving. Over and over again her lips formed a phrase—the same phrase. The waiter, standing nearby, heard her repeat: "I want a contract. I want a contract."

This silent phrase was being recited by a girl who, most of her life, had been applying a self-conceived bit of psychology which she had found effective in attaining a variety of goals and ambitions. The girl was Peggy Moran and, like thousands of other girls the world over, she wanted to be a movie actress and her big moment had come—a screen test!

A lot of water has passed under the proverbial bridge since the day Peggy walked to the sound stage and took direction for the first time before a camera. It would be nice if we could say she was signed to a contract on the spot, but she wasn't. It took more than a screen test, more than just plain hard work before she landed where she is today, admittedly the busiest player of romantic leads on the Universal lot.

The story behind it all is an amazing one; it's the story of a girl who formulated a recipe for success by discovering that the mind can be more than just an instrument with which to think. But let's not get ahead of our story.

Skeptics, in observing Peggy Moran's rapid rise in screenland (she has appeared in 15 pictures in 15 months), are likely to comment: "Oh well, she was raised in Los Angeles, always lived around the studios and had contacts."

Yes, Peggy was raised in Los Angeles, but in answer to such remarks, she will tell you that when she finished school, she had neither [*Continued on page* 52]



MILLION DOLLAR FLOOR SHOW

By VICTOR BOESEN

Fabulous-salaried stars visit the Grace Hayes Lodge in the hope they will be asked to give an impromptu performance

Wayne Morris, Pat Stewart and Harry Ritz are chatting with friends before entering the popular Grace Hayes Lodge



Peter Lind Hayes, the hostess' son, enjoys annoying the club's guests. He is with Collette Lyon and Jeffrie Gill



The charm of Hostess Hayes is also one of the magnets of the club. She chats with Jimmy Cagney and Ralph Bellamy



Louella Parsons winks at Errol Flynn as he stops by to chat with Jack Warner, his boss, and Lady Diana Duff-Cooper



Hostess Hayes carries the portable "mike" over to Mrs. Lupino. Frances Robinson was discovered at the Lodge



Dorothy Tree, Bob Evans, Kay Sabichi and Harry Ritz do a *Suzy-Q* routine for the entertainment of the patrons



Linda Hayes and her escort, Lou Crosby, prefer the table in front of the lovely display of old silver atop the fireplace



Mrs. Hayes heartily enjoys Harry Ritz's horn blowing antics as Wayne Morris and young Frankie Thomas stand by



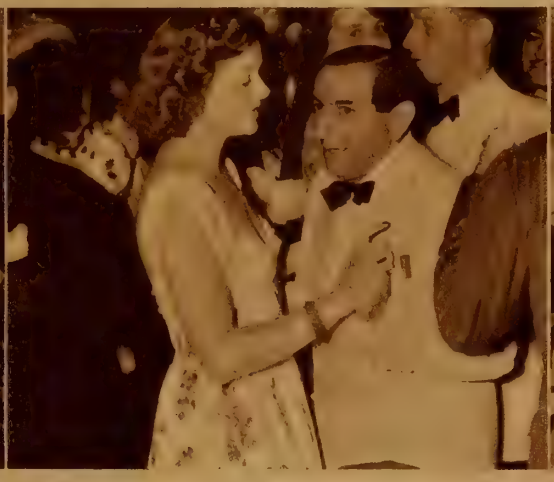
Helen Parrish, Princess Li Ling Ai, Wayne Morris, Mrs. Hayes and Loretta Young play with baby giant panda



Grace Hayes helps the boys in the band along by rattling the maracas as she dances the rhumba with Wayne Morris



Lined up at the small bar are Margaret Young, Rosetta and Vivian Duncan, Dot Tree, Mrs. Hayes and Mrs. Whitney



Actress Myrna Loy and Director Ernst Lubitsch enjoy a whirl around the dance floor of the well-known night spot



The brightly colored awning ceiling is "carried through" from the canopy seen in the first photo on opposite page

■ Anyone suggesting that for the price of a Tom Collins or a gin rickey you might hear Lawrence Tibbett sing "Mandalay" would invite one of two conclusions: either such a person was overdue for mental observation, or Mr. Tibbett had fallen on evil days.

Either of those conclusions would be wrong, however; America's highest paid singer is still the highest paid, but when he spends an evening at the Grace Hayes Lodge on Hollywood's Ventura Boulevard, he, like any other luminary of the town, is prone to perform for the mere asking, like inlanders at a community picnic.

Having parted with his half dollar, the visitor might also be treated to a rendition by Dorothy Lamour. Conceivably, there would be a dramatic skit by Charles Laughton, or a dance by Ann Miller. If the visitor dawdled over his drink long enough, possibly breaking down and shooting the whole dollar, there is a good chance that he would see action by enough of Hollywood's brightest stars to cast a million dollar picture.

None of this is planned; it just happens that way. Hollywood's elite go to the Lodge for dinner and dancing in an atmosphere free of starch, where the log-hemmed environs are small and cozy and a fellow can let his hair down. Dress suits there are few and far between, and autograph hunters assay about one in a thousand.

In such surroundings of intimate camaraderie, the natural impulse is to share one's talents with the others. There is no goading from the floor, merely an invitation. A refusal, when there is one, is immediately respected.

When we were there the other night, one of the guests was Judy Garland. She took the floor while Hostess Grace, a tall, dark-eyed woman whose younger beauty still is evident, explained that Judy's studio has forbidden her to sing in night clubs. The spotlight thereupon swung around and picked out Robert Preston, seated over to one side in rapt preoccupation with the new Mrs. Preston. Preston modestly declined. He said he had "no talent."

In neither case did the hostess insist.

But there was nothing standing in the way of a song [*Continued on page* 65]



Signs bearing the names of Scarlett and Rhett decorate the entrances to the ladies' and gents' lounge rooms

"Tobacco Road"







Young Gene Tierney, comparative newcomer, won the coveted role of *Ellie May* in 20th Century-Fox's screen adaptation of *Tobacco Road*, the play which opened on Broadway eight years ago and is still showing. Above: Charles Grapewin as *Jeeter Lester* and below, Marjorie Rambeau as *Sister Bessie*

Man of the Hour

James Stephenson is the man whom Hollywood didn't discover until it was almost too late

By
FREDERICK McFEE

Mr. James Stephenson worries a lot.

Let anyone call him a sourpuss, for instance, and it's liable to make him unhappy for days.

Mr. Stephenson (Jimmy to his friends) forgets that he's just about the brightest new male star in pictures due to his impressive work in *The Letter*, with Bette Davis, and the more recent film *Flight From Destiny*.

He's *not* a sourpuss, and that young woman in Riverside, California, who wrote him a fan letter telling him to relax once in a while, should be ashamed of herself. His film roles won't let him. And his next picture, *Winged Victory*, is drama of the most intense sort, with Mr. Stephenson cracking nary a smile.

But he laughs quite often; even guffaws upon occasion, as I discovered during a pre-luncheon chat at the Warner studio drug store. This particular morning he was still chuckling over an incident that happened earlier in the day.

"You know, Geraldine Fitzgerald is going to be in *Winged Victory*, and she was on a set this morning being tested for hair-dos and new make-up. They're always experimenting, you know. When I arrived, I noticed that Miss Fitzgerald was at her most beautiful, which is enough for most people. But all of a sudden there was a great conference between the make-up and hair-dress people. A spokesman came over to Geraldine and said accusingly, 'The hair—it won't do. It isn't sexy enough!' "

Mr. Stephenson chortled. "Imagine a sexy hairdress! What do you suppose it will be like? Poor Geraldine was quite confused about the whole thing."

The actor's first experience with Hollywood foibles came by remote control, so to speak, at the British studios of Warner Brothers, where he was enacting leading roles in British-quota films and doing very well indeed. He played leads in *The Perfect Crime* and *Mr. Satan*, and became widely and favorably known to the British film-going public. Not many of his pictures were released in this country, however.

Came the day he was summoned to the telephone by Irving Asher, British head of Warner Brothers. Jack Warner was in London, a fact which Stephenson knew full well. And Mr. Asher was inviting him to dine with the boss the following evening.

It was a very fine dinner, too, with Mr. Warner assuring Mr. Stephenson of his deep interest in his work, and the actor practically purring with satisfaction. Then, over brandies, the producer asked him if he would like to go to Hollywood for six weeks of tests. Just tests. They'd pay more than Mr. Stephenson's English salary, and if the tests didn't prove him a Hollywood type, he was free to return to the British studios.

"I was rather startled at that," Stephenson admitted. "You see, it was my first taste of business done on a Hollywood scale. I tried to [*Continued on page* 54]





Left: James Stephenson and Thomas Mitchell in a scene from the Warner film, *Flight From Destiny*

"That Uncertain Feeling"

An Ernst Lubitsch Production



Presenting *Mr. and Mrs. Larry Baker*, otherwise known as Merle Oberon Korda and Mel Douglas



Her first day on the set found Merle surrounded by floral offerings from Joan Crawford, Sam Goldwyn, Joan Bennett and others



Ernst Lubitsch's directorial instructions were halted when he spied the "spread" before Merle Oberon and Olive Blakeney

By E. J. (FUMBLER) SMITHSON

DEAR EDITOR:

■ Due to a slight windfall of folding money, I decided to spend a "fin" for a few drinks and a dinner at Bob Cobb's Vine Street Brown Derby. With my nose stuck deep down in a tall frosted glass, I wondered how I could crash the Ernst Lubitsch film which was just going into production. I sat there feeling pretty sorry for myself when up before me popped a long-lost friend: a beautiful blue-eyed blonde, for whom I had once done a good turn.

"Hello, handsome," she kindly greeted me. "Whatcha, doin'? Need a job, maybe?"

I stared at the breathtaking vision in amazement and stupidly uttered, "Huh, oh sure. What kind ya got?"

While my blond nifty explained that she was not kidding me, she also let out that she was all set for an extra part over at the United Artists Studios where Sol Lesser and Ernst Lubitsch were preparing to shoot *That Uncertain Feeling* with Merle Oberon, Melvyn Douglas and Burgess Meredith in starring roles, and Olive Blakeney, Alan Mowbray, Sig Rumann, Eve Arden, Harry Davenport, Chester Clute and Jean Fenwick.

She also let out that, being related to one of the big sniffs, she could get me a couple days extra work, with no strings attached. Boy, this is the first time a dame has gone to bat for me. Maybe they're not as dumb as this bachelor boy has thought.

I forgot to mention that this blond cutie and I happened to play extra parts in a picture directed by Ernst Lubitsch. The same Director Lubitsch who danged near chased me plumb out of the studio lot when I accidentally tripped and fell over a light cable just as Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert were in the midst of a lovey-dovey sequence. I remember that Lubitsch was so mad he bit the long black cigar he was smoking in two. I also remember the tongue lashing he gave me for spoiling the day's best take—which took six hours.

Well, I finally get the job and by eight-thirty I am on the sound stage and by eight-thirty-three this Director Lubitsch sees me and worse yet, recognizes me, and he comes charging over where I am and says, "No! No! No!" as he looks me right in the eye. "Two years ago you cost me a good scene which took $3,000 to make over. I want you should get the hell out from here!"

With that, he walked away, smoke coming from his fifty-cent stogie like smoke from the funnel of a freight engine going up-grade. "There," I says to myself, "goes a good job even before I get it." And with that I am getting ready to sneak away from it all when Merle Oberon comes over and shakes hands. And right behind her comes Director Lubitsch! He says something about "I guess it was me who made a mistake. You stay. But no tripping over any cables this time!" Gosh, ain't Hollywood wonderful!

■ Before I tell you what happened when the cameras began to grind on *That Uncertain Feeling*, I want to give you a short "trip through the script" to sort of wise you up as to who did what to who and vice versa.

Happy *Jill Baker* (Merle Oberon), charming, beautiful, and smugly secure in her Park Avenue home as the wife of *Larry Baker* (Melvyn Douglas), is the victim of a very embarrassing and disturbing ailment. She has hiccups! Whenever she gets nervous or excited, which is quite often of late, she hiccups. So far, the family doctor has been unable to diagnose the reason or prescribe a cure.

At the urging of her most intimate friend, *Margie Stallings* (Olive Blakeney), *Jill* skeptically pays a visit to the fashionable *Dr. Alois Vengard* (Alan Mowbray), psychoanalyst. *Dr. Vengard* has but one avenue of attack for Park Avenue patients. He probes directly into *Jill's* marital relations, explores her dreams, and implants the [*Continued on page* 49]

SHAMROCKS AT MT. VERNON



Pat O'Brien and his family enjoy a sunning at the edge of their swimming pool on their Brentwood estate. Pat is shown with Mrs. O'Brien, Mavourneen and Sean



Replica of a replica! Pat's tricky mailbox is a miniature duplicate of the exterior which is an exact copy of George Washington's historic house at Mt. Vernon



Here is a unique photo of the master bedroom. It's done with mirrors! The other end of the room, with spacious and imposing bedstead, is reflected in mirror



The Pat O'Briens are proud of their attractive Colonial dining room, with historic murals lining the walls from top to baseboard. Pat's in *Escape to Glory*



Love in a library! One of the few remaining happily married couples in Hollywood, the O'Briens are shown in their library, reading one of Pat's movie scripts



A cozy spot before the white marble fireplace. Two wide-striped sofas on either side of circular coffee table form an interesting and symmetrical arrangement

JUST AROUND THE CORNER

BY CANDIDA

Spring is just around the corner—and summer not far behind. With that pleasant thought in mind, start planning your wardrobe now. Anne Nagle, pretty featured player in Universal's *The Mysterious Doctor R*, suggests these dresses to be worn through the spring and summer. Top right, she models a Joyce Hubrite dress of woven striped poplin, with a jerkin jacket of matching green or wine. A buy at $7.95







Stay North or go South in Anne Nagle's Jeanne d'Arc dress of crisply tailored Miami cloth, a blend of Teca and spun rayons. Note "suspender" belt and buttoned inset pockets. Your choice of five colors, at $6.50. To match the sombrero buttons and striped belt, wear Debway's Mexican sombrero of burnt straw with tie silk band and bow. It costs $3.00



It's Nip-N-Tuck to discover the smartest feature of this printed cotton housedress. Anne likes the pouch pockets, appleblossom design and waist-length Talon fastening. You'll like the diagonal nipped insets at waist that make it fit so perfectly and the tucked down front. There's also a flattering smocked yoke. A bargain at about $2



Stripes please in Anne's Jean Jr. dress of Stripella Crown Rayon. Hers is patriotic in red and white, with blue belt. If you prefer, you can combine black and white or navy and white with red, rose and white or powder blue and white with navy, or brown and white with brown. Notice skirt, sleeve fullness. Only $8

Sketched at right—Miss Universal pjs of printed broadcloth in blue, gray and white stripes. The butcher boy jacket has clever new side entrance pockets, $1.95. D. Lisner's Powder-Blend pearls, in color tones to harmonize with your face powder and complexion are $2 for the three strands—have sterling silver clasp! Tuleta, the Peters Velvet Step spectator oxford comes in white suede with red turf tan trim, $5.50



TURN TO PAGE 72

for the names of stores where you can purchase these clothes. If no shop near you is listed, send a post card to Candida, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City. State which items interest you.

Pictures in Production

"I Wanted Wings"

(PARAMOUNT)



Ray Milland and the charming Connie Moore enjoy top honors in Paramount's film of the air, *I Wanted Wings*



A tense scene is witnessed above. Fellow-aviators watch with bated breath as one of the boys makes a forced landing



Another interesting addition to the aeronautical film is the unusual-looking Veronica Lake, who really can act

"Men of Boystown"

(METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER)



Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney are again co-starred in the sequel to their first film together, *Men of Boystown*



Mickey Rooney's keen admiration for Spencer Tracy finds him attentively listening to Spence's off-the-set advice



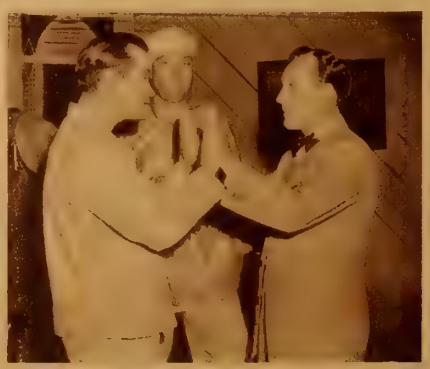
The powerfully-dramatic *Men of Boystown* reveals Father Flanagan's continued fight for homeless and unwanted boys

"Road to Zanzibar"

(PARAMOUNT)



Bing Crosby and Bob Hope will again tickle movie audiences' funnybones in their new picture, *Road to Zanzibar*



Bing and Bob give a repeat performance of their side-splitting "pattycake" gag which went over big in *Road to Singapore*



Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour and Una Merkel are shown above in a scene which promises much merriment

KEEP YOUR ACCENT ON YOUTH!

"Win New Loveliness . . . New Youthfulness in your NEW-BORN-SKIN!" says Lady Esther



Yes! It's really true . . . You are getting a beautiful New-Born Skin. Yes, under your present skin a Brand New Skin is coming to life. Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help your New-Born Skin to keep its promise of appealing freshness and youth.

IT SEEMS a miracle too wonderful to believe, but at this very moment, under your present skin . . . a New-Born Skin is flowering . . . growing, gradually replacing your worn-out surface skin which flakes away in tiny little particles.

Will your New-Born Skin really flatter you? Will it help you look younger? The answer is "Yes!", says Lady Esther. "Yes . . . if you will care for it properly with my 4-Purpose Face Cream."

Don't let the dry flakes of your old surface skin imprison the beauty of your New-Born Skin. My 4-Purpose Face Cream gently permeates those drab flakes . . . the surface impurities and dirt. It helps you whisk them away . . . so your New-Born Skin may appear at its clearest and at its best. And to do this . . . all you need is *one* cream. Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream.

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Does he suggest that you feed your skin from the outside? Will he recommend astringents, or skin foods, or tissue creams? Lady Esther believes he will not . . . for it stands to reason that any cream that can fill the pores can be harmful to the skin. But ask him if my cream doesn't help your skin because it loosens surface impurities and the dry little flakes . . . really cleanses your skin. Ask your doctor if every last word that Lady Esther says isn't *true!*

So try my 4-Purpose Face Cream at my expense. Use no other cream for a full month. Let my cream give you complete beauty care. Let your New-Born Skin come to light in all its glory. Use my cream particularly before you powder, for, after wiping away Lady Esther cream, your skin is in perfect condition to receive powder. Use just enough powder to protect your skin from dust—and see if your skin doesn't appear lovelier and more opalescent—smoother, more radiant—with a look that really spells beauty!

The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is *constantly* wearing out—drying—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—*always* crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!



SAMPLE TUBE AT MY EXPENSE

LADY ESTHER,
7130 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill. (65)
Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

Heap Big Fun

Although not in the cast of *Santa Fe Trail*, lovely Brenda Marshall went along with the gang for some fun







Stars, studio officials and press people went to Santa Fe, N. M., for world premiere of *Santa Fe Trail*. Big Chief Flynn was inducted into the Navajo tribe

Sister Joan Fontaine and Brian Aherne console Olivia de Havilland who was stricken with appendicitis and rushed home

The co-stars of the film, Errol and Olivia, greet huge crowds of fans on brief stopover at Needles, California, on way to New Mexico







Errol Flynn and Rita Hayworth take time out from their skiing to enjoy a cigarette. Rita's in Warners' *Strawberry Blonde*

A large snowball fight took place in the hills. Reginald Gardiner and attractive Jean Parker were merry participants

Is George Brent a Wallflower?

[*Continued from page 27*]

and everybody roared. You couldn't call that a 'secret' friendship, could you? What else do you want to know?" George asked.

Only a little while ago, Ann Sheridan, his current heart throb (in case you hadn't noticed) said to him, "Oh, I had the nicest time at that party last night! I did wish you were there, George. Why won't you ever go?"

George just looked sad. "I wasn't asked, Ann," he admitted. "I'm never asked to parties—and I like parties, too."

This rather startling statement required an explanation, as you can well imagine. It seems that many years ago George went to every party there was. He had some gay times and news of his popularity spread and soon he was asked everywhere. In Hollywood, a handsome, unattached male need never have a moment's peace if he doesn't want it. George's circle of friends widened so abruptly that he was taken quite unawares. A good many of the "new" parties seemed dull to him, for they were attended mostly by people who seemed chiefly bent on knifing other people in the back—a pet diversion in some circles. So George began to refuse invitations from people he didn't know well.

"But it seems that you can't refuse just a few," he mourns. "Word gets 'round that you're a snob and don't like parties and the next thing you know you aren't asked *anywhere*. I haven't been to a party in years. . . ."

Even sympathetic Ann didn't understand and I'm not sure that she does yet. That's the way Hollywood is. One of the easiest things to earn is a reputation for being snooty, temperamental or just plain unpleasant. Some times it takes years to live it down. Silly, isn't it?

■ Another strange-but-true thing is that he and Jim Cagney had both been under contract to Warners, working on the same lot for years and had never met until they went to work on *The Fighting Sixty-Ninth!* Those two Irishmen! Naturally they took an instant shine to one another. Swapped yarns, played pranks, made bets and all that. After the picture was finished and Cagney was at work on *City for Conquest*, he saw George in the commissary one day.

"Hi!" he cried. "Stop by the set and see me later if you're not doing anything," George said, "Hi, yourself! Sure!" And he did.

On the *City for Conquest* set that afternoon there was actual excitement. People stopped work to peer at the pair of story exchangers. Someone phoned the publicity department and a press agent raced down. George Brent had never visited anyone on a set before and folks thought maybe the Associated Press should know about it. Something significant must be brewing. They thought . . .

At last someone asked George why he

[*Continued on page 46*]



Do YOU use a Soap that Shirks...

Stop and think—about the laundry soap *you* use. Is it a husky, hard-working, washday helper? . . . or does it loaf—and leave most of the mean, back-breaking work for *you* to do?

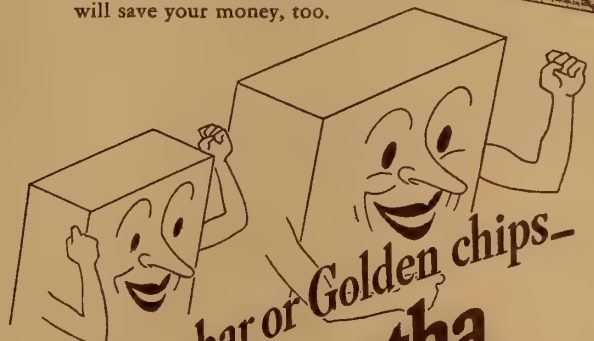
Think back to last washday . . . did you have to rub, and rub . . . *and rub?* Were you down and out at the end of the day? Did your things have that discouraging grayish look that says, plain as day, "You didn't get *all* the dirt out"?

or a Soap that Works?

—did you have a washday like so many other women have nowadays? A washday that began with the fresh, stimulating smell of Fels-Naptha Soap. Made easier and shorter by that Peerless Pair of cleaners—gentle naptha and richer, *golden* soap. A washday that saw sparkling, sweet-scented linens dancing on your line.



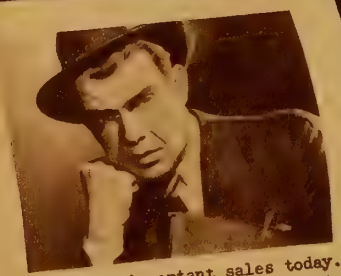
Hadn't you better write, *now,* to Fels & Company, Dept. 5-C, Phila., Pa., for a free introductory bar of Fels-Naptha Soap? It's the easiest way in the world to learn how a soap that *works*—that gets after deep-down dirt—will save your time, your health—and will save your money, too.



Golden bar or Golden chips—
Fels-Naptha
—Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



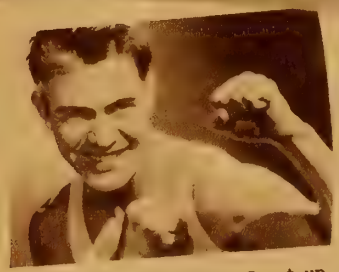
From the Confidential Notebook of Mr. F---



Muffed two important sales today. Had no pep — just couldn't get going! Wonder if I hadn't better take a laxative - been putting it off too long.



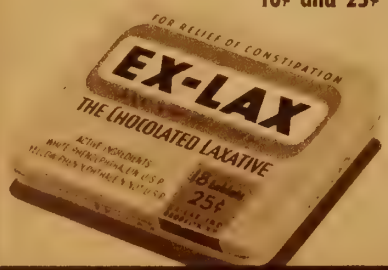
Harry said I ought to try Ex-Lax. Took some before I went to bed. Say, this Ex-Lax taste is a new one on me - just like chocolate!



Felt like a million when I got up this morning. Ex-Lax worked fine - didn't upset me a bit. Just watch me go after those birds today!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



Is George Brent a Wallflower?

[*Continued from page 45*]

fractured one of his own precedents. He just looked miserable. "It's nothing," he blurted, "except that Cagney *asked* me to stop by. I don't like being interrupted when I'm working and so I never interrupt anyone else unless I'm asked."

In all those years no one ever asked him. And it had never occurred to him to ask anyone to visit him or to drop in without an invitation. I'll wager that if someone hadn't seen George perform and begged him to sign a contract, he'd be sitting on a rock somewhere looking even more morose than he does now. He wouldn't have asked anyone for a job.

Why, in the small, intimate section of the Warner restaurant, which they call "The Green Room," where top flight actors, directors and writers eat, Brent always sits at a small table in the corner. He's generally alone unless Ann joins him—or Frank McHugh or Bette Davis. In the center of the room is a round table which is supposed to belong to the writers. There is considerable noisy and supposedly funny conversation of a noon time and all actors (male) are welcome if they come equipped with verbal contributions to the hilarity. Seeing a wistful look on George one day, McHugh said, "Why don't you go and sit with the boys sometimes? Tell 'em some of those stories! Let 'em get acquainted with you! Do you good!"

And—well, you know by this time what George said! For years he has lunched just a couple of yards away from that table, with echoes of its fun reaching him and he has *yet* had the courage to go and sit down and join the fun.

Maybe it's pathetic and maybe he just ought to be smacked. I'm not sure. If I were his Aunt Emma I'd think that maybe the doctor should give him some of those new-fangled vitamin pills.

George says, "It's no use. I just don't know how to handle or get along with people. Especially people in numbers. I can't take the initiative or make overtures. Strangers frighten me. I don't know what to do about it. . . ."

He's always being misjudged and he doesn't know how to fix that up, either. There was the matter of the benefits. When the epidemic of war relief benefits struck Hollywood some months ago, George was invited to appear at one. Only he was out of town at his desert hide-out and he didn't know he'd been invited. So they thought their invitation had been ignored and since it all tied in with the reputation he already had people were even crosser with him than they'd been in the first place. Everyone knows, of course, that he has given money—plenty—to all these causes. But he hasn't been asked to participate.

Then there was the matter of publicity pictures. An executive called him in one day and inquired, reproachfully, "Why is it, George, that you won't co-operate with us on exploitation pictures? We need some 'stills' of you!"

George was amazed all over again. You'd think he'd grow hardened after a while. But he doesn't. He's still amazed. "Just once," he wailed. "Just one little time—I didn't want to pose for a picture without my pants! And now they say I won't pose for *any* pictures! Why, I'll jump through a hoop from a burro's back if it will help sell a Warner motion picture!"

While the executive was digesting this, George thought up another grievance. "Why," he inquired, "just why did someone have to take all the trouble to fly over my desert house and take photographs with a telescopic lens? Why didn't you send someone out to get some decent pictures? It's a nice place!"

"But we thought—that is—it was a secret place—and we told the newspaper chaps that and they just went out in a plane and—what are you talking about?"

"Well, send a studio cameraman out next week and get some good pictures!" George commanded.

It wouldn't surprise me to know that not being asked to play tennis on other people's courts had something to do with the break-up of his little romance with Garbo. The brooding Swede has an astonishing effect upon people and while George was in the throes he took a house on a lonely hilltop. S'funny. They so often do. Anyhow, if it didn't quite have a moat it at least had a high iron fence with one of those electric gates and only Garbo knew the signal to give with the car horn which would cause those gates to open instantly. Everyone else had to ring a bell and confront a rather frightening guard.

This was all very romantic. But the place had no tennis court and was on much too craggy a site to permit building one. Tennis is George's favorite form of exercise. Everyone he knew had a court—but it never occurred to anyone (and you can't really blame them) to ask him to descend from his feudal fortress for a bit of ball tapping. So eventually he crept back to his Toluca Lake house, alone.

People who know George like him. But very few people know him very well because in this busy place they don't quite take the trouble to cultivate anyone so shy. People were a trifle startled, however, when he was asked who were his best friends. He said, "Some Hawaiians. In the Islands." He went on to explain that these people were friendly, that they always made him feel welcome. George has spent a good deal of time in the Islands and these are friends of long standing. He is sincerely touched when they write they are killing a shark for him. They do that, it seems, frequently. It is supposed to bring him good luck.

Anyhow, here is the answer—or a part of it—to all the things that you've heard about George's unsociability. I'm not at all certain what should be done about it. Perhaps it would be a very good deed to form a society in Hollywood, called "Let's ask George to do it!"

"Lady Hamilton"

[Continued from page 25]

ruler in all Italy. (The *Queen's* husband, *Ferdinand VI,* was an amiable fuddy-duddy who was perfectly willing to let his wife run things.) But in 1797 *Lady Hamilton* first set her beautiful orbs on *Captain Horatio Nelson,* already famed in England for his naval triumphs against the French. And proceeded to add several pages to history.

■ *Nelson* had come to Naples to plead for help against the fleet of Napoleon. The English could win a great victory with the aid of ten thousand troops. When *Emma* discovers his needs, she rushes to her girl chum, the *Queen,* and emerges with not ten- but twenty-thousand troops! (Quite an accomplishment—and *Emma* saved her country, because *Nelson* scored a great victory over the French.)

That's where my particular love scene came in. After *Nelson* has destroyed the fleet of Napoleon, his health breaks completely and he returns to Naples where *Lady Hamilton* nurses him back to health. (He's lost an eye and an arm, but to Laurence Olivier, it's attractive!) At a great ball given in his honor by *Sir William* and *Lady Hamilton, Nelson* and *Emma* finally admit their love.

The scene is the *loggia* of the palace that serves as the Embassy. The entire city of Naples can be glimpsed below, with a smoking Vesuvius looming in the distance. It's one of the most elaborate sets in recent movie history, and art director Vincent Korda, who handles all his brother's pictures, will probably get a nod from the Academy for his work.

Miss Leigh is leaning on the balcony, gazing at the twinkling lights below, when Mr. Olivier dashes out in search of her. When they open their mouths they become *Lady Hamilton* and *Nelson.*

"*Emma* dear," says Olivier breathlessly, "I lost everything and feel better. There's something very depressing about winning at cards." He breathes in the fragrance of the Neapolitan night and says, "It's beautiful, *Emma.* Almost as beautiful as you, my darling."

She does not answer. He gazes at her intently. "My darling, what's the matter? You don't look well."

"I don't feel at all well, Horatio," says Miss Leigh, earnestly. "My poor husband has been puzzling over all sorts of stories about us. I had to tell him the truth—as if lies were necessary between us—as if we could not face the truth!"

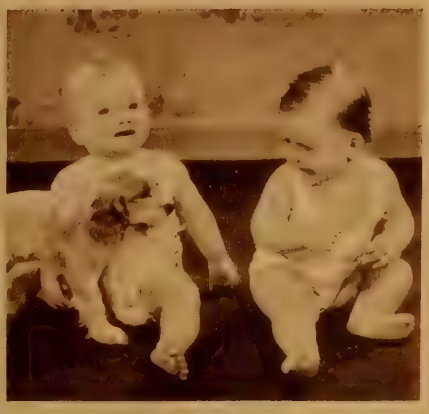
Their faces are grave and pale in the moonlight. Suddenly the lively strains of ship's music being played on the *Vanguard, Nelson's* own ship, is heard. Nestled in his arms, Miss Leigh asks Olivier, "What are those bells?"

"Have you forgotten what night this is? The last night of 1799. New Year's Eve. Eight bells for the old year and eight for the new. Happy New Year, darling."

The bells stop suddenly and in the silence Miss Leigh and her husband go

[Continued on page 48]





Was he a glump! Cried if you looked at him. Acted like our sissy little spaniel was a starving mountain lion.



Total loss at meals, too. Sneering at the cook, complaining about the service . . . I almost conked him with my spoon.



By bath-time I'd decided—one more peep and George was a drowned cousin. Imagine my surprise when he broke out in smiles. "Ah!" says he, clutching my Johnson's Baby Powder. "Downy-soft Johnson's—just what I've been needing! Conditions around this house are not so bad as I thought."



Give your baby the comfort that keeps so many babies happy—Johnson's Baby Powder! It doesn't cost much but it's lovely and smooth . . . and, my! how it helps relieve chafes and prickles!

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J

The loveliest thing in make-up

Chiffon

Face Powder...



Silk Sifted

CHIFFON is so unbelievably fine it clings to your skin less like a powder than like the flattering, soft light of rendezvous candles.

Specially processed, Chiffon Face Powder is then sifted through the finest silk, to remove every tiny particle of shine, to be cake-proof, streak-proof, longer-lasting.

Its unique Chiffon bouquet is exquisitely feminine.



In seven high fashion shades: Rachel, Natural, Dark Tan, Beige, Brunette, Rose Petal, Rose Beige.

Chiffon Lipstick —for softer, more kissable contours. Four alluring *new* shades: Chiffon Red, True Red, Medium and Raspberry.

Chiffon All-Purpose Cream—the *only* cream you need to cleanse, help clarify and soften your skin.

Stop at your 5 and 10 for all three . . . 10¢ each

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595 Fifth Avenue, New York

"Lady Hamilton"

[*Continued from page 47*]

into a clinch that I only hope *Lady Hamilton* and *Lord Nelson* were able to duplicate, if they were the great lovers that history claims them to be.

When they come out of it, Olivier says, "Now I've kissed you through two centuries—" and they melt into each other's arms once more.

I was lucky to see this scene shot in its entirety. After a perfect "long shot" there would be individual close-ups of the stars, a long and sometimes tedious process. But "Larry" Olivier kept things lively during his wife's close-up!

Seems that he is very proud of the iron control shown by Miss Leigh when she's acting. She's one of those actresses who can't be "broken up"—and naturally that's a challenge for her husband to try to *do* it! During her close-ups that required Olivier's presence on the other side of the camera for dialogue, he started popping into weird makeups and costumes—artfully timing his entrance so that she couldn't see him until the scene had begun.

But nary a twinkle from Vivien, once she had started her scene. Afterwards, of course, she would go into gales of laughter.

Hollywood reporters generally make a bee-line to Alan Mowbray's set, because he's one of the most amusing chaps in Hollywood, with the funniest flock of anecdotes on record.

Alan gets away from his usual comedy roles in *Lady Hamilton*—and I think he will surprise those of you who think of him only as a screwball comedian. Before casting his lot with the movies and becoming a comedian, Mowbray was one of the most distinguished dramatic actors on the London and New York stages.

He found himself right at home in the Korda picture, with its practically all-English cast. Many of his fellow players were also closely associated with the Hollywood British Relief Fund, and they could carry on a lot of business between scenes.

■ But the shadow of war hung over the set constantly. Vivien Leigh was handed some mail one afternoon, just before going into a scene. She tore open a letter and when the assistant director said "All ready, Miss Leigh," looked at him blankly and didn't reply. Clutching her half-read letter she rushed to her dressing room, leaving the troupe in quite a state of confusion. Larry Olivier followed, of course, and found his wife in tears. She had just heard of the death in action of her ex-brother-in-law, a very good friend.

I'll tell you a little secret about Vivien. She has one of the most enchanting smiles in the world, as you'll remember from *Gone With the Wind*. And although she smiles too in *Lady Hamilton*, you'll never guess it from the pictures in the magazines. She hates smiling pictures of herself. Even when she was persuaded to pose for a special group of happy poses for the camera of Robert Coburn, showing those little girl dimples, she *couldn't* be persuaded to okay any of them.

"I told you I wouldn't like them," she said sadly to photographer Coburn. "But it's *my* face—and I don't like it smiling!" And she calmly tore the corners off the pictures, which means NOT APPROVED BY THE STAR.

Miss Leigh's fellow workers scoff at the notion that the lady is temperamental. She is that rare combination—a highly skilled actress and a good business woman. "When she says no she means it," someone told us, "and the trouble is—you can't give her an argument!"

There was great rejoicing one day when a tall figure appeared on the set—a man known to most of the Korda unit of which he is part; Arthur Wimperis. Wimperis had just arrived in Hollywood after one of the most ghastly experiences possible in this "modern" civilization. When he left England he booked passage on the *City of Benares*—which was sunk with great loss of life. He refuses to go into details of the disaster, except to say "I was very lucky indeed."

Henry Wilcoxon, that rugged Britisher, plays the important role of *Nelson's* aide, *Hardy*. His fans will agree that it's just about time for a good role for Henry. He, too, is a tireless worker for the British Relief. His wife, the lovely actress Joan Woodbury (who is also a professional dancer) created a new conga type dance called the *Bajun*, which the Wilcoxons introduced at a big benefit.

The Queen of Naples is played by Norma Drury, whose name will be familiar to you, we'll w a g e r, after *Lady Hamilton*. A stunning brunette, Miss Drury has been doing bits until Producer Korda decided that she was worthy of better things. Miss Drury is a concert pianist, and looks like a dark edition of Ann Harding.

Luis Alberni, that brilliant comedian, plays the *King of Naples*. Then there are Halliwell Hobbes, Ronald Sinclair, Gilbert Emery, Juliette Compton, Guy Kingsford and half of Hollywood's English colony in supporting roles.

Although *Lady Hamilton* was instrumental in saving her country great military losses on at least two occasions, she was a social outcast in London as she found out to her sorrow when she returned with her husband and *Lord Nelson*. Soon afterward, *Nelson*—now *Admiral Nelson*—returns to his command after a final parting with "the dear Emma."

I told you Olivier played *Lord Nelson* as his one-eyed, one-armed counterpart (except for the first scenes). But he's the most dashing figure of a one-eyed man you've ever seen, with a narrow black band draped around his blinded eye.

At least he won't have any difficulty convincing the girls that he deserves to be known as one of history's great lovers. Nor Vivien Leigh that *Emma Hamilton* was the great beauty legend has made her!

Whether it's history or romance that thrills you, chances are that *Lady Hamilton* will be just what the doctor ordered. I've got my order in for preview tickets already!

"That Uncertain Feeling"

[Continued from page 38]

thought that it is her married life that is the cause of her nervousness and hiccups. He tells *Jill* that in order to discover the cause and effect a cure, she must "eye her marriage through a microscope, and watch her husband through a magnifying glass." With this fashionable idea given her by the psychoanalyst, *Jill's* hiccups stop momentarily while she microscopically examines her marriage. Marriage, *Jill* woefully decides, is spelled m-o-n-o-t-o-n-y. She awakens to the sound of a bass gargle, a swift goodbye each morning; each evening a "hello," a "what's new?" and chit-chat about *Larry's* business. *Larry's* only visible show of affection is a playful thumb-poke in her tummy! Now she hates it and wonders if it has a meaning all its own. The hiccups get worse. *Jill* is now ripe for more of *Dr. Vengard's* tricks. She visits him again. In his office she meets *Alexander Sebastian,* (Burgess Meredith), who's seeking a cure for inhibitions, and the finger of fate points at her. He is a concert pianist, a wow when he has only himself for an audience, but a washout with a crowd.

Now this is as far as I'm going to go in plot revealing. You can probably see with half an eye that not only hiccuping *Jill,* but her hubby, *Larry,* and the piano-playing *Sebastian* get pretty thoroughly mixed up before the final reel. If you're at all curious, I might add that *Jill* is eventually cured of her hiccuping.

The first sequence shot the morning I made my appearance as an extra was one showing *Jill* with *Dr. Vengard.* When Director-Producer Lubitsch told Cameraman George Barnes to roll 'em there was *Jill* hiccuping like mad. Not knowing anything about the story I thought it was mighty queer that Lubitsch would permit her to get away with such didoes particularly when the mike was right above her head. Apparently the director didn't give a damn because he rehearsed the principals several times. Maybe, I said to myself, he's suddenly gone deaf. Finally I sneaked up to where George Barnes was standing and whispered a couple of very pointed questions—or so I thought. "It's in the script, dope," George said. "For how long?" I asked. "Until halfway through the last reel," George replied. "Now get outta here so a man can work!"

To this day I am a mite confused about what happened when Director Lubitsch got into the real shooting. I was watching Merle who was telling her troubles to the psychoanalyst, *Dr. Vengard,* and listening to her ladylike hiccups which sounded like punctuation marks when suddenly I let go with a burp loud and strong enough to be classified as a small earthquake. I was so astonished that, during a couple of split seconds, I thought the wrong-doer of such a breach of etiquette was someone else and I looked around to point two fingers of scorn at him. Then it dawned on me that I was the guilty guy. I knew it

[Continued on page 53]



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"Jackie's Got a Gir-rul!"

[*Continued from page* 31]

they were young children. Both child actors, they were thrown together at various children's parties. At first, eleven-year-old Jackie looked down on ten-year-old Bonita who was "that kid" who wore ruffles. Bonita has always been dainty. Jackie is a rugged fellow who even today can't get into the habit of picking up his clothes. They didn't hit it off at first.

Later, Jackie and Bonita worked together in *White Banners*. Jackie's estimation of Bonita rose when he saw her do a particularly difficult scene. He told his mother, visiting the set, "She's marvelous. She's a young Helen Hayes."

As they grew older and began to move gayly in the small clique of Hollywood's younger set, Jackie and Bonita were thrown together at barbecue parties and jam sessions.

■ Jackie and Bonita started to date each other soon after an outdoor party to which they were both invited. It was chilly for California, but a few of the hardier kids got into bathing suits and took a dip in the pool. Jackie was one of them. Bonita was another. He discovered that Bonita was a good swimmer and a swell sport in the water. Didn't mind a bit if her hair got wet or if she got mussed up.

These days you don't see Jackie without Bonita. Jackie doesn't like to be alone. If Bun is at the beauty parlor, he will pick her up there and take her with him to the saddle-maker's, to the tailor's or on any errand he's bound for.

But romance? The grande passion? Wedding bells? "Lay off," they both say, blushing. Let the kids have their fun.

Fun they do have, and that's why they continue to go with each other. But they don't make plans any more serious than where to go next Saturday night.

Jackie has always had a girl.

"When he was six," said his mother, Mrs. Bigelow, "Jackie was afraid Mitzi Green wouldn't marry him. Then he forgot her for Helen Parrish when he was eight."

They're seldom alone. Jackie and Bun are the ringleaders of the teen age clique. When they make a date to go to the Grove, usually they end up with a gang the staggering size of a Rotary group.

No matter where they go, Bonita phones her mother almost every hour. If it seems that Jackie is going to keep her out later than their twelve o'clock limit, Jackie calls up and pleads for more time. "Oh, c'mon, Mrs. Granville. Let Bun stay out an hour later, huh? I'll take good care of her, don't you worry."

There's an open camaraderie between Jackie, Bonita and their mothers. Mrs. Bigelow and Mrs. Granville have a lot in common. They have both raised child stars from tadpoles, and they have been through the same mill together. They have both had a tough struggle when the children were infants, and now, through their children, they are recapturing the fun they missed.

When Mrs. Granville had a birthday a month ago, Jackie slipped away from the table. When he returned a few minutes later, you could see that he had accomplished what he set out to do.

When the cake was brought in, it was loaded down with 98 candles. Everybody screamed. Jackie looked at Mrs. Granville. "Why, Mrs. Granville," he told her, "you don't look a day over 97!"

An accepted sort of possessiveness passes between Jackie and Bonita that tells more than anything else, of their deep affection for each other. When that protectiveness shows a slight tinge of bossiness, Bonita loves it. She knows that only when a boy really cares would he take the sort of attitude that Jackie did right after he and Bonita came from the preview of their co-starring picture, *Gallant Sons*.

On the drive home, Jackie shook his head like a schoolteacher.

"Bun," he said, "There were a couple of times in the picture where you didn't stand straight. Did you notice?"

"A little, Jackie."

"Well, I don't know what I'm going to do about making you stand straight. You've just got to, Bun."

"Yes, Jackie."

"Look, tomorrow morning why don't you get a broom and hold it back of your shoulder blades for about a half hour. That'll do it. Will you?"

"You bet, Jackie."

Bonita likes to dress to Jackie's taste. Before Jackie, she used to wear fussy little clothes. Feminine dresses with bows and knickknacks.

"I don't like clothes with thingamabobs on them," Jackie once said.

Suddenly, Bonita's clothes are minus the extra fuss. They're crisp and tailored; well-fitting suits with open neck shirts; angora sweaters and slacks or trim skirts. She doesn't wear her hair piled with a million curls on top of her head, but lets it hang soft in a shoulder-length bob. That's the way Jackie likes it.

On the other hand, Jackie likes to take Bonita shopping with him.

"How do you like this tie, Bun?"

"I think it's too icky. Now this blue one is so much smarter."

Jackie bows to Bonita's un-icky tastes.

Jackie takes a fierce pride in Bonita, thinks she's going to be a great actress when she's a little older. Being a man of many talents himself—he swings a noisy drum, can sing and do a time step—he was asked to contribute an act to a *Charlot's Revue* being put on for the benefit of the British War Relief. Jackie accepted, and then worked out a number in which Bonita could appear with him.

"But Jackie, I've never been on the stage before," she wailed. "I can't sing or dance."

"About time you did then. It'll do you good."

"But what will I do?"

"Don't worry. I'll show you."

Jackie spent long hours teaching her the dance routine, happily threw the good lines to her, angled himself so that Bonita would get better lighting and position. They were the hit of the show.

"Bonita is adorable . . . never knew she could do that sort of thing." Jackie, getting the gist of the audience's whispers backstage grinned and pressed Bonita's hand enthusiastically. "See, I told you!"

■ They both love swing music and go dancing Saturday nights. On that night they dress. They know how to do things up right. Jackie loves to smack away at the drums and most of the orchestra leaders know that. Invariably, they invite him to play a number with them, but they know that Jackie won't accept unless they send one of their own boys to dance with Bonita. Jackie won't let her be unescorted even for a moment.

That sort of boy friend is one worth holding. A few weeks ago, when they both had a week off between pictures, they went to Palm Springs with their mothers. Jackie is a great horseman, Bonita is a little afraid of dobbins. The first morning there, Jackie asked Bonita to go riding with him in the desert.

Bun didn't want to admit that she was a little shaky about getting on a horse, so she told him she was too tired. "I don't think I'll ride while I'm here. In fact, I didn't even take my riding clothes," she admitted in a white fib.

A little later, she saw Jackie sashay off with three other friends, two girls and one boy.

As the foursome rode away, Bonita cupped her chin in her hand and did some thinking.

Bonita reacted as women through the centuries have reacted. Early the next morning, when Jackie called to take her to breakfast, he was surprised to see Bonita dressed in jodhpurs. "Funny, I found them in my trunk after all. You know," she said as they started off toward the stables, "I *adore* a ride before breakfast. Don't you?"

But came a situation just the other day about which Bonita could do nothing except to retire gracefully.

Bonita is working in *Wild Man of Borneo* and she plays the 18-year-old daughter of a Gay Nineties vaudeville mother who dresses Bonita as an 11-year-old to permit her to ride half fare. Bonita wears braids, an old-fashioned cotton dress which scraggles unevenly around the knees, and little makeup. Judy Garland, working on the same lot in *Ziegfeld Girl* is decked out in Adrian glamour didos and looks like a gorgeous doll come to life.

One noon-time, Jackie offered to take both girls to lunch. When he showed up to call for the girls, Bonita was nowhere to be found.

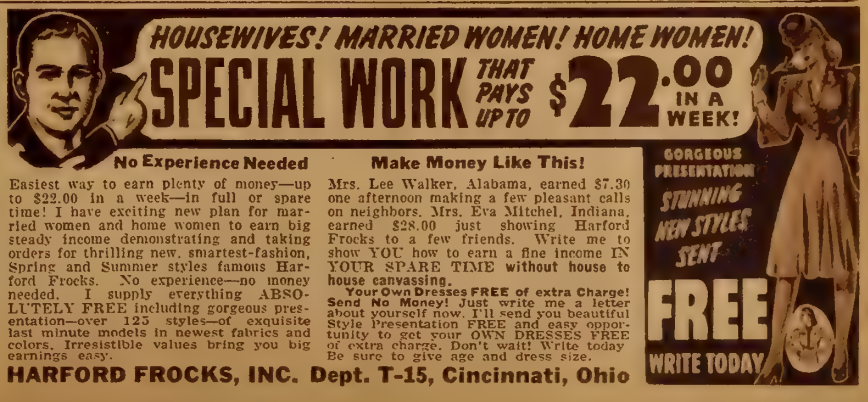
She couldn't bear the idea of walking into the commissary in her dated outfit with her best boy friend, while Judy was resplendent in the combined efforts of Ziegfeld and Adrian!

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Lady With a Line

[*Continued from page* 33]

a contact nor a slight acquaintance in the picture business. But she had something just as important and she revealed it to us over a luncheon table the other day. We asked her if contacts were one of the most important factors in seeking a screen career.

"Contacts are helpful," Peggy replied, "but if you know what you want in life and believe in yourself, the contacts will come by themselves. For example," she continued, "I believe that thoughts create certain vibrations. If you concentrate on a goal or ambition, and, at the same time, work to achieve it, those vibrations eventually go out and attract similar vibrations emanating from the minds of those who can help you."

Whew! Coming from the mouth of one who appears so unsophisticated, modest and downright shy, we thought we were hearing things. We asked if the idea worked. She said it did and offered proof.

As far back as she can remember, Peggy had ambitions to become an actress. From the time she moved with her parents from Iowa to California when she was five years old, she seized every opportunity to appear in school entertainments and to play dramatic roles in school plays.

"If I heard that there was going to be a good part in a forthcoming school production," Peggy said, "I would concentrate on that one role until my teacher selected me from among the other pupils."

Peggy looked at us to see if we were smiling or showing any other signs of disbelief. She admitted it sounded a bit "whacky."

"It's a form of mental telepathy and I can't explain it scientifically," she continued. "All I can say is that it's worked for me; not every time, of course, but in the long run it's proved to be a pretty sound theory."

Peggy went on to prove her point. While attending Los Angeles Junior College, she was recommended to Station KFI where she was accepted for small parts in radio shows. Although the parts were not important and she never received prominent billing, the experience was valuable and she still had faith in her theory of vibrations.

"I spent a year at the radio station," Peggy said, "and all the time I was there I kept my mind on a single thought: a chance to get into pictures. Then, one day out of a clear sky I was told that Universal wanted to give me a screen test. I knew it was those vibrations at work."

The day Peggy turned up for the test her self-confidence was at a high pitch. As the make-up artist prepared her for the camera, Peggy tried to collect her powers of concentration and divide them between herself and the studio authorities. She believed in her own ability but she realized that those who would pass judgment would have to be convinced, too. She was placed before the camera and given a piece of stage business and some lines of dialogue. Lights went up, the camera rolled and Peggy emoted according to instructions.

"That's all," the test director said, after a few scenes had been taken. "We'll call you if we can use you."

Peggy went home, turned on her vibrating thoughts and waited. But nothing happened.

"Maybe I concentrated too much on myself and not enough on the powers-that-be," Peggy remarked. "Anyway, I waited and waited but that hoped-for call from the studio never came. In fact, I never did get an official report on the test."

■ Discouraged, but not entirely forsaking her telepathic theory, Peggy turned to one of her secondary ambitions —commercial art. Having studied art in school, she was considering following in the footsteps of her father, Earl Moran, a leading commercial artist. But Peggy soon discovered that painting was not for her. She was going to be an actress and there was no use going off on a tangent when her mind was made up.

One day, Peggy took the proverbial bull by the horns. By some manner of means, she worked her way into the Warner Bros. studio without being detected and found herself talking to a publicity man.

"How did you get in here?" he asked.

"I just walked in," Peggy replied.

"What do you want?"

"A job in pictures."

The publicist laughed. Just then a studio executive walked by and the publicity man called to him.

"Say," he said, jokingly, "this young lady wants a job in pictures."

The executive stopped and saw an attractive girl, five feet, four inches tall, with blue eyes, brown hair and a small, determined mouth. She was pretty, and yet the studio was full of pretty girls. But he smiled and spoke to her.

"What do you want to do?" he asked.

Peggy came right to the point. "I want to join your stock company."

It was the executive's turn to laugh. "So do ten thousand other girls," he said, and then asked, "Any experience?"

"I just took a screen test at Universal," Peggy answered. In a flash she knew she shouldn't have mentioned it. The test must have been pretty bad or she would have had some kind of report on it.

"Well," said the studio man, "if we want you, we'll call you," and with that he started to walk away.

But Peggy was not to be dismissed so easily. "Don't you want my name and address?" she called to the retreating executive.

The man turned and said, "Write it on a piece of paper."

Hastily Peggy scribbled her name, address and telephone number and handed the slip of paper to the executive who dropped it carelessly into a pocket.

Peggy went home not knowing whether to be hopeful or dejected. Although she knew practically nothing about studio

[*Continued on page* 64]

"That Uncertain Feeling"

[*Continued from page 49*]

because Director Lubitsch was looking daggers at me and swearing as though he thoroughly enjoyed it. Merle began to laugh and said: "Well, so I've got competition! The trouble with you, young man, is that you haven't got finesse. Like this, for instance." And before you could say, "Pardon me, madame," she gave out with as dainty a hiccup as I've ever heard. I'm sure that I would have been tossed clear out of the studio lot by the enraged Lubitsch if it hadn't been for Miss Oberon's kind intervention. Lubitsch broke down and smiled and said: "Listen, my fren', see that it doesn't happen again." Take it from me, it didn't.

■ It was during this first morning's work that I learned just how important a smile is to this clever, nay, brilliant director, Ernst Lubitsch.

His ability to make audiences smile has been the hallmark of his seventeen successful years in Hollywood.

The "smiler" in this particular instance was Alan Mowbray as *Dr. Vengard.*

During the questioning of his patient, Mowbray was supposed to smile when the hiccuping Merle unblushingly lied about her age to the extent of four or five years. To anyone who hasn't the "Lubitsch touch," it might have looked like a fine, serviceable smile, good enough for any critical audience. But not to Lubitsch.

"No, no, Alan," he admonished. "That is a smile saying you are amused. You are not amused. You are wise, understanding. Now we will try it again."

Alan tried once more. This time the smile was pitying and that would not do. It went on and on with Mowbray putting his heart into it and producing one of the most varied assortments of smiles ever seen on one face. There were joyful, jovial and jolly smiles, derisive, cynical and debonair smiles, wise smiles and witty smiles and a baker's dozen in other moods. When Lubitsch finally was satisfied poor Alan's face was so stretched and strained that he had to squeeze his lips together.

A funny one happened the following morning and thank heaven I wasn't blamed for it.

Before the first five minutes of shooting had elapsed on a scene, showing *Mr. and Mrs. Baker* standing beside *Alexander Sebastian* at a piano while the latter thumps the daylights out of a rhythmic selection via the playback method, Lubitsch watched the take and said: "Swell! Wonnerful! That is good enough!"

"It's no good," differed Cameraman Barnes. "The camera was shaking."

They tried it again and the camera still shook. Grips anchored the platform more securely, Lubitsch gave me a couple of dirty looks as though I was to blame, and then a third take was made—and that was no good. Lubitsch came over to me. "If it is you this time—you are fired and I mean completely!"

[*Continued on page 66*]

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Man of the Hour

[*Continued from page 37*]

explain that there were plenty of English pictures to be seen to give an idea of my work—but no. It was Hollywood tests or nothing.

"So my wife and I were packed and on the *Queen Mary* before we knew what was happening — arriving in Hollywood after only a couple of hours in New York. And we haven't been back—because the tests proved successful."

The success, however, proved bewildering to Mr. Stephenson. From playing nothing but leads in English productions, he found himself being "groomed for stardom," which means he was handed bits and flashes in twenty or more pictures, including some of the biggest Warner pictures of the year.

"It didn't worry me at first," he told us. "But when I saw all the good parts going to other players, I began to wonder if I hadn't better have remained in England. But nothing happened; I got my salary every week, and my wife and I made friends and soon settled down."

■ Mr. Stephenson sipped his glass of orange juice, and gazed into space. He continued, "Everyone was so surprised to find out that I'd been around the studio all along. I played in two Bette Davis pictures before *The Letter* — *The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex* and *The Old Maid*. But you had to look awfully hard to see me."

His roles acquainted the powerful Miss Davis with his work, at any rate, and she was one of his boosters when he was first suggested for the lawyer role in *The Letter*.

It was just about this time last year that Stephenson's option came due and he was determined to quit and try free-lancing for better parts. His sensible wife and his worried agent told him that he ought to have his head examined. Giving up a steady salary—in these times? Mr. S. gritted his teeth and signed—for another forty weeks work. But, he told his agent if he couldn't sell him into a big part he was no longer his agent.

Shortly afterward it was announced that Bette Davis would assume the role of the murdering heroine in W. Somerset Maugham's tale of tragedy, *The Letter*. She would be playing a role enacted by Katharine Cornell on the stage and the late Jeanne Eagels on the screen.

The suave Herbert Marshall was promptly cast for the husband role. Mr. Stephenson's agent scurried to the offices of William Wyler, who was to direct the picture. With tears in his eyes, he begged Mr. Wyler to consider his client for the lawyer role. And to his amazement, found Mr. Wyler agreeable. Director Wyler knew the actor and his work and liked both.

It wasn't as easy as all that, however. The Warner "home office" raised a rumpus at Mr. Wyler's suggestion that the unknown James Stephenson share a role equal in importance to that of Miss Davis and Mr. Marshall. They needed a *name*, said the home office. Director Wyler thought this was silly, and being a man of rugged determination, insisted upon his choice, egged on by friendly words from Bette Davis.

You all know what happened when *The Letter* was released. Critics and public alike raved over this refreshingly different new actor.

Jimmy Stephenson grins appreciatively when he recalls a gesture of Bette Davis', right after their picture had opened in New York. She had gotten the reviews by air mail and was in the studio Green Room reading them when Jimmy entered. Miss Davis cocked an eye at her fellow actor, and when she was ready to go, went over to his table and slapped down the whole pile of reviews on *The Letter*.

"You might as well have these," she said. "I'm mentioned a couple of times—but not much more than that!" (And it goes without saying that no one was prouder of Mr. Stephenson's success than Miss Davis.)

Just to remind him that he was a contract player, Mr. S. was handed a brief role in *South of Suez*. And then—a picture called *Invitation to a Murder*. Not one of the Warner super-specials, it had our hero, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Jeffrey Lynn and the distinguished Thomas Mitchell holding down tailor-made roles in a pip of a story. They all worked very hard under the direction of youthful Vincent Sherman. And what did they have?

A "sleeper"!

■ You more movie-wise fans may recognize the Hollywood expression for a minor-league picture that unexpectedly storms into the big league. Studios are always hoping to turn out "sleepers"—and Warners realized it had one on its hands.

That's why you're seeing *Flight From Destiny* instead of *Invitation to a Murder*. Under either title, it's one of the most provocative pictures of the year, and Jimmy Stephenson climbs another rung on the ladder to stardom.

"I wasn't surprised," Jimmy says earnestly. "We had a wonderful story that had something to *say*. And a fine cast with Tom Mitchell, whom I consider the finest actor on the screen, at his very best."

Mr. Stephenson's studio biography says that he was born in Selby, York-

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shire, England, some thirty-six years ago. He admits that he had practically no schooling, having gotten only through grammar school. Then explained that English grammar school is equivalent to high school in this country.

"I was rather the black sheep of my family," confessed the actor. "My two brothers were fine, upstanding lads. Still are, for that matter. My brother Alan was the Master of Choristers at the Cathedral of Coventry until its recent destruction. He has many honors for his musical ability from Oxford and the Royal Society of Arts. My other brother, N. Douglas Stephenson, is a Major with the army now stationed in Portsmouth.

"I started roaming at a very early age," says Jimmy. "I was in the army—and became a captain. I clerked in a bank for a short while and finally went into the cotton business. That's what started my travels. I've lived in nearly every country in the world—as a businessman. China, Japan, Egypt, Italy, India, Belgium and France are all places I know and love."

The theater played no part in the Stephenson career until he was nearing thirty. Then he became interested in amateur theatricals and discovered, like Pinocchio: *Hi diddle dee dee, it's an actor's life for me.*

"I finally wondered why I hadn't been devoting my time to the stage long before this," he says. "I had the actor's temperament all the time, it seemed. Luckily a friend of mine, William Armstrong, owned the leading theater outside of London. He offered me a part in *The School for Scandal*—and I gave up a business career forever to be an actor.

"Liverpool gave me wonderful experience. I played leads, and bits when there were no leads to suit my type. The plays? The best ones, I would say offhand, were *Counsellor at Law, Gallows Glorious* and *Post Road.*"



Ed Judson, Rita Hayworth's husband, pretends he doesn't see his glamorous wife dancing with Director Charles Vidor

Stephenson finally crashed the London theater in the highly successful *Storm in a Teacup,* which ran for over a year. (The famous Sara Allgood was the star of both stage and screen versions.) He got an immediate nod from the English branch of Warner Brothers, and became a movie actor just like that.

"*The Perfect Crime,* with Hugh Williams, was my first picture," said the actor. "And I knew at once that I had found my real career. In the films I found my true love. I played in *The Man Who Made Diamonds, Dark Stairway,* and *It's in the Blood,* among others."

■ Jimmy is happy to be settled down at last. Three years in one spot is just about a record for him. But he loves the natural beauty of California, and the opportunity to lead a "country life." He and his attractive wife and their nine-months-old baby boy, Peter, live in a wonderful house overlooking the Pacific.

"I'd like to build a home," says Stephenson, "but my wife won't let me! *She* doesn't want to be tied down! Sooner or later, however, I think I can convince her that we should have our own home instead of a rented one—no matter how nice it is."

The Stephensons are an amiably screwball couple. It started with their marriage in Liverpool, when they took Jimmy's total savings of $250 and blew it on a honeymoon in Devonshire, without a care in the world. Just as the money was running low, a summons came to return to London for *Storm in a Teacup*—and we know the rest.

Pat Knowles and his wife and the Melville Coopers are the Stephensons' best friends. The entire group has no use for night clubs, and spend nice, chatty evenings at each other's homes instead.

Both Mr. and Mrs. S. have taken to that wonderful American institution, the drive-in stand. And they're also passionately devoted to the radio art of Bob Hope. Each Tuesday, the maid's day out, they motor to a drive-in stand, munch barbecue sandwiches and listen to the comedian. It's gotten to be a ritual.

Mr. Stephenson deplores the fact that he isn't more glamorous, and almost apologizes for not being dashing, like Errol Flynn. Apart from the terrible events abroad, life is very pleasant with Jimmy and his wife.

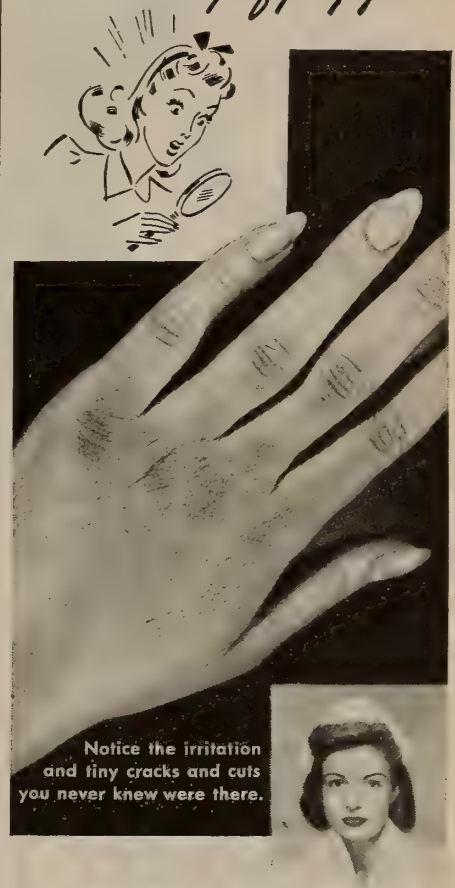
"All I want is a lot of good meaty parts, and I'll be happy," he says. "No comedy, though. Someone in the publicity department wrote that I was dying to do a comedy. Hell, no—I'm no comedian."

One thing that worries Mr. Stephenson is the problem of personal appearances. "They're so damned silly," he says bluntly. "You just come out on the stage and bow and show your teeth to an audience that probably doesn't care anyway. I made one personal appearance trip, but no more."

Some day Warner Brothers is going to discover a great secret about its new star: Mr. Stephenson has a superb singing voice and plays the piano in masterly fashion. Can't tell—we might be seeing him in one of those Warner musicals any day now!

And then the fan-writing young woman would have to apologize for calling him a sourpuss.

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Don't Copy a Movie Star!

[*Continued from page 28*]

committing this grave error, Hedy Lamarr, the newly accepted glamour queen of Hollywood, vigorously expresses herself on the subject of star-emulation.

"I am astonished that anyone should want to copy another person," Hedy begins. "One original Sarah Smith is worth at least 954 carbon copies of Millicent Magnificent."

"But isn't there anybody worth copying?" the reporter asked.

Miss Lamarr smiled and said, "I'm sure there would be if that were possible. But true copying consists of much more than acquiring the clothes tastes, learning the swagger, and mastering the inflections of a startling siren or her counterpart.

"True copying cannot be done from the outside. The exterior, of course, is the least significant element of a person. The real person lies inside. What a person is—not what he looks like—is called 'character.' And this is impossible to duplicate. Why? Because character is the result of experience. And no two persons live the same life in the same way.

"Consider the matter of fashions," Miss Lamarr continued. "This is where your average girl takes an awful beating. She reads Vogue, notices that Miss Magnificent looks as seductive as sin in her new gold dress and proceeds at full speed to copy the dress for herself. To wear to the Saturday night ball sponsored by the local Elks, no less.

"The reception our little Susie gets is memorable, to say the least. Mostly the general effect is of Little Miss Muffet trying to look like Mata Hari.

"What I'm leading up to is this: if you have an organdy temperament, for the love of love don't go romping around in any of Miss Magnificent's sophisticated creations. She looks as dangerous as a dive bomber in the gold number. That's how she is in real life, too."

Miss Lamarr paused to light a cigarette, launching an elegant smoke ring with perfect ease.

"This business of being successful in your clothes is very simple: the idea is to have them suit the state of your mind. The shape of the body has little, if anything, to do with the matter. Fundamentally, *you* must be convinced of the rightness of your outfit. General approval is certain to follow.

"Which, obviously, makes it necessary that a girl know her type—physically as well as spiritually. A moon face under a turban is bad. But add to it a shy, apologetic grin and the thing becomes a major disaster. The follow through is what counts."

■ Fashions disposed of, Hedy moved on to the subject of romance.

"It seems to be the general impression that the only way to snag a man is to make a dramatic entrance into his life, go into an act to get his attention, and keep it, even if you have to stand on your head or be positively quaint and go wading in the lake as movie heroines are always doing.

"This is utterly silly. It works for Miss Magnificent because that's how the good Lord put her together—a bundle of restless protoplasm with an allergy to the spotlight. But I've known it to kill many a romance, especially when the man in question was looking for the tranquil, reserved type and there she was acting for all the world like a modern Cleopatra.

"It's again the question of knowing your type and acting accordingly."

Miss Lamarr must have detected our look of unashamed admiration.

"Don't think for a moment that I escaped this universal obsession to pattern one's self after somebody else. My late wisdom comes of experience. When I was eight or nine, I looked with an admiration approaching reverence upon one of the older girls in the school. Let this wonderful creature come to school wearing a pink ribbon and so help me I'd be sporting a red ribbon on the following day. Let her start carrying her books home, bound together with a strap and slung over her shoulder, and sure enough little Hedy would begin trundling her books home in the same fashion.

"Came the day when the paragon of charm and virtue discovered I was mimicking her every action. To repay me for my admiration, she began scoffing at me in public. Loyal to my idol, I refused to let her discourage me. Finally, she waited for the right moment to stick out her foot and trip me, as I came walking down the path, aping the swagger I had learned from her. When I picked myself up I was cured of hero worship. And of all desire to copy anyone."

That Hedy Lamarr has kept her resolve is not open to question. There are those in Hollywood who would hesitate to name her among the top ten actresses in pictures, but none would deny her a place in the list of the ten most original women, along with such entries as Bette Davis, Margaret Sullavan, Greer Garson, Carole Lombard and Barbara Stanwyck.

Fundamentally a glamour girl is a glamour girl, and a siren is a siren. Meaning that Dorothy Lamour, Lana Turner, Rita Hayworth, Betty Grable, Brenda Joyce and Ann Sheridan are all sisters under the skin. Mostly they operate after a pattern, a not unpleasant pattern by any means. Nor very original either. They do their quota of gadding about, making the night spots, being rushed by their current swains, and deport themselves in general as if life was an eternal Mardi Gras.

Not Hedy Lamarr.

To witness her in action is almost enough to convince you that maybe there really isn't a Cinema Sirens' Union which sees to it that all members conduct themselves like a sister act.

She doesn't trouble her head about making an entrance, arrives for interviews on time, dressed matter-of-factly, never sprays her interviewer with phony ebullience, foregoes the old dodge about being "scared stiff" and is amazingly forthright. So forthright that she'll even discuss her

celebrated nudie, *Ecstasy,* which she thinks was "incredibly dull and rather stupid." As for apologizing, no dice. What's done is done as far as Hedy is concerned.

If this passion for being an original has won Hedy numerous friends in the writing profession, it has also frightened the daylights out of an unimaginative hostess or two. One of this ilk was fairly bowled over when she heard the Vision from Vienna ask the waiter if she couldn't swap the entire elaborate menu for a glass of tomato juice, a couple of apples, and a glass of water. She got them, all right, even if the atmosphere did suddenly become chilly.

■ Other Lamarr idiosyncrasies are less inclined to baffle Hollywood hostesses. For instance she's so profoundly convinced that Friday the 13th is up to no good that on that date she refuses to stir abroad and spends the day in bed.

Three lights on a match are verboten in Hedy's presence. Right after the last time she was a party to such an oversight her brother-in-law died suddenly.

She's a setup for astrology, thinks that humans are guided by the stars, and insists, of course, that the signs be right before she'll undertake an important step. No amount of pleading can sway her from this procedure.

All of which are very picturesque indeed but not nearly so ingratiating as the fact that Hedy Lamarr is one of the few glamour retailers for whom the curtain isn't up twenty-four hours a day. With her there's no incessant look of soulfulness or sultriness or a trumped-up air of mystery. Sit beside her and regale her in conversation and you'll notice what an amazing air of coziness she gives out. And how attentively she listens when you have the floor. No studied attempt to look bored, no pseudo-sophistication, no exuding of sex, no by-play for the gallery, no mishandled la-de-da diction—none of this does she fasten on you.

"I loathe chi-chi with every ounce of energy I possess," she tells you with emphasis.

Her clothes are never pace-setters: she wouldn't stand for that. If the Hawaiian craze is sweeping Hollywood—and so it would seem — Hedy had no part in the pioneering. She doesn't dress to be noticed. She prefers dressing so as to blend into whatever company and surroundings she happens to grace.

She likes color contrasts. Black against white she especially admires. Her pallor against jet velvet has the stag-line boys murmuring at the occasional parties she attends: "She walks in beauty like the night."

For the ex-wife of the Austrian munitions baron, Fritz Mandl, who provided her with everything except an emerald egg beater, she cuts a curious figure in Hollywood's social life. When she was married to Gene Markey, it was a little different. Now and then when Mr. M. wasn't busy writing and plotting an entire production he liked nothing better than to do the town from Ciro's to Bublichki. That vaguely wistful look of Hedy's that you

[*Continued on page* 63]



You've got plenty on your mind besides musty old *history* dates and what *x* plus *y* equals!

Your stockings are all shot. So's your budget. You're simply mad for a new "formal". Slippers, too! And you lie awake nights plotting how to wangle a permanent. (Just to mention a *few* of your problems.)

Frivolous—? *No!* They all add up to being attractive. And being attractive helps achieve success and happiness. So more power to you!

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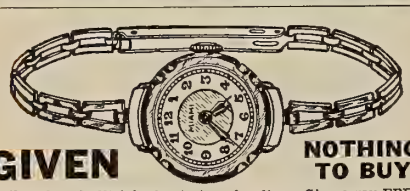
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Meet Two-Gun Taylor

[*Continued from page 32*]

Texas kid named Jack Beutel, a beardless youth of twenty-one with an authentic Southwestern drawl and nothing to lose if his first important picture is no hotcake at the box-office. Jack's entire fortune to date consists of $150 he won at a Dallas bank nite and decided to gamble on a fling at Hollywood. Before that he had been an insurance clerk at $20 a week.

By contrast, Robert Taylor is a man of property, possessing a ranch, a stable, a town house, an airplane and all the appurtenances of a tycoon, including business troubles. His willingness to engage in a finish duel with a Johnny-Come-Lately is as sporting as if Vincent Astor were to strike up a winner-take-all crap game with a poorhouse inmate.

To be sure, Hollywood's biggest and costliest scenario department is being enlisted to fit the mantle of *Billy the Kid* to Bob's maturing figure. He will get all the best of it in lighting, costuming and camera work.

■ In the matter of horsemanship, it should not be surprising if he showed up better than Jack Beutel, the Dallas insurance clerk. Until recently Bob was the owner of ten horses which he exercised regularly at his San Fernando Valley ranch. Lately he has given away four of his mounts to cut down overhead but his hours in the saddle have not been reduced.

As part of the toughening-up process for *Billy the Kid* he went along on the arduous horseback tour of the Vaqueros this winter. The Vaqueros are a society composed of an even hundred horsemen who take an annual saddle tour of the region around San Jacinto under conditions that would try a saint. The route often covers thirty miles a day at 10 above zero; the cavaliers sleep out in the open, cook their own grub and undergo staggering hardships to prove to themselves and their colleagues that they are genuine tough guys.

Admittance to this horseback marathon is strictly by invitation. Social qualifications are definitely out. The only questions asked concerning a candidate are: "Can he ride?" "Can he take it?" and "Is he a good companion?" Bob was recommended by Valdez, the trainer of his horses, who should be in a position to testify on all these points. When he returned from the saddle safari he had a six-day beard, a second-degree case of windburn and resembled General Grant coming back from the wars.

Robert Taylor has been a good knock-about horseman since he wore knee-breeches back in Nebraska. On the farm of his Grandfather Stanhope he was practically inseparable in daylight hours from the saddle of a durable pony named Gyp. Since then no week has gone by during which he hasn't spent a good solid quota of hours with his feet in the stirrups.

Despite a certain air of ethereality that the camera discloses about his personality, there is no lack of hardness in the fellow's fibre. He has tramped his full share of miles behind a plough, shocked wheat side-by-side with seasoned harvest hands, dug postholes, painted barns and wrestled with balky farm machinery.

Western films have always been Bob's favorites. William S. Hart was a childhood idol. Tom Mix is deified in his memory. Will Rogers was the first top-flight actor to encourage Bob in his acting career, and he has always hankered to raise himself to the stature of any or all of these three by doing a standout job in a glorified horse opera.

In a screen career that has seen him as a crook, a doctor, a society man, a racketeer and an aviator (always with overtones of Great Lover) Bob feels that he has never had a real chance to show any of his built-in aptitudes. *Flight Command* pictures him as a Navy pilot but inasmuch as he has not yet soloed in his new plane he can be excused for thinking that role a bit premature.

If his part-time preoccupation with flying keeps up, however, he will soon be ripe for a realistic air role. At the beginning of his course of instruction he made up his mind to do a thorough job of committing himself to air-mindedness. He bought his own plane, a four-place Fairchild cabin job that is more difficult to maneuver than the ordinary training plane.

As instructor he hired Max Constant, the famous French speed pilot who customarily flies Jacqueline Cochran's racing plane and holds the record between New York and Miami. On days when Bob is free from the studio and his self-assigned stable duties, he spends long hours at Metropolitan Airport studying instrument navigation and radio technique and makes at least one flight each afternoon.

Currently he is trying to talk Barbara Stanwyck into redesigning the grounds of the Valley ranch so that he can smooth off a landing field where the fenced horse-training track now stands. But Barbara is holding out until Bob has had a few dozen more flights.

The other evening Bob gave his flying instructor a new thrill while practicing landings. He was coming in at Metropolitan and congratulating himself on the

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niftiest set-down he had yet accomplished when the plane began veering off the runway and into an adjoining garden. Bob had merely neglected to straighten out the rudder, which steered him efficiently into a watermelon patch. The elegant new plane nosed over into soft earth. Two hours later our hero was still spitting watermelon seeds.

■ *Billy the Kid* can be an upward step or a pitfall in Bob's path. Of his last five pictures, M-G-M acknowledges freely that three were not entirely successful. The sub-par trio were *Lucky Night,* with Myrna Loy; *Lady of the Tropics,* with Hedy Lamarr, and *Remember?* with Greer Garson.

Escape, with Norma Shearer, was something else again, widely appreciated by critics and ticket-buyers alike. This picture was a long time in preparation and even after it was finished the company was called back for eleven days of retakes. The retakes, it might be mentioned in confidence, were not occasioned by any shortcomings in Bob's original performance.

As in all his successful roles, however, the good notices he received for *Escape* were accompanied by peculiar backhanded implications, the kind of negative praise that has caused Bob to term himself "O. E." Taylor. The initials stand for "Oddly Enough."

It seems that dozens of film reviewers, if not the majority, are reluctant, if not downright grudging, in any praise they may vouchsafe to him. In his very first full-length part, the second lead of *Society Doctor,* he created a distinct stir in the audience and drew stacks of fan mail. Yet *The New York Herald-Tribune* set the pace for the nation's reviewers by saying, "A young unknown named Robert Taylor gave a good account of himself in spite of his good looks."

Since then the critics' Robert Taylor theme song, even referring to his most painstaking and sincere performances, has been, "Oddly enough, surprisingly enough, you wouldn't believe it, but Robert Taylor was all right in his part."

In *Billy the Kid,* the most venturesome step he has taken since setting foot on the Metro lot, Bob Taylor has made up his mind to erase that "Oddly Enough" label. He'll either do such a surpassingly good job that the qualifying phrase will be jettisoned once and for all—or muff his hard-won opportunity by such a wide margin that he'll be the first to admit it.

SPECIAL INVITATION

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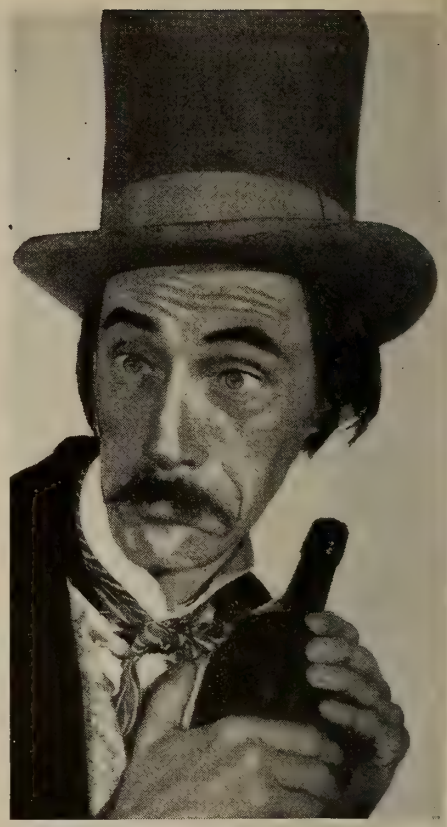
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A One-Man Show

By NORD RILEY



John Carradine is currently working on 20th Century-Fox's *Blood and Sand*

■ John Carradine is special stock. He was not bolted together and rolled off an assembly line with the regular run of homo sapiens. He was custom-built by Destiny to be an actor. The frame that looks as if it had been stretched two feet beyond its original specifications, the long, expressive face, the eloquent crag that would be another man's Adam's apple are props the Almighty threw in as background for John Carradine, the one-man theater on the hoof. When Mr. Carradine slinks into the empty Hollywood Bowl and shatters the night with blasts of Othello, as he often does, or saunters down Hollywood boulevard in sartorial splendor delivering himself in a clarion baritone of Hamlet's chat with the Apparition, Mr. Carradine is not acting. That is Mr. Carradine au naturel. For Mr. Carradine was born an actor. Cut his veins and you will find grease-paint instead of blood.

One of the top character actors in the business, Carradine now belongs to Mr. Zanuck, the producer, and each week collects heaps of gold for doing chores at 20th Century-Fox. Just to refresh your memory, he was the rat who exterminated *Jesse James*, and he was the preacher in *Grapes of Wrath*. But Mr. Carradine has endured privations and such houndings from boarding-house dictators that it is a wonder he is still with us. He has been a farmhand, a copy-chaser, photographer's assistant, painter, sculptor and librarian. He has been on his uppers in Philadelphia, Boston, New York, New Orleans, and Hollywood. He has been ejected from most of the boarding-houses, rooming-houses, and fourth-rate hotels in Southern California. He feels very amicable about these sordid affairs now, with an exception. He hates one guy. Mr. Carradine had rented a studio and was sculpturing a bust of Cecil DeMille and a head of John Barrymore. He overlooked the small matter of paying the rent for some months and one day he returned to find Mr. Barrymore's head strewn about the room and Mr. DeMille walloped to a dusty shambles.

"It was a low trick," declares Mr. Carradine, "the landlord was also a sculptor, and jealous of my work, so he took it out on Barrymore's head."

But with Mr. Carradine, acting is as vital to life as food is to ordinary folk and between his grim ordeals with landlords he managed to play in every legitimate theater in the Los Angeles area. His first role on the Hollywood stage was as the bass in a male quartet in a comic opera. Mr. Carradine worked hard and pushed himself up into the part of a Chinese coolie, who trotted about the stage in a breechclout. "I'm rather skinny," says Mr. Carradine, a masterpiece of understatement, "and I looked something like a fugitive Egyptian mummy." He abandoned the breechclout to become the auctioneer, then the monk, which was the lead in the show. This last came rather suddenly. He was given the part at midnight; it had forty speeches and four songs and Mr. Carradine had to master it by the next night. Being cagy he asked for a salary. He was handed eight bucks and the show folded that night. Mr. Carradine doesn't know whether it was his salary or his acting that did it.

■ Mr. Carradine's stage career reached a peak the next year that it never again equalled. He had a part in a play with Boris Karloff, the bogey-man. It ran 10 weeks and Mr. Carradine became filthy with gold at $50 a week. When that had gone and the urge to act and to eat became overpowering, Mr. Carradine would borrow some dough, recruit other actors on involuntary fasts, rent a theater on credit and stage Shakespearean dramas. Often Mr. Carradine would eat every day for weeks at a time after one of these ventures. Other times he wouldn't.

Mr. Carradine is famed for his knowledge of Shakespeare. In his repertoire are 14 of the dramatist's plays; he knows them by heart and will recite them at the slightest provocation. Before he became a success, with two shirts, carfare and other luxuries, Mr. Carradine was wont to stalk Hollywood Boulevard in en-

sembles so spectacular that Peter the Hermit in his simple toga became livid with envy. His sprawling frame garbed in tails and opera cloak, Mr. Carradine would lope along the boulevard playing all parts in *Richard III* as he went. To the visiting Elks, Mr. Carradine was the sort of thing they expected of Hollywood.

Once, after having spent three years in research on *Richard III* for modern presentation, Mr. Carradine gulped twice and decided to ask John Barrymore his opinion of it. He hopped a bus with *Richard* tucked under his wing, got off and scaled the mountain to what Mr. Barrymore calls his "Chinese tenement house." He was stabbing the doorbell with his cane when he looked around and beheld Mr. Barrymore looking at him.

"Mr. Barrymore," cried Mr. Carradine. "I'm going to do *Richard III*."

"Really?" said Barrymore. "Let's have a drink."

Mr. Carradine consented to a snorter, not knowing that with Mr. Barrymore either you don't drink at all or you bathe in the lively stuff. Mr. Barrymore and Mr. Carradine do not tell the same story of the wondrous things that happened that soggy afternoon, but according to Mr. Carradine they romped and galloped over the Barrymore lawn making faces at each other, doing *Richard III* 'til dusk and delirium.

Carradine's famed one-night, one-man stands in Hollywood are more of the same kind of evidence; also they are a part of the goofy Hollywood legend. "I went out to the Bowl," explains Mr. Carradine, "because I had to hear myself talk. The boulevard was too distracting." On these occasions Mr. Carradine would slip into the vast amphitheater, mount the stage and with nothing but field mice and rabbits for an audience he would send *Othello, Hamlet, King John* and *Richard III* echoing through the silent hills. The only gripe that Mr. Carradine suffered came from a bum trying to eke out an honest night's sleep on the benches.

"Can that racket, big-mouth!" he cried at Mr. Carradine.

"Like stink, I will!" roared Mr. Carradine from the stage. "You peasant! That was *Othello!*"

The matter stood there, with Mr. Carradine still hollering and the bum still not sleeping. A year to a day later, Mr. Carradine again appeared and rocked the night. From out of the gloom came a lament: "Okay, boys, let's blow. That *Othello* guy is back!"

■ When Mr. Carradine was 18 he returned home for a year. At 19 he took a job which, he thinks, clinched his decision to become an actor. The job was in a New York library sorting a collection of clippings of the theater and its characters. He was told it was a six months' job, but Carradine insists he was so fascinated by the clippings that he finished the job in six weeks. From then on he knew he was slated for work behind the footlights. He migrated to New Orleans, earning his way painting quick portraits of the big shots in each town he went through.

After two seasons in stock Mr. Carradine came to Hollywood because he had been told that producers were on their knees begging people to paint sets. Mr. Carradine submitted some sketches to Mr. Cecil B. DeMille, then went to bed and waited for the gold to roll in over him. Mr. DeMille glanced at the sketches, then asked Mr. Carradine if he had any other profession. Mr. Carradine returned to acting.

Then Carradine got his first role in a motion picture because his landlord's mother-in-law knew a director, which is the way most people get into pictures. He was cast as a half-wit in *Tol'able David,* and recalls the episode rather sourly. After getting the part he lolled in opulence for twelve weeks on money borrowed in expectation of riches from the picture. Altogether, Mr. Carradine worked eight days. This time Mr. Carradine had a little piece to speak to that landlord before he was hurled out on his neck.

■ Some years later Mr. DeMille, strolling along Hollywood boulevard, saw an eerie creature loping toward him. He was struck by the creature's resemblance to a ghoul on the lam. It was Mr. Carradine giving a performance on the fly of *Hamlet's* grave-diggers' scene. Mr. DeMille lit out after Mr. Carradine, captured him, and hired him to be something weird in his *Sign of the Cross.* As the movie got under way Mr. Carradine's voice so impressed Mr. DeMille that he made Mr. Carradine a "ghost" voice, which means that Mr. Carradine recited speeches which were later transposed into the mouths of other actors. He did a similar trick in *The Crusades;* and he was President McKinley's voice in *Message to Garcia.*

Since then Carradine has come up fast. Darryl Zanuck put him into *The Prisoner of Shark Island,* then a score of others. His role as the gallant gambler in *Stagecoach* and the preacher in *Grapes of Wrath* are gems of acting. Recently, he's been *Brigham Young's* trigger man, and a juggler in *Chad Hanna.*

If Mr. Carradine has his way he'll never be a villain again. He says that movie villains aren't human.

Right now Mr. Carradine is in his glory, for he is acting and getting paid for it. He is in the groove Destiny carved out for him. He charges about in a far-flung, gorgeous Dusenberg, his gaunt body swathed in arresting raiment. He resides in North Hollywood with a vast library of classics, snaps pictures with the maniacal zeal of an amateur, and sculpts. He has only one desire, besides his acting, and that is to have a farm back in Northern New York. A farm like the one he used to work on. If he does we may hear of a Holstein bull that got his revenge, for to Mr. Carradine "all the world's a stage"—even a cowpen. Mr. Carradine can't help it, he was that way when his parents found him in the gooseberry patch.

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Ruling the Waves

[*Continued from page* 20]

themselves are designed for one-time use only! Another important angle is that the heat is generated by a combination of chemicals—a lotion that saturates the hair and a second liquid that impregnates the absorbent material in the center of the rod. This makes for a *moist* heat, and that's the most beneficial to the hair. Each hair is thoroughly moistened when the steam starts, and also when it vanishes and the hair cools off.

It's the most comfortable wave you can imagine—all you have on your head, when each section of hair is wrapped, are those feather-weight protectors, those light cardboard clamps, the perforated metal rods filled with absorbent material, and a foil wrapper which forms a steam chamber around the curl. Because of the moist heat, because of the various solutions specially made for different textures of hair, you can be sure that your wave will turn out beautifully—crisp but soft, and with springy ends, deep waves. If you are interested in learning the name of this new method, just drop me a line.

Not even the finest permanent will glorify drab, dirty hair—so be sure to shampoo your hair frequently *and* with a good liquid specially designed for cleansing. I have just the ticket, a shampoo that I started using when I lived in a hard-water area. It's neither a soap (though it lathers terrifically) nor an oil (though it leaves the hair as soft and lubricated as a hot oil shampoo), and because of its chemical content, it can be used in the most alkaline of waters without leaving a dull scum on the wash basin OR your hair. And *that's* the secret of hair so clean that it shines like a new penny. Regardless of the color of your hair—its sheen is what makes it glorious looking. This shampoo comes in two types, one for oily hair, the other for dry—and both work like a flash. All you need is a spoonful of liquid to create billows of lather—and one clear water rinse is all that's necessary to remove lather, dirt, oil and loose dandruff. There's a ten-cent size available, if you'd like to experiment, as well as larger bottles. Interested?

■ To keep that lovely sheen your hair must be brushed conscientiously and vigorously each day. For brushing removes stray bits of dust and excess oil that would otherwise dim the lustre. And, too, it provides healthy massage for the scalp, stimulating the circulation, so that the output of oil is normalized. Be sure that the bristles in your brush are sturdy enough to penetrate the underneath layers of hair, and yet flexible enough so that they will not scratch the scalp. Always brush your hair up and away from the scalp, so that each hair is lifted and "exercised," and polished on all surfaces. Be sure to keep your brush clean, wiping it off with a turkish towel each day, and giving it a bath in mild soapsuds and warm water at least once a week.

Know how to make pompadours, roll curls and fluffy end curls so that they never look too tight and frizzy—yet keep their elasticity? Make pin curls and fasten them, for drying, with bob pins. . . . Moisten your hair, then take small strands, holding them out taut from the scalp. Beginning at the end, roll the hair down to the scalp, then fasten this flat "rosebud curl" with one bob pin or two crossed. The deeper and fuller the curl or wave, the more rows of pin curls you should make. But don't take too small portions of hair, for that will make the wave or curl frizzy. Write me for the name of some bob pins that will do double duty—as secure fasteners while your hair is drying, and as invisible anchors for your finished pompadour. Made of a special springy steel, they practically never lose their firm grip, and they're coated with dull surfaced material that makes them inconspicuous—which is what any bob pin is meant to be, but so often isn't! These fine and dandy ones cost only a dime and are on sale at all toilet counters.

Scenting your hair with an alluring perfume is the crowning touch to hair beauty. If you do this lightly, your hair will have a faint aura of scent about it that is as appealing as its lustre. A mighty useful weapon when you're Conga-ing with your One and Only. . . . Speaking of romance, reminds me to tell you about some adorable Valentine perfume presentations. You might wangle them from your best beau, with discreet hints. One is a bottle of perfume nestling in a heart-shaped carton, pierced with an arrow and inscribed, "To You With Love" . . . The one that I like best is a round bottle of a very exotic scent fastened on a heart-shaped platform that spins and answers questions of romance, such as "He loves you," "Wedding bells," and "Don't be too sure." The third is a crystal flacon made in the shape of a heart, with a small key and a heart charm dangling from it. Name of this is "Key to My Heart" . . . very romantic and suited to the season—both the containers AND the perfumes. Suited to a slim purse, also, for each one costs only ten cent at dime stores. I hope you'll ask me for the trade name.

Write me before March 15th, if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped (U. S. postage, please), self-addressed envelope, and send your letter to Ann Vernon, Beauty Editor, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

Don't Copy a Movie Star!

[*Continued from page 57*]

saw in the fan magazines, seated beside her debonair spouse, was no Lubitsch touch. Mostly life on a carousel makes her sad no end.

Which rather explains her current design for living. She's a rancherette, Hollywood style, of course. Sarah Smith of Yoakum, Texas, living on a "piddlin' place" of 20,000 acres and with an assorted animal population of something like 60,000, will roar when she learns that rancherette Lamarr has her a flock of chickens and is in the egg business right up to her pretty permanent. And she worries the devil out of them, cajoling them into producing and then scampering around to snatch the eggs from under the protesting hens.

■ Villa Lamarr is no spacious castle. Boasting less than a dozen rooms, the place is as simple as it is decorated in good taste. And not a sign of quaintness around the place, no touch of cuteness. Thomas Mitchell could move in tomorrow—after Miss Lamarr had vacated the premises, of course—and there would be few alterations. And Mr. Mitchell is one of Hollywood's nobler connoisseurs of the good, the true and the beautiful.

Bachelor life sits well on Hedy's shapely shoulders. She rises early, makes a lusty pass at breakfast, and then looks to her chicks. After that there's a monstrous Great Dane to walk, a beast that is tireless and drags her up hill and down dale. There is no danger of Miss Lamarr's ever getting dangerously geometric. She's grateful to this behemoth (whose name we have forgotten) because she cannot abide exercise. Taken in the guise of doing man's best friend a good turn, she finds it a benevolent cross to bear.

No "girl friends" clutter up the Lamarr ranchita, no swarms of clothes horses, no six-tables of bridge lunatics. Now and then she'll ask Verree Teasdale over for tea. Or Janet Gaynor. As for the bronzed gods of Hollywood, they never get to visit what we shall call Heartbreak House.

Shop she never discusses unless you force the subject on her. She never complains of ill treatment by her boss, L. B. Mayer (although she wouldn't mind if L. B. came through with a larruping role for her, one that required at least a little action—such as, maybe, walking upstairs).

About herself she's self-critical.

"Heaven knows I've done nothing in pictures yet but try to look 'smouldering' when the script called for it. I've taken the panning of the critics with total good grace. What has amused me constantly is to read in the reviews of the pictures that harbor me: 'Miss Hedy Lamarr, up to her old tricks as the intriguing, chromium-plated sex interest, wanders blissfully around as if the art of acting had never yet been invented.'

"And here I was all the time thinking I was Metro's own Bernhardt," she says with her own peculiar flair for irony.

But even as she says it her eyes flash another message, a defiant retort issued long ago by an American marine here:

"Surrender? I have not yet begun to fight."



Success story! Jane Russell, 19, and Jack Beutel, 21, make their screen debut as stars in Howard Hughes' million-dollar production, *The Outlaw*



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Lady With a Line

[*Continued from page 52*]

routine, she was aware of the fact that the remark, "We'll call you if we need you," was, as a rule, meaningless.

Again Peggy turned on her vibrations. "I concentrated on that man in the Warner studio and kept sending him mental reminders," Peggy told us. "Every waking moment was filled with the thoughts of working for Warner Brothers."

A day passed, two days, three days. But Peggy didn't give up hope. She kept thinking, concentrating.

On the fourth day the telephone rang. Peggy rushed to answer it. "Hello—yes—this is Peggy Moran—yes—oh, thank you—I'll be there."

It was the Warner studio instructing her to report immediately. They had seen her Universal screen test and liked it. It was a double victory for her theory. Those vibrations had not deserted her.

Peggy spent six months on the Warner lot—six months that were not productive insofar as furthering her career; unimportant parts, sometimes no parts at all. The six months passed quickly and her contract was not renewed.

After leaving Warners, Peggy had every right to feel that she had not made much progress. Instead of feeling bitter toward anyone, she decided to be patient and keep trying.

■ Over at Universal, Joe Pasternak was preparing to produce another Deanna Durbin picture, *First Love*. Pasternak is famous in Hollywood for his discoveries, among whom, in addition to Miss Durbin, is Gloria Jean.

"When I heard that Joe Pasternak was about to start on *First Love*, I decided I wanted a part in that picture," Peggy said. "It didn't make much difference what the part was but I had an idea that if I could get back on the Universal lot, I would stay there."

Peggy went to work on her project and sure enough she was cast in *First Love*. The role wasn't big but she clicked and again Peggy experienced the thrill of putting her name to a contract—this time a long-term contract with Universal, the same studio that had ignored her first screen test.

After *First Love*, Peggy was given the top feminine role opposite Johnny Mack Brown in *The Galloping Kid* and other important assignments followed. In less than a year she played the love interest in *West of Carson City, Danger on Wheels, Big Guy, Oh, Johnny, How You Can Love, Alias the Deacon, I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby, Slightly Tempted* and a featured part in *Argentine Nights* and *Trail of the Vigilantes*.

To many persons, Peggy has "arrived." In her own opinion, she has barely started. She hopes some day to appear as a dramatic actress on the New York stage, even though motion pictures are her whole life now. But when the time comes for her to turn her eyes toward the legitimate stage—well, she has a formula for getting there.

Guess Who?



Susanna Foster, 15-year-old madcap of the screen, performs impersonations of film folk in her new film, *Hard-Boiled Canary*. Here she mimics Judy Canova



The transformation of a youngster in her early teens to the lovable old lady of the screen, Madame Maria Ouspenskaya, is seen in the above photo



Susanna dons lacy negligee, holds posy, and "gives" a la Lombard fashion. "Suzy" impersonates many other film stars in the forthcoming Paramount film

Million Dollar Floor Show

[*Continued from page* 35]

by Mary Healy, Twentieth Century-Fox contract player and sensation of Jimmie Fidler's road tour last winter and spring.

One night Charles Laughton stepped forward to demonstrate to Peter Lind Hayes, Grace's son, who alternates with his mother as master of cermonies, how to do an imitation of Charles Laughton doing an imitation of "Captain Bligh." Peter's portrayal of this sea-going scoundrel and other well-known characters is fast establishing him as a leading mimic artist.

The background of this novel establishment is as unusual as the place itself. It is a product of adversity; like Topsy, the trend of the amusements to be had there just grew. Originally, the thought was merely to operate another night club, in the desperate hope that the customers would do the right thing.

■ It represented Grace Hayes' abrupt blitzkrieg against a fortune that had declined steadily since 1929, when vaudeville, in which she had headlined for a generation, crashed into oblivion. At first, the hard luck that was to dog her was an insidious thing; there was no handwriting on the wall to tell of what lay ahead. On the contrary, the future seemed to hold big things. She had come West to appear in *The King of Jazz,* starring Paul Whiteman. She was a hit, and a career in the movies appeared certain. She was so sure of it that she bought a home, a fourteen-room mansion that sprawled across the top of Lookout Mountain. Here she and Peter would live in security and comfort while both awaited the rosy destiny that loomed above the glamour city far below.

But it didn't work out that way. Pictures were spaced by endless intervals. There was no going back to vaudeville; vaudeville was dead. Not even locally, for a limited time, could a booking be had.

Aside from practical considerations, which began to dictate self-denial of the most rigid sort, there was the embittering irony that this should overtake one whose name, with her son's, had once flashed from marquees of first-line houses the country over. Thirty years a trouper, and now this! Hers was the highest paid act ever booked at New York's Palace Theater. She had been the rage of London and the Continent.

But the hardest part of it all was the collapse of Peter's outlook; she had taken him from school, with the eager consent of the school officials, when he showed considerably more interest in acting and mimicry than Latin and algebra. He had been a hit on the stage from the start. There had been no lessening of talent on the part of either mother or son. They could still pack 'em in . . . if they could find a place to pack them.

It did no good to dwell on the old days. By 1937, the lone wolf who had been howling prophetically on the step of the Lookout Mountain home had been joined by a pack. Most of the family wardrobe was gone. They had liquidated insurance policies and other investments. The table would soon be bare.

Then came a test for Grace with the late Ted Healy. Perhaps this was the turn in the long lane! But the part she was tested for, a prominent one, was given to someone else; she had been too good! She would have stolen the picture from the star.

Mother and son returned to their rounds of the casting offices. Nothing happened.

By autumn of 1938, they had hit rock bottom. One ace card remained . . . the family diamonds. There seemed no choice now but to let these go, too. But they would not be hasty. Perhaps tomorrow . . .? They could always wait another day.

On a Sunday afternoon in October, Grace was out riding with her friend, Connie Lupino, mother of Ida, the screen star. The two women fell to discussing opening a night club in Grace's home. Connie liked the idea of a club . . . Grace would make an excellent hostess . . . but the top of Lookout Mountain was a long way from the accepted gaiety channels.

They came to a small log building on Ventura Boulevard. On the door hung a "For Rent" sign. Abruptly, Connie stopped the car. "Come," she directed. "We're going to look this place over."

Grace was puzzled. "Look it over?" she queried. "What for?"

"This may be just the place for that club. Come along."

They ventured inside. The single room was barren and forlorn. The floor was rough and scarred. Paint was something less than a rumor.

But the size, not much larger than a four-car garage, was exactly right. Grace, encouraged by Connie, visualized an orchestra at one end, a bar along the side, customers jamming tables. Her enthusiasm mounted.

Within a few minutes, in a sort of trance, she had signed a lease for three years. The final strokes of her pen brought her back to reality. Suddenly she threw up her hands. "But I have no money!" she cried. "All I have is my house! What have I done?"

■ The owner refused to believe that he had been dealing with a lunatic and was easily placated with the promise to have some money for him the next day.

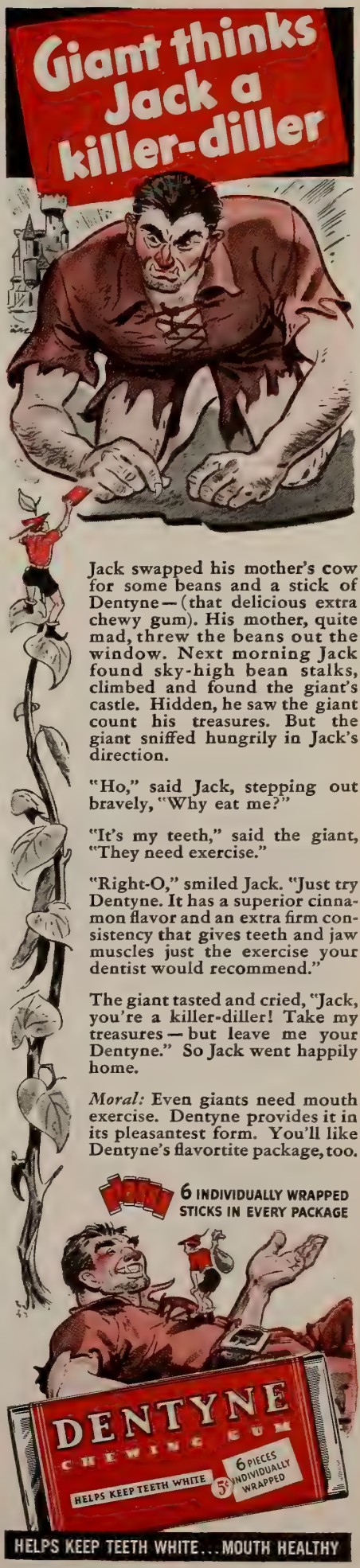
At home, she told Peter. "Son, I have just bought a night club." Peter regarded his mother narrowly. "Hazy, you're hysterical; you're not yourself!"

With difficulty she convinced him that she was neither hysterical nor out of her mind. "I'm determined that you shall have your career," she said.

Monday they hocked the diamonds and mortgaged the house. By all means but foul, they somehow managed to raise $8,000. There was no way out now but straight forward. They had put everything on the horse's nose.

The next several weeks were frantic,

[*Continued on page* 67]





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"That Uncertain Feeling"

[*Continued from page 53*]

The cameras started rolling again and suddenly the director snapped his fingers. "It was I," he said. "I was shaking! I was shaking my foot to the music!"

"Now," said *Larry Baker*, "I know where they got that one about 'shake a leg!'"

Back to *Jill Baker* or Merle Oberon.

Merle may look fragile on the screen but I'm telling you she certainly took a lot of physical punishment in this picture.

In one scene she got soundly slapped by Melvyn Douglas—and the scene was made five times before the director would give his official okay. Besides the five slaps, Merle told me later that she had to take Douglas' thumb in her ribs approximately 115 times in the course of ten days' shooting. "By actual count," she said, "Melvyn poked me in the ribs 400 times."

In another scene she had to faint in Douglas' arms—and then he dropped her kerplunk when his rival for her favor showed up. It was an eighteen-inch drop and she had to take it as though she were unconscious. She was so lame and black and blue from this beating (Douglas dropped her twelve times before the scene was okayed) that they had to shoot around her for three days to give her time to recover from her bruises.

■ The third day marked my finish in the picture. And for a very good reason. Melvyn Douglas hauled off and smacked me a good one on the chin during a rehearsal for a fight scene. Always eager to oblige, when Lubitsch yelled for someone to spar with Douglas for a few minutes so that he could time his swings correctly, I hopped up from my chair and danced around like Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom—only not quite so good. As I found out without any effort at all. Well, there was Douglas counting one-two-three and then swinging and there was yours truly counting one-two-three and then ducking just enough to let the bunch of knuckles slide past my nose—and then yours truly forgot to count as well as duck and when I woke up I was in someone's dressing room with the studio doctor muttering his medical incantations. I was no good for the rest of the day nor the next, although I was on the set drawing down my dough-re-mi.

Doggone. Something occurs to me right at this precise instant! Do you suppose Lubitsch put Douglas up to that lousy trick? He couldn't be that mean—and yet. Well, just wait until the soreness is gone from my jaw. I'm going to see this Douglas biffer and get the lowdown. If it turns out it was a put-up job I'm going to get in Ernst Lubitsch's next picture and spoil every scene! So help me!

Take it from me—I have a certain feeling that *That Uncertain Feeling* is headed for a box-office hit. If I were you I'd certainly go a few feet out of my editorial way to let my readers know about it. Personally, I've marked it down as a four-star production. Cheerio, 'til next month.

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Million Dollar Floor Show

[*Continued from page 65*]

laborious days of scrubbing, painting, and decorating. Grace and Peter donned overalls and did the cleaning and painting, while friends assisted in the infinity of details attendant to renovation. It was a race against time; the sooner they could open, the better. At least the strain of speculation would be eased.

In November of 1939, the doors of the Grace Hayes Lodge were thrown open. It was now up to the gods. The first few hours might well measure the future. The bartender stood expectantly by. At the door was Grace, casting furtive and prayerful glances out into the gathering night. Peter was on hand to lead the entertainment, to be supplied by his mother as songstress, accompanied by Neville Fleeson, who had been with her on the road years before; and Charlie Foy.

Long before all the stars were out, the house was packed. People were being turned away. Most of Hollywood was there . . . Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Taylor, Ida Lupino, Louis Hayward, Hugh and Rose Herbert, Dorothy Lamour, Alice Faye, Jack La Rue, Ann Sheridan, Loretta Young, Tom Lewis, Sally Blane, Norman Foster, Helen Parrish, John Carroll, Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan.

The custom of impromptu entertainment from the crowd began on that first night. John Carroll brought the house down with "Old Man River." Jack La Rue did a dramatic skit from one of his pictures. Ann Sheridan and Dorothy Lamour each sang. Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman did a dance.

The Grace Hayes Lodge was a success from that moment forward. Its informality and the spontaneity of the footlight performances seemed to fill a long-felt want. The Lodge offered a commodity for which there had been a demand but no supply.

Fourteen weeks after opening, an Out-of-the-Red party was given. The family jewels were redeemed, the mortgage paid off, and money was going in the bank. For a club seating but 125 persons comfortably, compared to a thousand in other Hollywood night-time emporiums, this one bordered on fiction.

Other aspects of the family fortune also improved. Peter was soon receiving bids from the studios, largely on the basis of his work at the club, finally signing with Paramount, where he did notably well in *Million Dollar Legs, Dancing on a Dime,* and *Seventeen.*

Then Grace went under contract to M-G-M, where her first role was as Mickey Rooney's mother in *Babes in Arms.* The press of business at the club, however, was so strong that she was unable to renew her contract at the end of six months.

The good luck that the Lodge brought to Grace and Peter has extended to many others who have had a hand in putting the show over from night to night. In fact, there is an unspoken superstition in the town that a job at Grace Hayes' is the key to Pandora's Box of still more lustrous things.

Joe Frisco, who had reached the point of realizing the truth of his conviction that "Hollywood is the only place in the world where you can sleep under a rose bush and freeze to death," went to work there and quickly moved on to something like his old heights.

Jerry Lester, star of the current Pepsodent air show, owes his success to a stint at Grace's. Frances Robinson might have withered away under the inactive contract she had with another studio, but was grabbed by Columbia the moment she was free, all because of the showing she had made at the Lodge.

Elizabeth Talbot-Martin, an unknown until she did a turn for Grace, became a hit radio performer and the rage of the San Francisco fair. Jeffrie Gill, society singer, signed for a two-weeks engagement, stayed ten months, then went on a tour of the South Pacific with the noted lecturer, Dr. Reuben McMaster, at a salary that may be described as thick steak money.

The success of the Lodge and those connected with it has not rested exclusively on good will and favorable signs of the Zodiac. The clay of publicity is to be found around its foundations, as it must with all such, but this clay has been diluted with the good earth. There has been no attempt to cram the Lodge down the public throat.

The few exploitation stunts staged have had the unusual element of legitimate news value. There was the time when a giant panda, the last to be allowed out of Tibet by the Chinese government, was shunted to Hollywood upon his arrival at San Francisco and made the guest of honor at the Lodge for a night before being taken on to his permanent home at Chicago's Brookfield Zoo. It seems a reasonable claim that no other night club in the world's history has ever played host to a giant panda.

Not far behind this one in novelty was the event pulled off last April, when Charlotte Rogers, who also was responsible for the panda incident, held an Academy Award dinner at the Lodge for all dog players in the movies, with "Boscars" for the winners. The fact that the winner of the top female award, Daisy, turned out to be a female impersonator detracted nothing from the success of the occasion.

But for the most part, the club, like the doctor and the lawyer, depends on the quiet but effective power of the spoken word which circulates with no incentive behind it except the honest enthusiasm of those who pass it along.

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Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES, ☐	REDHEAD
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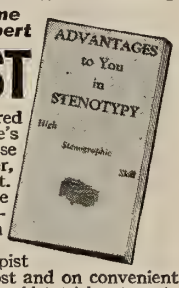
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Snappy Snacks



Olympe Bradna's "horn of plenty" centerpiece is an excellent decorative touch to informal buffet supper spreads. After a successful country-wide personal appearance tour, the charming French actress returns to the screen in *Knockout*

By BETTY CROCKER



■ Olympe Bradna has a flair for doing the unusual, likes to use a horn of plenty as a decorative motif for her supper parties, for two good reasons. One is that Olympe likes to use fruit for table decoration. And the other is, that French-born Olympe, who is soon to become an American citizen, thinks the horn of plenty symbolizes the American way of life, which she approves of very highly indeed.

Out in the San Fernando Valley, about ten miles from Hollywood, pretty Olympe lives with her mother and father in a modest California home.

There's a charming patio, a wishing well, flowers galore, and beds of shamrock to present a delightful view from the sun-room just off the den. The living and dining rooms are done in chintz and maple. Olympe likes to entertain in what she calls "rambling style." Invite a few folks to the house after the theater, or opera, or a Sunday afternoon polo game, provide a tasty set-up of "eats" on the buffet, let them select what they please and ramble with their snack to whatever nook or corner of the house appeals.

Above, Olympe is shown as she sets her table for one of her supper parties. A few minutes after the picture was taken the crowd had arrived and the table looked decidedly different—just as the wheatfield did after it had been visited by the swarm of locusts. But originally the table displayed cold cuts of turkey, roast beef, ham; a yummy salad of whole lettuce leaves, chopped cabbage, chopped pickles, green pepper rings, onion, avocados and olives, tossed-in French dressing; a tray containing sweet pickles, green olives, radishes and little pearl onions; assorted cheeses and crackers and several kinds of cakes, both spice and plain. What is not apparent on the table, but always served fluffy hot from the kitchen, are hot biscuits and honey—and plenty of steaming coffee.

And furthermore, the guests are *invited* to dive into the horn of plenty with its variety of fresh, juicy fruit—as a final topper.

Olympe's own cookbook, made up of her favorite recipes, has a well-thumbed section of breads and cakes. Here are some of the recipes which are used again and again:

CANARY CORN STICKS

1	egg
1½	cups buttermilk or sour milk
½	tsp. soda
½	cup sifted all-purpose flour
1½	cups white or yellow cornmeal
3	tsp. baking powder
1	tsp. salt
1	tsp. sugar
¼	cup shortening (part butter), melted

Beat egg well. Add buttermilk or sour milk, and soda. Sift flour, cornmeal, baking powder, salt, and sugar together, and add to egg-and-buttermilk (or sour milk)

mixture. Mix well. Blend in melted shortening. Pour into hot buttered corn stick or muffin pans, filling each ⅔ full. Bake 10 to 15 minutes (depending on size) in a hot oven, 450°. Remove from oven, and brush tops with soft butter. Place under broiler or in very hot oven for 3 to 4 minutes or until golden brown. This will make one dozen corn sticks or medium-sized muffins. Note: Be careful not to over-bake!

"LIGHT AS FEATHER" MUFFINS

¼ cup shortening (part butter for flavor)
¼ cup sugar
1 egg
1¾ cups sifted cake flour
or
1⅝ cups sifted all-purpose flour
4 tsp. baking powder
¾ tsp. salt
1 cup milk

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream until fluffy. Blend in well-beaten egg. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together, and add to creamed mixture alternately with the milk. Pour into well-greased muffin pan, filling each cup ⅔ full. Bake in a quick moderate oven, 375°, for 18 to 20 minutes. Amount: 14 to 16 muffins.

PRUNE LOAF

15 large prunes
2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
3 tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
½ cup sugar
4 tbsp. shortening (part butter for flavor)
1 egg
¾ cup liquid (½ cup milk and ¼ cup prune juice)
2 tsp. grated lemon rind (from 1 lemon)

Wash prunes thoroughly in hot water. Cover with fresh hot water and soak 2 hours ("tenderized" prunes do not need to be soaked). Cook in same water until soft. Drain well, pit, and cut into ½-inch pieces (they should measure 1 cup). Sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar together. Cut in shortening with pastry blender or two knives until finely blended. Beat egg, add the liquid (milk and prune juice) to it, and stir into the dry ingredients. Blend well.

Carefully stir in the prunes and lemon rind, blending them in thoroughly. Pour into a well-greased loaf pan 3¾ by 7¾ inches across the bottom and 2¾ inches deep. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°, for 55 to 60 minutes.

CHOCOLATE CUP CAKES

2 eggs
1 cup sugar
2 sq. unsweetened chocolate (2 oz.)
½ cup shortening
1⅛ cups sifted cake flour
or
1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
2 tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
½ cup milk
1 tsp. vanilla

Beat eggs well in mixing bowl. Add sugar, and mix thoroughly. Melt chocolate and shortening together over low heat. Cool slightly, and blend into egg and sugar mixture. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together, and add to chocolate mixture alternately with the milk. Blend in vanilla. Pour into well-greased and floured cup cake pan, or into little paper baking cups set into cup cake pan, filling each cup ⅔ full. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° for 20 to 25 minutes. This will make 20 medium-sized cup cakes.

Note: If you prefer, bake the cake in an 8-inch square cake pan for 30 minutes in a moderate oven, 350°.

PEANUT BUTTER FUDGE ICING

1 cup granulated sugar
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup sour cream
6 tbsp. peanut butter

Mix granulated sugar, brown sugar, and sour cream together in a saucepan. Allow mixture to come slowly to boiling point over low heat, keeping pan covered first 3 minutes of cooking to prevent crystals forming on sides of pan. Boil slowly, without stirring. The mixture should form a soft ball when a little is dropped into cold water (234°). Let stand until cool. Add peanut butter and beat until thick enough to hold its shape. Thin with a little cream if icing becomes too thick to spread. Amount: Sufficient icing for 20 medium-sized cakes or one 8-inch square cake.

TUTTI-FRUTTI CAKE

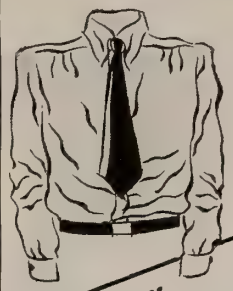
½ cup shortening (half butter for flavor)
1 cup sugar
1 whole egg and 1 egg yolk
1 cup seedless raisins
1 cup nuts
Peel of 1 medium-sized orange (minus white layer which can be easily removed with spoon)

[*Continued on page* 71]



Tony Martin tells a tall one to some friends at a nearby table while dancing at Ciro's, but partner Lana Turner is not a gal who can be easily fooled

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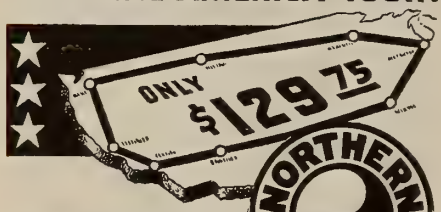


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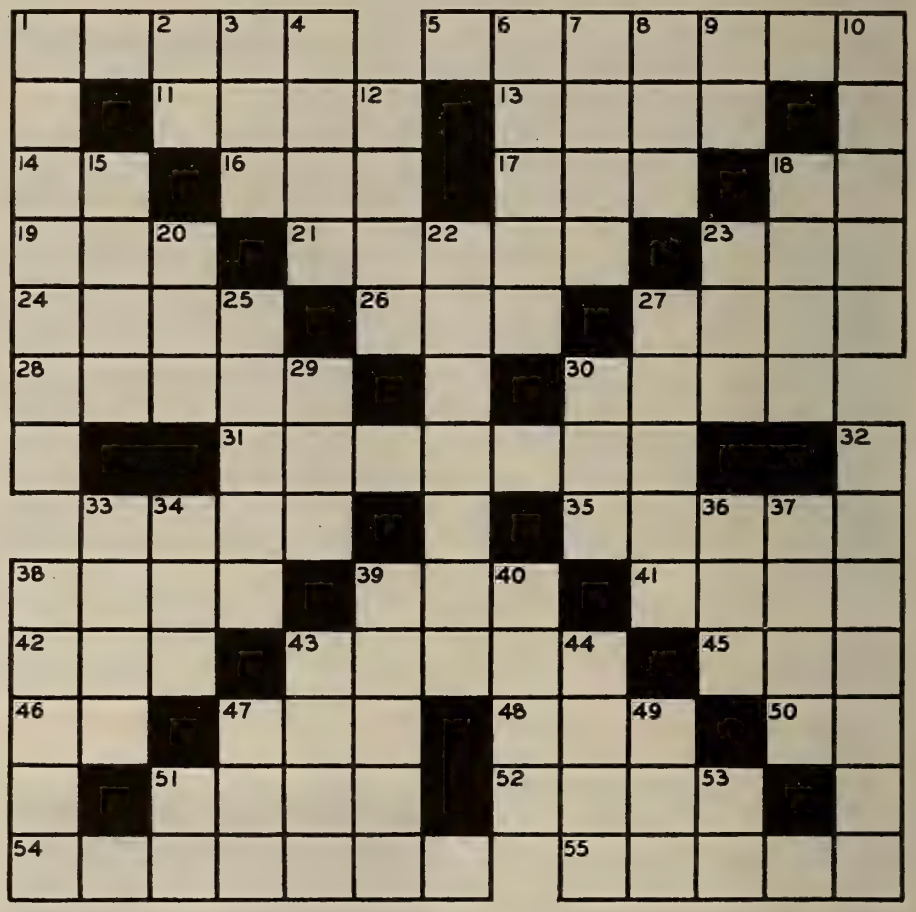
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MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Hero of *South of Suez.*
5. They are used on movie sets.
11. Conover in *Dr. Kildare's Crisis.*
13. Franciska's surname.
14. Norma Lane's initials.
16. This is shown in newsreel shots of Europe.
17. *Up in the* ———.
18. Initials of William Orr.
19. *You're* ——— *So Tough.*
21. The music publisher in *Let's Make Music.*
23. *A Little* ——— *of Heaven.*
24. Descriptive of the villain.
26. *Sandy Gets Her* ———.
27. *Third Finger,* ——— *Hand.*
28. Singing voice of Allan Jones.
30. What Chaplin twirls in comedies.
31. Tugboat Annie in person.
33. Margaret Lord in *The Philadelphia Story.*
35. ——— *of the Bowery.*
38. Joan Crawford's ex-husband.
39. *We Who* ——— *Young.*
41. Chips in *Captain Caution.*
42. Joachim in *Dark Streets of Cairo.*
43. What rustler changes on hero's cattle.
45. Artificial setting for a movie scene.
46. ——— *Angel From Texas.*
47. Descriptive of screenplay that ends unhappily.
48. *Public* ——— *No. 1.*
50. Sally Eilers' initials.
51. *Those* ——— *the Days.*
52. Descriptive of Stepin Fetchit.
54. Lew Ayres' girl friend in Kildare series.
55. Dan in *Little Men.*

DOWN

1. A star of *Escape to Glory.*
2. Mr. Robinson's initials.
3. *Murder Over* ——— *York.*
4. ——— *Gas Squad.*
6. *I Love You* ———.
7. Mehitabel in *Wyoming.*
8. Organ used to enjoy sound films.
9. Rosemary Lane's initials.
10. Heroine of *The Howards of Virginia.*
12. Gene Krupa plays this instrument.
15. *I Can't Give You Anything But* ———, *Baby.*
18. *My Favorite* ———.
20. ——— *Pan Alley.*
22. The girl in *The Lady Eve.*
23. Bebe Daniels' husband.
25. Prof. Fenninger in *You'll Find Out.*
27. First name of Miss Crews.
29. Claudette's co-star in *Arise, My Love.*
30. Headgear worn by Larry Simms.
32. Another name for a horse opera.
33. ——— *Over Burma.*
34. *Melody* ——— *Moonlight.*
36. ——— *a Date.*
37. Whose husband is Joel McCrea?
38. ——— *of the Vigilantes.*
39. Feminine lead in *She Couldn't Say No.*
40. *River's* ——— (pl.).
43. Nolan's girl friend in *Charter Pilot.*
44. One of Dead End Kids.
47. *The* ——— *Hawk.*
49. *Golden* ———.
51. Initials of Willard Robertson.
53. Director Dieterle's initials.

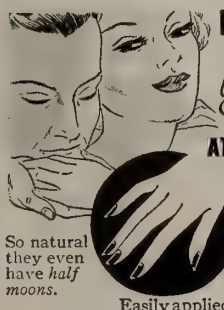
(Solution on page 73)

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What should she have done? It was in her power to bring them together, but by bringing happiness to another, she faced a life of loneliness and heartache for herself. Don't miss this moving confession of unselfish devotion—in the current issue of TRUE CONFESSIONS.

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True Confessions
10¢ AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

Snappy Snacks

[*Continued from page* 69]

12 maraschino cherries (from 3-oz. bottle)
1 cup liquid (2 tbsp. cherry juice, juice from 1 orange and water to fill the cup)
2¼ cups sifted cake flour
or
2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
3 tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream until fluffy. Blend in the well-beaten egg and egg yolk. Put raisins, nuts, orange peel and cherries through finest knife of the food chopper all at one time. Divide fruit-nut mixture into 2 equal parts. Fold 1 part into the creamed mixture. (Save the other part for the icing.)

Sift flour, baking powder and salt together, and add to creamed mixture (containing fruit and nuts) alternately with the liquid. Pour into two well-greased and floured round 8-inch layer pans (1¼ inches deep). Bake about 35 minutes in a moderate oven, 350°.

Cut carefully—with a very sharp knife!

FRUIT ICING

1/3 cup butter
2 cups confectioners' sugar
1 egg white
Half of fruit-nut mixture (same as that used for cake)

Cream butter thoroughly, gradually add confectioners' sugar, and cream well. Fold in stiffly beaten egg white. Fold in fruit-nut mixture. This will make sufficient icing for one 2-layer cake (8 inches in diameter).

It's always fun to give a party on St. Patrick's Day. The day is one that inspires kindliness and good fellowship. And there is such a wealth of gay, interesting favors and decorations. Betty Crocker is prepared to help you out on the "eat" question with her delightful menus and delicious recipes planned especially for St. Patrick's Day. Just fill out the following coupon:

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4 Purpose Rinse

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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

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EXPECTANT?

Pregnancy is made much safer by consulting a doctor regularly. Accumulation of poisons, dizziness, high blood pressure, other dangerous developments are often prevented by regular monthly examinations. Above all, ask a doctor's advice on infant feeding.



HYGEIA
NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE
SAFER...because easier to clean

See Your Doctor Regularly

SHOPPING GUIDE

Below is a partial list of department stores where you can buy the clothes and accessories shown on pages 40 and 41. If a store in your city is not listed, drop Candida a line on a post card telling her which merchandise you are interested in, and she will send you the name of a store near you. Address Candida, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Joyce Hubrite dress with jerkin jacket, page 40:
Austin, Tex.....E. M. Scarbrough & Sons
Jacksonville, Fla.....Levy's, Inc.
Syracuse.....E. C. Chappell & Sons, Inc.

Jeanne d'Arc dress, page 40:
Chicago.....Marshall Field
Los Angeles.....The May Co.
New York.....Lord & Taylor

Nip-N-Tuck house dress, page 41:
Chicago.....Mandel Bros.
New York.....Bloomingdale's
Portland, Ore.....Meier & Frank Co.

Miss Universa. pjs, page 41:
Detroit.....True Value Co., (6501 Woodward)

D. Lisner Powder Blend pearls, page 41:
Chicago.....Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Los Angeles.....J. W. Robinson Co.
New York.....R. H. Macy & Co.

WHAT NEXT?

Watch Candida's fashion pages next month for news of spring coats, suits and dresses, as worn by the Hollywood starlets. And if you would like any help in assembling your own wardrobe, write today. Candida will help you with color combinations, tell you what accessories to buy and when to wear them.

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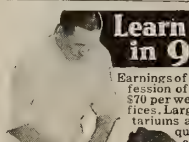


Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Excess acids, poisons and wastes in your blood are removed chiefly by your kidneys. Getting up Nights, Burning Passages, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Nervousness, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, and feeling worn out, often are caused by non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles. Usually in such cases, the very first dose of **Cystex** goes right to work helping the Kidneys flush out excess acids and wastes. And this cleansing, purifying Kidney action, in just a day or so, may easily make you feel younger, stronger and better than in years. A printed guarantee wrapped around each package of **Cystex** insures an immediate refund of the full cost unless you are completely satisfied. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose under this positive money back guarantee so get **Cystex** from your druggist today for only 35c.



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IMPORTANT PICTURES

By JOAN VOTSIS

SANTA FE TRAIL★★★½

Warner Brothers

■ If it's exciting, powerful, thrilling and dramatic fare you are seeking, don't miss *Santa Fe Trail*. Unlike former Flynn-de Havilland cowboy pictures, *Santa Fe Trail* races ahead at a breathless pace.

Don't let the title of the film fool you, for although there is considerable hard-riding and sufficient action in the way of gun fights and battles, there is little actual trail-blazing. Rather, the plot revolves around a man named John Brown (Raymond Massey), the fanatical foe of slavery and his abolitionist raiders in the days when fighting was so violent that the State was rechristened "Bloody Kansas."

J. E. B. Stuart (Errol Flynn), *George Custer* (Ronald Reagan), *Bob Halliday* (Bill Lundigan) and *Rader* (Van Heflin), members of West Point's graduating class of 1854, are presented as they fought side by side in the days of Kansas warfare. With few exceptions, the characters of *Santa Fe Trail* are authentic, which makes it easy to understand the film's compelling human reality.

Santa Fe Trail also presents two Broadway-trained actors of superb acting ability. Raymond Massey's magnificent portrayal of John Brown is one which will go down in the annals of movie history. Van Heflin's introductory attempt at film-making is strong insurance of a long Hollywood welcome.

VICTORY★★★½

Paramount

■ *Victory*, probably the best-known of Joseph Conrad's novels, is again brought to the screen in a gripping presentation. The plot is centered around a handful of characters so colorful that each individual characterization is awe-inspiring.

Fleeing to escape the intolerable actions of the coarse hotel proprietor for whom she works, *Alma* (Betty Field) throws herself into the protective arms of *Axel Heyst* (Fredric March). *Heyst* is bitterly disillusioned with life and strives to find eternal peace on a lonely, uninhabited island in the South Seas. Against his better judgment, *Heyst* takes *Alma* to his secluded "Shangri-La." Further drama and suspense are interwoven into an already highly emotional story by the murderous-looking trio consisting of *Mr. Jones* (Sir Cedric Hardwicke), *Ricardo* (Jerome Cowan), and *Pedro* (Lionel Royce), who have false information regarding buried treasure on *Axel's* hidden island.

Mr. Conrad's story is Betty Field's first and Fred's second attempt at film-making since their separate flights from Hollywood to the legitimate stage. Perhaps their close touch with "live" audiences is responsible for their excellent performances. If this is so, we urge other Hollywoodites to make earnest attempts to also "get the feel."

KITTY FOYLE★★★½

RKO-Radio

■ *Kitty Foyle* is a psychological story of the developing of a homely, pig-tailed Irish youngster into a lovely young business woman. *Kitty* is a person of vitality who lives fully, learns that she can't let her troubles swamp her, and tries to solve them rationally.

Christopher Morley wrote a fine book, showing an amazing understanding of the feminine viewpoint. Dalton Trumbo, who wrote the screen play, executed an excellent piece of work in changing the novel to another medium, thus coping with the censors yet never losing the spirit of the original work.

Director Sam Woods gave the film a subjective treatment, and Ginger Rogers' acting is so poignant that *Kitty* is not a girl up there on the screen, but she is you and you and you. *Kitty's* love becomes yours, you catch her emotions of joy and excitement and grief, and at the end it is you who have solved an important problem.

The roles of the two men who love *Kitty* are portrayed by Dennis Morgan and James Craig, who were hitherto unknown but have proved that they belong in the high ranks of screen actors. Morgan is extremely capable in his role of a charming and lovable young man who is very much in love, but not quite strong enough to break away from his conventional, wealthy Philadelphia family. Craig plays with utmost conviction the part of a man of strong character, an idealistic young doctor whose love for *Kitty* never wavers.

Ernest Cossart gives a good characterization as *Kitty's* father. Odette Myrtil, as

[*Continued on page 74*]

CROSSWORD PUZZLE SOLUTION

B	R	E	N	T		C	A	M	E	R	A	S
E	■	R	E	E	D	■	G	A	A	L	■	C
N	L	■	W	A	R	■	A	I	R	■	W	O
N	O	T	■	R	U	B	I	N	■	B	I	T
E	V	I	L	■	M	A	N	■	L	E	F	T
T	E	N	O	R	■	R	■	C	A	N	E	
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A	N	■	S	A	D	■	D	E	B	■	S	E
I	■	W	E	R	E	■	S	L	O	W	■	R
L	A	R	A	I	N	E		L	Y	D	O	N

"Now I can smile through Dreaded days"



WHY suffer needlessly, when so much of the functional pain of menstruation is known to be unnecessary. Midol has helped millions of women. If you have no organic disorder calling for special medical or surgical treatment, it should help you.

Developed for its special purpose, Midol contains no opiates. One ingredient is prescribed frequently by many doctors. Another, *exclusively* in Midol, increases the relief by reducing spasmodic pain peculiar to the menstrual process. Small size, 20¢; large size, 12 tablets, 40¢. Write for trial package free. General Drug Company, 170 Varick St., New York, N. Y.

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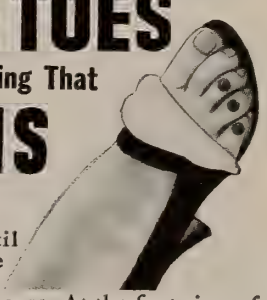
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CORNS

Are Coming!



Don't wait until your toes are sore from shoe friction and pressure. At the first sign of sore or tender toes from shoe friction and pressure—protect those tender spots with the New *Super-Soft* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. You will have quick relief, save yourself many an unhappy hour in new or tight shoes and keep Free of corns, sore toes, tender spots and blisters!

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads can be used to relieve pain from corns, callouses, bunions, tender spots. Or, they can be used with the separate Medications included in every box for removing corns or callouses. The New flesh color *Super-Soft* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are delightfully soft, soothing, cushioning. 630% softer than before. Easy to apply. Do not come off in the bath, or stick to the stocking.

ECONOMICAL! Get the large family size box of 15 Corn Pads and 12 separate Corn-Removing Medications. Cost but a trifle. *Insist on Dr. Scholl's!* At all Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores, and Toilet Goods Counters.



NEW Super-Soft Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Important Pictures

[*Continued from page 73*]

Kitty's employer, was so moving in the hospital scene when *Kitty's* baby dies that it's a shame her part was shorter and less important than it was in the novel.

Kitty Foyle has great entertainment value. It's a cinch it will be a hit, both artistically and at the box-office.

FLIGHT COMMAND★★★

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

■ *Flight Command* is not particularly original; it has the same kind of plot and the same characteristics that are embodied in many other films of the Army and Navy—enthusiasm of the men for their work, sentiment for the service, the crack-up and death of one of the most likable men in the picture, action, danger, suspense and heroic deeds. But the direction and acting make *Flight Command* superior to the usual run of service yarns. The romance angle has more depth and real feeling; the sentiment is not overdone; there is no suggestion of advertising the Navy; Harold Rosson's photography of action in the sky is magnificent, and the acting of the three leading characters shows artistic restraint.

Robert Taylor gives one of his best performances. He is an enthusiastic young graduate of Pensacola, and the honor of being taken into a certain Navy flying squadron has gone somewhat to his head. He gets off to a bad start with his new shipmates, is suspected by them of breaking up the marriage of their commandant (Walter Pidgeon) and his wife (Ruth Hussey), and ends, of course, by redeeming himself with flying colors.

Miss Hussey once more gives concrete proof that she is a fine actress; she put a great deal of warmth and sincerity into her role of the commander's emotionally mixed-up wife. Mr. Pidgeon acts as though he were born a commander, entering into the dramatic situations with restrained emotion.

THIS THING CALLED LOVE★★★

Columbia

■ Rosalind Russell and Melvyn Douglas play the leading roles in a riotous new domestic comedy, full of intrigue and risque banter.

Miss Russell is better than ever as a poised and sophisticated young business woman who thinks she has the answer to the world's marital problems. Mr. Douglas' role is that of a successful young engineer who thinks he can cope with almost any situation by sheer charm. He thereby leaps from the frying pan into the fire, not once but several times. The hilarity never lets down throughout the picture. Much credit should go to Alexander Hall for his expert direction which makes *This Thing* an outstanding comedy.

Allyn Joslyn and Gloria Dickson play a typical rolling-pin-slinging couple, and though they have too much oral mud to hurl at one another to be really convincing, they perform their vituperative roles in good fashion. Joslyn is altogether another person when away from his wife, and in this light and breezy part of his role his performance is noteworthy.

The film is a long one, but seems short because of the speed of action, the fine suspense and the daring dialogue.

WHERE DID YOU GET THAT GIRL?★★

Universal

■ Universal's series of films revolving around popular song titles finds *Where Did You Get That Girl?* holding its own. There is no attempt made to impress audiences with the importance of the film, for that would not be "cricket." It is definitely a "B" film—with a few good songs, scenes and fun rolled in.

The plot is based on a group of youngsters who have formed a juvenile band and are trying to get a start. The arising complications are amusing, though incredible.

Helen Parrish, in the leading femme role, shows that she has grown into a very pretty ingenue, while Charles Lang, comparative newcomer, who supplies the romantic interest, performs his not-so-very-important role commendably. Leon Errol as a Scotch pawnbroker runs off with the comedy honors.



At the tender age of five, little Carolyn Lee emerges from retirement and returns to the screen in Paramount's *Virginia*, with Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray

The action of *Where Did You Get That Girl?* is best described as "slow." The music, if nothing else, will make a hit with the swing lovers, young and old alike.

Miniature Reviews

ARIZONA (Columbia) Cast: *Jean Arthur, William Holden, Warren William, Porter Hall.* Jean Arthur, tomboy, swaggers through the film with verve and gusto. Otherwise, it is slow-moving and too long, and exciting scenes are few and far between. *Pokey.*

THE GREAT DICTATOR (United Artists) Cast: *Charles Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, Jack Oakie.* Entertaining satire on Hitler and Mussolini. Chaplin is at his best in the old Chaplinesque comic antics, but is less effective in the serious scenes. Jack Oakie also proves his artistry as a comedian. Excellent supporting cast. *Amusing and thought-provoking.*

HUDSON'S BAY (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Paul Muni, Gene Tierney, Laird Cregar, John Sutton, Virginia Field, Vincent Price, Nigel Bruce.* A brilliantly directed story with suspense, splendid characterizations and beautiful scenic photography. Muni is at his best. Gene Tierney shows that she is a talented young lady and Laird Cregar turns in a noteworthy job. *Praiseworthy.*

THE LETTER (Warner Brothers) Cast: *Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, James Stephenson, Gale Sondergaard.* An artistic and well done tale of tragedy in which Miss Davis gives a top-notch performance. She is well supported by the splendid characterizations of Mr. Marshall as her husband and Mr. Stephenson as her attorney in the tensely emotional trial for murder. *Gripping.*

THE LONG VOYAGE HOME (United Artists) Cast: *John Wayne, Thomas Mitchell, Barry Fitzgerald.* Powerful tale of men of the sea. Realistic, lusty, sentimental and beautiful, it contains terrific scenes of storms and bomber attacks. Members of the cast give unforgettable characterizations. This is a highly specialized type of film which will *not* appeal to popular box office. *Powerful.*

NO, NO, NANETTE (RKO) Cast: *Anna Neagle, Richard Carlson, Victor Mature, Roland Young, Helen Broderick, ZaSu Pitts, Eve Arden, Billy Gilbert.* A comedy with those charming songs from the musical comedy hit of fifteen years ago. Miss Neagle, in spite of her talent, is miscast. Contains good comic scenes. *Entertaining.*

NORTH WEST MOUNTED POLICE (Paramount) Cast: *Gary Cooper, Madeleine Carroll, Paulette Goddard, Preston Foster, Lynne Overman, Akim Tamiroff, Bob Preston.* An adventure film with Cooper as a Texas Ranger, Madeleine as a nurse, Paulette as a half-breed vixen, and Bob and Preston as "mounties." Innumerable fist fights and gun fights. In Technicolor, too. *Exciting.*

ONE NIGHT IN THE TROPICS (Universal) Cast: *Allan Jones, Bob Cummings, Nancy Kelly, Peggy Moran, Bud Abbott, Lou Costello.* A light, romantic comedy with hilarious complications, plus the comedy team of Bud Abbott and Lou Costello. Not a spectacular production by any means, but enjoyable because of its fast tempo. *Romantic.*

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) Cast: *Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, James Stewart, Ruth Hussey, John Howard, Virginia Weidler, Roland Young, John Halliday, Mary Nash.* In the riotous 24 hours before her second marriage, a Philadelphia society girl (Miss Hepburn) finds herself involved with three men and some amazing situations. She learns a lot about herself and provides you with some of the best entertainment of the year. *Hilarious.*

SECOND CHORUS (Paramount) Cast: *Fred Astaire, Paulette Goddard, Burgess Meredith, Charles Butterworth, Artie Shaw.* Two men, competing for one girl and for a job in Artie Shaw's orchestra, get into lots of crazy situations. You'll see some fine dancing and hear some good music. *Lively.*

SEVEN SINNERS (Universal) Cast: *Marlene Dietrich, John Wayne, Broderick Crawford, Billy Gilbert, Oscar Homolka, Albert Dekker.* Marlene, in a South Sea Island setting, gives a vivid and outstanding interpretation of a colorful cafe entertainer who does things to the stalwart hearts of American naval officers. *Gusty.*



Eyes Glow with Enchantment

WHEN LASHES ARE DARKENED TO LONG SWEEPING LOVELINESS

—Rita Hayworth
Columbia
Motion Picture Star

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APRIL

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ANN RUTHERFORD

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In a recent poll made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines all but one of these beauty experts agreed that a lovely smile is a woman's most precious asset. They went on to say that "Even a plain girl has charm and personality if she keeps her smile bright, attractive and sparkling."

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MAR 11 1941

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Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

"Daddy, do you remember 'The Ziegfeld Follies'?", said Little Cub, looking up at us with large leonine eyes.

★ ★ ★ ★



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THE ZIEGFELD GIRL

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Lush, plush and splendiferous, this Eyeful Tower gives us a hall of fame for a cast.

★ ★ ★ ★

For in addition to Garland, Stewart, Lamarr, Turner and Martin, there are (to name but a few) Charlie Winninger, Jackie Cooper, Ian Hunter, Edward Everett Horton, Philip Dorn, Felix Bressart, Eve Arden, Rose Hobart, Al Shean, Dan Dailey Jr., Paul Kelly, Mae Busch, Fay Holden, Ed McNamara and Girls, Girls, Girls, Girls.

★ ★ ★ ★

Settings by Gibbons, Gowns by Adrian.

★ ★ ★ ★

*M*agnificent! *G*lamorous! *M*ighty!

★ ★ ★ ★

THE ZIEGFELD GIRL

★ ★ ★ ★

Glorifying the American lion.



—*Leo*

Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*

Hollywood

APRIL, 1941 Vol. 30 No. 4

W. H. FAWCETT, JR., President
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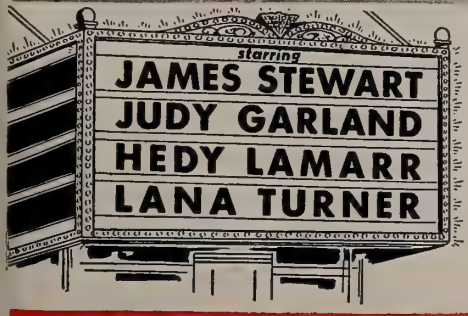
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HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By DUNCAN UNDERHILL

■ Now that the furore has died down and one of the two villains is safely in army uniform, the details of a handsome leading man's adventure as a Hollywood holdup man can be told. Mr. C. has a friend who admires himself in the role of practical joker. To enliven the holiday season the friend thought it would be a swell idea to stage a robbery at one of the big social functions.

So he arranged with the host at a large formal dinner party to startle his guests by having them robbed at gunpoint by two desperadoes. The desperadoes were the star and his nameless accomplice, both of whom are fascinated by firearms and love to play cops-and-robbers on and off-screen.

Provided with the address and some details of the arrangement of the house they were to terrorize, Mr. C. and his companion in crime equipped themselves with handkerchief masks and the longest revolvers in the star's arsenal and set out for an evening's fun.

Guided by bright lights and an impressive array of expensive cars, they pulled up before the house in Laurel Canyon described in their instructions.

They made an entrance as dramatic as any in the crime careers of Dapper Don Collins or The Lone Wolf and stripped the panic-stricken revelers of their money and jewels with all the adroitness of big-time professionals.

Then, their hats and pockets bulging with loot, they went to keep a rendezvous with the guy who had put them up to the job.

"What happened to you?" asked the man behind the scenes. "Couldn't you find the house?"

"What do you think this is?" Mr. C. inquired, proudly displaying the baubles and banknotes stripped from the dinner guests. "Broccoli?"

At this point the idea began to seep home to all three of the conspirators that they had robbed the wrong people. Feeling the warm breath of San Quentin on their necks, they bundled the swag up and shipped it back by messenger, trailing along to make sure that *this* time they found the right house.

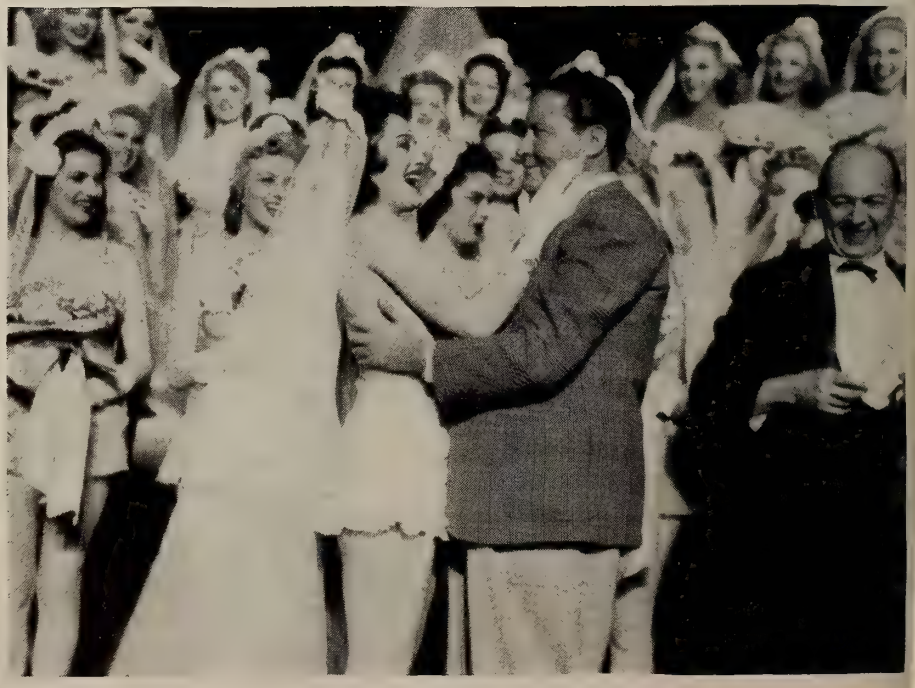
The moral of this little adventure tale is that robbery is pleasant and healthful if you don't rob the wrong people.

■ The tearing down of the New York City elevated railroads will never bring a tear to the eye of Dennis Morgan, the talented young actor who finally hit his stride in *Kitty Foyle*.

The elevated lines, the Sixth Avenue one in particular, caused a slight delay of two years in the launching of Morgan's movie career.

He was driving crosstown one day to take a screen test at the Manhattan office of a Hollywood studio. None too familiar with the size and spacing of the supporting pillars of the overhead railroad, and

[*Continued on page* 8]



Jack Oakie participates in the mock wedding ceremony which is part of the new Earl Carroll show. Jack receives a tell-tale kiss from the "bride" while all the pretty but under-dressed bridesmaids look on, laughing at his predicament

Meet those amazing kids from "America's Music Town" - Interlochen!

. . . . in the screen's joy-filled, song-thrilled entertainment treat!





Freckles (KAYE CONNOR)



The Fiddling Finn (HEIMO HAITTO)

Your new singing starlet, SUSANNA FOSTER, leads the parade of youth!



SUSANNA'S the only girl to hit B Flat above High C!

Paramount presents

"The HARD-BOILED CANARY"

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WILLIAM COLLIER, Sr.

Produced and Directed by ANDREW L. STONE



Dead Pan Patsy (PATRICIA TRAVERS)



Wizard of the Keys (DOLLY LOEHR)



Don't miss "THE HARD-BOILED CANARY" . . . coming soon to your favorite theatre!



Marjorie Deanne doesn't look like a business woman, but she was western representative of hosiery and shirt mills while getting her start on the screen. She's in Paramount's *Las Vegas Nights*

bothered by tricky lights, he banged into one pillar, caromed off another, banged his head up against the steering wheel and knocked the crowns off two front teeth that had previously been battered on various athletic fields.

He hastily consulted doctors and dentists and found it would take two days and $500 to make him look presentable. Morgan had neither. So Hollywood had to wait.

■ Waiting for James Stewart to take his position in front of the camera on the set of James Roosevelt's production of *Pot o' Gold,* Paulette Goddard, who can't tolerate dawdling, remarked in a voice audible on the next stage:

"Here he comes now—the paleface Stepin Fetchit."

■ Laurence Grossmith, the celebrated English actor, was lunching at the RKO commissary, with his old friend and colleague Sir Cedric Hardwicke.

Across the room a beetle-browed big man who looked like a New York City cop stared at Grossmith, who didn't recognize him, with an expression that could be described as one part baleful, one part malevolent and one part homicidal.

The man behind the stare was Ed McNamara, the former New York cop who won fame by impersonating same in Preston Sturges' famous play *Strictly Dishonorable.* And the reason behind the stare was a ribbing remark made by Grossmith the first time the two met in New York.

Immediately after the introduction, the Englishman made a frank appraisal of McNamara's honest Hibernian pan and asked, "Irish, aren't you?"

"I am that," Ed acknowledged.

"The Irish make very good servants, I have always believed," Grossmith said, and made his escape across the room before McNamara could make a reply or get his hands on him.

■ At a Warner Brothers' premiere a jealous rival designer was criticizing some of the gowns created by Milo Anderson for one of the screen's great ladies. The costumes were, by intent, on the ornate side.

"You can always tell Milo Anderson's designs," the rival remarked. "What his women can't wear, they carry, and what they can't carry they pull in little go-carts behind them."

■ John Barrymore continues to be the Diamond Jim Brady at Earl Carroll's gilded saloon, where the proceedings have



Claudette Colbert is one of Hollywood's expert skiers. She is being congratulated by her instructor upon becoming a member of the California Ski Team

been pepped up by the arrival of Jimmy Durante in the midst of the brigades of beauties on the half-shell.

Thus far The Profile has played bridegroom twice in the nightly mock marriage ceremony with Beryl Wallace, the standard bride. Other recent benedicts have been Errol Flynn and Milton Berle. At the conclusion of the rites onstage the grooms receive mock marriage certificates decorated with two shotguns and a stork.

■ Earl Carroll himself got mixed up in a bit of glee at a rival club after his own show had closed for the night. Escorting Ann Fredericks, he watched the performers, sized up the service and decorations, paid his check and rose to leave.

At that point a disturbance asserted itself in the form of a snarling little baldheaded man who grabbed Carroll by the lapels and started to feed him some very rough language.

"Lay off my dame, buddy," the stranger ordered. "She gave me the wink and sent me a note saying I could take her home for five dollars. She's got my dough and I want my dame."

Carroll gave the guy a shove and they went to the floor slapping and cuffing.

It took a large posse of friends to convince Earl that he was the victim of a rib. The culprit, as so often happens in Hollywood, was Vince Barnett.

■ Bette Davis is flattered and a trifle frightened by one of the highest honors paid her in one of her most productive seasons. It came from Henri Maurier, French impresario who was an associate of Sarah Bernhardt.

Maurier arrived in Hollywood recently with the negative of "The Divine Sarah's" motion picture, *Queen Elizabeth,* and immediately sought out Miss Davis with the request that she record a sound track to accompany the silent film, asserting that her voice is identical with that of the immortal Frenchwoman's.

Bette is eager to undertake the task if her contract and other commitments permit, feeling that her recent portrayal of the queen in *Elizabeth and Essex* will reduce the necessary rehearsals to a minimum.

■ Mrs. Otto Kruger is still aswoon from the effrontery of a neighbor whom she scarcely knows. This lady, a dowager with too much money, telephoned to inquire if she might "borrow Otto to escort a small party to the opera."

"Tonight," she went on, "is gala, and we want especially to make an impression."

[*Continued on page* 10]



Maureen Elizabeth Reagan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Reagan, looks indifferent as she poses with her mother, actress Jane Wyman, before leaving hospital

he put the **roar** in the **roaring 20's**...now he's the **bad boy** of the naughty **90's!**



oh lady, can you picture this! Jimmy as a gent in the days when a mug was something a fellow shaved out of!..and a racket was strictly for tennis! Warner Bros. pictured it— and it's the show you've *really* got to see!

JAMES CAGNEY

OLIVIA **DE HAVILLAND**

in **'Strawberry Blonde'**

(She's a honey...and so's the picture!)

with **RITA HAYWORTH**

ALAN HALE • JACK CARSON

GEORGE TOBIAS

Directed by **RAOUL WALSH**

Screen Play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein

From a Play by James Hagan

A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

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Remember: Tangee NATURAL Lipstick is made with a pure cream base which helps prevent chapping and ends that dry, "drawn" feeling.



TANGEE *Natural*

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Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)
Check Shade of Powder Desired:
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■ Bert Wheeler, star comic of *Las Vegas Nights,* was dismayed to learn that the company would spend only one day in the Nevada town, which enjoys the reputation of being a wide-open spot as respects gambling and unbridled fun.

"One measly day," he moaned, "won't be enough time for me to gamble away a week's salary, let alone my whole paycheck for the picture."

■ The electric Akim Tamiroff is giving off sparks again. The beef this time is that he wants to play a bit part in an "A" picture. The front office suspects that his talents may be wasted and won't budge.

The Russian individualist has set his heart on playing what amounts to a bit in *One Night in Lisbon,* which co-stars Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll and gives a top feature role to Patricia Morison.

The part that Tamiroff craves is that of one "Sausalito Joe," a Lisbon taxi driver repatriated to his native Portugal after long residence in San Francisco. The entire role consists of two scenes.

Toss such an assignment to the average actor of Tamiroff's rank and prestige and you'd get a nice antarctic chill. But Tamiroff is funny that way. He once actually complained because he was billed above John Barrymore in *Spawn of the North.*

"This fellow I want to play is a philosopher," he argues. "A man with ideas about life. And what if there are only two scenes? More people remember me for that bit as the window-washer that I did in *Honeymoon in Bali* than remember me for some of my much bigger roles. They tried to talk me out of the window-washing part, too."

■ What Jim Cagney is chuckling about these days is the tale that has just filtered in to him about the small-time radio performer trying to get connected with a small-time radio station. He was a

[*Continued on page* 16]



Husband Dan Topping lends a helping hand to Sonja Henie before she goes on the big rink at Madison Square Garden in New York. The shoe-lace tier is also owner of the Brooklyn Dodgers professional football team. Sonja returns to movies soon

At last it's on the screen!



Tobacco Road



with

CHARLEY GRAPEWIN • MARJORIE RAMBEAU
GENE TIERNEY • WILLIAM TRACY and Dana
Andrews • Slim Summerville • Ward Bond
Grant Mitchell • Zeffie Tilbury • Screen Play by
Nunnally Johnson • Directed by JOHN FORD
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Lady With Nine Lives!

By RICHARD AMES

A story about a woman who performed the incredible feat of landing in the movies at the age of 50



■ A conventional story about unconventional Florence Bates, Hollywood's newest wonder woman, would be called "Life Begins at Fifty." But Florence would never give it her "O.K." because it wouldn't be true, and she sets great store by the truth.

She was completely honest with Alfred Hitchcock, the great English director who interviewed her for the coveted role of the newly rich Mrs. Van Hopper in *Rebecca*.

"What was your last picture?" asked the portly Briton.

"I've never been in a movie," Florence replied.

"Well then, what have you done on the stage in New York or London?"

"Nothing." She looked him smack in the eye and never betrayed for a second her premonition that she was about to be shown the door.

"What precisely *have* you done, Miss Bates?" Hitchcock demanded, outwardly surly but secretly delighted, because, as the plump actress was later to learn, he likes real people who are not afraid to talk up to him.

"For the last two years I've appeared in plays at the Pasadena Playhouse," Florence answered. "Before I was fifty I'd never set foot on a stage. But I know I can play Mrs. Van Hopper—I've known many women like her, both here and abroad. If I weren't sure of it, I wouldn't be here taking up your time."

The Bates candor won her a test. The test gave her the part. When *Rebecca* was previewed before the most distinguished audience Hollywood could muster, the Bates performance stopped the show twice. Spontaneous applause rewarded the only unknown player in a star-studded cast. Afterwards, outside Grauman's Chinese, amid a throng of noisy well-wishers, Charles Laughton rushed up to bestow a congratulatory kiss on the cheek of a bewildered, joyously tearful woman trying her best to accommodate a miracle—a brilliantly launched screen career, ninth of the extraordinary lives of Florence Bates.



Florence Bates, whose outstanding performance in *Rebecca* has won her a long-term contract, smiles happily as she bravely faces her "ninth life." Left: She's with Joan Fontaine in a scene from *Rebecca*

"Of course I'm happy to be succeeding in pictures," Florence told me during a recent talk, just after she had finished her first starring role in *Calling All Husbands*. "But writers shouldn't say that my life began at fifty. Why, I've loved life ever since I could comprehend what living meant. I've had my share of heartaches and happiness and ups and downs—enough for anyone. In fact, I've had as many different lives as a cat!"

Here she punctuated her recital with laughter which it is a privilege and tonic to hear. Matching the variety of her characterizations is the Bates repertory of laughter. From the boisterous to the genteel. From the soft, purring sort, as if she were stroking her own funnybone, to the swift, uncontrollable outburst that betrays the earthy, robust nature which enables her to act anyone from vulgar Mrs. Van Hopper, who extinguished her cigarettes in a cold cream jar, to the patrician Countess Matilde in *The Son of Monte Cristo*.

"Perhaps I was meant to be an actress. My life has been divided into nine acts—you see, I'm two up on Shakespeare's Seven Ages! When the curtain falls on one episode I try to adapt myself to the next without any bitter memories or recriminations. Few lives are like a straight road, I suppose. When I've rounded a curve I don't like to look back. What's ahead is infinitely more interesting."

But at my persuasion Florence Bates finally consented to review her fifty-two years. "Only," she excused herself, "be-

cause I love to tell stories—when I have a good audience."

■ The first "life" she can remember—and that with some distaste—was that of a child prodigy, giving piano concerts. She isn't certain now whether the music itself or the attention she got pleased her more.

In any event, common sense was to triumph over art and Florence (she was born Florence Rabe, in San Antonio, Texas) earned her living as a school teacher. This was the second phase of her life.

Her next move was revolutionary—back in 1914—when, after studying law and passing her bar examinations, she became the first woman lawyer in Texas. Opposing counsel had to modify their vocabularies and testy judges took some time getting used to San Antonio's intrepid Portia. But when she had won the respect of everybody and had proved what a woman could do back in the days when females were fettered with "don'ts," our heroine was all set for another career when the chance came.

The death of her father, a noted antiquarian, left a large and thriving antique business to Florence and her sister. For a decade they devoted themselves to it, travelling frequently to Europe and the Orient. During this fourth period of her life the restless Florence sampled still a fifth calling: radio. She made good use of her globe-trotting experiences when she broadcast travelogues.

Enter the Villain—that Black Year, 1929. With devastating suddenness, the antique business toppled and crashed. Florence's sister died. Some years before the debacle, Florence had married oil man Will Jacoby. They had a small daughter. They owned 60,000 acres of undeveloped oil land west of Tampico in the interior of Mexico. So they s q u a r e d their shoulders, turned their backs on the ruins and headed south of the Rio Grande.

Her next "life," according to Florence Bates, is one she would like some day to portray on the screen. The role of wife to an adventurous oil man wouldn't test her mettle as an actress more severely than the rigors of life in the Mexican oil fields tested her fibre as a woman and a mother. Looking after her family was just a minor item in an existence where work was endless, the climate hostile and danger constant. Among the jobs which she now says she actually relished were keeping the log of all the wells they drilled and acting as time-keeper for a crew of tough eggs bitterly opposed to petticoat rule—until they learned who wore the petticoats! (Florence's costume was boots, breeches and a cotton shirt.)

Work in the oil fields was no bed of roses. But compared to it American producers found that dealing with Mexico's politicians was like walking through a labyrinth lined with cactus. Just as Florence and her husband were well on the way to becoming multi-millionaires, political complications caused them to lose every acre they owned. Broke, except for a few hundred dollars, they landed in Los

[*Continued on page* 14]

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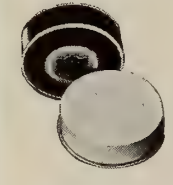
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Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check top of hair and here ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

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Lady With Nine Lives!

[*Continued from page* 13]

Angeles. An old friend whom they had once helped over the tough spots wished to sell his bakery. Their nest-egg, plus courage for credit, got them started. As preparation for the bakery business they had a fine background of antiques and oil drilling—and pluck. It was the last quality which enabled Florence Bates to smile as broadly as ever when she began her seventh "life"—behind the counter!

■ Gifted with a gargantuan sense of humor and a genuine liking for people, Florence didn't find the job of saleslady humiliating or dull. "I loved the bakery smells," she said, "and couldn't help making friends with the customers. We learned to make a good product and were proud of it. Prouder still when we made profits. In time we could have lived and dressed better, but we talked it over and decided we'd rather put everything back into the business until we were out of debt."

Then, half-way up the come-back trail, Fate unloosed a boulder that hurled Florence Bates down into the depths. Grief marked the eighth phase of her life when death took the daughter whom she idolized. For the first time she found life empty. Many mothers would have remained inconsolable, retreating into memories, unable to reconcile themselves to such a loss. Florence doesn't minimize her suffering, but she retained enough of her dogged spirit to listen to friends who suggested that a dramatic course at the Pasadena Playhouse might divert her thoughts and give her new interests. She accepted the advice half-heartedly. But soon she was captivated by the atmosphere of the West's most famous theater which launched such stars as Robert Taylor, Wayne Morris and Robert Preston on their movie careers. After she had made her first stage appearance, launching herself upon her ninth "life," and felt that tingling sensation which comes from communicating emotions to an audience, she found consolation in the knowledge that out of her personal tragedy she had emerged to bring happiness and entertainment to others. Her life was full again as she braced herself to master this thing called acting.

She lacked experience and training, but her wealth of natural talent and exuberant personality more than made up for lack of polish. Audiences and critics immediately recognized her gift for comedy and liked her because she was so real. Making her first "hit" as the talkative Miss Bates in Jane Austen's *Emma,* she borrowed her professional surname from that character. She had audiences shaking with mirth as the flurried Mrs. Bennet, trying to marry off five daughters in *Pride and Prejudice.* Already most popular of Playhouse actresses, she topped everything she had ever done in the leading role of *O Evening Star,* the drama Zoe Akins had written about her friend, Marie Dressler. Florence actually lived that part, and overnight she became a sensation in theatrical circles.

Hollywood cheered Florence Bates and talked about her, but it's harder for a character actress, past middle age, to get a start than it is for the pretty fledglings. So she waited. Not too patiently, either, but meanwhile she was acting—every chance she could get. Finally her agent found a screen role he thought right for her. He arranged the interview with Hitchcock. From then on it was Florence who had to prove that the critics and theater audiences hadn't been wrong.

Rebecca wasn't easy for her. She had never faced a camera. Her associates were all brilliant actors. Hitchcock is an exacting, often a brutal director who demands perfection. Besides, he's a great joker and actor-baiter, and if you're too sensitive to take his jabs and jibes, you're out of luck. Florence thinks she made "Hitchy" like her because she kidded right back whenever he bawled her out. She made fun of herself faster than he could, gained his friendship, soon began to feel at ease and to act naturally—which he wanted.

So great is the prestige of Hitchcock that many actors would be glad to work for him for nothing. Florence was elated to be his pupil, even though she received only a small amount for the film, and feature billing. She used most of her salary to finish payments on her car—her only concession to a "front"—but admitted to me that she wanted the car for her husband rather than for herself "because it would help him to realize that poverty now belonged to the past."

There were still disappointments ahead—the roles she didn't get. She was tested and tested for the remake of Dressler's *Tugboat Annie,* yet another player got the part. But there were "breaks" too. She won a fine role in *The Son of Monte Cristo* because Mrs. Edward Small, wife of the producer, remembered her from *Rebecca* and told her husband there would be no



Teaming real-life mates appears to be the current rage in Hollywood. Joan Blondell and Dick Powell are co-starred in the new Universal film, *Model Wife*

peace in their household if Bates didn't get the part. Hal Roach was so insistent that only Florence Bates could properly act a character in his *Road Show* that he paid her a week's salary for one day's work. (Her agent won't let her accept any engagement of less than a week.) Warner Brothers who rejected her as "Annie" believed in her so much that she was brought back to the studio to star in *Calling All Husbands*, with Ernest Truex and George Tobias. In this one she has her first chance to do the sort of comedy in which she is probably unrivalled today. At one point in the story an old suitor comes back after many years and recognizes Florence from a youthful portrait hanging on the wall. The actress had no photos of herself as a girl, so the studio experts re-touched her face, removing thirty years; substituted a girlish figure for her own; gave her a copy of the synthetic photograph which she displayed to me with high glee. "Just imagine," she chortled, "that an old thing like me could ever have been as pretty as that!"

From that remark you'll be able to understand why Florence Bates still lives in a modest apartment, not far from the bakery—which has now grown to three. She still wears her old fur coat, hasn't been inside a night spot, has yet to attend a glittering premiere. Her friends aren't celebrities although she has befriended a number of young writers and actors on the way up. She's the life of the set when she's making a picture, but while she gets along famously with the principals, she has a soft spot for the technicians and the "grips." She was deeply touched when a prop man asked her for her autographed photograph. "Wasn't that *wonderful?*" she exclaimed to me later. "Wanting a picture of an old lady!"

"Wasn't that wonderful!" is the phrase that best expresses her attitude toward life and the things that are happening to her.



Peggy Moran, Universal player, models a bright print spring dress with very simple lines, and dresses it up with two sable furs and a large-brimmed hat

Frowns can speak volumes–but they can't say "Mum"!



Even a hint of underarm odor ruins charm. Every day use quick, safe Mum.

WHAT'S happened to make two hearts chill that earlier in the evening beat as one? Lovely Peggy doesn't know—but her frowning escort could tell her. Only being a gentleman he never will. A girl who offends with underarm odor seldom knows she's guilty and no one is likely to tell.

Lovely Peggy's sole offense was trusting her bath alone. And no bath deserves that perfect trust. A bath only takes care of *past* perspiration—Mum makes that bath-freshness *last.* One quick touch of Mum under each arm—30 seconds after your bath or just before you dress—and charm is safe all day or all evening long.

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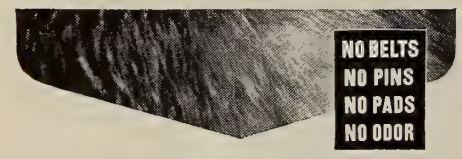
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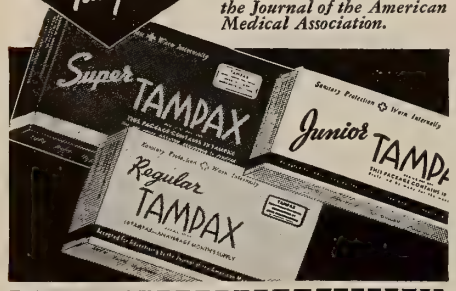
STYLE LEADERS don't just "wonder about" new ideas. They try them out *themselves* . . . For instance, take Tampax—monthly sanitary protection that does away with pin-and-belt problems and maintains a perfect silhouette in any costume . . .

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Tampax comes hygienically sealed in individual one-time-use applicators, so neat and ingenious your hands never touch the Tampax at all! And a month's supply will go in an ordinary purse. *Now in three sizes:* Regular, Super and Junior. At drugstores and notion counters. Introductory size, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain.

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Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 10]

dialect comedian, he alleged, and his repertory consisted of bum jokes in what he described as "Grik and Cockney."

The station manager was not particularly impressed by the performer's approach but the combination of dialects was faintly fascinating to him.

"Greek and Cockney," he mused. "What's the common denominator there, bud? Did you ever live in Greece or London?"

"Greece I was born in," the ham boasted. "And the Cockney dialect I use is not London Cockney but James Cockney—of Warner Brothers."

■ Les Hydeman, one of the leading studio specialists in a highly technical phase of movie-making, worked overtime the other night at Universal. As he approached his home at 8:45 a stick-up gentleman with a sawed-off shotgun made a transaction with him that left him poorer by $35, a watch and a wallet.

The gently ironic note about the incident is that Mr. Hydeman is the firearms expert at his studio and that for three hours he had been stacking, cleaning and inspecting some 300 weapons ranging from derringers to mortars. In private life he prefers not to fiddle around with artillery.

■ One of the more enlightening spectacles around town is George Brent in his newly-assumed role of tearoom host.

Without sacrificing any of his hemanishness, George has become one of the top tea-tasters of the town, result of his long-standing friendship with John Prout, who was a major-general in the Irish revolutionary army when Brent was a dispatch-bearer in the same illegal outfit.

The relationship was renewed last year when Prout, a veteran officer of the 165th Infantry, served as technical adviser on the battle scenes of *The Fighting Sixty-ninth*.

A famous food-fancier and a lifetime devotee of a decent cup of tea, Prout has opened Hollywood's only Irish tearoom. For good solid sustenance there is also a plenitude of steak-and-kidney pie on the premises. Pat O'Brien is connoisseur-in-chief of this department.

■ On the *Sea Wolf* set at Warner's is a duplicate of one of the toughest dumps on the Barbary Coast in its heydey—the famous Eight Bells Cafe owned by Rance Lindsay.

Oldtimers still refer to the Eight Bells as the joint with the prettiest girls, the



"She still isn't the innocent country girl type—give Miss Dietrich some more make-up"

worst whiskey and the biggest bouncers on the Coast.

Impersonating one of the dance-hall gals of the era is Barbara Lynn, Boston society gal. And to show you that few American careers run in a straight line, Barbara Lynn, the sheltered flower of Back Bay, is the granddaughter of reprehensible Rance Lindsay.

■ Gene Autry is down to his last pair of shoes, and pretty old and tired-looking they are, too. But that doesn't mean destitution is setting in. He still has fifty-five pairs of boots.

■ The streamlined script of *Blood and Sand,* now undergoing the remake process at Twentieth Century, describes Laird Cregar as "a foolish sophisticate, a veritable Alexander Woollcott of the bull ring."

■ That man in Westwood whose jitters are of earthquake proportions is Ben Silvey, unit manager of *Tall, Dark and Handsome.* Among the functions of a unit manager is the pampering of the players and Ben had a fine set of spoiled darlings on his hands for six weeks. Nothing was wrong with the troupe except that they were all monomaniacs on highly specialized forms of superstition.

Cesar Romero, for instance, will not step across a cable. On the average movie set there are a couple of miles of cable, all neatly interlaced. Ben calculates that Cesar used up more energy dodging cables than in translating emotions into celluloid.



This weird-looking specimen is Lon Chaney, Jr., in disguise for his "electrical-man" role in *Man-Made Monster*

Charlotte Greenwood won't sit in a chair recently occupied by somebody else. A full-time prop boy kept vigil over Charlotte's special chair. Virginia Gilmore is afraid to look in a hand-mirror after sundown. A stationary mirror had to be installed for her, making no end of nuisance.

But the company's principal nut was the director, himself, H. Bruce (Lucky) Humberstone, who is up to his hips in assorted superstitions, the most noticeable of which is that he believes he can't direct a decent scene unless he has a swagger stick under his arm.

■ Rita Hayworth is revising her list of friends with a view to preserving her lovely face and figure for future use before the cameras.

With her husband Rita dropped by to a little at-home party. The host, to entertain the gathering, brought out a six-shooter and started banging away at the fireplace. Then, not content with this exhibition of Buffalo Bill prowess, he hauled the breadboard out of the kitchen, set it up against the fireplace and riddled it with a shotgun.

No gun-moll, Rita asked to be excused at this point. In the car she discovered a flattened pistol slug and a shotgun pellet in a pleat of her dress.

[*Continued on page* 19]

"Like every Bride I wanted a Lovelier Skin – and Camay helped me to have one"

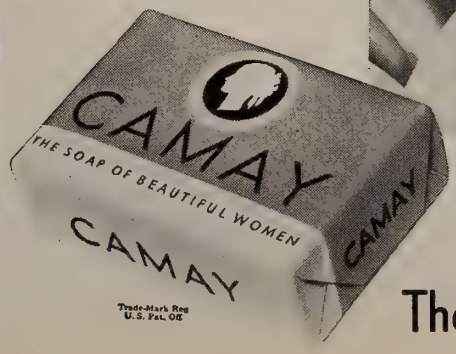
—Says Mrs. James L. Macwithey

Camay's greater mildness is a help to Every Woman —even to many with Dry and Delicate Skin.



His bride in his arms, Mr. Macwithey finds her blonde hair and creamy skin an exquisite picture. After the reception they left for a honeymoon at Sea Island, Georgia, with Camay in her luggage.

Now a great new improvement has made Camay milder than six of the leading large-selling beauty soaps, as we proved by actual tests. Skin specialists we asked say that regular cleansing with a fine, mild toilet soap will help your skin to look lovelier. So why not let Camay's milder cleansing help you in your search for greater skin loveliness!





Photographs by David Berns

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Macwithey were married at Christ Episcopal Church, East Orange, N. J. Mrs. Macwithey says about Camay, "Camay is so mild. It is just wonderful for delicate skin like mine. I really feel that my continued use of Camay helps my skin to look smoother and lovelier."

The Soap of Beautiful Women

What Every Girl Should Know

By ANN VERNON

■ It seems to me that we have been devoting far too much time recently to the "nicer" type of beauty advice. Certainly the pompadour coiffure, the latest shades of cosmetics and nail polishes are very important subjects to any woman, but there are other phases of beauty and good grooming just as important, although not usually discussed in polite society. The time has come for us to have a good heart-to-heart talk on these taboo subjects. I am going to start right off with the demon, dandruff.

Dandruff is all the more annoying because it can not be corrected in a week or two, but requires everlasting vigilance on the victim's part. Don't fool yourself into thinking that there is any quick and sure cure for this condition of the scalp, but just make up your mind to keep after it every day until it gradually disappears. If you have dandruff do not scratch your scalp. This won't do a bit of good and may do a great deal of harm by infecting the skin.

Cleanliness and stimulation are very important. Ordinarily when you have dandruff you notice that your scalp is free from it for two or three days after a shampoo. Let that be your cue as to the proper procedure, and wash your hair even oftener than once a week. Between shampoos fight an offensive battle by using your hair brush for five or ten minutes each day and applying an antiseptic tonic to the scalp. Use this method: saturate cotton with a good tonic and then, parting the hair, rub the tonic directly on the scalp; when your head is thoroughly covered, use the balls of your fingers to massage the liquid into the skin. Place your thumbs on your temples and rotate your fingers back and forth in small circles all over the scalp, being sure to exert plenty of pressure, for that is what wakes up the lazy scalp glands. Use your hair brush with vigor and force and see that the bristles get right down through the hair to the scalp where the friction is needed. Then lift the strands of hair up and out from the head so that there is a slight pull, and so that loose dandruff flakes are swept away. This constitutes the only safe and sane method of getting rid of those ugly flakes, short of having professional scalp treatments.

Naturally any good shampoo, if properly used, will succeed in removing most of the dandruff from the hair and scalp along with grime and excess oil—but to do a really thorough job, you need a shampoo 'specially created for the purpose of dissolving and removing the ogre. I can give you the name of one that works wonders and is very simple to use. Pour a small quantity of it on your hair and rub it briskly into the scalp. In a few seconds you will notice a pleasant tingling sensation, which means that the small percentage of alcohol in the shampoo is stimulating the scalp. Then add water and keep massaging until you have worked up a mass of lather. Rinse in clear water and then, for good measure, lather again. You will be delighted by the fresh, pink, clean scalp that reveals itself to your critical eye, and you will also be pleased by the sheen and softness of your hair. The same manufacturer has a special tonic for you to use between shampoos in the manner outlined above. Each of these preparations can be purchased at the dime store in 10 cent sample sizes, in case you want to see for yourself that I speak the truth!

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from Ann Vernon. Get rid of your beauty bugbears. Satisfaction guaranteed! If troubled with dandruff, perspiration problems, superfluous hair or other unmentionables—write now. Address Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City, and be sure to enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope for your reply.



■ People are inclined to tell us if our slip is hanging, or our noses need powdering and even to comment humorously on our freckles or large noses. But very rarely do they tell us frankly that we are afflicted, temporarily or permanently, with offensive perspiration. The most flattering make-up and hair style will be in vain if you neglect to guard against perspiration. We can all discover when our noses are shiny or our nail polish is chipped but, unfortunately, we are not always aware of offending in this delicate manner. That is why you should always make sure, by taking a daily bath and using perspiration correctiveness. I can't understand why so many women fail to understand the principles of coping with perspiration and odor. It is a very simple matter and boils down to this: there are preparations which react chemically to take the odor out of perspiration. These are usually called deodorants and they may be in liquid, cream or powder form. Then there is the preparation, either cream or liquid, that acts as sort of an astringent, actually closing the sweat pores, so that the flow of perspiration is stopped tem-

[*Continued on page* 64]

Helen Parrish knows the "secret" rules of beauty and practices them. Do you? Helen has the lead role in Universal's *Where Did You Get That Gal?*

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 17]

■ During her recent personal appearance tour in the East, Rosemary Lane was pursued by a New York playboy named Jonathan Trent, burdened with much money and more determination. Wherever she went on the Atlantic seaboard, there her stage-door Johnny would be sure to pop up. He announced that he would follow her to Hollywood, if necessary, for a date.

Rosemary is a young lady of no extensive romantic experience. Jonathan's attentions dismayed her. After having to refuse his attentions all the way from New York to Hartford to Detroit, Rosemary finally telephoned her sister Lola in Hollywood and inquired how to shake her ardent pursuer.

Lola replied blandly:

"Now you know the trouble *I* used to have. Be American; make up the defense technique as you go along."

■ A week after it was announced that Lloyd Nolan would deliver his familiar gangster characterization in *Two Bad Angels* he received a letter from a Mr. "Slit" Cohn, a gentleman with fine brotherly sentiments.

Part of it said:

"Have read you're going to be with us again. Now I and some of the boys think you're tops almost when it comes to mugs in the movies but there's still a lot you got to learn. Say the word and a couple of us will meet you wherever you say and put you wise to some things. We got your best interests to heart, pal."

Nolan hasn't announced his intention of accepting the course. But if you see a change in his acting method it may mean he took the post-graduate course.

■ To celebrate his official elevation to stardom Ronald Reagan presented the male members of the cast of *Miss Wheelwright Discovers America* with cornflower boutonnieres.

Director Curt Bernhard, a refugee from Germany, requested the actors not to wear the flowers in his presence. The cornflower, he explained, is the emblem of the Nazi party.

■ A bomb-shelter on Hollywood's gay white way is the movie colony's latest idea for raising British war relief funds.

Eddie Albert is the originator of the scheme, which embraces a subterranean cafe, dimly lighted and containing an approximation of the actual equipment of a London safety center. The entrance will be marked with the standard English safety symbol and the attention of passersby will be attracted by sirens.

■ Jack Oakie, celebrating his huge success in *Tin Pan Alley*, was reminiscing to Jack Dempsey about some of the hard times he has had in his recent career.

"It's wonderful," he mused. "Here I am guest of honor at a banquet in Zanuck's private suite. And a year ago they charged me a dime for a glass of water in the commissary."

[*Continued on page* 74]

These Dancing Highlights

MAKE MEN NOTICE

The Loveliness Of Your Hair



Amazing Drene Shampoo Reveals Up To

33% MORE LUSTRE IN YOUR HAIR

After Washing Than Any Soap . . . Most Liquid Shampoos

IF you want men to notice and women to envy your hair . . . be sure to bring out all of its natural loveliness with your next shampoo.

Soaps and most liquid shampoos can't do it full justice. That's because even the finest soap combines with minerals in water to leave a "bath-tub ring" . . . an unrinsable film that hides the natural loveliness and color-brilliance of each strand of hair . . . just as a frosted window-pane hides the true beauty of the great outdoors.

Drene is thrillingly different . . . its *patented* cleansing ingredient does *not* combine with minerals in water to form this dulling film. As a result, tests in our laboratory prove Drene reveals up to 33% *more* lustre than even the finest soaps. Drene makes highlights dance and sparkle . . . brings out the depth of color . . leaves hair smooth and silky.

Drene is economical—because it makes 5 times as much lather as soap in hardest water. Get Drene at your drug, department, or 10¢ store. Use it for your next shampoo . . . vivacious highlights will dance to make men notice your loveliness!

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Does Shampooing Do This To Your Hair?

BLONDE: If your hair has a *canary color* instead of its *true blonde look* it may be due to dulling film. See what a difference Drene makes.

BRUNETTE: Lime soap film leaves brunette hair with a drab, "mousey" look. Drene leaves no such film.

RED: If dulling film leaves your hair dark instead of bringing out its reddish warmth, try Drene.

GRAY: If lime-soap film leaves an ugly yellowish cast use Drene. It reveals the natural dignity and allure of gray hair.

SPECIAL—for normal or dry hair

REGULAR—for oily hair





EMIL ROHDE of Edgewater Beach Hotel Salon, Chicago, says:

"Look at the photos of the model above—coiffured in my salon. My experience with Drene has been that it reveals the natural beauty and brilliance in all colors of hair—as illustrated by these photos."

Other Famous Hairstylists Using Drene Include:

Stani Mars
St. Regis Hotel, New York

Marc Gartman
Chicago

Burton Skiles
Hairstylists, Hollywood

Don Martinez
St. Louis

Cummings, Coming Up!

By GENE SCHROTT





Being groomed for bigger and better things, Bob Cummings makes an initial grand showing by grabbing off the lead role in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *Free and Easy*. Right: Reginald Owen, Ruth Hussey and Bob in a scene from their new film

■ If ever you're down in San Fernando Valley and hear the low, ominous rumbling of a plane overhead; if you see worried mothers scurrying their innocent offspring to a place of safety; if you see anxious eyes carefully scrutinizing the horizons, don't worry. It isn't a Japanese invasion or any enemy blitzkrieg descending on Hollywood. You'll soon see a silver-winged plane swing over the Valley, twist into complicated spirals, suddenly start climbing upward until it becomes a mere speck in the cloudless skies and then without warning come tearing down with a terrific speed as though it were taking a short cut to China. As the plane nears the earth it will suddenly turn into a skillfully executed hammerhead and wing nonchalantly away toward the landing field. That's Bob Cummings saying good-morning to his neighbors!

In years gone by, Prince Charming always came riding out of the distant story-book hills astride a fiery, white charger. There was love in his eyes and courage in his heart. And the breathless damsel waited expectantly for him to lift her into the saddle and carry her off to those romantic hills. The white charger may be a bit outdated, today. The hills may be a mansion in Bel-Air or a ranch in the Valley. But Prince Charming is inevitable. He's always with us. One year he may be Robert Taylor, the next Jeffrey Lynn or Tyrone Power. But this year, the guy who's making the feminine pulses flutter a trifle furiously is young Bob Cummings.

When you see him for the first time, you stop to wonder what it is about him that makes you like him. He's not the Gable type. Definitely. He's not the impetuous, arduous lover who sweeps the gals off their feet before they can suspect what's happening to their hearts. His handsomeness may not even be the kind you dreamed your ideal man to have. But in spite of this, there is something about Cummings that makes you reserve a special spot in your heart for him. Call it romance, call it sex, call it almost anything else that the exponents of love might like. But personally, it's something that Hollywood has just recently discovered and given a name of its own. Male oomph!

Though Bob may be the problem child of his neighbors—what with his plane, his dogs, his monkey and his parrots—he's the sweetheart and secret sorrow of all his neighbors' daughters. Whenever they see him whiz by in his red, right-hand drive roadster, their eyes start acting strangely, their hearts miss a beat or two and something inside of them goes limp all over.

If you ask them why this happens, they'll probably be at a loss to explain. But you can tell by the look in their eyes, that he's the sort of dream man they've been hoping for, for a long, long time. For what Deanna Durbin is to the boys of America, Bob Cummings is to the gals of this country. And with the trend in everything definitely inclining toward true Americanism, Bob has finally stepped into his rightful place as the typical young American lover.

True, he may look and act like the kid who lives next door. He may be as irrepressible as your younger brother, still there is something fresh and charming and likable about him . . . something wholesome and clean. And though most women profess to be intrigued by the lure of Latin lovers and the irresistible technique of Frenchmen, when it comes to settling down, they generally marry men like Cummings.

There's a definite reason for this. Most women like to mother the men they love. They like to pour out the maternal affection that is every woman's heritage. They like to feel someone's dependence upon them. And in Bob Cummings, they have an answer to this need. For he's the kind that women pounce on the moment they set eyes on him. They tell him what to wear. They tell him what to eat. They tell him what to do.

"But that's nothing new," Bob told me as he slowly [*Continued on page 59*]

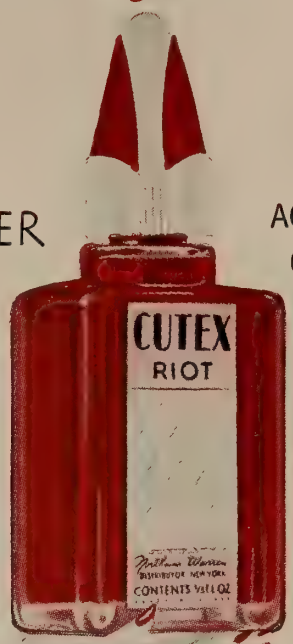
WORLD'S MOST POPULAR NAIL POLISH NOW IN

World's Most Beautiful Bottle

50% BIGGER

ACTUAL SHADE ON THE CAP

10¢



NEW BOTTLE DESIGNED BY DONALD DESKEY, FAMOUS NEW YORK INDUSTRIAL DESIGNER



TRIPLE GOOD NEWS for glamour experts! An exquisite new "dressing-table" bottle! 50% more of the wonderful porous Cutex Polish! And a new cap that has the actual shade you're buying painted right on it. The loveliest, biggest bottle in Cutex history. Try the newest shade—thrilling, startling BLACK RED! All Cutex Polish now on sale is Porous—and as long wearing as ever! Get a bottle today—only 10¢.

CUTEX POLISH *is Porous*

How to become Some Man's Dream Girl



Lesson #1 - *Launching your Campaign*

You've just met him—in fact, you're barely past the "how d'you do" stage. But a hopeful flip of your heart indicates that *here* is a situation with Possibilities. How are you going to make him feel the same way about things? How are you going to catch his wandering eye and *hold* it? Here are some pointers that'll help you fool-proof your opening campaign:—



DON'T at the first encounter, wheel out your heaviest artillery and aim all your big ammunition straight at him. Men scare so easily!



DO line up a couple of other conquests for decoy. He'll follow the crowd. P.S. In any Battle of the Sexes, your best bet is a complexion of disarming sweetness. Concentrate on Pond's Creams maneuvers. Nightly. Before make-up!

❶



DON'T let any other man drag you into a shady corner and tell you the story of his life. If your hero sees you at all, he'll be too polite to break in on such a cozy tête-à-tête.



DO stay in the folksy, 100-watt foreground—if your skin can take the glare! Clinch *that* with a brisk daily 3-minute patting-in of luscious Pond's Cold Cream. Wipe off cream-softened dirt and old make-up with gentle Pond's Tissues. Repeat! See how this double cleansing and softening with Pond's makes pores seem smaller—little "dry" lines show less!

❷



DON'T take the initiative on the cheek-to-cheek stuff when he asks you to dance. If he's a conservative, he may think you a forward miss. If he *isn't*, you'll soon find out!



DO have a skin that looks and *feels* so caressable he can't resist it! Pond's Cold Cream, followed by cool Pond's Skin Freshener, lends baby-skin tenderness—and Pond's Vanishing Cream whips off little roughnesses like—*that!*

❸



DON'T try to dazzle him with your wit and beauty when he's already blinded by the shine on your nose. There's nothing—no *nothing!*—so sad and ridiculous as a shiny-nosed girl trying to be a charmer.



DO look flower-fresh and dream-girly right through to the all-important good-night. Dead or departed make-up won't haunt you a second if you put your powder over a glamorizing foundation of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

❹



DON'T sit back and dream wistful dreams of being some big strong man's little dream girl.



DO send for Pond's beauty kit! Such beauties as striking Mrs. John Jacob Astor, sparkling Liz Whitney, winsome Margaret Biddle are Pond's devotees. And don't dally! Another She may be luring him on this very minute!

POND'S, Dept. 6-CVD,
Clinton, Conn.

I want to launch my dream-girl campaign *right!* Please send me—pronto!—Pond's Special Beauty Ritual Kit containing Pond's Cold Cream, Pond's Tissues, Pond's Skin Freshener and Pond's Vanishing Cream. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.



*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Does Deanna Durbin's engagement to Vaughn Paul threaten her movie throne? Deanna's past record reveals eight tremendous box-office "smashes" to her credit. Will her next picture, *Nice Girl*, spell finis to her brilliant movie career? At left and below, Deanna is shown in scenes from all films up to and including Universal's current *Nice Girl*. 1. *Three Smart Girls*. 2. *100 Men and a Girl*. 3. *Mad About Music*. 4. *That Certain Age*. 5. *Three Smart Girls Grow Up*. 6. *First Love*. 7. *It's a Date*. 8. *Spring Parade*. 9. *Nice Girl*



Deanna Durbin and her fiance, Vaughn Paul

sarily constitute the sole difference between a mature woman and a young girl. They know the other unmistakable signs of growing up—the wisdom in the eyes, for example, and the sureness of voice and carriage. These subtle changes can never be disguised. And the public cannot be fooled into ignoring these pertinent signs. But the movie makers don't want to put anything over on the theater-goers. They realize it is far too much of a risk.

What is happening over at Universal these days may be no cause for alarm. But making the most of the situation, the producers are rushing Deanna into as many pictures as possible. *Nice Girl* is almost completed but there is another one waiting—*Ready for Romance*. After these are completed, the Durbin-Paul wedding will take place. And then when she returns from her honeymoon, Deanna will do another picture. But beyond that, no one is sure what will happen. Not even Deanna herself. And if the box-office returns give evidence of the same thing that happened to Shirley Temple, Deanna may even call it quits.

Maybe the handwriting on the wall is already visible!

A little over four years ago, Deanna walked into the Universal studios and started to work on a picture. What happened will go down in the legends of motion picture history. For this fifteen-year-old youngster turned out to be the saving grace of a large motion picture company. She did what every other possible palliative failed to do. She pulled the company out of the red and added millions to their coffers. She chased the wolf away from Universal's doorstep. It was another of those Hollywood miracles. With eight pictures to her credit—and every single one of them an outstanding box-office success—she has done what no other screen player has yet accomplished. Not even some [*Continued on page* 56]



Bundle From Britain

By JOHN FRANCHEY



Between scenes of her new film, *Blossoms in the Dust*, red-haired Greer Garson relaxes on the lawn of her spacious Beverly Hills home

■ Although she looks forward with excitement toward that great day when she will become an American citizen, Greer Garson, one of the most vivid arguments for a London-Washington axis, is in no immediate danger of going Hollywood.

Far from it.

Two years of life in the cinema Bagdad and she's still a bright bolt of English dimity, amusing and engaging, especially when she tries to mingle the picturesque and leisurely folkways of suburban England with the urgent and chromium-plated life pattern which is Hollywood.

She just can't help it, that's all.

How wonderfully British she manages to remain even after association with such out-and-out American items as Leo the Lion, assistant directors, vendors of ice cream bars on the set, and Mickey Rooney who is always breaking his neck shouting "Hi!" at her whenever the two pass on the lot, you shall have an opportunity to determine for yourself.

Take the time when Miss Garson, a stickler for the English amenities, starred in a two-role tragi-comedy with the postman, in the best possible taste, of course.

You see, in England, things are somewhat different, apparently. Glamorous creatures and movie stars think nothing of chatting with the postman. In fact, they make of it a sort of ritual. According to the leading authorities, the subject matter of the chitchat is more or less standardized. You begin by commenting on the weather and end up with a "Cheerio" after noting that the yew trees are blooming—or shedding, as the case may be.

Well, when Greer moved into her new villa in Beverly Hills recently, it was only natural that she should strike up an acquaintance with the new mailman who seemed willing enough. A fortnight and they were getting along splendidly. He'd even leave letters saying "One cent due" in the box without waking up the whole household to collect the pittance. (He'd bring the matter up during the afternoon delivery instead.)

One day he came right out with it.

"Off the record, madam, how do you like working for Greer Garson?"

Miss G.'s eyes popped. She shot him a glance to make sure he wasn't jesting.

"Why, I'm Greer Garson," she said.

"You're kidding," said the postman.

"Nonsense," she replied. "Who did you think I was?"

The postman gave a startled look, did a double take, and headed down the street.

He used to ring twice like all good mailmen. Now he only rings once. And sprints to the next house.

One of her English carry-overs is the business of marketing. She simply loves it. Her marketing list is verree-verree English. On a typical day you might see mutton [*Continued on page* 50]





Left: Extremely fond of pets, Greer Garson poses with her two American-born French poodles, *Cliquot* and *Gogo*. Center: With her lovely mother, Nina Garson. Right: Pride of the Garson household is this antique mirror which Greer is dusting

He Wants to Sing

By JACK DALLAS



Dennis Morgan grew a moustache for his lead role in the Warner film, *She Stayed Kissed.* Left: Dennis and Shirley Ross in a scene from their new film

■ Dennis Morgan wishes Life would quit shoving him around and start getting down to business.

He came to Hollywood to sing, in case the parties of the second part are still interested.

Up until a few months ago there was a 1 to 3 chance that he might finally get to do a bit of crooning on the heels of a 3-year wait. But that was before *Kitty Foyle,* which sent the odds plummeting down to 1 to 30 and made him into a leading man overnight.

Which is how come Dennis Morgan is currently busy at work in *She Stayed Kissed* (with Jane Wyatt) instead of doing the lead (singing) in *The Vagabond King,* an assignment promised him by Warners, who will now, more than likely, import Nelson Eddy for the role, if and when. No point wasting a perfectly good leading man, with good looks, football shoulders, and audience appeal on a musical. Especially a leading man who's a terrific actor to boot.

A few years ago before the hoar wisdom of experience had settled upon those football shoulders of his, he might have contemplated walking up to the freres Warner and saying:

"Look here, boys, time's a-wasting. Maybe we had better call it quits. I've got a terrific proposition over at one of the other major studios where they appreciate good singers and . . ."

But where could he go but to Twentieth Century-Fox where Don Ameche, minus the football shoulders but with a Crossley rating on the air that is simply fantastic, is handling the singing jobs without any complaints to speak of?

You see, Dennis did a thirty-month trick at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer which took a hot tip from chanteuse Mary Garden and signed him up at a handsome salary. During this thirty months of life with Leo, the Metro lion, he was seen briefly in such bagatelles as *Navy Blue and Gold, Old Hutch, I Conquer the Sea* and *Mama Steps Out.*

For a while there it looked as though Metro were going to do right by our little Dennis. He was assigned a little roundelay in *The Great Ziegfeld,* a chantey called "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody." He poured his heart into the song. And what happened? Was the song about A Pretty Girl left on the cutting room floor? Well, not really. What happened was that those sound geniuses at Metro went and dubbed in the voice of Allan Jones.

Naturally Mr. Morgan was in high dudgeon when he called around to see L. B. Mayer. Object: to demand his release from contract. He got it. After which he scurried over to Paramount to salvage his misspent career. And what do you suppose happened to him at Paramount? He did a batch of character parts. In one opus he was shot dead in the first reel. In another he played a daredevil aviator. In a third he etched the role of a carbon copy Al Capone. None of these citizens, alas, was given to singing. It all ended up by history repeating itself: he went to see the Paramount magnificoes to announce that he had had enough and it shouldn't happen to a French poodle, this shameful treatment of a raring-to-go baritone.



■ He was preparing to quit Hollywood forever and hie himself to New York and an interrupted future in radio, not to mention a resumption of his campaign to crash grand opera, when he received a call from Jack Warner's secretary. He was wanted for an interview.

"What! Unpack all my luggage and miss the train, just to go all through that again, hopes built up and then a double shuffle from the studio!" he exclaimed. "No, thank you."

"Just a moment, please," the secretary said.

In a moment Dennis Morgan was talking to Jack Warner, himself.

A fatal error in strategy! Trying to outtalk Mr. Warner is like trying to cajole the government into waiving its annual levy called the income tax. Morgan unpacked, signed up with Warners, and scrutinized the sky for the silver lining.

Warners promptly went to work on Dennis Morgan. In short order the studio made him a waterfront inspector, a young interne, and a rookie policeman, this last in *State Cop.*

And did he get his big singing role after that?

He did not. Dennis Morgan still needed coaching in [*Continued on page* 66]

"Pot o' Gold"

By E. J. (Ol' Moneybags) SMITHSON

DEAR EDITOR:

I am feeling more than somewhat depressed. The rain is coming down and the wind is howling. I dig into my pocket to see if there isn't a stray dime for coffee and sinkers, but all that comes out of the purse are a couple of moths. I let out a few hand-picked curses for being so foolish as to think I can ever make a decent living with this "extra" business. I have just about decided to go back to the farm when the postman whams away on the front door and hands me a letter from John Peere Miles of The Globe Productions, Inc. The contents are better than a loadful of manna, for Mr. Miles offers me an extra job on *Pot o' Gold* which his boss, James Roosevelt, is starting the next day. Paulette Goddard and Jimmy Stewart have the leads, John says, and Horace Heidt and his band are going to cut loose with some very fine music. In addition, continues Mr. Peere Miles, there is as fine a bevy of curvaceous chorines as he has ever laid a supercritical optic on.

Along with his kind offer of an extra job, John Peere Miles enclosed a synopsis of his *Pot o' Gold* production so I'll give you a tender earful of what the picture's all about.

Jimmy Haskel (played by Jimmy Stewart) loves music—any and all kinds of music; sweet, hot, low, loud and nondescript. Just so it's music. He's a virtuoso (I hope I selected the right word) on the harmonica, commonly known as the mouth organ. *Jimmy* has a heap of fun running a small town music store, literally for coffee, cakes and occasional laundry service which makes him no better off than I am at times. *Jimmy's* lone relative, *Uncle Charley Haskel* (Charles Winninger) is an industrial tycoon (lady, am I messing around with fancy words today!) and bosses an outfit by the name of Haskel Health Foods. He also sponsors what is called the Happiness Hour on the radio, a program that's about as pepless as a three-day old open bottle of fizz water. *Uncle Charley* decides to induct *Jimmy* into his business—and carry on the name—and the profits—of Haskel Health Foods.

Now it so happens that *Jimmy* would prefer to keep the *Haskel* name in music, but when a guy by the name of John Law takes over the music store for the creditors, *Jimmy* packs up and goes to the big town. Looking at the tall buildings, following the alluring music of an unseen band, *Jimmy* walks smack-dab into the middle of a feud.

Molly McCorkle (Paulette Goddard), but no relative of the McCarkle McCorkles, is the sprightly, high-spirited daughter of rampaging, sharp-tongued, soft-hearted *Mom McCorkle* (Mary Gordon). Mom runs a boarding house filled with talented but non-paying tenants which include Horace Heidt and the boys of the new band he is organizing.

The blasts of his band, rehearsing on the roof of the boarding house across the alley from the Health Food factory, have added fire to the long standing battle between *Haskel* and the *McCorkles* for the possession of the latter's property. Mom won't sell, you betcha—and she won't stop the band rehearsing. Consequently, music-hating *Uncle Charley* is rapidly going nutz.

When *Haskel's* secretary comes to the *McCorkle* house to threaten legal proceedings against the band, a neighborhood brawl ensues. Poor *Unk Charley*, blustering to the rescue, is smacked in the puss by a soft tomato, said tomato being propelled by the hand of none other than his excited nephew. The restoration of peace and quiet finds *Jimmy* deciding to live in the congenial atmosphere (*Molly McCorkle* may have something to do with it) of the boarding house. Later on, but only after a series of exciting adventures that befall the *Haskels*, the *McCorkles* and the Horace Heidt band, *Jimmy* uses the band to better the Happiness Hour radio broadcast. "Hi Cy," "Caballero of Broadway," "When Johnnie Toots His Horn," "A Knife, a Fork, and a Spoon," and "Do You Believe in Fairy Tales" are the numbers that intrigue *Uncle Charley* and good numbers they are, too. Well, with *Unk Charley* pacified and announcing that *Jimmy's* to be his boss advertising man plus *Molly* finally discovering that she's not allergic to the *Haskels*, particularly *Jimmy*, we reach what is known as the finis. Now for me.

I was on my way over to Stage 9 and before I could supply myself with an alias and a couple of habeas corpuses, I got slapped into a studio-built hoosegow along with a dozen other guys. It seems that Director George Marshall wanted a male chorus made up of prisoners to accompany Jimmy Stewart on the harmonica in a song especially written for him. It's called "When Johnnie Toots His Horn." Lou Forbes, the musical director of the picture, selected the prisoners through auditions. He said the reason I got off from that chore was because he had heard me cut loose during a rehearsal for a singing scene in *Cheers for Miss Bishop* some time back. All he wanted for the *Pot o' Gold* jailhouse ballad was a baker's dozen of good, reliable, non-fancy barbershop voices—and he sure got 'em else I'm no judge of sharps [*Continued on page* 46]







Large photo shows Paulette Goddard in abbreviated rhumba costume worn in James Roosevelt's first feature production, *Pot o' Gold*. At left: Jimmy practices on his harmonica while waiting to be called back to work. Center: Jimmy has a new technique: He gives his leading lady a good old-fashioned shaking. Right: Paulette in her "dream" costume—and that super-elegant diamond necklace of hers. Opp. page: Jimmy's kangaroo antics amuse Paulette



Spencer Tracy's Oomph Appeal

By KAY PROCTOR

■ "Great creeping catfish!" said the casting director wearily, putting down a letter received in the morning mail. "Another one!"

It was from an indignant matron in Spokane, Washington, protesting the latest casting of Spencer Tracy in no uncertain terms.



"What's the matter with you people?" she asked. *"Why do you insist on making a monastic hermit of Tracy in his pictures or fix it so he always gets the go-by from the heroine in favor of the other guy? Don't you know no woman in her right senses would let him get away from her? She'd grab and grab fast!"*

Like the casting director, Spencer's bosses never regarded their likable Irishman as a sex appeal threat to Hollywood's glamour boys. Knowing full well the intricacies of picking sure winners, they never for a moment expected their "Spence" to out-shine the Bob Taylors, the Errol Flynns, the Clark Gables, the Cary Grants and the Charles Boyers as an exponent of that nebulous quality called glamour. But the women of the country have told them another story.

All Hollywood is aware of Tracy's rugged masculinity, his manly charm and his humble technique of screen love-making, but never did any one surmise that this red-haired, freckle-faced "mug" would cause a countrywide disturbance among the distaff side.

A caustic critic who reviewed an Ethel Barrymore play in which Tracy appeared some years ago once wrote that Spence looked like something picked up by the property man in an odd moment, and Spence always pegs himself as "just a mug, shot with luck." I disagree with both. He's much more than that.

In the year just passed, Tracy outstripped ALL the glamour boys and sex appeal laddies in screen popularity! That's some record.

Nor was that popularity a press agent's dream or mere wishful thinking on the part of his studio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. It was the cash-on-the-barrel-head verdict of the thousands of men who run the nation's theaters. By the box-office yardstick, they proclaimed, only Mickey Rooney had the power to draw more patrons into a theater than did Spencer Tracy. And not even the ubiquitous Mickey would claim the quality of glamour for himself.

What's the answer? The ladies. Ladies like the one who wrote from Spokane. Ladies from 16 to 60. Ladies who know what they want when they see it.

It's no great secret, to theater managers, at least, that women are the dominating force behind the nickels and dimes paid at the box-office. Theaters depend upon them for around 70 percent of their patronage, and recognize the strong influence they wield over the other 30 percent of children, husbands and boy friends. Thus when women stretched out their hands and chanted "Gimme, gimme, gimme" whenever a Spencer Tracy picture was shown, it meant he had more appeal for them than the dashing Boyers, Gables, Grants, *et al.*

But was it sex appeal?

Primarily, the answer must be yes, because primarily women want and demand love interest in their movie fare. They want their emotions stirred, their excitement aroused, their secret longings appeased through the shadows they see on a silver screen. It's second hand, true, but nonetheless it offers release from the harsh and unglamorous realities of their own [*Continued on page* 43]

Spencer Tracy will play the dual role in Metro's remake of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*

Pictures in Production

"Buck Privates" (UNIVERSAL)



The Andrews sisters, songstresses of swing, do a dance specialty in the new Universal production, *Buck Privates*



The comedy team of Bud Abbott and Lou Costello gets into hot water with *Sergeant Mike Collins* (Nat Pendleton)



This film is based on recent drafting of young men into the army. Jane Frazee and Lee Bowman find mutual interests

"They Met in Argentina" (RKO-RADIO)



A quartette of lovely senoritas cool off their aching feet in between scenes of the RKO film, *They Met in Argentina*



James Ellison, Maureen O'Hara and newcomer Alberto Vila share top honors with Buddy Ebsen in the RKO filmusical



In her new picture, the charming and talented Maureen O'Hara has a role entirely alien to her former film efforts

"Footsteps in the Dark" (WARNER BROTHERS)



Brenda Marshall and Errol Flynn, co-stars in Warners' *Footsteps in the Dark*, have fun playing cops and robbers



Blond Lee Patrick gives Errol Flynn the "double o." Maybe it's that snazzy bow tie he's wearing with such pride



Ralph Bellamy prepares to use a gun instead of the hateful drill on the unsuspecting detective, played by Errol Flynn

For That New Outlook

By Candida

In the Spring a young girl's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of clothes.
On these pages we will show you
Some to set you on your toes.
Boxy coats and frilly dresses,
Hats to banish wintry woes—
All are straight from fashion's workshops,
Under $5, to thrill your beaus.





Pretty Diana Lewis, in M-G-M's *Go West*, has some "Spring preening" suggestions for you. That corduroy jigger coat will be a handy addition to your spring wardrobe, to wear over the Judy Parker panel print coat dress, $1.98 at Carson, Pirie Scott. It's from Versailles, under $5 at Gimbel's, New York City. Diana's Leading Lady bag of smart Saddle Leather grain is $1 at Frederick Loeser's, Brooklyn. Right, flatter your figure in Diana's Quaker Lady dress of Bemberg print, a riot of perky daisies, with shirred effect at the hipline. McCreery, New York City, has this fresh looking print dress in several pretty colors at the low price of $3.98. See opposite page for closeups of Diana's turbans



As fresh as a gambolling spring lamb and just as soft is Fortuna's new girdle, left, with slimming satin panels and pretty lace lastex inserts. Comes in pantie girdles too, $3 at Oppenheim Collins, New York. Back and front views, below, of Opera slip in white percale show elastic gores at back, uplift bra top, swinging 8-gore skirt. $1.98 at Bloomingdale's, New York. Smart and suitable for print dresses and your new Spring suit is the Paris Fashion shoe sketched below. It has comfortable and youthful low heel, comes in Desert Beige elasticized maracain with lacing and heel of Rancho Rust calf. Both beige and rust are definitely Spring 1941. Namm's in Brooklyn, has this smart Paris Fashion shoe for you, at only $4







Look for these budget clothes in your local stores. Or send a penny post card to Candida, Fashion Editor, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N.Y.

Crocheted hats with their comfort and utility will loom large on the fashion scene this Spring. Diana's hand crocheted turban with front accent of woolly flowers fits the trend and the head. It's designed by Bertlyn, costs $2.98 at Macy's, New York City. Lower left, Glensder's Hi-Hat turban of faille with roses or gardenias perched in front costs only a dollar at Oppenheim Collins, Brooklyn. Hat features back-lacing for better fit. Both of these turbans, so easily packed, make wonderful traveling companions.

Tough Gangster!

By JOHN CORWIN BURT





Above: Humphrey Bogart, tough hombre of the screen, reveals his wonderful sense of humor (right). He also warbles a mean tune



Humphrey's favorite hobby is gardening. His next picture will be Warners' *The Wagons Roll at Night*





Above: When inclement weather spoils his golfing schedule, Humphrey solves the problem by practising indoors. Right: "Bogey" is shown dancing with his blond wife, Mayo Methot, who is far more attractive in person than her photos indicate

■ "You're crazy. For all I care you can—"

"Now listen, you simple-minded so-and-so, if you had a brain in your head you'd know—"

A bombardment of loud shouts poured out of Humphrey Bogart's house and across the lawn. Every now and then the neighbors could make out a few of the torrid words.

Judging by the racket the neighbors expected to see the walls tremble and cave in at any moment. There was even some whispered consultation concerning the wisdom of calling the emergency squad, or the riot squad at least. But the suspense promised a situation so electrifying no one wanted to take off time to call the police. Noses against their own windows, the neighbors glued their eyes on the Bogart home.

Suddenly the Bogart's front door popped open and out dashed a guest, the white heat of anger contorting his face. Just as suddenly Mr. Bogart himself appeared on the threshold, gesticulating wildly.

"Of all the stupid, inane, idiotic statements I ever heard—"the guest bellowed.

Mr. Bogart thundered right back. "Listen, Pal, one more crack like that out of you and—"

This is how the majority of friendly arguments end up at the Bogart home.

Strange as this incident seems, it is not an unusual one in the lives of the Bogarts. The real mystery to those who hear only such anecdotes as these about the movie bad man is how Mr. Bogart has any friends at all. As a matter of fact he and his wife have more real friends than any other Hollywood couple you care to name. Oddly enough the more Bogey insults his friends the more popular he becomes. Likely as not the guest who left the *maison* Bogart in such a huff was invited back the next day for cocktails and nothing more said.

But exchanging insults is just one of the unpredictable sides of the highly unpredictable Mr. Bogart. Those people who don't know him, but only hear tell of him, maintain he is not only unpredictable, but headstrong and just plain ornery. In citing evidence they bring up the question of Mr. Bogart's attitude toward interviews, for example.

Bogey readily admits telling one writer he got his start on the stage by singing in blackface. Nor does he make any secret of having confided to another "his unconquerable ambition to play the bull fiddle."

"Whenever I play in an orchestra, I appear incognito," he explained in all seriousness on that occasion. "I wear a long black beard."

He has divulged other professional secrets, too. Once he declared he always wore tight shoes when the script called for a tortured expression. And was another interviewer aware that Bogart's studio had a "mood room" to help actors work up exactly the right moods necessary for playing particular scenes?

When the public had recovered from these colorful revelations Bogey tossed forth a couple of little gems pertaining to his private life.

"It's not generally known," he would say, "and I wouldn't like the story to get around, but I own an angle-worm farm."

Or again, "You [*Continued on page* 37]

"Almost a Miracle!"

says Lady Esther

A BRAND-NEW SKIN

will soon arrive to enchant you with its Beauty!



Just beneath your present skin is a younger, lovelier brand-new skin. As day by day it unfolds, as it comes to life...with every tick of the clock—it is replacing your older surface skin and bringing you a hope of new beauty in the future.

WILL YOU BE proud to show this brand-new skin? Will it make you look younger? Will it have new-born beauty when it appears . . . as your surface skin slowly departs in tiny dry little flakes? That depends, says Lady Esther, on the care you give it, on the wisdom with which you choose your face cream!

Your New-Born Skin can emerge in beauty . . . but only if you will help Nature remove the dull drab flakes of old dry skin . . . if you will let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help free your skin of these be-clouding flakes...help to whisk them away...revealing the enviable loveliness of your New-Born Skin.



Use my 4-Purpose Face Cream. Use it liberally. Try to leave it on twice as long as usual so that it can, right from the start, begin to loosen the dry flakes of outer skin. Let it completely loosen the surface impurities and the dirt, let it clean the apertures of your pores...helping Nature to refine them, and to bring a clarity—an opalescent loveliness—to your New-Born Skin.

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Ask him if you should attempt to feed your skin from the outside! Ask him if he recommends astringents, or skin foods or tissue creams!

I believe he will say that a cream which can fill your pore openings may enlarge them.

But ask him if Lady Esther cream doesn't help protect the beauty of your skin because it loosens surface impurities and dry skin flakes . . . really cleanses . . . yes, helps to refresh and soften your skin. Ask your doctor if every last word Lady Esther says isn't *true!*

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream at my expense. Use no other cream for a full month. Let it help Nature refine your pores. Let it soften and soothe your skin, ending the need for a powder base. For, with my face cream, your face powder goes on perfectly—flattering you with its clarity and smoothness . . . making you appear the proud possessor of a beautiful New-Born Skin.

SAMPLE TUBE OF MY [illegible]

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

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FREE Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid. (66)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

America's New Sweetheart









By popular acclaim, young Ann Rutherford has inherited Mary Pickford's perennial title of "America's Sweetheart." Ann, of the round brown eyes, is probably the most photographed actress in Hollywood, including the top-flight glamour girls. Ann has been chosen the national sweetheart of so many college fraternities that she's lost count of the actual number. Artists the country over seek her out for portrait sittings. She is so universally well-liked that Metro has appointed her the studio's good-will ambassador. Circle: A charming portrait of America's New Sweetheart. Above: The attractive player is shown with Mickey Rooney and Kathryn Grayson in a scene from *Andy Hardy's Private Secretary*. Below circle: Artist Frank Grant holds his portrait of Ann as she admires his handiwork. Left: The actress is shown with her lovely mother, Lucile Mansfield, and her eighty-year-old maternal grandmother, Nan Mansfield

Tough Gagster!

[*Continued from page* 34]

know, after a hard day playing toughies at the studio, I find relaxation by painting designs on miniature china cups."

After running out of embellishments for his own life story, Humphrey began doing a little unwelcome missionary work for some of his fellow players.

"The publicity department would kill me for telling you," he would bait a writer, "but you know Joan Blondell has probably the most exciting life story of anyone in Hollywood. Why, I'll bet you don't even know about the time she was on a ship in the China Seas and a member of the crew chased her with a butcher knife!"

The *affaire* Blondell and a newsy little invention about how a well-known producer always slept in palm beach suits, instead of pajamas, brought a loud wail from the Warner Brothers' publicity department. Fun was fun, but D. G. Mainwaring, a good friend of the Bogarts, begged Humphrey to listen to reason.

For his pains, Mainwaring became the next victim. It seems that Mainwaring writes mystery novels under the pen name of Geoffrey Homes, a fact that lent itself to characteristic Bogart exploitation.

"Have you ever heard of Geoffrey Homes, the author?" Bogey asked his next interviewer. "No? Well, I'm going to spend a week at Homes' hunting lodge (fictitious) then go with him on his yacht (non-existent) to Catalina Island. Wait a minute—maybe you'd better not print that. Homes is having some trouble with his wife (also phony) and if she read that he'd be in worse than ever with her."

When the interview appeared Bogart heard from his friend Mainwaring. It seems that Mrs. M. *did* call on her husband for a little explaining, and would Bogey please be kind enough to lay off?

■ Now Mr. Humphrey Bogart, star of Warner Brothers' pictures and professional bad man *extraordinaire*, is by no means a professional screwball or idiot. He knows his own mind. In addition, he is a gent of considerable intelligence and perception. He told this writer why, in the past, he has fed his interviewers fiction as well as fact.

"Most stories I used to read about the movie people were so sweet they were sickening. After I'd had a few interviews myself I got tired of such questions as 'Did you ever press a leaf in a book?' or 'Do you shed a tear when you hear a particular song?' A person's life story is generally dull. If you want any excitement you have to invent it. All I was trying to do was get a little character into the interviews."

Bogey's keen sense of the ridiculous was the inspiration behind these incredible stories he corned up. That same sense of the ridiculous was behind the formation of the Bird Watcher's club of America, of which he and Mainwaring are charter members. Every year at the time of the Academy award the organization gives a prize for the best animal actor.

[*Continued on page* 40]



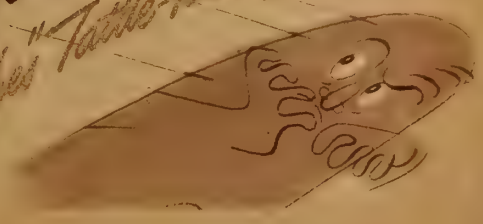
Does your husband have to give up one evening a week to washday? Does washing leave you so 'done in' you can't even drag yourself to a movie?

THERE'S no better reason for using Fels-Naptha Soap than this: richer, *golden* soap and gentle, dirt-loosening naptha make a combination that can't be equalled for taking the back-breaking labor out of washday. No weak, would-be beauty soap can get *all* the deep-down dirt the way Fels-Naptha Soap does. In hard or soft water, hot or cool, this Peerless Pair of Cleaners—gentle naptha and *golden* soap, provide washday help that saves your hands, your energy—yes, saves your money, too.

If you *have been* a 'washday wife' write to Fels & Co., Dept. 5-D, Phila., Pa., for a free introductory bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. Use it next washday and warn your husband you'll be ready to step out that night.



Golden bar or Golden chips—
Fels-Naptha
—Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



Mrs. W---- Solves the Case of Betty



Betty is up to her old tricks again. She needs a laxative badly, but she starts bawling the moment I reach for the bottle.



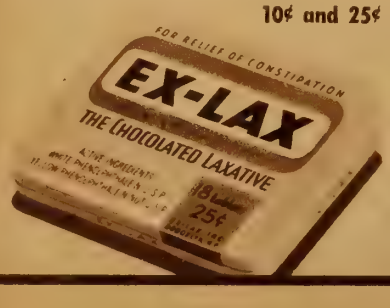
Cousin Alice suggested Ex-Lax. Gave some to Betty tonight and you should have seen her go for it! Simply loved its chocolate taste.



Betty slept like an angel. Ex-Lax worked fine this morning and it didn't upset her a bit. Thank goodness, I've solved that problem!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢





"Thanks For Everything!"

Henry Fonda is the world's eighth wonder. He can't find a thing to squawk about

After a long line of highly dramatic roles, Henry Fonda reverts to fast and furious comedy in Paramount's *The Lady Eve.* Barbara Stanwyck co-stars

By FRANC DILLON

■ On a recent Sunday morning Henry Fonda, awoke early, stepped out his front door to pick up the morning paper. He looked about the trim lawn, hemmed in by a white picket fence. He glanced at the friendly little English house; at each curtained window. Life was pretty good, he thought, and it was with a feeling of contentment that he sat down on the step to look over the news. The quiet was broken only by the rustling of his paper as he turned the pages, when suddenly there was an explosive pop from the direction of the garage.

"Damn!" Henry said softly to himself as he threw aside the paper, rose and disappeared around the house. Walking across the soft, deep lawn he could hear the hissing of air escaping from a tire on his car. Well, he knew exactly what had happened. He found the chauffeur bent over a rear wheel.

"Nail?" inquired Henry laconically.

" 'Yes sir. I thought I'd swept them all up,' " the chauffeur added apologetically, but his words were lost. Henry had ambled back to his seat on the step—but not to read. He was thinking. He was remembering the day he sat down on a chair in his own bedroom which had a mass of thick,

wet modelling clay on it. He also remembered arriving home a few days before to find a strange man in his room busily cleaning fresh paint stains off the rug.

"You see," he told me earnestly, "all these things were my fault. *I* had been making something in the garage and had left the nails on the floor. *I* had left the wet clay on the chair in my room and *I* had spilled the paint on the rug. I couldn't blame anyone else, and yet I can't blame myself too much for there isn't any place where I can work.

"A suspicion of long standing suddenly became a conviction," he continued. "I realized that something had to be done. Mrs. Fonda and I are just crazy about the house we built. Just before the baby was born we added a nursery and we think it is a perfect home—but we have no room to expand. We have just one acre of ground and we've used up every foot of it.

"For instance, I need a workshop. I'm always making things and as it is now I have to push the cars out of the garage and work there. Then I drop nails and tires get punctured. That's bad. I want a lath house for plants. It's lots of fun to raise your own flowers.

"I hope I won't sound arty," he said uneasily, "but I like to sculp—amateur stuff, you know. I'm no artist but I like to paint, too. I have to do it in my room and I make a mess. I want to have a little studio where I can work without fear of spilling and spoiling things."

Around the studio, while everyone likes and admires Henry tremendously, they also have a healthy respect for him. It could almost be said they handle him with gloves. He hates anything to be misrepresented. He hates fake publicity. He believes that even an actor has a right to a private life. Ordinarily calm and good-natured, he gets upset when misquoted.

■ Now Henry is a very normal person. As one writer said of him in a recent article, "He prefers the sunlight to the spotlight." You can't talk with him without being impressed by his sincerity. He looks straight at you when he talks. There's nothing put on about him.

Besides being a retiring person, he is practically unique in Hollywood in another way for he is that rarity of all rarities, a satisfied actor. A perfectionist, he is never complacent about his work but he isn't a member of the group who find it easy to sneer at Hollywood and the motion picture business on a salary of $4,000 a week. He likes Hollywood and pictures and is honest enough to admit it.

However, he won't be pushed around and he would be just as apt to tell the producer of his picture to jump in the lake as he would say "Good morning!" if he felt he had a grievance.

"I have everything, really, and I'm grateful for it all," he was saying. "I thank God for my good fortune but I don't think it calls for burning candles and putting on an act. I have a swell wife and lovely children. You should see my son!" he exclaimed suddenly, and even bragged of his deftness at nursery duty—in detail! His face beamed as he went on to

[*Continued on page 42*]



Jane Macdonald, Palm Beach teacher, the essence of whose charm is her daintiness.

Vivien Reynolds, of the Baltimore Studio, dances La Conga for hours without wilting! Lovely to watch? Just as "sweet" in a close-up!

Why Arthur Murray Dance Teachers Prefer Odorono Cream



Jo Morgan, of Cincinnati, is still impeccably dainty after dancing six hours a day!



Ruth Hopkins, of New York, charms all partners by her gayety and exquisite daintiness.

WHEN you teach dancing for a living, you can't take chances with daintiness! That's why these glamorous girls who teach dancing in Arthur Murray's famous Studios are so crazy about the new Odorono Cream. They can pat it on and dance without fear of underarm odor or dampness!

Non-irritating, you can use Odorono Cream right after shaving. Non-gritty, it's smooth as satin. Non-greasy, it's harmless to fabrics. Yet one quick application checks underarm perspiration *safely* 1 to 3 days! Get a jar of Odorono Cream today! The Odorono Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

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THE heartbreaking thing about drab, colorless, mousey hair is what it does to the rest of you. You may be as pretty as a movie star, but if your hair-do lacks Oomph, so do you!

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See how Halo leaves your hair radiant, soft and easy to curl. How it gives eye-appeal to "mousey" hair. How it gently cleanses your scalp, leaves it fragrantly clean.

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Tough Gagster!

[Continued from page 37]

It was to explore this sense of the ridiculous that the writer called on the Humphreys. Just what is this "nice sense of humor" they enjoy so much in each other and in their friends?

"It's hard to explain the type of humor we mean," Humphrey began. "It's not gags, and it's not the old kick-in-the-pants routine. It's not whimsy, either. And I don't like jokes. I like the kind of humor you find in the writings of James Thurber, or Stephen Leacock, or Bob Benchley. When Bob comes to the house we laugh for hours at a time. But the next day we can't remember more than two or three of the things we laughed at, and they fall flat when we try to tell our friends. Mostly it's the kind of humor only an actor gets a kick out of."

One night Mayo was giving a dinner party. Two of the guests, Roland Young and Buff Cobb, Irvin Cobb's daughter, arrived. Then Humphrey came in with the remaining guest—Mr. Benchley. Those in the room saw immediately that Benchley was playing a scene. He was pretending he was a pal Humphrey had urged, "Aw, come on home for dinner—the wife won't mind." Everyone fell in. Young pretended he was a friend who simply happened to be in the house and was embarrassed to the point of being uncomfortable. Mayo pretended she had had no warning of a guest for dinner, and was doing a slow burn toward her husband for unexpectedly bringing home his Rotary club pal, Benchley. And Humphrey followed Benchley out the door, trying to persuade him to stay. One by one the other guests left. There was no dinner party that night. But everyone involved had gotten a tremendous kick out of playing the scene.

"You see, it sounds silly," Humphrey explained. "That scene was fun to do—it was spontaneous, and light. Each one of us enjoyed playing it because we all had the same sort of sense of the ridiculousness of the situation. The less sense it made the more fun it was to do."

At this point the confused writer began to suspect he was getting the customary Bogart hot-foot for interviewers. In desperation he protested.

"Now wait a minute—not so fast," I pleaded. "Are you trying to prove that your best friends would rather be poisoned than spend a full evening in your house? What's the idea—do you have electric shockers rigged up in all the chairs?"

Mayo came to the rescue. "As a matter of fact, our entertaining is about as lively as a church supper. We don't go in for formal dinner parties—Humphrey thinks most polite conversation is pretty empty and I have a hard time getting him to wear shoes and a tie. But occasionally we have our few close friends to dinner, or a barbecue supper in the back yard. A normal evening—the kind anyone would enjoy."

"We like to talk, too," Bogey supplemented. "You know how it is when you're discussing politics, or the international situation, everyone popping off at once. Pretty soon someone starts getting personal and things get a little heated. Everybody's that way. You say what you think and somebody else gives you the laugh. You both get mad. But half an hour later you've both forgotten all about it and you're arguing about something else."

He paused thoughtfully. "You've got to pick your friends carefully, that's for sure. Either I like a person the first time I see him or I never do like him. I can smell a phony a mile away. Mayo has that instinct too. And our first impressions are never wrong."

That brought to mind another of Bogey's pet peeves—nodding acquaintances.

"If someone I can't remember ever having seen before comes to me and says, 'You don't remember me, do you?' I say, 'No, frankly, I don't,' and let it go at that. Why should I put up a pretense? I'd rather say point blank, 'What *is* your name? I can't remember.'"

The writer shifted uncomfortably. If only Mr. Bogart would insult him good



Jack Warner and Hal Wallis elevate five of their actors to stardom, indicating this by the presentation of large gold stars. In the group are Mr. Wallis, Dennis Morgan, Brenda Marshall, James Stephenson, Mr. Warner, Ronald Reagan and Eddie Albert

and proper he'd feel more at ease. The only thing left to do was make a list of the Bogarts' friends—and from all indications it would be a short one. Then sneak out as quietly as possible.

"My friends?" Humphrey said, repeating the question. "One of my best friends was William A. Brady, Jr., son of the producer who gave me my first chance on the stage. We were close friends from the time we were kids until he died recently.

"Most of our best friends are those of our stage days," Bogey went on. "We still find most of them at the Artists' and Writers' restaurant when we get to New York. People like Stanley Walker, Dick Watts, Howard Barnes and other newspapermen."

"We see some of them when they come west, too," Mayo added. "Robert E. Sherwood, E. B. White, James Thurber, Bob Benchley, John O'Hara."

■ "We see something of the newspapermen in California, too," Bogey continued. "Paul Harrison of NEA, Douglas Churchill of the New York *Times*, John Chapman of the New York *Daily News*, Milt Harker of INS."

"And I don't suppose you have anything to do with other actors?"

"Well, a few, like Chester Morris, Frank Morgan, Ralph Bellamy, Jimmie Cagney, Pat O'Brien."

"How about on the golf course?"

"Oh, there," and Bogey laughed. "Well, sometimes I play with Adolphe Menjou. He makes the most noise—you can hear him all over the course. And Guy Kibbee; he doesn't say much, just fires away with 'Long Goodie' and 'Aunt Jemima' and those other wooden clubs of his, winning everyone else's money. Or Bing Crosby, or Johnny Weissmuller, or Babe Hardy, or Jimmy McLarnin. But don't talk to me about golf."

"Even playing alone Bogey gets mad," Mayo explained. "Once he threw a club four times before it broke."

"Yeah, but you ought to see Weissmuller," Bogey countered. "If Johnny has a three-foot putt to make, everyone ducks—if he misses it's just too bad. Clubs are nothing to him—he breaks benches."

"One more thing," the writer said. "Mrs. Bogart, your husband seems to get along best with his friends by insulting them. Now why is your marriage so successful—does he beat you?"

"Mayo's a lucky girl," her husband answered for her.

"Certainly am," she agreed. "Don't you know it's Bogey the Career Girls of Hollywood voted the man they'd like most to marry if they could? But they can't!"

"You're kidding!" the writer insisted.

"About a serious thing like marriage?" Bogey exclaimed. "Why, that vote gives me a whip I can hold over Mayo's head."

"He's really not so bad," Mayo agreed. "See this pin?" and she pointed to a beautiful bit of jewelry on her dress. "Bogey brought it home one night—just like that. It wasn't even an anniversary."

She glanced back over her shoulder at him as they moved down the hall. "Sometimes he can be a very sweet guy."

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says *Virginia Bruce*

"after you've had a Woodbury Beauty Nightcap"

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If your skin is normal, Woodbury Cold Cream is all you need. But if your skin is oily, cleanse with Woodbury *Cleansing Cream*. If dry, use Woodbury *Dry Skin Cream* at night. And for any skin, use flesh-tinted Woodbury *Foundation Cream* for powder base.



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"Thanks For Everything"

[*Continued from page* 39]

explain how much they had hoped the baby would be a boy. "We have two girls—one nine and one two years old—and now that we have a son, why, we have everything.

"We have a 325-acre ranch in San Diego County that I've never told anyone about before," he confided.

"We bought the ranch because we want to live in the country some day. It's beautiful country down there—rich soil and perfect citrus land. Our ranch adjoins one owned by my brother-in-law. I often go down there and work as a field hand for him. I like being outdoors. We sleep at his house because the old ranch house on our place is about to fall apart. I knocked out one wall and replaced it with a huge fireplace. Maybe some day we will build a new house around the fireplace.

"Here's the silly part," Henry continued. "After we got the ranch we realized we couldn't live a hundred miles from Hollywood when I'm working in pictures, but we did want to live on a farm—a place large enough so that we could have animals and a lot of room.

"So, now that we have a home we think is perfect but too cramped and a ranch that is too far away, we have just bought eight acres for a home not far from where we are living in Brentwood. It is no farther from the studio than where we now live but with eight acres we can do everything we want to do and have all the things we want.

"This eight acres is part of a large piece of property that is being divided into small estates, young farms, so to speak. We can have all the animals we want—cows, horses, even pigs. Children love animals and our children are going to have them. We can have stables and raise our own alfalfa for feed and maybe I'll have a silo. I don't know. We'll have dogs, too.

"We plan to build a real farm house on the eight acres," Henry continued enthusiastically, "a combination of Early American, Early California and late Fonda, I guess. Anyway, there are going to be no trimmings, not even a pavement leading to the house. Nope, just a dirt road. I have discovered a spring on the property and if I dig a well I think I'll have enough water for our use.

"The reason I'm dressed this way," he glanced suddenly at his muddy shoes, "is that I've been setting out trees up there this morning. I bought 400 small Eucalyptus trees for four dollars and planted them myself. They are only inches high now but you'd be surprised how fast they grow. By the time I want to build, these trees will be large enough to use for fence posts. I planted them close together so I can take out every other one to use and leave the rest to grow. I've been able to get enough water from the spring to irrigate them but I have to carry it in buckets.

"We're going to have pepper trees, too, because we love them. Our friends tell us not to; that they are dirty. Well, what of it? We don't want our farm to look like it belonged in the city.

"Sure, I can milk a cow," he assured me, but admitted he learned the trick in his first picture, *The Farmer Takes a Wife*. The company was on location on a modern ranch where the owner milked his cows early in the afternoon.

"They all wanted to show me how to milk," Henry laughed, "but I brushed them off and told them that I knew how. I was so fresh about it that when it came time to make the scene no one told me the cow had been milked fifteen minutes before. I nearly wore out both the cow and myself, trying to get a trickle of milk."

If anyone is under the impression that this actor plays rugged, outdoor lads on the screen because he is a country boy, he is laboring under a delusion. Henry was brought up in the city of Omaha, Nebraska, which is far from being a farming community. He plays country boys expertly because he is a good actor.

"We don't entertain much," Henry said. "Sometimes some friends come in—no one you would know; they aren't picture people—and we play hearts. Jimmy Stewart lives two blocks from us and one of my best friends is an insurance man from Omaha. I've known him all my life. Frances (Mrs. Fonda) and I would just as soon stay at home and play backgammon as do anything."

And Henry would rather stay at home and remove varnish from an antique he had just discovered than to attend any Hollywood party. Collecting antiques is his most enthusiastic hobby.

"I like to buy things with the old paint or stain on them and clean them up myself. Sometimes I get a real surprise, like a spool bed I found recently. We wanted a four-poster for our elder daughter and when I got the top layer of paint off I discovered it was beautiful curly maple underneath. I've been offered $300 for it so I know I got a real find. I prefer to have my wife go along when I'm buying. She really knows antiques. I can be fooled," he added modestly.

Henry confessed giving interviews is one of the difficulties of his profession and thinks reporters should consult his friends when they want to write about him.

"I've given more interviews about Jimmy Stewart than I have about myself," he laughed. "In a recent magazine there was a clever article about Jim, written by his sister. After I read it I sent a wire to my sister asking her why she wasn't smart enough to write pieces about me."

He stopped talking for a moment and lit a cigarette. Under the matches was a penciled memorandum. "I write little messages to myself—reminders," he said slyly. "I must remember to get some fertilizer for those trees."

GOOD NEWS!

Don't miss next month's bigger and better issue of HOLLYWOOD!

Spencer Tracy's Oomph Appeal

[*Continued from page* 30]

lives. Therefore Tracy must have satisfied this demand, else they would have chucked him overboard, for all his fine acting talent, in favor of a more satisfactory hero.

Yet look what an unconventional kind of hero he's been! In his first solid hit (*San Francisco*), he played a priest, *Father Tim.* Next came *Fury,* a psychological study in mob violence with scant romantic appeal. After that was *Captains Courageous* which cast him as a Portuguese fisherman devoted to a little boy. Then came *Test Pilot* in which he lost the girl, Myrna Loy, to Clark Gable and met an untimely death. Then *Boystown,* in which he again played a priest. After that, *Stanley and Livingstone* and *Northwest Passage,* neither of which had any romantic interest involving him. Then the ill-fated *I Take This Woman, the sole instance in 10 big pictures,* in which he carried the love story. What happened? The critics tagged it a prize floperoo, saved only by Tracy's dramatic talents. So back he went to things like *Edison the Man* (with no love interest) and *Boom Town* (in which he loved Claudette Colbert and lost her to Gable), followed by *Men of Boystown* (in which he replays the Catholic priest, *Father Flanagan*).

Nor does his future schedule promise any change. Currently he is at work on *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,* to be followed by *The Yearling* and *Tortilla Flats.* All

[*Continued on page* 44]



Janet Gaynor and her husband, Adrian, Metro designer, also attended the St. Cyr party. Wonder if Adrian designed his sheik costume?

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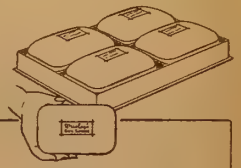
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Wrisley

Why I switched to Meds



—by a school teacher

Ancient history is my subject—but when it comes to sanitary protection, I'm all for the modern, *internal* way. And I've always wished I didn't have to pay extra to get it. So I certainly was delighted when Modess brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon—at only 20¢ a box of ten. I like Meds far, far better. And they're the *only* tampons in individual applicators so wonderfully inexpensive.



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A Correspondence Institution

Spencer Tracy's Oomph Appeal

[*Continued from page 43*]

three are as devoid of romantic heartthrobs as a Piute Indian is of whiskers!

And still the ladies cry "We want Tracy."

That spells sex appeal. Maybe it's hidden, or a new subtle kind, but sex appeal it is. Plenty.

They mean it, too, when the ladies clamor for him. Last week, for instance, his wife, Louise, was shopping in a big department store for some dolls for little friends. She asked that the purchases be delivered.

"Name and address, please," the young clerk requested.

"Mrs. Spencer Tracy," Louise said matter-of-factly.

Crash! Down fell both dolls from the clerk's hands, shattered into bits. The girl, however, seemed oblivious of the costly accident.

"Gosh!" she breathed. "*His* wife! Gee, you're lucky!"

It's been two years now since Spence has gone to New York for a visit. He has wanted to many times, for he got his start on the stage back there and has many warm friends he'd like to see again. But he's plain scared to go. The embarrassing memory of what happened the last time in 1938 is still too vivid.

Women followed him down the street, oh-ing and ah-ing. They stopped him in public places and pounded on his hotel door. They sent him mushy notes, extravagant gifts and absurd requests. Women of all age, types and sizes. Women who wanted to mother him and worship at his feet. The climax came in a famous night club one evening where he had gone for dinner. He literally was mobbed by excited females who smashed chairs and overturned tables in getting at him.

"Holy smoke!" Spence said. "This is crazy! I'm getting out of here!"

He got—and hasn't been back for a second sample.

It was the same story in Catalina when the company was on location for *Captains Courageous*. The tourist season was over so the fashionable St. Catherine's hotel, which usually is peopled with gay young folk, was filled with gentle old ladies who spend the winter in its easy climate. But he had to beat those old ladies off with a baseball bat! They wanted to hold his hand and (a) give him advice; or (b) ask it.

Last year Spence went with the *Northwest Passage* company on location in the wilds of Idaho. Again it was the same story. Women flocked to the camp from the nearby states of Utah, Wyoming, Oregon and Montana. Barbed wire finally was strung around the 40 acres and guards posted to keep them out, but they were not to be denied. Night after night they paddled canoes across the lake to his cabin on the shore and serenaded him with torch songs for hours on end! Even the society editors of the Boise papers found excuse after excuse to re-visit the camp, and always in their trail were a dozen women friends "dying to meet Mr. Tracy."

Even around the studio, where glamour and sex appeal are common commodities, the fever seems to have caught on. Almost to a woman the secretaries, stenographers, script girls, file clerks and so on are Tracy devotees.

"You can have your Gables and Taylors," one said. "Just give me Tracy. Boy, there's a rugged he-man!"

"And how!" countered her friend. "That guy could shove me around and I'd love it!"

It's the same old song with visitors to the studio. The men all want to see Myrna Loy, the women hold out for Tracy. As for the glamour gals of the town, plenty of them would make a play for Spence if he were not married, and some even try in spite of it. Not that it does them any good. Spence is strictly a one-woman man, and that woman is his wife.



Dorothy Lamour shed her famous sarong for this abbreviated costume to the enjoyment of her escort, Attorney Greg Bautzer



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WRAP cotton around the end of an orangewood stick. Saturate with Trimal and apply to cuticle. *Watch dead cuticle soften.* Wipe it away with a towel. You will be amazed at the results. On sale at drug, department and 10-cent stores. Trimal Labs., Inc., Los Angeles, Cal.

I think Hedy Lamarr succinctly summed up the female furore about Tracy in these words:

"Women admire the handsome men and think what great lovers they would make. But they look at Tracy and see a great soul and a strong, virile, reliable guardian whom they can trust. Instinctively they dramatize themselves as being securely married to a man of the Tracy type."

Equally fervent in their manifestation of his appeal for women are the fan letters which pour into the studio in a steady stream. They speak of his quiet dependability, his sincerity and lack of affectation, his rugged good looks, his gracious manner, his shy reserve, his modesty and his vigor. They say he does love scenes so charmingly and with such quiet tenderness, it's the sort of a proposal a woman likes to remember as her own. They call him "a noble cuss" and "a knight on a white horse" and say he "wears well" and "is so damned nice to women." They tell him about domestic problems and ask his advice on private affairs.

"This is the first fan letter I ever have written, but I can't help myself," said one from Springfield, Mass. "I must tell you I love you."

And from Dubuque, Ia.: "The only person in the world I really envy is Mrs. Spencer Tracy."

Louise became Mrs. Tracy some 15 years ago when Spence was making $50 a week in a White Plains, N. Y., stock company. She was Louise Treadwell, an actress, who joined the company to play the ingenue lead in *The Man Who Came Back*. Theirs was a quick romance. Love, apparently, came at first sight and over a triple chocolate ice cream soda which Spence hurriedly was devouring at the moment. For several years the marriage road was rough and rocky; acting jobs were not as plentiful as they might have been for the Tracy bankroll, and together they trouped in stock companies through many states.

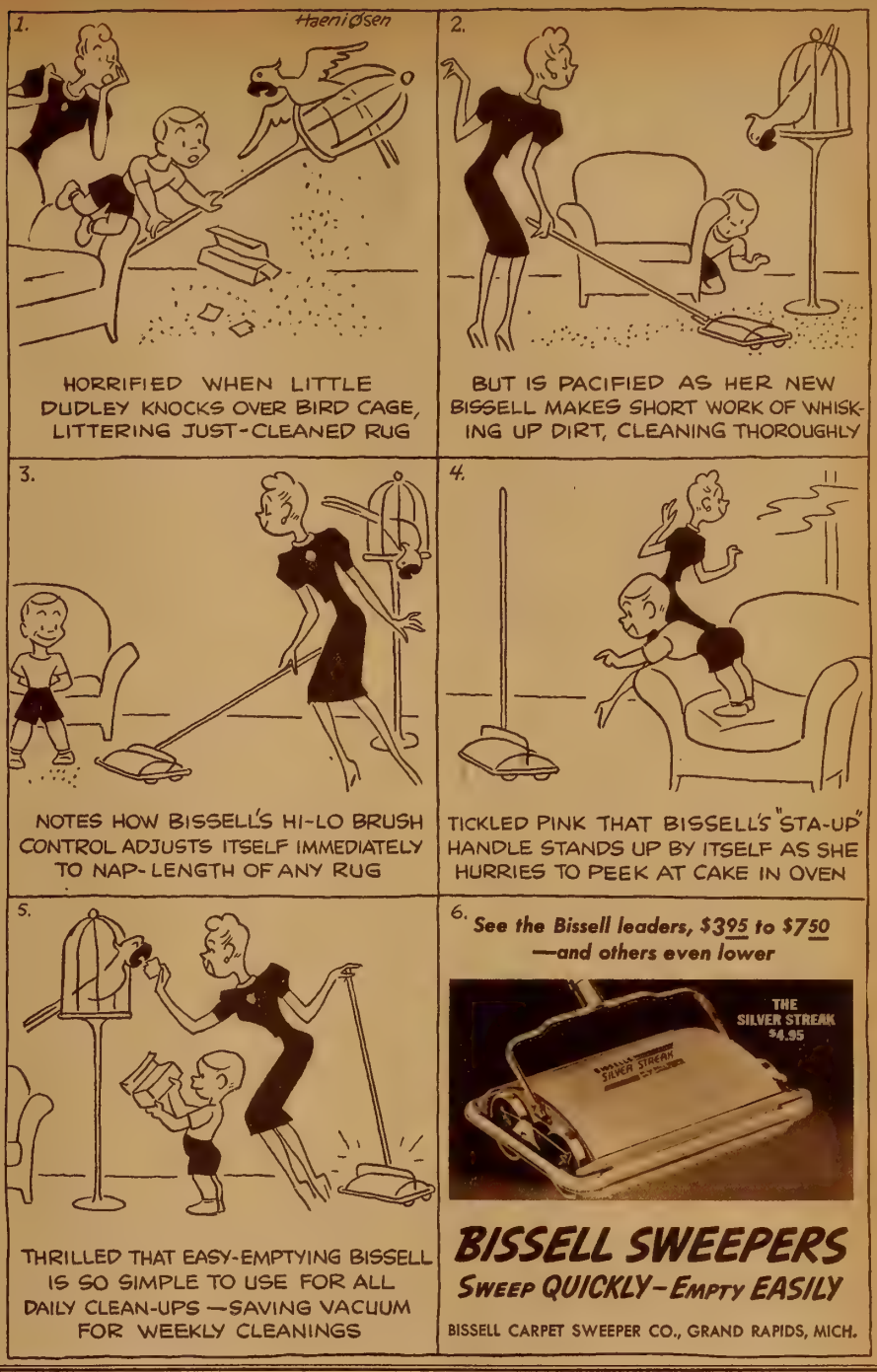
When he reached Broadway, Louise retired from the stage to become the mother of his son, Johnny, 12, and his daughter, Suzie, 8.

"And," she says, "to try to keep an eye on his diet and his waistline. Once upon a time he was a slim and romantic looking fellow but he ate himself into character roles by the time he was 30. And loved every mouthful of it!"

Several million American women daily take issue with her about that "character actor" tag. Waistline or no waistline, he's still their Super Hero. And whether M-G-M continues casting him as priests, detectives, taxi drivers, explorers, or *ever* lets him get the girl, he still spells Sex Appeal Plus, hidden or otherwise.

It's a little something for the smoldering Boyers, the dashing Flynns and the gallant Grants to ponder.

GOOD NEWS!
Don't miss next month's bigger and better issue of HOLLYWOOD!



Beauty Secrets That Every Girl Should Know

You get a lot of advice these days on the "nicer" types of beauty items, such as cosmetics, nail polishes and the like. But how about those "taboo" subjects which are seldom discussed in polite society. Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD'S well-known beauty editor, thinks it's about time to have a good heart-to-heart talk with you about them, and you'll find her valuable advice on these subjects on page 18 in this issue. You're invited to consult her freely—and you can solve many of your beauty problems by following her suggestions each month in

HOLLYWOOD



The "top file tip-toe"—a big help in finding that letter, but a big strain on fragile stockings. If you're haunted by "pop" runs, try Cannon's sheer miracles! Every pair is inspected by a new air-pressure machine that ferrets out tiny flaws—hidden cause of most "mystery" runs.

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[*Continued from page 28*]

and flats. We got three days in jail—and with pay!

■ Still keeping musical, you may recall that Jimmy Stewart was mighty clever with the accordion in his kid and kollege days. In *Pot o' Gold* he plays a musical instrument for the first time in his film career—if you care to take a chance on calling a harmonica a musical instrument. Be that as it may, Jimmy plays this musical gadget exceedingly well and when he really bears down on his "Johnnie Toots His Horn," he fills your ears full of some mighty pleasant strains.

In between "takes" Frank Oliver and I got to chinning and he spun quite an interesting yarn about himself. He said that once Franklin D. Roosevelt got him out of jail and, strange as it may seem, James Roosevelt put him back. Of course the James Roosevelt jail was only the prop set we were sitting in, but the jail in Cuba was as real as life. Oliver at that time was a newsreel cameraman and shipped to Cuba to shoot pictures of the Machado Rebellion. He had captured on film Machado's terroristic Porra in action, machine-gunning students, and had shipped the film out of the country. When that was officially discovered, the order went out to bring him in dead or alive. Oliver was shooting a raid of Porristas when a rifle barrel split open his head, a hobnailed boot knocked out his front teeth, and he woke up in a stone cell. Oliver was granted permission to telegraph his boss, Charles Ford, director of Universal newsreel, in New York. Ford telegraphed Washington, and the message was immediately transferred to Roosevelt at Hyde Park. The president sent word to Ambassador Sumner Welles in Havana. Welles went into action and called on Secretary of War Orestes Ferrara of Cuba, mentioning two or three United States destroyers off Havana ready to back him up. Ferrara tried to get Oliver to give up his camera and promise not to take any more pictures but the latter refused, agreeing, however, not to take any more shots until there were military developments. It turned out that there were plenty and he photographed them.

Oliver told me he had been a newscameraman for 18 years during which time he had chased Villa in Mexico; he had accompanied Lindbergh on his South American tour; for a year he flew with the airship Los Angeles; he got the only authentic shots of the Hauptman trial; his pictures of the 1936 Johnstown flood are still considered the greatest reporting in the history of newsreel. He turned out to be quite a guy, this man Oliver, and with a life story, at least as much as I had the pleasure of hearing, that was full of chills and thrills.

My 4th day on the set turned out, eventually, to be a great and bitter disappointment to me as well as to Larry Ceballos, the dance director.

Of course where I made my initial mistake was in bragging how good a rhumba dancer I was. Gosh, if you want to know the truth, I doubt if I can even *spell* the word correctly. Anyways, being in need of one more male dancer (one of the boys suddenly developed the flu), Larry ordered me to get dolled up in a pair of skin-tight black pants, a lacy kind of shirt with balloon sleeves, a pair of patent-leather shoes, and a broad-brimmed light-colored felt hat. Which I did. Before I got myself all dolled up, I had a hunch that something sure was going to go wrong. I would, so I said to myself, mind my P's and Q's and likewise my big feet. But it didn't do me much good as you will plainly see from the following harrowing tale.

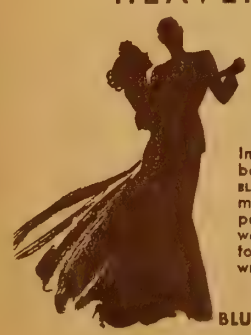
When Larry Ceballos started rehearsals I immediately played smartie and snuck back to the end of the dancing line and partnered myself up to a blond cutie who was decked out in a flimsy black gown that achieved the effortless knack of showing as much bare skin as the Hays office would allow. Maybe more. This cutie looks pretty bored with it all and none too friendly and she up and barks, even before I can get myself arranged according to dance instructions: "Hey, dopie, take th' lead out of your shoes and let's get goin'." To that I said, as politely as though I were addressing my girl friend: "Okay, Toots." And she says, just as politely: "Don't you 'Okay, Toots' me." Well, you can see for yourself by that uncultured remark that she wasn't very friendly. Larry Ceballos came by and advised us that "this one had better be good," or words to that effect—and shortly after away we went.

Now, and if I do say it myself, I managed to get by fairly well. My hard-boiled partner kept yawning and Larry, spotting her, came over and told her in no uncertain terms to snap out of it. And what do you know. When he left she took three minutes to place the blame for the bawling out on me! Can you match that?

An hour later we are ready for a "take" and the chances are 100 to 1 it will win an okay only I get to gaping at Paulette Goddard when she comes on to do a solo as we dance. Somehow I get 'way out of line from looking at her. Maybe I could have snuck back without disturbing the set-up. In any event, I don't and that is because my blond partner suddenly sticks out her foot and trips me so that I

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fall on a spot a trifle to the left of my sitting room. Not only do I do that, but one of my big feet gets tangled up in the skirt of a chorine and down she comes ker-floppo to a three-point landing just north of the border. I wish I can tell you what this usually kindhearted and patient Ceballos says to me, but space and certain laws forbid. The only satisfying part of the catastrophe, so far as I am concerned, is the solicitude of Paulette Goddard. She helps me up, whispers a few words in the dance director's ear and before I know it I am sitting on the side-lines (still on the payroll!) nursing my bruises and my dignity. I see my ex-partner many times during the remainder of the day and I am all for slugging her one, just for old-time's sake, but I think better of it.

I spend many pleasant minutes after that with Jimmy Stewart and Paulette and learn quite a lot about this *Pot o' Gold* picture. Jimmy said that the picture had been given the starting gun six times and for a while he thought the picture never would start. Paulette brought up the old Hollywood saying to the effect that a picture with several false starts behind it always ends up in the money. The first delay came, she explained, when a week before shooting was scheduled, Director George Marshall was carried to a hospital for a major operation. Then, when the director was well and another date had been set, Jimmy Stewart wasn't available. Then, went on Paulette, she was unavailable. When the starting gun was cocked



Virginia Fields' rather brief but attractive costume caught the attention of Edgar Bergen at St. Cyr's recent party

for another start, Stewart got tied up in another picture and to climax everything this country ran head-first into an emergency and Roosevelt, who was in the United States Marine Corps, was called for active duty at San Diego!

Anyone but a Marine, opined Stewart, would have given up at this point. James Roosevelt, while in San Diego, set another date. This time, Stewart, Goddard and Heidt were on the starting line (actually!) and to make a long story short the gun went off and the picture began to roll.

Speaking about the picture's boss, James Roosevelt, when the bugler sends out the last sweet notes of taps over the parade ground of the United States Marine Corps down at San Diego, it means that most of the officers and men may switch out the lights and go to sleep.

But not Captain James Roosevelt. From 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. he soldiers in the cause of national defense. After 10 p.m. he becomes (I'm speaking now of the budgeting of his time during the production of *Pot o' Gold*) James Roosevelt, president of Globe Productions, Inc. Each night he looks at the rushes of the picture in a San Diego theater and sends back instructions and recommendations to Henry Henigson, associate producer, and George Marshall, director. The rushes are sent from the studio each day by air mail.

■ When I wasn't working I visited the set and watched the two principals and Horace Heidt and his band go through their scenes. You can take it from thirty tired musicians, with fire in their eyes and no sour notes in their musical souls, that movie making is no cinch. Musicians are accustomed to getting up any time between noon and five o'clock (if they're working regularly in an orchestra) and

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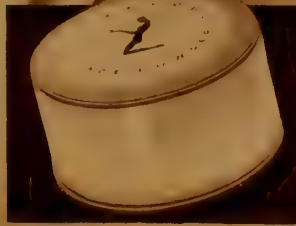


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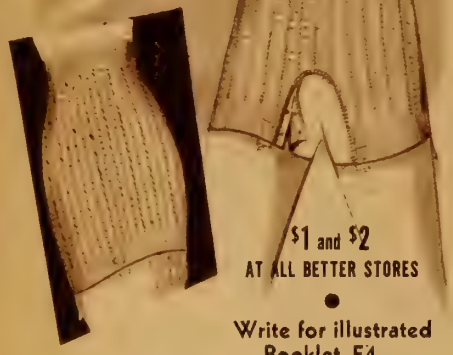
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In long or short lengths. Knitted of Lastex, fashioned to fit, they are styled in the same manner that has made this famous line a "must" with Young America's smart set. Will not roll or hike-up . . . guaranteed non-run.



$1 and $2
AT ALL BETTER STORES

Write for illustrated Booklet F4

REAL-FORM GIRDLE CO. 358 - 5th AVE., NEW YORK

TEETHING PAINS RELIEVED QUICKLY



WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Just rub it on the gums
DR. HAND'S
TEETHING LOTION
Buy it from your druggist today

have breakfast when most people are having dinner. But each morning the call sheet on *Pot o' Gold* read "Heidt People On Set 8:00 a.m."

In order to get to the studio, apply make-up, and be on the set at 8 it was necessary for most of the boys to "rise and shine" at the unearthly hour of 6.

They told me they would never forget that first day on the picture. The scene to be played called for them to come running downstairs carrying their instruments. The boys lugged their gear up and down those stairs 36 times before the scene, in longshots and close-ups was finished.

At 6 p.m. they were panting for breath. But the day wasn't over yet. They were given an hour for dinner and told to report back for pre-recording, which went on until midnight.

The next day they started the same routine all over again.

"Whew!" gasped Horace Heidt, "and we thought movie stars led an easy life!"

One of the most popular barroom paintings of the '80s and '90s, was a painting of a lion, with real iron bars on the picture's frame to heighten the illusion.

When screen writer Monte Brice, in a reminiscent mood, wrote such a picture into the script of *Pot o' Gold,* he stipulated that only the genuine article would suffice.

After searching all over Southern California, Howard Bristol, set dresser on the picture, finally located one in the Pony Express Museum at Arcadia, California.

Then it came out why Brice had demanded an original instead of a duplicate which could readily have been prepared by the prop shop.

The lion in the painting looks like Charles Winninger. Charles raised a mild fuss when he learned that he had a lion for a stand-in during this particular scene, but he finally agreed that maybe it was an honor to look like a king of the beasts.

I almost forgot to tell you that I worked the last day on the picture and it was lucky that I did because Paulette Goddard gave all of us a present. I knew beforehand she was going to do this, because I was on the set the day she sent for a jeweler.

"But don't waste your time," I heard her say over the phone, "unless you're ready to make a good deal. I'm tough when it comes to buying things." Naturally, she couldn't say how tough. That remained to be seen.

Well, a few hours later a rough-and-ready salesman visited Miss Goddard on the set. He brought a case of gew-gaws, bracelets, watches and expensive what-



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., converses with Constance Bennett and Mrs. Fairbanks at at an "Aid the Allies" party. All three of them have been active relief workers

nots. He emptied these on a couch in Miss Goddard's drawing room with a mental licking of his chops. He was a salesman and you could see he wasn't going to fall for this star and glamour stuff. He steeled himself to make a record-breaking sale at his price, and ran his fingers through the assorted baubles, with an air of great indifference.

"How much off?" asked the star.

"The list price is all we quote," said the salesman firmly.

"Is that final?"

"Yes, we don't give anything off."

"Then we can't possibly make a sale," she told him.

"Maybe," announced the salesman, "we can knock off five percent for cash."

"I'm very sorry," sighed the star.

"I might be able to go ten percent," offered the salesman.

Well, to reach a quick end, a deal was made whereby the star secured a full forty percent off the list price and by so doing she was able to buy some really fine trinkets.

Obliged to work since she was fourteen, Paulette told me she had long since learned the value of bargaining, to get for her dollar not only full value, but an extra dollar's worth. This passion, she said, started when circumstances forced her to challenge the world and make a living for herself and family. Ever since she has stood on her own two feet, making deals without benefit of agent. But like so many others who have had to fight, she mixes her hard-headedness with an over-abundance of charity and tolerance. She drives the hardest deal with producers of any actress with the possible exception of Sonja Henie and the once chief of ALL bargainers, Connie Bennett.

The jewelry salesman didn't know that.

What did she give me? Well, believe it or not, a set of beautiful cufflinks and a tie clasp. I certainly hope I'm in another picture with her.

I didn't get mixed up in as many sound stage accidents as usual, but it wasn't my fault. Nothing much can happen to you when you're in jail for three days and doing nothing but exercising your barbershop chords. However, it was a comfort not to get knocked over every time I stepped on a set. Maybe my good conduct this time will help me get another job soon. I hope so, because I sure need plenty of that good old moola.

Pot o' Gold is as lively as a bunch of ants in your pantz. It has humor, a good comedy plot and fine music along with plenty of excellent acting. What more can you ask?

Just look at this impressive array of stories coming up in the May issue of HOLLYWOOD! "Joan Bennett Lives Down Her Reputation!" "Is Errol Flynn Bored With Life?" "Sin and Sex! Are They the Real Temptations of Hollywood?"

FLAME-GLO ...America's Favorite Lipstick



10c AND 25c

MARSHA HUNT, featured in "Cheers for Miss Bishop"

Keeps YOU Kissable!

FLAME-GLO Lipstick sets your lips aflame with a radiant, seductive glow of youth that Keeps you Kissable! No man can resist its satiny lustre, its bewitching fragrance, its captivating colors...specially created to blend perfectly with the new fashion tones! And here's good news . . . a water-repellent film *seals* the thrilling, vibrant color to your lips; it's longer lasting! Try these popular FLAME-GLO shades TODAY:

RASPBERRY, GLAMOUR RED, ROYAL WINE AND RUBY RED

Flame-Glo

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

AT ALL 5 & 10c STORES

New MATCHED MAKE-UP

Just out! FLAME-GLO Face Powder will instantly give you new complexion loveliness, for it's scientifically blended to cling for many hours longer! No more continual dabbing...this amazing new powder keeps its lasting smoothness and fragrance. In skin flattering tones that harmonize with the lipstick and rouge!



ALSO ROUGE TO MATCH

ROOS Sweetheart CEDAR CHEST

THE GIFT that Goes Straight to Her Heart





No. 4830

Made with the HEART of Genuine Aromatic Red Cedar



Special lid-lift prevents damaging walls. No projections when lid is open or closed.

Defense against moths, protection for her furs and woolens, new modern beauty for her room. A gift she'll cherish always. Big 48 inch size, with modern waterfall styling. Exterior of rare matched veneers—Orientalwood, Striped and Crotch Walnut and genuine Marquetry inlays. INCLUDES MOTH INSURANCE.



Includes the famous Roos Streamlined Removable UTIL-TRAY

Fits snugly in the lid, rises when lid is raised. Tilts up for easy access to chest or lifts out readily. Full chest length, streamlined design. Lined bottom. Gives extra utility. Included at no extra cost!

GET IT DURING THE ROOS NATION-WIDE Silver Anniversary Sale SPECIAL $29.75*

This is one of MANY special values you'll find in leading furniture and department stores now to commemorate our 25 years of defense against moths. Other styles at Silver Anniversary Sale prices as low as $19.75.*

*(Slightly more in west.)

WRITE FOR descriptive folder F70. Shows many modern and period styles. We'll send name of nearest dealer. ED ROOS CO., Forest Park, Ill.

ROOS Sweetheart CEDAR CHESTS



EVERY day, more and more women are discovering this amazing advancement in feminine hygiene. A method that is not only dainty and safe—but gives continuous medication for hours without the use of poisons. And actually kills germs at contact.

Called Zonitors—these dainty, snow-white suppositories spread a greaseless, protective coating. To kill germs, bacteria on contact. To cleanse antiseptically. To deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odor.

Zonitors are most powerful continuous-action suppositories. Yet entirely gentle to delicate tissues. Non-caustic, contain no poison. Don't burn. Even help promote healing.

Greaseless, Zonitors are completely removable with water. Nothing to mix, no apparatus needed. Come 12 in package individually sealed in glass bottles. Get Zonitors at druggists. Follow this amazingly safe way in feminine hygiene women are raving about.

FREE *revealing booklet, sent in plain envelope. Write to Zonitors, 370 Lexington Ave., Dept. 3402-A, New York City*

Zonitors

THE MEN IN YOUR LIFE will be thrilled by the tremendous prize contest now running in MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED Magazine. More than 100 prizes. Get a copy today. Only 10 cents.

GRAY HAIR KILLS ROMANCE



You know that gray hair spells the end of romance . . . yet you are afraid to color your hair! You are afraid of dangerous dyes, afraid that it is too difficult, afraid that the dye will destroy your hair's natural lustre—afraid, most of all, that everyone will know your hair is "dyed".

These fears are so needless! Today at your drug or department store, you can buy Mary T. Goldman Gray Hair Coloring Preparation. It transforms gray, bleached, or faded hair to the desired shade—so gradually that your closest friend won't guess. Pronounced a harmless hair dye by competent authorities, this preparation will not hurt your wave, or the texture of your hair. If you can comb your hair, you can't go wrong! Millions of women have been satisfied with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Coloring Preparation in the last fifty years. Results assured or your money back. Send for the free trial kit—so that you may see for yourself the beautiful color which this preparation will give to a lock snipped from your own hair.

Mary T. Goldman Co., 7721 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn. Send free test kit. Color checked.
☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Light Brown
☐ Medium Brown ☐ Blonde ☐ Auburn

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Bundle From Britain

[*Continued from page 26*]

chops (cut double), finnan haddie, black pickled walnuts, Waw Waw sauce, red currant jelly, damson jam, Canbury tarts and so on. By degrees she is adding the California curiosa to her list: paw paws, mangoes, guavas and passion fruit.

■ It is not surprising that Hollywood parties with their accent on size and epic sweep, see little of the Garson lady. The fantastic and colossal to-do's remind her of the Arabian Nights with every glamour girl present vying to do Scheherezade. Amazingly shy, she likes small informal parties which she stages at her own home every six weeks or so. Mostly no photographers show up. For two reasons: A. Miss Garson's parties aren't bruited about in advance. B. The odds are prohibitive against a photographer's ever finding current romancers making "woo" in the Garson garden which is as English in landscaping and general appearance as Piccadilly Circus.

If visiting writers are important enough, according to Hollywood protocol, an interview is arranged at the Brown Derby or some other equally-liked "hangout."

With Miss Garson it's as you might imagine: you receive an invitation to tea.

Garson Hall, as they'd call it in England, is a manor house painted a chaste white with gay shutters. On the lawn a stone goose (life size) is on guard, five little goslings right behind and all of them out of Disney.

"It's an old English custom," Miss Garson tells you when she comes to the door, looking for all the world like a refugee from an Ivory Tower, de luxe model. "When a house is hard to find, the idea is to arrange a sort of landmark to help identify the place. The geese are ideal. They're no trouble at all. They don't cackle. And they don't demand corn."

After that she leads the way inside, and you don't need a crystal ball to arrive at the conclusion that Miss Garson is a sonnet in Technicolor.

The Garson living room makes a perfect background for this mirage. And no wonder. Miss Garson, herself, did the decors. Lively chintz draperies soften the atmosphere. Statuettes, in marble, of course, heighten the desired effect. No bric-a-brac litters the place, not even a miniature of Leo the Lion. And there is Miss Garson settled down on a love seat as if she were waiting for a Florentine gentleman named Titian to reappear with his brushes and palette.

Instead, a butler heaves to. Will you have tea with lemon or cream?

"With a little Scotch-and-soda perhaps?" Miss Garson volunteers, noting her guest's embarrassment.

The butler is off, and so is Miss Garson.

With British diffidence, Miss Garson refuses to take the interview business seriously. What she does do is to chat with you about your trip and then launch an Information Please competition with you. One of the most intellectual women in Hollywood, she jumps from Grecian sculpture in the age of Phidias to the im-

[*Continued on page 52*]



Ilene Brewer, sister of Paramount's Betty Brewer, has a tantrum over a pair of shoes in a scene from *The Devil and Miss Jones*, RKO comedy. The spoiled youngster's temper upsets the poise of Charles Coburn, S. Z. Sakall and Edmund Gwenn

'Teen Fashions



Gloria Jean, Universal's young songbird, poses in a new lounge robe of white satin background sprinkled with huge red roses



Gloria's attractive skating outfit features a black velvet skirt and bolero with colorful embroidery, and solid white sweater



The piece de resistance of this dress is the white pinafore with deep ruffles and eyelet embroidery. Gloria's in *The Great Man*

DON'T COVER UP A POOR COMPLEXION



LET THE FAMOUS MEDICATED CREAM THAT'S AIDED THOUSANDS HELP CLEAR UP YOUR COMPLEXION

• Don't let a Poor Complexion cheat you of a lot of life's fun!...Don't cover up a skin that's rough-looking or marred by externally caused blemishes! You may be making those very flaws *worse!*

Let *Medicated* Noxzema Skin Cream help restore your normal skin beauty. It's the cream so many nurses rely on for *natural* complexion loveliness. ***How it works...*** Noxzema helps reduce enlarged pore openings with its mildly astringent action... softens rough skin...soothes irritated skin...helps promote quicker healing of externally caused blemishes. Apply Noxzema as a *Night Cream*—it's *greaseless!* Use it as a protective *Powder Base.*



SPECIAL OFFER!

See if Noxzema can't help you as it has so many thousands. For a *limited time* you can get a generous 25¢ trial jar for only 19¢ at any drug or department store. Get your jar *today!*



WHOA! DON'T LET THE RAG MAN HAVE THEM!



***You can dye your accessories in thrilling new colors with* INSTANT RIT**

It's *easy!* It's *fun!* And you'll get *professional results,* because RIT—and only RIT—contains *neomerpin,* the same *penetrating ingredient* used by professionals.

RIT dyes *clear through* every thread.

RIT dyes *evenly* . . . no streaks!

NO BOILING

Use Instant RIT to make old things look *new!*



27 colors . . . at drug and notion counters everywhere

NEVER SAY DYE—SAY RIT

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ALL Eyes ON FLATTERNIT Hosiery BY Huffman



The eyes have it...for Flatternits are made with one eye on sheer loveliness, the other on long wear! This wonder-fabric is knit *flatter*, with ribbing so fine that runs and snags do not easily start. Choose your favorite style, in pure Silk or Nylon, at budget conscious prices... in shades coordinated with newest fashions!

AT BETTER STORES

Write for Booklet

HUFFMAN FULL FASHIONED MILLS, INC.
MORGANTON, NORTH CAROLINA

RINGS $1.50 FOR YOUR CLUB

PINS 30¢ up

Knit your group closer together, enhance pride of membership with a dignified emblem that all members will be proud to wear. Over 300 handsome, smart, modern designs. Bastian's low prices and traditional quality have led the field for 46 years.

WRITE TODAY FOR NEW FREE CATALOG

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Adola BRASSIERES

59¢ AT ALL STORES

Inspired by Hawaii



The smart new Hawaiian uplift does so much for your figure and costs so little! Ask for Adola at your favorite store... it's different!

FREE! Write for 'Adola Secret' how to choose your bra. Adola, 37 W. 27 St., New York City.

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING 39¢ BRAS

Bundle From Britain

[*Continued from page* 50]

portance of the fleur-de-lis motif in early Frankish heraldry. But no personal history. Whoever heard (in London) of a lady spending her time boring her guest to death with talk about herself? As if anyone cared!

A half-hour brush with the arts and sciences, and you remind the lady that all this is very nice indeed, but business is business and what about giving a fifteen-minute speech on The Life and Times of Greer Garson?

She laughs, a merry, proper little laugh, and promises to do better.

American wit puzzles her but does not stymie her. She's the most expert impromptu coiner of bon mots this side of Fred Allen. She's ver-ree lit-ry and writes letters that her friends read over and over again. She doesn't answer mash mail from her admirers. Not that she's above it or anything like that. She's British and she's shy. There are things one doesn't do. One of them is to be "forward."

Miss Garson has a most rigorous application of the word "forward."

For instance, as far as this reporter knows, Miss Garson has never met the man who provided the means for the projection of that striking beauty and spirit of hers. Who? James Hilton, of course, the author of *Good-bye, Mr. Chips.* And keep in mind that Mr. Hilton, up until recently, was a long-term lotus eater in Hollywood and siphoning that wonderful movie out of the good earth. And, above all, that Mr. H. is a countryman!

Once or twice they talked over the telephone. The second time Mr. Hilton said: "Why don't you drop by one afternoon? And bring your mother. I'll put on the teapot, and we'll have a nice talk."

Well, Miss Garson never did get around to it, and in time Mr. Hilton departed. There are things that an eloquent man like Mr. Hilton can be doing for his government these sorry days.

Which ought to give you an idea of how Miss Garson operates. Pleasantries, jests, and sparkling comments, yes. But information about herself. Well, only under duress. Once, however, when Mrs. Garson, a most handsome woman who sits and knits in the background, stepped out of the room we tossed gallantry to the winds and came right out with it. Had she been married?

Miss Garson managed to look a trifle amused.

"All right, I've been married. We're divorced. And it's over with."

After touching upon the opera technique of Verdi, the Swedish ballet, and the novels of Thomas Wolfe, Miss Garson parted with the information that it had been a girlhood romance, he had gone to Oxford, had studied law, and had wound up as King's Counselor in India, whence he scurried back for the marriage. Additional information you will have to obtain from Walter Winchell.



Train conductor, Rudy Vallee, ogled Beryl Wallace, showgirl, and her abbreviated bridal costume all evening long

■ In approved British fashion Miss Garson feels that no one cares what she does off the screen. What she does on the screen is *her* number one concern. She's serious no end about her work. Nothing is permitted to interfere with it, an occasional premiere, a party, or a night on the town with Mr. Benny Thau who belongs to the Metro privy council and seems to be her chief escort these days. Hollywood's way of making movies intrigues her, the painstaking aid from the costume and make-up departments, the infinite care a photographer will take to see that the best is brought out in her and the way a good director will harken to a suggestion.

While she has developed a fondness for that American institution, the hot dog, she hasn't succumbed to the national passion for r e a d i n g popular magazines. Her favorite breakfast is porridge and finnan haddie, a fondness she acquired in Scotland. She drinks lime juice as a tonic. She sleeps on a microscopic pillow which she carries with her wherever she goes, although she's constantly forgetting it. The vague impression this caller got was that the pillow has an affinity of sorts with Morpheus.

But not always. Which is where we come in with a nifty suggestion for those ad-



Annabella's prolonged siege of illness kept the Power family out of the Hollywood spotlight for some time. Once again in the pink of condition, Annabella and Tyrone are shown discussing possible winners as they attend the Santa Anita races

dicted with insomnia, right from the marble living room of Miss Garson.

"If you suffer from insomnia, it's a good idea not to fight it," she says. "The thing to do is to go to sleep with a good book on the night table and cookie jar beside your bed. Oftentimes a bite of something to eat or, perhaps, a glass of milk will calm the nerves and induce the slumber you've felt would never come."

She has no hobbies, collects nothing, not even the rave notices from the critics. Just as you'd expect of *Mrs. Chips,* she adores cats. At the present writing there are two Siamese. Last fall four kittens arrived. Miss Garson kept them until they reached the age of discretion, then presented them to the first four friends who had expressed affection for the wee beasties. She sent them, surprise fashion, wrapped in swanky blankets and collars, sporting little silver bells. A messenger boy carried them to their new homes in a handsome wicker basket—from England. When someone remarked later that there were many babies in England who needed blankets and sleeping baskets, she immediately doubled the substantial check which she sends regularly for the help of her unfortunate countrymen. Extremely charitable, she gives of her time without stint for charity affairs whose proceeds go toward British War Relief. During the past summer she romped with Brian Aherne in the Noel Coward one-acter, *Ways and Means.* The play showed Hollywood a new Garson. With the memory of her hauntingly beautiful portrait of the gentle *Mrs. Chips* flitting about in their cerebellum, the sight of Greer Garson sharing a stage bed with Mr. Aherne and giving smart bedroom comedy a new refinement was enough to convince all present that here was Gertrude Lawrence doubled in hearts and available for celluloid. Columnists, critics, and paragraphers were unanimous about it: Louis B. Mayer would put Coward on handsome retainer and have him fashion a batch of conversation pieces for the "new Garson," something bright, bitter-sweet, and buoyant.

Mr. Mayer, hardly a man to be pushed into something by mass hysteria, is still mulling the idea over in his mind.

Meanwhile, with the ledgers on *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* pointing out an argument that no friend of stockholders, exhibitors, and fans can resist, Mr. Mayer has decided that comedy can wait.

At least pending the reaction of the Garson latest, *Blossoms in the Dust,* where Miss Garson will play the role of an unsung humanitarian, *Mrs. Edna Gladney,* whose Texas Children's Home and Aid Society of Fort Worth ought to provide an ample backdrop for the compassion for humans which Greer Garson presented so memorably in the saga of Chips.

"A Garson doesn't need glamour," is how Mr. Mayer sums up the matter.

Could be, Mr. Mayer!

NEXT MONTH!

HOLLYWOOD will cover the exciting happenings which took place during the filming of Marlene Dietrich's new picture, *The Flame of New Orleans,* and the Bette Davis picture, *The Great Lie.* Don't miss these intimate, on-the-set stories.

Key up your fascination by changing your "beauty pace"

THREE DIFFERENT SHADES OF ROUGE MAKE YOU THREE DIFFERENT WOMEN



Miss Gloria Brewster, charming screen actress, smiles her approval of Princess Pat rouge.

"Variety is the spice of life." To keep his interest highly spiced—be one woman today—another tomorrow—still another the next day. Change your "beauty pace"! Varying your shade of rouge does it—amazingly—but you can't perform the miracle successfully with single-tone, flat-color rouges. A strange shade of such rouge would look artificial and out-of-place on you. You CAN do it perfectly with Princess Pat duo-tone rouge —(an undertone and overtone). Any of the shades will so perfectly blend into your skin color as to seem exactly, entirely *yours*! Try this experiment in the interest of brightening your glamour. Get several shades of Princess Pat rouge. See how a change in your "beauty pace" keys up your fascination! You'll be delighted and thrilled beyond words to tell.



The Right Way to Rouge. Rouge before powder; this makes your rouge glow through the powder with charming natural effect. (1) Smile into your mirror. Note that each cheek has a raised area which forms a > pointing toward the nose. That's Nature's rouge area. (2) Blend rouge outward in all directions, using fingers. This prevents edges. (3) Apply Princess Pat face powder over it—blending smoothly.



PRINCESS PAT
duo-tone Rouge



BE THE GIRL—
Whose Kiss Can't Smear!

... use Princess Pat LIQUID Lip Tone

Positively cannot smear . . . won't rub off, no matter what your lips may touch. One application stays on many hours. Heavenly shades. At the smarter stores $1. Send quarter for generous trial bottles of LIQUID Lip Tone and Remover (both for only 25c coin). State color of hair and eyes so correct shade can be sent.

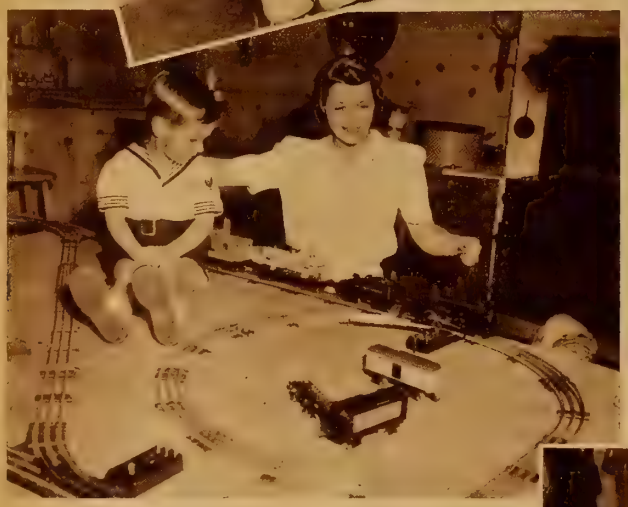
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Glamor Ma





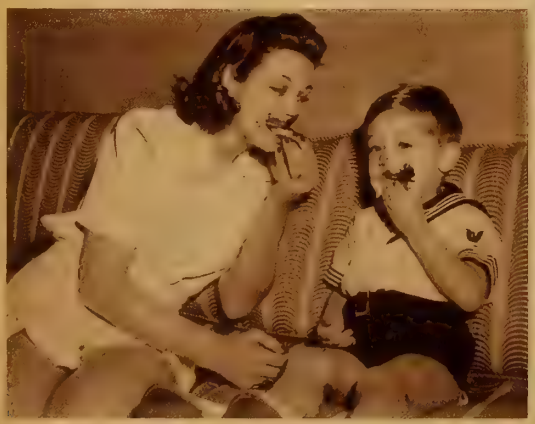
A day at home in the life of a glamor mother is depicted in these pictures of Irene Hervey Jones and her son Jack. Left: Ma Jones dresses Jackie each morning. Above: Jackie is tutored daily by his lovely movie star mother



Children of movie stars invariably have large collections of toys. Here Jackie and his mother play with a new set of trains



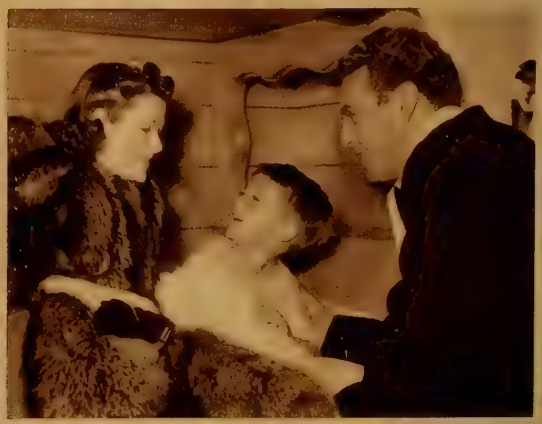
Jackie's pride and joy is his specially-built car and trailer, in which he takes his famous mother for frequent rides



Emily Post wouldn't approve of this motherly trick, but it succeeds in getting Jackie to eat his bread and jam



On days when Irene is not working in pictures Jackie gets treated to acrobatic stunts. Irene is in *Mr. Dynamite*



Dressed in their glad rags, Mother and Dad Jones personally tuck little Jackie in before stepping out for the evening

WESTMORE'S "Star Lovely" Make Up WINS A MAN FOR MARY!



Ellen Drew, starring in the **Paramount Picture,** **"Reaching for the Sun,"** with make-up by Wally Westmore



I had a date with Bob to go to the movies . . . his attentions had been sort of half-hearted so it worried me when I noticed that my complexion was having one of its "dull" days.



I remembered what an ad said about Westmore Foundation Cream and Powder . . . how it covered up that sallow, spotty look, those tired shadows, with a flattering "film of beauty."



I decided to try it . . . found there were four skin tones in the Foundation Cream, and eight blending tones in the Face Powder to choose from. I took the shades most flattering to me.



Honestly, it was remarkable what a difference it made in my looks . . . smooth, fresh, glowing—"star-lovely"! I really felt glamorous when Bob came for me! And the look in his eyes told me lots!



We went to see Ellen Drew in the Paramount picture, "Reaching for the Sun"—and there on the screen I saw the film credit, "Make-up by Westmore." The same make-up I was using!



It was a wonderful evening. Bob held my hand when the picture made me cry a little. But the tears didn't hurt my make-up I found, when I glanced in my mirror. It was fresh and lovely as ever!



Afterwards Bob told me I looked beautiful. I thought (but didn't say), "Why shouldn't I . . . using the same make-up as Ellen Drew?" I used Westmore rouge, lipstick and eye make-up, too!



I honestly believe, as Westmore says, that using the combination of Westmore Foundation Cream and Powder will make *anyone* look lovelier. They're only 50¢ each . . . Smaller sizes at variety stores, 25¢!

House of WESTMORE Inc.

730 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY



Send for Westmore's Make-up Guide. Shows which of the seven face types you have, and how to bring out all the glamour of your face with make-up! Only 25¢. D-4

Name _____

Address _____

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WHAT SECRETARIES REALLY THINK...



29% longer lasting flavor in Beech-Nut Gum, tests with 615 secretaries show

IN 26 CITIES throughout the country, 615 secretaries tested peppermint chewing gum. They reported that Beech-Nut's peppermint flavor lasted, on an average, 29% longer than the peppermint flavor of all the other brands tested. In addition, 2 out of 3 said that they preferred the peppermint flavor of Beech-Nut to that of the other brands. When *you* buy chewing gum, get the *yellow* package of Beech-Nut. *It's delicious.* Discover how long and how much you enjoy its better, stronger peppermint flavor.

An independent consumer research organization made the tests*

615 secretaries in 26 cities were tested. Various brands of peppermint chewing gum were bought in local stores and re-wrapped in *plain* wrappers. Each secretary was given two different brands (Beech-Nut and one other), asked to report how long she thought the flavor of each stick lasted and which stick tasted better. Beech-Nut was thus tested against all the other brands.

**Name on request.*

They said:
more minutes of flavor



Is Deanna Durbin Through?

[*Continued from page 25*]

of our top-notch stars can boast of such an unbroken record. But over at Universal, the men who are at the head of the organization realize that this can not go on indefinitely. They realize that everything, at one time or another, has to stop—even life itself.

Deanna herself is not to be discredited in the least for what may happen. She has had her brief moment in the sun. And she has done creditably by herself and by those who had faith in her—men like Pasternak and Koster and Blumberg. She has established the finances of Universal on the comfortable side of the ledger. And at the same time, she has managed to build up a neat little fortune for herself as well.

As far as the romantic side of her life is concerned, Deanna has been equally fortunate. When Vaughn Paul came into her life, she knew he was the man who was destined to be her husband. And on June seventh, he and Deanna will become husband and wife.

Deanna is already planning the wedding. Like every other girl, she wants a large church wedding with all the attendants, flowers and customs. She wants to remember the most glorious day in her life. But when she returns from her honeymoon, she will be confronted with another obstacle. Will the public be content to see a married woman playing the role of an adolescent youngster? Will they continue being loyal to the Deanna who thrilled them for the first time just a little more than four years ago? Or will they decide that the time has come for her to abandon her typical roles and try to compete with the other adult actors and actresses on an equal footing?

With a career based upon a very sane and sensible attitude, there is little doubt that Deanna will be able to find the solution for herself. She realizes that by marrying, she is holding her future in pawn. Perhaps even jeopardizing it. But she has always been more or less of an enigma to most of the people who know her.

Until her arrival in films, no other player has been able to do what Deanna so easily effected. She cashed in on that old bugbear of the movies—the adolescent age. And with her success, every producer who had a child player under contract was no longer confronted by haunting nightmares every time he thought of his own particular prodigy growing up. She has definitely and firmly established herself as the champion of the "dangerous age."

Not only has she proved to Hollywood—but to the world at large, as well—that the in-betweeners were grossly misunderstood and wrongly shunned. Before she came along, they were completely ostracized. But then Deanna proved that the problems of the growing girl and boy were as real and vital as that of the grown-ups. She showed that these prob-

lems interested the public—and what was even more important—the public found them both amusing and entertaining.

But now that Deanna has indelibly carved her name on the scroll of motion picture history, what is to happen to her? What does the future hold in store for her? Will her marriage relegate her to the role of a typical, domesticated housefrau or will she be able to continue charming audiences in the same manner she has done before becoming Mrs. Vaughn Paul?

The sages of the cinema say that Deanna can never be a success as a glamour girl. They contend that her beauty is too healthy, too glowing and far too radiant and if that should become necessary.

If Deanna is on the verge of finishing her career in pictures, then there is definitely a reason for putting her into the heavy picture schedule she is carrying at present. Her producers want to make sure there will be enough Durbin pictures—with Deanna as the fresh vibrant personality that she has always been—to satisfy the public for at least a year or so after her retirement—if that comes to pass.

There has been some talk that she might go into an operatic career. Right now, Deanna has nothing to say on the subject and the probability is not a very likely one.



"Oh, Miss Lamour—I want you to meet your dialogue director!"

to make her a contender for laurels in the same field with the sallow-cheeked sirens who slink through the cinema boudoirs.

There's no denying that the interest of Durbin lies in her naturalness. That is undoubtedly the secret of her appeal. And for her to step out of that role would be the greatest mistake she could make. But during the last few pictures she has made, there is a tendency to use fewer of her songs and to emphasize her ability as an actress. This has been purposely planned. The producer and director of her films wanted to fix her in the public mind primarily as an actress, rather than a singer. They feel that in this way she would make a better change in roles when

But what *will* happen to her?

That's the question on the lips of every person in the country. Will she continue her career in films—trying to prolong it to the bitter end? Or will she be smart enough to recognize the stop sign? Will she simply step out and call it a day, leaving her niche to be filled by a newcomer and retaining the memory that she can always look back upon with fondness and satisfaction? All these are speculations.

But there is another almost infallible sign that Durbin is almost through. In the past few months, almost every studio in Hollywood has suddenly manifested an interest in youthful singers. Kathryn Grayson, Betty Brewer, Susanna Foster and Gloria Jean are running neck and neck for the expected vacancy—when and if Deanna retires.

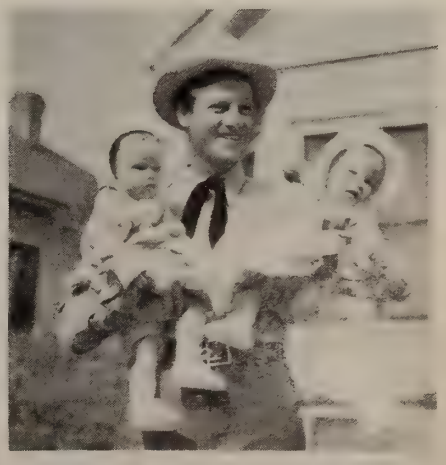
And no matter what anyone says, there is a feeling that she will retire. For it's common knowledge that Durbin is really a home-girl at heart. Whenever she has a vacation, instead of dashing off for a change of scenery as most players do, Deanna is content to remain at home. She loves her home and the life that centers around it. She is interested in everything domestic—not that she is an unusual cook or spends her leisure baking cakes and cookies. But she is definitely fond of children and when her young nephew was born, she spent every free moment at the side of his crib.

The possibility that she will relinquish her career in favor of becoming a wife—and eventually a mother—is the strongest conjecture at the present time. Perhaps, after experiencing it, she may want to return to the screen for more mature roles. Perhaps, she will be an even better actress than a great many skeptics think.

As far as her studio is concerned, they are not taking any chances. Experience has taught that popularity is short-lived and often very fickle.

Already, they have a successor and the grooming process is well under way. Little Gloria Jean is the logical successor. But whether Gloria has the same appeal, only time and the box-office can tell. It all depends upon the public—whether it wants Deanna to continue or if it is ready to accept her successor.

Ever since Deanna's engagement was announced, all Hollywood feels that Deanna is a bit impatient—that she is more than anxious to get married. But Hollywood feels that this anxiety only makes the handwriting on the wall plainer. There is a feeling that she won't care to work in pictures after her marriage. And so, June the seventh is being awaited with more than the usual anticipation this year. It is the day the movie colony regards almost in the same light as the millenium. But what will actually happen only God and Deanna Durbin know. And maybe not even Deanna!



June Aileen Hedin and Jane Isbell are teamed as twin babies in Paramount's *Reaching for the Sun*, with Joel McCrea





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Are the Robert Taylors Divorcing?

[*Continued from page* 23]

none too happy. It involves court action and money and publicity. All three are shunned as much as possible by every player. They are the three most common bugbears — the things most carefully avoided.

■ But Bob and Barbara are two sensible and understanding people. If the talk of their marital severance is true then they are well aware of what they are doing. For there does remain a strong possibility that they may have grown away from each other. Their individual outlooks may have changed considerably since the day of their marriage.

There may still be another reason. Bob doesn't realize that half the women in America look upon him as the personification of romance. Even Barbara, herself, may not be aware of the extent to which a great many women will go to have him notice them. Although, even when two girls were found hiding under his bed as he was sailing for England, the episode didn't cause a single flicker of the Stanwyck eyelids. But at the time she hadn't known what it meant to live with an idol. She hadn't realized what it meant to share a husband's affections with millions of other women. Yet sooner or later, it was evident that she might tire of it. That she might not be able to subdue the typically feminine traits and be calm and passive while her husband usurped all the attention. Whether or not such action has occurred and is breaking up another happy movieland home is one of the moot questions. *But neither Bob nor Barbara will affirm or deny it.*

When Bob was introduced to Barbara by Zeppo Marx, he was intrigued by her intelligence as well as by her looks. He saw a girl who had both feet firmly fixed on the ground.

In her he found the answer to all the problems that had vexed and perplexed him ever since he came to seek his fortune in films. She coached him in his parts. She rehearsed his lines with him and gave him suggestions for improving his work.

Barbara even retired from the screen for an entire year so that he could get the undivided attention and interest of the public. She didn't want to detract from his popularity by having him share it with her.

But after a year of retirement, Barbara was asked to appear in *Meet John Doe*, the Frank Capra film. And when Capra asks a player to appear in one of his pictures, it is considered synonymous with receiving the much-coveted Oscar. To refuse such an offer is like committing career suicide. But Barbara never dreamed of refusing. Inwardly, she was an actress. In her heart, she was straining and aching to get back into harness once again. She didn't mean to see all l r years of hardship and struggling go to waste. She wasn't ready to become a domesticated housefrau while her husband basked in the adoration of his millions of fans. And

[*Continued on page* 65]



The Lady From Cheyenne **is based on political hi-jinks and offers excellent entertainment value. Loretta Young is shown in a scene with Gladys George and Marian Martin, who in addition to Robert Preston head the film's impressive cas[illegible]**

Cummings, Coming Up!

[*Continued from page* 20]

sipped his onion soup. "Everyone's always giving me advice. Maybe it's my face. Maybe they think I'm just a helpless kid. Maybe they think life is too confusing for me to tackle. But one thing I've found out— If I took all the advice people have been handing me, I'd be digging ditches in some South American country today or maybe putting up telephone poles at fifteen dollars a week.

■ "I know I shouldn't be an ingrate," Bob continues. "But I've learned to act on my hunches rather than on somebody else's advice. It all started when I was still going to school—Carnegie Tech. Someday, I hoped to be an engineer. But I had a hunch to try out for the dramatic club. Yes, the same old story. That's how most actors get steered toward Hollywood. But I never made the dramatic club. Instead, they got me doing the dirty work—setting up the scenes, handling the lights, working the props. But then there was one performance when the stage hands turned actors and vice versa. The leading man broke his leg—yes, I know they all do—a couple of days before the performance and since they felt that the play would be a flop anyway, they shoved me in to fill his role.

"At that time I was the most bashful guy in the world. I had never been before an audience in all my life. And how I got through that night, I still don't know. But it did something to me. You know, awakened the urge for the theater. Or maybe it wasn't just an urge. Maybe it was a hunch. You see—that was during the depression. Things looked pretty rotten everywhere you turned. Engineers were selling apples in the streets. It wasn't much of a chance, so I thought I might as well take a crack at the stage."

When Bob tells this, there is none of the deep dramatic quality most actors use when they go into detail about their struggle for fame and fortune. He's honest and matter-of-fact and tells it with an amusing gleam in his eyes. The boyish grin seldom leaves his lips. But you can feel that beneath it all lies the success formula for a guy who got to the top through his own efforts and by his own quick, clear thinking.

"When I finished a six month streamlined course at the American Academy," Bob went on, "I thought the time was ripe for me to go in and conquer the stage. I had a feeling that the public was waiting there with open arms to accept me. And being young and naive and inexperienced, I was in for quite a let-down. And what a let-down that was!

"For weeks, I made the dismal rounds of all the agents' offices. But I never got beyond the gate of the fourth or fifth secretary. And when they did condescend to talk to me, they told me they were only interested in English actors at the time. They didn't know I needed a job badly. They didn't care if I had enough to eat on. But if they did, they probably wouldn't be agents."

But a job wasn't the only thing that was worrying Bob. His mother had wired him that his dad was seriously ill—that things were pretty bad back home—and that he had better not count on any help from home for some time.

"I felt I had to have someone to talk to—someone who would listen to my troubles," Bob continued. "But I made the mistake of going to see a friend who prided herself on her psychic powers.

" 'You'll never be an actor,' she told me. 'You haven't got the charm and glamour and *savoir faire* that makes a successful actor. You're too young to interest women. Your nose is too short. You have no technique. Better get yourself a job and forget the stage.' "

When Bob left her house, his mind was in a daze. It was the first time he had been told in so many words that he wasn't an actor. And for a split second he was ready to take the advice handed out to him. But before going back to his furnished room over at Tenth Avenue and Fifty-

[*Continued on page* 60]

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Cummings, Coming Up!

[*Continued from page* 59]

Seventh Street, he decided to take a little walk to clear his mind. Before he knew it, he was down at the Battery. The smell of the salt water, the whistles of the foghorns in the river and the sight of the ocean liners plying back and forth were like stimulants to his thoughts.

"Something happened to me the moment I saw those boats," he explains. "It was the beginning of another hunch. The ships going to Europe meant something. If I could get there. If I could get to England—even for a few weeks, I could come back the perfect Englishman. And if I came back an Englishman, then I'd have no trouble getting a role."

As he hurried back uptown, all sorts of confused thoughts kept rushing through his brain. Then another hunch popped up. There was an insurance policy. Not much. About six hundred dollars. If he could cash that, everything would be all right. His hunch would work out!

Two days later, he found himself in the ticket office buying his passage to England. But then, he didn't know about passports and visas and all the other red tape one goes through before getting out of the country. However, he struggled through all the complications that day and by nightfall all plans for leaving were ready.

"I rushed up to see another friend," Bob tells with the same old twinkle in his blue eyes and a fresh grin on his boyish face. "I had to have someone share my enthusiasm.

" 'Better not go,' was the advice given me. 'England's the last place in the world for an American actor to go.'

" 'But I bought my ticket,' I cried out excitedly.

" 'Cancel it!'

" 'And the passport. What about that?'

" 'Save it. Might come in handy when you have more sense.'

"Boy, were my spirits trailing when I left that night. I was almost tempted to chuck the whole thing. But then, I remembered that I promised to act according to my hunches. I decided not to see anyone. To get on the boat and go to England without getting the advice or opinion of every person I saw on the street. That's exactly what I did!"

■ The next four weeks Bob saw more of England than most people who have lived there a lifetime. For thirty-five dollars, he bought a second-hand motorcycle and with his bag strapped on the back, he gayly bumped over every road and trail of the British Isles. But he was never without his little black notebook in which he recorded everything he saw and heard—everything he thought might come in handy. For by this time, he had another hunch. He changed his name to Blade Stanhope Conway. He decided that if Broadway was starving for English actors, he was going to be a British actor. Just to make the whole thing more realistic, he bought himself a suit of English clothes, a bowler hat and a cane and bribed a theater janitor to put his new name up on a marquee long enough to be photographed.

Then he rushed to mail copies of the photograph together with a note announcing his plans to visit America, to every agent in New York.

"It was the same old hunch working. And hunches kept coming fast and furiously. But when I stepped on board ship and decided to try out my newly-acquired English accent and the effect of my four weeks in the British Isles, I had a little shock in store. The first person I saw was a chap about my own age. I stopped at the railing beside him and struck up a conversation in my best British manner. And after speaking for about five minutes, he turned to me and said, 'American, aren't you?'

"But back in New York, everything was different. The very first agent I saw, rushed me into his office and before I had a chance to say anything, he pushed a contract under my nose. And I signed it before he changed his mind. Then turning to me, he said, 'I'm sure I've seen you somewhere before.'

" 'Sure,' his secretary chimed in, 'it must have been in those British films.'

"But I kept quiet. Sure, they had seen me! Right in their outer office—trying to get in to ask for a job—any kind of a job. But now that they thought I was an English juvenile, they welcomed me with open arms. And I knew that when there was a choice between a good American actor and a mediocre British one, the British actor would always get it. That's why I had no qualms of conscience about my little hoax. And I realized that for the first time, my hunches were beginning to work out."

For the next four years, Bob Cummings as Blade Stanhope Conway was kept busy on the Broadway stage. It meant ducking down alleys and avoiding his best friends for fear they would give him away. But then he began to tire of being an Englishman. And not only was he tiring of the close-clipped accent and the affected mannerisms, but so was everyone else. The day of the English lounge lizard was past. The public was fed up.

Bob sensed this and a new hunch took hold of him. This time it was Hollywood.

"You should have heard the way everyone pounced on me, when I mentioned it," he laughed. "They told me I was crazy. They told me I'd never get away with it in the movies—that I wasn't movie material. But I had confidence in my hunch. It told me to go to Hollywood. And so I packed all my worldly goods into a station wagon and trekked across country.

"But the six months that followed almost had me beaten. For the first time, I thought maybe all those people were right. Maybe I should have stayed on Broadway and continued my work on the stage and in radio. I registered at all the studios, took tests, got an agent and did all the routine things an actor does to break into pictures. But nothing happened."

Then one day, Bob heard that King Vidor was searching high and low for an actor to play the role of the young Texan in *So Red the Rose*.

"I barged into Mr. Vidor's office on another one of my famous hunches. I wasn't a Texan by a couple of states. But I was under the impression that Vidor was from Vienna and couldn't distinguish a Texan from a Bostonian. I was sure I could sell myself to him. And before he could say anything, I launched into the swellest long-winded sales talk he ever heard. And I ended up by bringing into play all my newly acquired Texas mannerisms.

" 'If you give me the part, Mr. Vidor,' I ended, 'I'll sure knock the tar right smack out of that part.'

" 'All right, son,' came back Vidor's answer. 'You're hired. I haven't heard that expression since I was a boy back in Texas myself.'

"My knees started giving way under me. How was I to know that Vidor was a native of the Lone Star State. But I hurriedly followed his instructions and went in to register with the casting director.

"But the casting director took one look at me and shot down the corridor to Mr. Vidor's office. From where I stood I could hear his excited voice shouting, 'He's no Texan! He's no Texan! He's an Englishman! His name is Blade Stanhope Conway.' "

Before Bob let fear or disappointment take hold of him, he barged into Vidor's office and blurted out the truth. " 'The casting director is right, Mr. Vidor. I'm not a Texan. But neither am I an Englishman. I'm just an American—from Missouri. But in New York I convinced everyone I was English. I convinced you, a native Texan, that I was a Texan. Doesn't that show I can play the part?' "

It did.

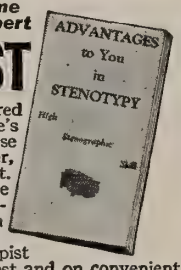
That was six years ago. Gradually playing in picture after picture, Bob has steadily been gathering a fan following that increases with every new production. But with his work in *Spring Parade*, playing opposite Deanna Durbin, he suddenly came into his own. Even the swanky Hollywood preview audience applauded him vigorously. For the first time, they discovered in him a new kind of romantic lover. For the first time they saw in him a new, different kind of appeal. They always knew he had charm and personality and the sort of looks that everyone likes. But they never expected to find him imbued with that strange new attraction—male oomph!

Bob Cummings, a straightforward honest, simple guy who hails from Joplin, Missouri, never thought that he had the slightest bit of romantic appeal. He never dreamed he'd wake up some fine morning to find all the gals in the country dreaming about him the way they dream about Gary Cooper or Cary Grant. He never suspected that somewhere inside of him was a new and fascinating sort of appeal. And when you ask him about it today he says, "That's the only hunch I've ever missed!"



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Food for Femmes

Four stars to Connie Moore for her novel menu idea for "Women Only"

By BETTY CROCKER





Constance Moore, currently in Paramount's *I Wanted Wings*, lends inspiration to a buffet for feminine fancies

■ "For months you have been talking about what meals will tempt men, and how to serve up dishes that will make the lord of the house happy" mused Constance Moore. "Wouldn't it be unusual if you were to forget the men, and hold forth in your cooking school on a menu for women?"

Miss Moore's novel idea most certainly had merit. Indeed, she is a most unusual young lady herself. She is the mistress of "Whimsy House," a delightful place aptly named.

On the walls are drawings from her artist friends, such as Peter Arno, Russell Patterson and Casey Roberts. Her furniture is distinctly whimsical, for you will find on an ultra modernistic table a pair of rare T'ang horses, venerable with age, while old French furniture mingles sociably with Early American. But to return to her idea.

Miss Moore finds many occasions to entertain her feminine friends, and the hostess must have handy some menus and recipes to meet this need. Clearly, the more substantial family meal would be out of place. So, between us, we arrived at a buffet supper just for women.

"My favorite recipes for the girls are Vichy Salad, Supreme of Chicken, and Strawberry Filled Pancakes with Orange Sauce," she said. "And with a quick biscuit mix it's no trick to whip up some fluffy biscuits. How would that do for our menu?"

It would do, admirably. And so here are Miss Moore's own recipes, which should clearly demonstrate why her position as hostess of "Whimsy House" makes her exceedingly popular in Hollywood.

VICHY SALAD

Use equal quantities of any greens desired, such as:

Lettuce,
Watercress,
Escarole or
Chicory

PIQUANT FRENCH DRESSING

¼ to ⅓ cup sugar
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. dry mustard
1 tsp. celery seed
1 tsp. paprika
1 tsp. grated onion
4 tbsp. mild vinegar (or 3 tbsp. mild vinegar and 1 tbsp. Tarragon vinegar)
1 cup olive oil or other vegetable salad oil
3 cloves garlic

Mix dry ingredients together in a small mixing bowl. Add a small amount of the vinegar. Beat well with rotary beater. Add a small amount of oil. Beat well. Continue adding and beating in vinegar and oil alternately until both are used. When mixture is completely blended, add cloves of garlic. Let stand at least 1 hour. Remove cloves of garlic before serving. Or keep in a tightly covered jar in refrigerator . . . always beating well just before serving.

(Four tablespoons of lemon juice may be used in place of the vinegar.)

SUPREME OF CHICKEN

6 cups cooked chicken (cut in 1-inch pieces)
4 cups chicken broth
6 cups cooked rice
3 cups milk
4 tbsp. butter
¾ cup sifted all-purpose flour
1 tbsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
1 cup blanched almonds
3 or 4 small pimientos (or 1 small can)
2 cups mushrooms (2 cans)
Buttered bread crumbs
Paprika

Cut chicken into 1-inch pieces and measure. Pour 1 cup chicken broth over cooked rice. Make a rich gravy by adding milk to remaining broth and thickening it with the butter melted and blended with the flour. Add salt and pepper. Cut the almonds in slices and cut the pimientos very fine. Slice mushrooms and fry in a little butter until lightly browned. Butter a very large shallow casserole (or two 8-inch casseroles), cover bottom with rice. Place a layer of chicken over the rice, and add a generous amount of the gravy. Dot with almonds, pimiento and mushrooms. Repeat with a second layer of each ingredient. Sprinkle buttered crumbs over the top, then the paprika.

Bake 45 minutes in a moderate oven, 350°.

This will make from 12 to 16 generous servings. If a smaller amount is desired, use ½ the recipe.

STRAWBERRY-FILLED PANCAKES WITH ORANGE SAUCE

2 eggs
¾ cup milk
1 qt. strawberries
1 tbsp. butter, melted
1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
¼ tsp. salt
2 tbsp. lemon juice

Beat egg yolks well with rotary beater. Beat in milk and ¾ cup of strawberries, mashed, and juice. Sift the flour and salt together, and beat into the liquid mixture. Beat in the melted butter and lemon juice, and continue beating until smooth. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake until lightly browned on hot pancake griddle. Drop enough batter from the tip of a spoon to make a pancake 5 inches in diameter. When puffed and full of bubbles, turn and cook on the other side.

This makes about 10 pancakes (5 inches in diameter).

As soon as each Strawberry Pancake is baked, place it on an individual dessert plate. Put a few sweetened strawberries across the center of the pancake. Fold the 2 sides over the berries, and turn over on the plate to hold the edges down and thus keep the roll in shape. Serve with Hot Orange Sauce poured over it.

Orange Sauce

⅓ cup butter, melted
2 tbsp. sugar
⅓ cup orange juice (2 small oranges)

Melt butter slowly over low heat. Remove from heat and blend in the sugar and orange juice.

This makes a generous amount of sauce for 10 Strawberry-Filled Pancakes.

April means Easter . . . and Easter means Easter eggs. Also it means that eggs will be appearing more frequently in our meals since they are becoming more plentiful. Furthermore, there are Lenten meatless days when a hearty egg dish will solve your problem for the main meal of the day.

Betty Crocker's selection of egg main dishes will give you many a treat . . . as well as a number of suggestions for new and different dishes to serve at a luncheon for the ladies . . . or at a cozy supper for the whole family.

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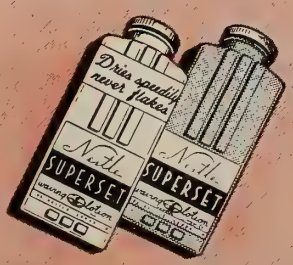
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10¢ at 10¢ stores

What Every Girl Should Know

[*Continued from page* 18]

porarily. Doctors agree that the use of either of these preparations is completely harmless, provided the manufacturer's simple directions are followed carefully. Stopped in a localized area such as the armpits, perspiration is automatically rerouted to other more exposed parts of the body where it finds an outlet, without being perceived by the eye or nose. The reason underarm perspiration is so offensive is that the closely confined area causes the bacteria in the perspiration to decompose. When a simple deodorant is used, this decomposition is robbed of its unpleasant odor and only the moisture remains, until it gradually evaporates.

The common complaints about preparations of this kind are that (1) they are not effective, failing to deodorize or stop perspiration, (2) that they ruin fabrics. This is the result of carelessness in using them and certainly *not* the fault of the preparations themselves. You can be sure that any one of these creams or liquids will be effective for a certain length of time, depending on the seriousness of your perspiration problem, *if* you remember to apply it on a perfectly clean skin and one on which there is not the slightest soap film. If it is applied on a skin which has a film of stale perspiration, body oils or soap, the chemicals naturally will not react satisfactorily but if applied in just the right amount, so that all the preparation is absorbed by the skin, there can be no possibility of its harming the most delicate fabric. If you feel that you have not quite removed all of a deodorant or anti-perspirant, just rinse lightly.

Most manufacturers, realizing that some women prefer a deodorant, some an anti-perspirant, now make both. This is true of a firm whose products I can recommend with a great deal of sincerity. They make a smooth, fluffy white cream that takes the odor out of perspiration, but has no power to stop it. Packaged in a tube, it costs 10, 25 or 50 cents. The sister cream contains ingredients that actually check perspiration for varying periods so that, during any given period, there can be no possibility of odor, *because* there is no perspiration. It is simple to apply—for a dab under each arm, rubbed in thoroughly, does the trick. It comes in the same sizes and at the same prices as the deodorant. An important thing to remember is that the sweat glands are stimulated, not only by warm weather or overheated rooms, but also by nervousness and excitement—which proves that you cannot consider yourself safe at any time of the year or any hour of the day without taking sensible precautions.

■ Another intimate problem that is rarely ever discussed, but causes a great deal of embarrassment, is superfluous hair. First, let me remind you that there is such a thing as being overly sensitive on this subject. It is only natural for women to have a slight growth of down on cheeks, upper lip, arms and legs —and the girl is downright silly who laments this downy fuzz. However, with the active outdoor lives most of us lead today, and the resulting tendency toward noticeable superfluous hair, it becomes necessary to "de-fuzz" regularly.

If you are the possessor of hairy legs or arms, write me for the name of the cream hair remover that is the last word in performance. You simply spread it on the skin and in an odorless six to fifteen minute period the hair is completely removed. Rinse in clear water and admire your baby-smooth skin, completely free from even the slightest suggestion of dark stubble. You will have to be your own judge of how often you should use the product—but do not wait too long between "de-fuzzings." With the pretty sheer hose and short-sleeved frocks we are wearing today, a noticeable growth of hair becomes a repulsive sight. There are three sizes of this excellent cream depilatory, 65 cents, $1 and $1.25, or you can also obtain a generous trial tube for 25 cents. Drop me a line if you would like the trade name.

■ Last, but by no means least, is the problem of blackheads and large pores, that baneful skin condition that makes you flinch from close observation. The corrective treatment consists of proper internal and external care. Eliminate heavy, greasy foods and rich pastries from your diet. That will make the facial oil thinner and less plentiful, an essential point, since large pores and blackheads are the result of thick, over-abundant sebaceous oil. The external measures indicated are scrupulous skin cleanliness—which means good scrubbings two or three times a day with a mild toilet soap and warm water. The lather will be more effective if you use a coarse washcloth or flexible, bristled complexion brush, for then your skin gets the stimulating benefits of the friction as well as the penetrating lather. Not *just any* soap will do for your daily skin cleansings. What you need is one especially made for its penetrating, but non-irritating quality, namely, a fine toilet soap that used to be in the high priced brackets. Now, however, it costs only a few pennies a cake. Lather up thoroughly with this soap; rinse in clear water and then apply a paste of the lather. Let this coating stay on your skin until it dries and then remove it with clear water. Your skin will tingle freshly and part of your battle against gaping pores and blackheads will be won. Continue this treatment every other night or so until the skin has cleared up.

Write to me before April 15th, please, if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope (U. S. postage), for your reply and send your letter to Ann Vernon, Beauty Editor, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Waukesha church-goers heard hymns done in the Morgan manner every Sunday barring Christmas holidays and summer vacations. One of these let-ups in learning he utilized in trouping over the farm belt from Covington, Kentucky to Esacanaba, Michigan, as a member of the little troupe of opera singers managed by the aforementioned Mr. Baas. Two more he spent working for his father as a lumberjack. Hence, that chest and general physique.

■ After college he got a spot as singer-announcer on the Milwaukee *Journal's* Station WTMJ, the while he continued his musical studies. He was getting nowhere in particular when he moved to Chicago, enrolled at the American Conservatory of Music, and lined himself up some singing jobs at top-drawer Loop oases, such as the Palmer House.

Chicago was just peachy to him. He did 26 weeks on the Chicago-originated NBC program called "Silken Strings" and snagged the lead in the Opera "Xerxes" by Handel, after which the Chicago Symphony took notice of him.

Enter Mary Garden, celebrated diva, friend of all undiscovered geniuses and, incidentally, a scout for M-G-M. She coached him for his role in "Carmen," which was supposed to be presented in a gargantuan music festival at Soldier's Field but for some reason never came off.

Chicago having been thoroughly subdued, if not conquered, Morgan headed for New York, tied up with NBC once more and prepared to invade European opera. At which point the New York office of Metro swooped down on him. You guessed it: Mary Garden had wired Metro that the best picture bet in the musical mart was one Stanley Morner.

His personal history completed, our host pulled out a package of cigarettes and we lighted up.

"How come the studio fastened the name Dennis Morgan on you?" this reporter wanted to know.

"They must have pulled it out of the hat. It's as Irish as the Blarney Stone and the repercussions are what you'd expect, the Irish being a clannish and proud race. Gaelic societies claim me as their own and shower me with dinner invitations. And of course I go. I sing their ballads and I dance their jigs. I get praise beyond any actual merit every time I make a picture, especially when I'm an Irish or a Scottish cop. I love the Irish, mind you, but the pay-off is this: I'm descended from a long line of Swedes. For which indiscretion I hope the Irish will forgive me."

Hollywood, outside of working hours, treats him fine. He's married to his boyhood sweetheart, a beautiful lady who was formerly Lillian Vedder, is sire to two children (Stanley, Jr., 7, and Kristin, 4) and lives in a comfortable chateau in the Valley.

His chums are Eddie Norris, former husband of Ann Sheridan; John Carroll, another frustrated singer, (an angel once sank $25,000 in his musical career and here he is playing screwballs and wacks

[*Continued on page* 68]





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does a wonderful service in cleansing your skin by removing every particle of old make-up and superficial dirt. At the same time it provides an ideal base for a fresh toilette. Skin roughness caused by chapping disappears and blackheads are reduced by cleansing pore openings. Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay comes to you in a handy push-up container—see cut — and is easy to apply. Send for a purse size sample today and give Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay a trial.



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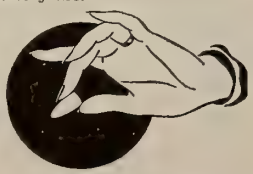
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He Wants To Sing

[*Continued from page 67*]

to beat the band); "Big Boy" Williams and Thomas Mitchell.

He's an early riser, is hepped up about sports, and consequently puts as much of his leisure into swimming and tennis as his conscience permits. His favorite after-dinner sport is listening to music, any kind of good music just so it's well arranged, although he's partial to Grieg. He attends every concert that's staged in the Hollywood Bowl.

He sang in the Bowl, himself, once during his trick with Paramount. The next day some of the studio scouts were heckling the front office about the wonderful baritone, an unknown, who'd make a singing sensation and why didn't Paramount sign him up. Paramount got all steamed up about him until it discovered he was on the pay roll doing desperate characters. The studio elected to leave well-enough alone.

Is Dennis Morgan bitter about his lot?

Twice a week he drops by the studios of Andre de Segurola, the celebrated Spanish music teacher who has taught practically all of musical Hollywood. Here he has himself a field day, singing the entire baritone repertoire of "Desert Song" and "The Vagabond King."

"You can never tell," he explains. "Maybe something dire will happen to all those photogenic singers on the studio contract lists—God forbid!—and one day they'll be sending out scouts to tell me to report for my first role in a musical."

"And will you tell those guys off," this reporter ventured, chummy-like.

Morgan chuckled.

"Tell them off—my eye! I'll sign. But fast."



All Hollywood is talking about newcomer Glenn Ford's excellent performance in *So Ends Our Night*. Glenn and Elaine Russell take in the sun down Havana way

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE CONSTIPATED UNLESS—

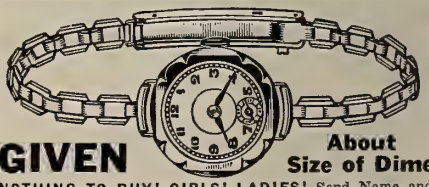
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IMPORTANT PICTURES

By JOAN VOTSIS

SO ENDS OUR NIGHT ★★★

United Artists

■ *So Ends Our Night* is based on Erich Maria Remarque's novel, "Flotsam." The story deals with Nazi persecutions in Europe before the current war. The film tends to be repetitious and is somewhat lengthy, but the acting caliber of the three principals—Fredric March, Margaret Sullavan and Glenn Ford—compensates all because of its fine quality.

Before a brief resume of the plot is given, a word about the bright newcomer, Glenn Ford, who plays the second male lead in this portentous film. Of late, new faces come and go with breath-taking rapidity out Hollywood way, but this young man is sentenced to a long "term." Ford is not the glamour-boy type, but his simple charm *and* his acting ability will net him far more than a Greek god's chiseled features ever would. With proper handling the lad is destined to go far.

Glenn Ford, Fredric March and Margaret Sullavan are three refugees from Germany who unwillingly go from one European country to another searching for a place to live. In each successive country they slip into they are discovered by the authorities and deported. March returns to Germany to see his dying wife (Frances Dee) and while there comes to a tragic end. Miss Sullavan and young Ford meet on their travels, fall in love, overcome innumerable obstacles placed before them, and finally arrive in Paris where they can live unmolested.

"Maggie" and Fred come through with their usual splendid performances while Glenn Ford reveals true ability and holds his own with remarkable finesse among these two well seasoned players. Miss Dee's brief role deserves honorable mention as does that of Erich von Stroheim, who is excellent as the Gestapo chief.

VIRGINIA ★★★

Paramount

■ There have been countless films about the old South, of old plantations, beautiful belles in voluminous hoop skirts, and bewhiskered gentlemen drinking mint juleps, but Paramount's *Virginia* makes a change in the usual pattern and gives us a story of the South of today.

The picture, which is in Technicolor, was filmed near Charlottesville, Virginia. The authentic scenic background for the picture will make you nostalgic for Virginia if you have ever-so-briefly glimpsed those rolling fields, trees oppressive with green foliage, and those green, green lawns. Technicolor does justice, too, to the breath-taking beauty of Madeleine Carroll, star of the film.

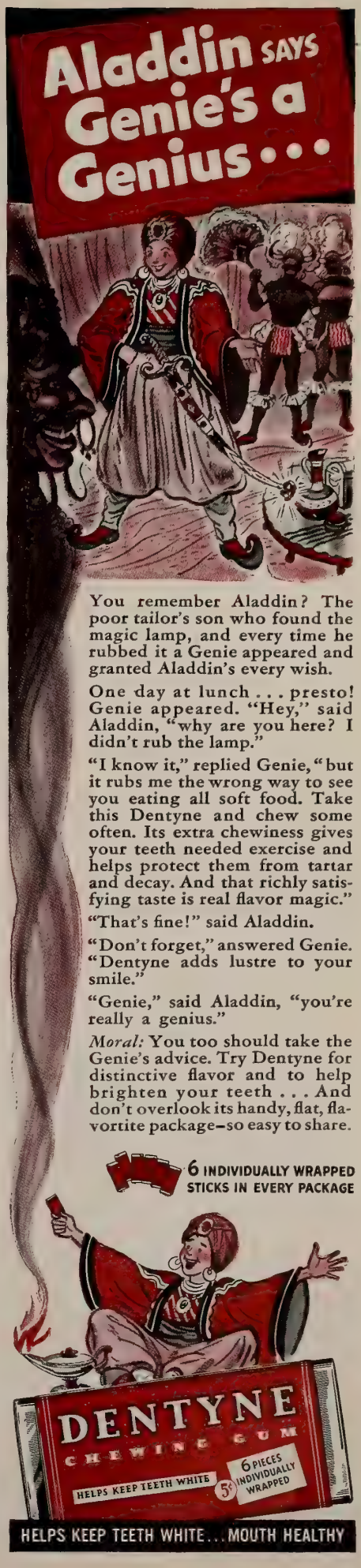
Miss Carroll plays the part of a northern-bred showgirl who is low in funds and returns to the family home in Virginia to sell it. Complicating matters, she falls in love with a loyal Virginian (Fred MacMurray), becomes so attached to her lovely old home that she can not bear to sell it, and just escapes marrying an attractive and wealthy Yankee who lives nearby. The Yankee is played by newcomer Stirling Hayden who does right well with his rather weak role.

Carolyn Lee, the five-year-old young-

[*Continued on page* 70]



Following their surprise marriage, RKO tested Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz as a prospective movie team. They met when cast for leading roles in a recent picture. The honeymoon was deferred because of Miss Ball's role in *A Girl, a Guy and a Gob*



Informal Pompadour

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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Important Pictures

[*Continued from page* 69]

ster who plays the role of MacMurray's precocious daughter, is delightful. There are instances when her lines are far too cute and occasionally too lengthy, but despite these obvious defects the child's natural charm is hard to overlook.

This film does not reach epic proportions by any means, but it maintains a certain stability which supplies good entertainment.

COME LIVE WITH ME ★★★

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

■ *Come Live With Me* is the new Hedy Lamarr-James Stewart vehicle.

It is the story of an Austrian girl—beautiful Hedy, of course—who meets up in the rain with an impoverished and unhappy writer (James Stewart). Hedy has a plan that will solve both their problems: if they marry temporarily, she will not be deported to war-torn Europe, and she will pay his living expenses while he writes his novel. Jimmy accepts her proposition. Hedy trips over from her Park Avenue apartment once a week and delivers Jimmy's soup-and-fish allowance. Soon Hedy informs Jimmy of her plans to marry a wealthy publisher (Ian Hunter)—but Jimmy takes matters into his own hands. Veree Teasdale is the publisher's wife who is very modern in her understanding.

The story is neither strong nor original. The settings are beautiful and the photography of Miss Lamarr is enticing. It is Hedy's best performance thus far, and Jimmy tries hard to make his weak role outstanding.

BUCK PRIVATES ★★★

Universal

■ Unless you're a sour-puss, you should get some hearty chuckles from *Buck Privates*, the first motion picture dealing with the draftees.

Lee Bowman and Alan Curtis go to camp together, and although they were employer and employe in private life, they become rivals over the camp hostess, Jane Frazee. The story is slight and steers clear of any serious aspects of the army life, but is full of comic situations and music.

Bud Abbott and Lou Costello are at their best with their lightning gags. The Andrews Sisters do some fine singing, and Jane Frazee does her one number adequately. Nat Pendleton fits well into his part of the tough sergeant. A group of boogie-woogie artists (World's Champions, no less) add to the entertainment.

This picture establishes Abbott and Costello among the best comedians of the day, and also shows that director Arthur Lubin has a fine flair for comedy and for developing situations and characterizations.

[*Continued on page* 72]

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Do you feel older than you are or suffer from Getting Up Nights, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, Burning, scanty or frequent passages? If so, remember that your Kidneys are vital to your health and that these symptoms may be due to non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles—in such cases CYSTEX (a physician's prescription) usually gives prompt and joyous relief by helping the Kidneys flush out poisonous excess acids and wastes. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose in trying **Cystex.** An iron-clad guarantee wrapped around each package assures a refund of your money on return of empty package unless fully satisfied. Don't delay. Get **Cystex** (Sisstex) from your druggist today. Only 35c. The guarantee protects you.

Cystex Helps Flush Kidneys



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Dual Bands—Magictenna—Microdial Fits your pockets or purse—Wt. 6 ozs. Small as cigarette package. **PATENTED POWER RECTIFIER.** Hi-ratio easy tuning "MICRODIAL". M. L. OF ILL. SAYS: "MIDGET RADIO WORKS FINE!" **ONE YEAR SERVICE GUARANTEE!** Sent complete ready to listen with instructions and tiny phone for use in homes, offices, hotels, in bed, etc. **SIMPLE TO OPERATE—NO ELECTRICITY NEEDED! SEND NO MONEY!** Pay postman only $2.99 plus postage charges on arrival or send $2.99 (Check, M. O., Cash) and yours will be sent postpaid. **A MOST UNUSUAL VALUE! FREE! "MAGICTENNA"—ELIMINATES OUTSIDE WIRES! ORDER NOW!**

MIDGET RADIO CO., Dept. F-4 Kearney, Nebr.



She Got $400.00 for a Half Dollar

I will pay **CASH** *for* OLD COINS, BILLS *and* STAMPS

POST YOURSELF! It pays! I paid $400.00 to Mrs. Dowty of Texas, for one Half Dollar; J.D.Martin of Virginia $200.00 for a single Copper Cent. Mr. Manning of New York, $2,500.00 for one Silver Dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams, Ohio, received $740.00 for a few old coins. I will pay big prices for all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps.

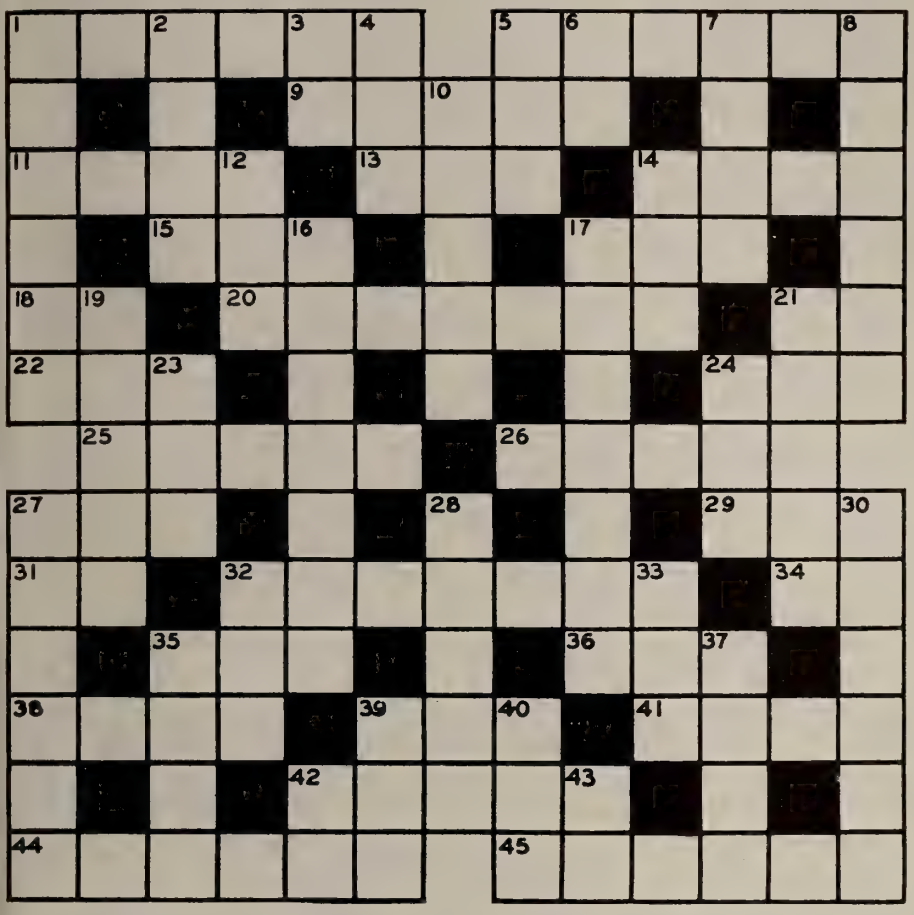
I WILL PAY $100.00 FOR A DIME!

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(Largest Rare Coin Establishment in U. S.)

MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Star of *Kitty Foyle.*
5. ——— *Men.*
9. Hero of *Behind the News.*
11. Pluto's speaking voice.
13. *I'm Nobody's Sweetheart* ———.
14. A star of *Rhythm on the River.*
15. Jackie Moran is one.
17. *Maisie* ——— *a Lady.*
18. Mr. Milland's initials.
20. Feminine lead in *Return of Frank James.*
21. Tom Neal's initials.
22. Male lead in *Margie.*
24. *We Who* ——— *Young.*
25. He portrays Ellery Queen.
26. Max Wagner in *A Dispatch From Reuters.*
27. Movie enthusiast (slang).
29. *Lady With* ——— *Hair.*
31. *Dancing* ——— *a Dime.*
32. Lady Daventry in *Bitter Sweet.*
34. ——— *You Won't Talk.*
35. *He Married* ——— *Wife.*
36. Mischa Auer's birthplace (abbr.).
38. ——— *Gang of Mine.*
39. Baby Sandy is one.
41. Montana in *Tulsa Kid.*
42. ——— *Faces West.*
44. Ike Wayfish in *Chad Hanna.*
45. Jeanette's co-star in *Bitter Sweet.*

DOWN

1. Star of *Flight Command.*
2. Kay Francis has lead in *Play* -
3. Ramon Novarro's initials.
4. ——— *of Monte Cristo.*
5. *One Man's* ———.
6. *Christmas* ——— *July.*
7. *All* ———, *and Heaven Too.*
8. His last name is Pallette.
10. Villain in *Stranger on the Third Floor.*
12. *Krazy* ———.
14. *Hudson's* ———.
16. Shirley Temple shows these when she smiles.
17. Harriet Thomas in *Keeping Company.*
19. Judy Ross in *Slightly Tempted.*
21. Tarzan climbs these easily.
23. *Sandy Gets Her* ———.
24. *Up in the* ———.
27. Bill Gordon in *Moon Over Burma.*
28. One who performs in a motion picture.
30. Place in Alabama where Johnny Mack Brown was born.
32. Small part in a screenplay.
33. What culprits do when hero arrives on scene.
35. Slang term for inexperienced actors.
37. Portrays grief in sound films.
39. Word used in many film titles.
40. Date in August on which Norma Shearer was born.
42. *Escape* ——— *Glory.*
43. Elizabeth Earl's initials.

(Solution on Page 72)



When you wish for the comfort of softer, smoother hands

Do your duties tend to redden or roughen your skin—cause you annoying "Household Hands"? Then do try Barrington, the delicate, fragrant Hand Cream that is specially prepared to bring the comfort and relief of softer, smoother, whiter hands. Use it daily—regularly. You'll be thrilled how quickly Barrington Hand Cream helps you have the lovely hands you wish for.

Sold in the better 5 and 10c stores; also in drug and department stores. 10c, 25c, 39c.

North American Dye Corporation
Mt. Vernon, New York

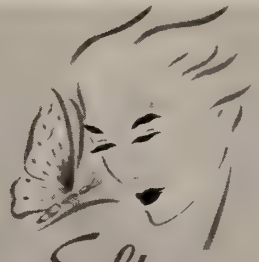
Barrington HAND CREAM

A NADCO QUALITY PRODUCT



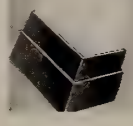
IF YOU HAVE
GRAY HAIR
and DON'T LIKE a MESSY MIXTURE....
then write today for my
FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years' European American experience, I am proud of my Color Imparter for Grayness. Use it like a hair tonic. Wonderfully GOOD for the scalp and dandruff; it can't leave stains. As you use it, the gray hair becomes a darker, more youthful color. I want to convince you by sending my free trial bottle and book telling All About Gray Hair.
ARTHUR RHODES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. 36, LOWELL, MASS.



Soft AS A BUTTERFLY WING

See how smooth, youthful, alluring your skin looks with HAMPDEN'S powder base. It helps conceal blemishes, subtly 'tints' your complexion, gives you a flattering 'portrait finish.'



POWD'R-BASE hampden

25c also 50c & 10c sizes
Over 15 million sold



NO DULL DRAB HAIR

when you use this amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things for your hair.

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

25¢ for 5 rinses

10¢ for 2 rinses



PIMPLES

EXTERNALLY CAUSED

Soothed and helped with widely used, efficient RESINOL



The active medication relieves itchy soreness, allays irritation, and thus aids healing. Use Resinol Ointment and Soap to help your skin.

For free sample of each, write Resinol F-1, Baltimore, Md.

RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

FREE HOLLYWOOD ENLARGEMENT

Just to get acquainted, we will make a beautiful PROFESSIONAL enlargement of any snapshot, photo, kodak picture, print, or negative to 5x7 inch FREE. Please include color of eyes, hair, and clothing for prompt information on a natural, life-like color enlargement in a FREE FRAME to set on the table or dresser. Your original returned with your FREE PROFESSIONAL enlargement. Please send 10c for return mailing—Act Quick. This offer is limited.

Hollywood Film Studios, Dept. 48

32 W. Randolph St. Chicago, Ill. ++ 6777 Hollywood Blvd. Hollywood, Calif.

GIRLS!!

13 to 25 YRS. OLD

Who Suffer Pain, Weak Nervous Spells from Functional Monthly Disturbances. READ THIS!

If you're approaching womanhood or in your early 20's and are troubled by restless, cranky, nervous spells, by cramps, headaches, backache—due to this cause—take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—famous for over 60 years.

Pinkham's Compound is one of the MOST EFFECTIVE women's medicines made to relieve distress of weak, nervous spells due to functional periodic complaints. Beneficial for *older* women, too, to help build up resistance against distress of "difficult days." WORTH TRYING!

Important Pictures

[*Continued from page* 70]

WESTERN UNION ★★★

Twentieth Century-Fox

■ *Western Union* is a lively and gusty tale centered around the running of the Western Union cable into the region beyond the Missouri River. The story is simple, using the Western Union angle as a background for a story of two bandit brothers. One of the brothers (Randy Scott) goes straight, joins the Western Union company as a scout and falls in love with a telegraph operator (Virginia Gilmore). Randy's rival in love is Robert Young.

A Western in Technicolor, *Western Union* is beautifully and expensively produced, and it is magnificently directed by Fritz Lang. There is an even mingling of romance and adventure, a very tense and exciting gun battle, and good comedy situations provide relief.

Randy Scott has one of his best roles to date and comes through with flying colors. Virginia Gilmore, Hollywood neophyte, is talented and pretty. Barton MacLane is good as a heavy and Dean Jagger's virile role is well done. Comedy is supplied by Slim Summerville and Chill Wills. John Carradine, the camp surgeon, gives his usual splendid performance.

MR. AND MRS. SMITH ★★★

RKO-Radio

■ The opening scene of *Mr. and Mrs. Smith* will floor you. It did Bob Montgomery—who sits on the three-days-dish-littered-floor sulkingly "eating his curds and whey," while Ma Smith (also known as Ma Gable) reclines in an over-sized satin-trimmed four poster. Pa and Ma have an agreement between them, to wit: Neither member is to leave the bedroom after a spat without first making up. These delightful brawls, it is brought out, have been known to last as long as eight days!

This unique angle is well established when suddenly things really start popping

CROSSWORD PUZZLE SOLUTION

R	O	G	E	R	S		L	I	T	T	L	E	
O		I		N	O	L	A	N		H		U	
B	A	R	K		N	O	W		B	I	N	G	
E		L	A	D		R		W	A	S		E	
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T	O	M		M		E		I		A	R	E	
	R	A	L	P	H		E	D	D	I	E		
F	A	N		L		A		L		R	E	D	
O	N		B	E	E	C	H	E	R		S	O	
S		H	I	S		T		R	U	S		T	
T	H	A	T		T	O	T		N	O	A	H	
E		M		T	H	R	E	E		B		A	
R	O	S	C	O	E		N	E	L	S	O	N	

THIS NOSE-OPENER IS AN EYE-OPENER

• • • a mighty pleasant surprise. Just sniff a whiff of these cooling, refreshing medicated vapors, and biff those cold-clogged misseries out of the way. You'll feel a lot better as sure as you breathe. Be sure you get the genuine—



WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

THIS VALUABLE BOOK FREE



LEARN CARTOONING AT HOME IN SPARE TIME

Send for this FREE book containing money-making tips, cartooning charts, idea creating methods, list of cartoon buyers, and other valuable information. Read about the money-making opportunities in one of the most fascinating of all professions—CARTOONING. With this booklet we will include a complete portfolio describing our easy Course in Cartooning and explaining our new Marionette Method of Instruction. We will also tell you how to get the Cartoonists' Exchange Laugh Finder FREE of extra cost. This amazing device actually helps create and originate humorous ideas. Send name at once and mention your age.

CARTOONISTS' EXCHANGE
Dept. 294, Pleasant Hill, Ohio

Could Henry VIII Have Had Stomach Acid Pains?

History tells how Henry VIII would gorge himself with food and suffer afterward. Don't ignore your sufferings. Try a 25c box of Udga for relief of stomach acid pains, indigestion, gas pains, heartburn, burning sensation, bloat and other conditions caused by excess acid. Udga Tablets must help you or your money will be promptly refunded. At drug stores everywhere.

Marvel



At DRUG COUNTERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

FREE BOOKLET—The Marve Co., 414 East St., New Haven, Conn.

HOLLYWOOD Perfume LOCKET 1¢



Just to get acquainted, I will send you smart, new, beautifully embossed Hollywood Perfume Locket for only 1¢ with every set of 4, full size Hollywood Stars glamorous perfume,—Passionata, First Night, Bittersweet and Carnival,—ordered now at my introductory price of $1. Simply put this romantic perfume in secret compartment of Hollywood Locket then allure friends and admirers. SEND NO MONEY, just name and address. Your Locket and Perfume comes at once on 10 Days Money-back guarantee.

ANN THOMPSON, Dept. 309-L Jefferson, Iowa.

around the Smith household. The justice of the peace who performed the Smith ceremony shatters their heretofore comparatively peaceful life by informing them that their three-year-marriage is not legal. Mrs. Smith and Bob's legal partner (Gene Raymond) fix things up brown for hubby who teases wifey along and purposely neglects to suggest legalizing their union.

Bob Montgomery's deft handling of the misunderstood husband is superb. Carole Lombard returns to her former screen antics and executes the familiar Lombard contortions in admirable fashion. Gene Raymond makes his return screen debut in *Mr. and Mrs. Smith* with a new dye job. The improvement of his darkened locks, however, does not accomplish any improvement in Gene's acting technique.

Hilarity is rampant in this mad comedy of domesticated love. Its risque banter and intimate intrigue will evoke the *double entendres* Director Alfred Hitchcock intended.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith is a good antidote for the country's current day war jitters.

Miniature Reviews

★★★★

THE GREAT DICTATOR (United Artists) Cast: *Charles Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, Jack Oakie.* Entertaining satire on Hitler and Mussolini. Chaplin is at his best in the old Chaplinesque comic antics, but is less effective in the serious scenes. Jack Oakie also proves his artistry as a comedian. Excellent supporting cast.

THE LETTER (Warner Brothers) Cast: *Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, James Stephenson, Gale Sondergaard.* An artistic and well done tale of tragedy in which Miss Davis gives a top-notch performance. She is well supported by the splendid characterizations of Mr. Marshall as her husband and Mr. Stephenson as her attorney in the tensely emotional trial for murder.

THE LONG VOYAGE HOME (United Artists) Cast: *John Wayne, Thomas Mitchell, Barry Fitzgerald.* Powerful tale of men of the sea. Realistic, lusty, sentimental and beautiful, it contains terrific scenes of storms and bomber attacks. Members of the cast give unforgettable characterizations. This is a highly specialized type of film which will *not* appeal to popular box office.

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) Cast: *Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, James Stewart, Ruth Hussey, John Howard, Virginia Weidler, Roland Young, John Halliday, Mary Nash.* In the riotous 24 hours before her second marriage, a Philadelphia society girl (Miss Hepburn) finds herself involved with three men and some amazing situations. She learns a lot about herself and provides you with some of the best entertainment of the year.

★★★½

KITTY FOYLE (RKO) Cast: *Ginger Rogers, Dennis Morgan, James Craig, Ernest Cossart, Odette Myrtil.* This is a psychological story of a young "white-collar" girl who loved a man who was tied to his wealthy family's purse strings. Christopher Morley wrote the best-selling novel, and it is now an excellent moving picture.

NORTH WEST MOUNTED POLICE (Paramount) Cast: *Gary Cooper, Madeleine Carroll, Paulette Goddard, Preston Foster, Lynne Overman, Akim Tamiroff, Bob Preston.* An adventure film with Cooper as a Texas Ranger, Madeleine as a nurse, Paulette as a half-breed vixen, and Bob and Preston as "mounties." Innumerable fist fights and gun fights. In Technicolor, too.

SANTA FE TRAIL (Warner Bros.) Cast: *Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Ronald Reagan, Bill Lundigan, Van Heflin, Raymond Massey.* A pioneer picture centering around the fanatical John Brown, foe of slavery. The film races ahead at a breathless pace and contains lots of hard riding and gun fighting. Massey's portrayal of John Brown is truly magnificent.

VICTORY (Paramount) Cast: *Fredric March, Betty Field, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Jerome Cowan, Lionel Royce.* A gripping presentation of Joseph Conrad's novel, full of emotion, drama and suspense. The plot is centered around a handful of characters so colorful that each individual characterization is awe-inspiring.

★★★

ARIZONA (Columbia) Cast: *Jean Arthur, William Holden, Warren William, Porter Hall.* Jean Arthur, tomboy, swaggers through the film with verve and gusto. Otherwise, it is slow-moving and too long, and exciting scenes are few and far between.

FLIGHT COMMAND (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) Cast: *Robert Taylor, Walter Pidgeon, Ruth Hussey, Paul Kelly.* This is a moving story of life in the Navy Air Corps. There is action, suspense, heroism. The sky photography is excellent.

HUDSON'S BAY (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Paul Muni, Gene Tierney, Laird Cregar, John Sutton, Virginia Field, Vincent Price, Nigel Bruce.* A brilliantly directed story with suspense, splendid characterizations and beautiful scenic photography. Muni is at his best.

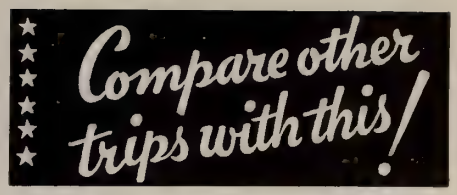
ONE NIGHT IN THE TROPICS (Universal) Cast: *Allan Jones, Bob Cummings, Nancy Kelly, Peggy Moran, Bud Abbott, Lou Costello.* A light, romantic comedy with hilarious complications, plus the comedy team of Bud Abbott and Lou Costello. Not a spectacular production by any means, but enjoyable because of its fast tempo.

SEVEN SINNERS (Universal) Cast: *Marlene Dietrich, John Wayne, Broderick Crawford, Billy Gilbert, Oscar Homolka, Albert Dekker.* Marlene, in a South Sea Island setting, gives a vivid and outstanding interpretation of a colorful cafe entertainer who does things to the stalwart hearts of American naval officers.

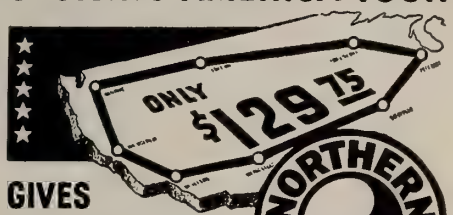
THIS THING CALLED LOVE (Columbia) Cast: *Rosalind Russell, Melvyn Douglas, Allyn Joslyn, Gloria Dickson.* A riotous comedy, full of intrigue and risque banter. The hilarity never once lets down, and although the picture is a long one, it seems short because of the speed of action, fine suspense and daring dialogue.



This season it's cutaways! Virginia Bruce, appearing in Columbia's *Senate Page Boys*, models a severely-tailored plaid suit with the popular new cutaway jacket



CRUISING AMERICA TOUR



GIVES YOU 2,000 Mile Scenic Northern Pacific Route ★ Gates of the Mountains—Montana Rockies ★ Yakima-Sunrise Detour—Rainier National Park ★ Cruise over Puget Sound to Victoria, B. C. ★ Hotel stopovers in Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles ★ Sight-seeing trips in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Hollywood ★ A full day in Grand Canyon National Park ★ 5,573 miles by train ★ 180 miles by steamer ★ 500 miles by motor ★ 2 weeks of house party fun—new friendships.

All for only $129.75—in air-conditioned coaches, round trip from Chicago or Twin Cities. All expenses except a few meals included! It's the bargain of bargains in thrills, sights, change, pleasure, *vacation!* Send for free picture folder to . . .

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NORTH COAST LIMITED



GUARANTEED JEWELRY
Solid sterling silver Birthstone Ring; or lovely 13 set sparkling Dinner Ring; or All-Occasion Ring with simulated Ruby and 8 brilliant marcasites; your choice, FOR selling 4 boxes of Rosebud Salve at 25c each. Order 4 salve. Send No Money.
ROSEBUD PERFUME CO, BOX 41, WOODSBORO, MARYLAND.

"Angela" Bras* by BESTFORM

59¢ UP

Skillfully cut — beautifully made! They raise, separate the bosom into high, youthful contours!

(Sketched: *Angela* 6174)



BESTFORM—*"The Quality Favorite"*

Write for leaflet "B" showing it in three-figure types (for small, average and large bust).
* Design Pat. D-120308

BESTFORM FOUNDATIONS, INC., 358 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 19]

■ Bill Gargan has hung up his boots and saddles until the backlash of his latest and greatest exploit of horsemanship dies down.

Around Palm Springs he has been luxuriating for the past couple years in his reputation as a caballero and his frontier costumes are reminiscent of William S. Hart at the height of his glory.

All togged out in his Number Six cowboy suit Bill went out for a ride on the desert. At noon he paused and took his lunch out of a saddle-bag. No sooner had he started his meal than the paper wrapper off a sandwich blew out of his hand, startling the horse.

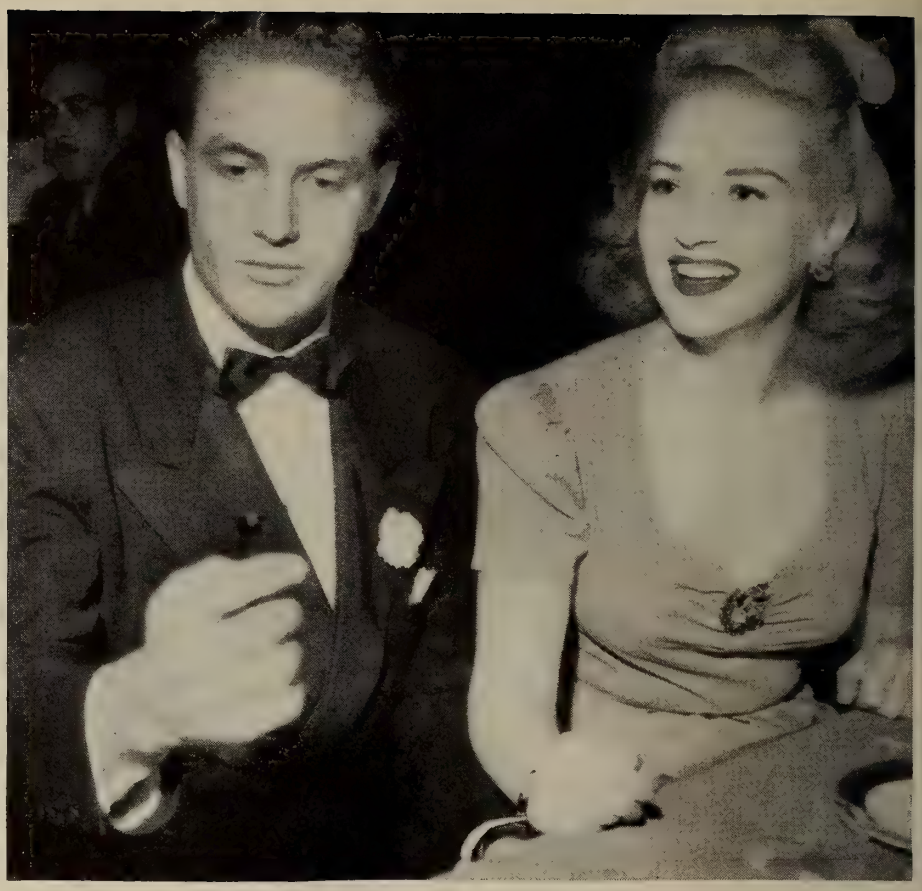
Before Bill could catch the animal it took off at a gallop. Gargan was left high and arid twelve miles from Palm Springs and as many from the nearest road where he might hope to hitch a ride.

He was forced to walk more than ten miles in high-heeled boots until two stable boys in an automobile picked him up within view of the springs.

■ Movie audiences are about to get their first chance to see and hear a screen blow-up.

Up to now these often amusing mistakes in delivery have been seen by only a select few.

Errol Flynn wins the questionable honor of being the first star whose "fluff" will be publicly flaunted.



Popular Betty Grable surprised all the gaping patrons at Ciro's the other evening by trotting in with young Bob Stack. Betty's in *The Great American Broadcast*

During a long scene with Brenda Marshall in *Footsteps in the Dark,* Flynn lost his verbal bearings. He didn't say anything intelligible, just a few lines of double-talk. It was a situation in which Errol, as an erring husband, was trying to alibi himself to his wife.

Director Lloyd Bacon decided to leave it in. "That confused mumbling sound," he decided, "is funnier than the original lines in the script."

■ Republic studios and W. C. Fields are working on a transportation deal that may be vastly profitable for both parties.

Fields, as is well known, likes to have a few bottles handy during production and is the possessor of a complete set of mahogany bar-wagons, each equipped with tiers of decanters, glasses, and a staggering assortment of beverages.

Judy Canova's picture at Republic, *Sis Hopkins,* has a sequence requiring one of those electric trucks that haul baggage around railroad stations. They had the devil's own time getting hold of one. The railroads are too busy to rent them, as they once did, and the company that makes them won't handle any deal except an outright sale.

So the studio is stuck with an outlay of $850 for a truck that will appear on the screen perhaps half a minute. The front office is dickering with Fields to sell him the thing when they're through with it.



The Party of the Month Club entertained at Mocambo for the benefit of the March of Dimes. George Raft is in the center, pulling a string to release the balloons while the guests scramble for them: Joe E. Brown, Ann Miller, Gail Patrick, Virginia Fields, Barbara Brewster, Betty Grable and Carol Landis

NO. 4 IN KARO'S SERIES "THE QUINTUPLETS AS INDIVIDUALS"

Here she is with her favorite toy—*Emilie*, quick of wit, always ready to play a prank, and just as ready to have one played on her. Willy Pogany, noted American artist, who painted the Dionne Quints from life for Karo, says: "Emilie's infectious good humor can turn a rainy afternoon into exciting fun for her sisters."

Emilie is perhaps the most imaginative and spontaneous Quint. She has a nice sense of design, makes lovely sketches and workmanlike models of houses and gardens. She loves brilliant colors, and plenty of them. She works and writes with her left hand. Of all the Quints, Emilie and "Lady" Cecile are perhaps the two least alike. Watch for Cecile's portrait—it comes next!

Emilie's health is superb, on a par with that of Annette, Yvonne, Marie, Cecile. Tribute must be paid to the careful diet which helps to keep these children happy, buoyantly healthy, energetic.



Emilie

Karo presents Emilie—

A Bundle of Mischief

THE QUINTS and millions of children and grown-ups enjoy delicious, wholesome Karo in many, many ways: as a "spread"; as sweetening for fruits and fruit juices, cereals, milk, cocoa and other beverages; as a sauce for puddings and desserts. Yes! Karo merits its title, "America's Table Syrup of Quality".

But *don't* reserve Karo for table use alone. It's a real flavor boon to cooking. This tempting, rich syrup gives everyday foods new interest, new appeal. Try it on baked ham, apples, bananas, pears. Use it in cakes and pie fillings and frostings. It gives frostings smooth, easy-to-cut consistency.

Karo *Waffle* Syrup is a rich new blend! It makes an exciting treat of those old favorites—pancakes, French toast, waffles. Surprise the family with waffles and Karo Waffle Syrup tonight. They'll love the delightful Karo Waffle Syrup flavor—it's *different!* All grocers sell Karo Syrup.



DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE SAYS:

"Karo is the only syrup served the Dionne Quintuplets. Its maltose and dextrose are ideal carbohydrates for growing children."

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LOUISE STANLEY
Chesterfield's Girl of the Month

Chesterfields Ahead Sir!

Ahead for MILDNESS... for BETTER TASTE and COOLER SMOKING

...that's what smokers want these days and Chesterfields are quick to give it with their right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos...They Satisfy.

Everywhere you look you see those friendly white packages...it's the smoker's cigarette.

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HOLLYWOOD

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MAY

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PERIODICAL DIVISION



HEDY LAMARR
in a scene from
"ZIEGFELD GIRL"

ARE SIN AND SEX HOLLYWOOD'S REAL TEMPTATIONS?

A Frank Answer By Cecil B. De Mille

BE AN AMERICAN



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They begged for introductions— but no one took her home!





Yet Ellen could be popular, if she'd remember... Mum Every Day Guards Charm!

THE MUSIC was sparkling—the man adorable—the evening started out divinely. Ellen at the start was ringed with admirers, she had the stag line at her beck and call. "Who is this lovely girl?" they asked and begged for introductions. But one by one her partners drifted away—drifted and never came back.

Long before the last strains of the last waltz Ellen went home in tears—*alone.* One simple, unforgivable fault can ruin a girl's evening—yes, and even romance.

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A touch of Mum under your arms—after your bath or before you dress—keeps your bath freshness lingering all day or all evening long. Remember your bath only cares for *past perspiration* but Mum prevents risk of *odor to come.* And Mum is so gentle, so safe and so sure that more women use it than any other deodorant.

MUM IS QUICK! Just smooth Mum on... it takes only 30 seconds and you're through, and you have Mum's lasting protection for hours to come.

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MUM IS SURE! Hours after you've used Mum, underarms are still fresh. Without stopping perspiration, Mum guards against risk of underarm odor all day or all evening long. Get a jar of Mum from your druggist today. Use it every day...always!

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APR 14 1941

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The greatest star of the screen!

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★ ★ ★ ★

It will blend the golden laughter and tears of April, as in William Watson's poem.

★ ★ ★ ★

In September, 1938, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—conversationally called M-G-M—decided that the world should know more about Father Flanagan and his famous home for homeless boys of all faiths. Result—"Boystown".

★ ★ ★ ★

It was one of the five most successful pictures ever produced. There were letters from the public. There was a demand for more.



And so with time and care a new great hit was created—a worthy sequel—a successful successor.

★ ★ ★ ★

Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney are together again.

★ ★ ★ ★

Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney are Father Flanagan and Whitey Marsh again!

★ ★ ★ ★

Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney are wonderful again in "Men of Boystown"!

★ ★ ★ ★

The original screen play by James K. McGuinness was directed by Norman Taurog, produced by John Considine.

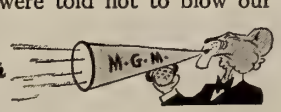
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Time is the master critic and Time has awarded every medal and trophy to M-G-M, the master of entertainment.

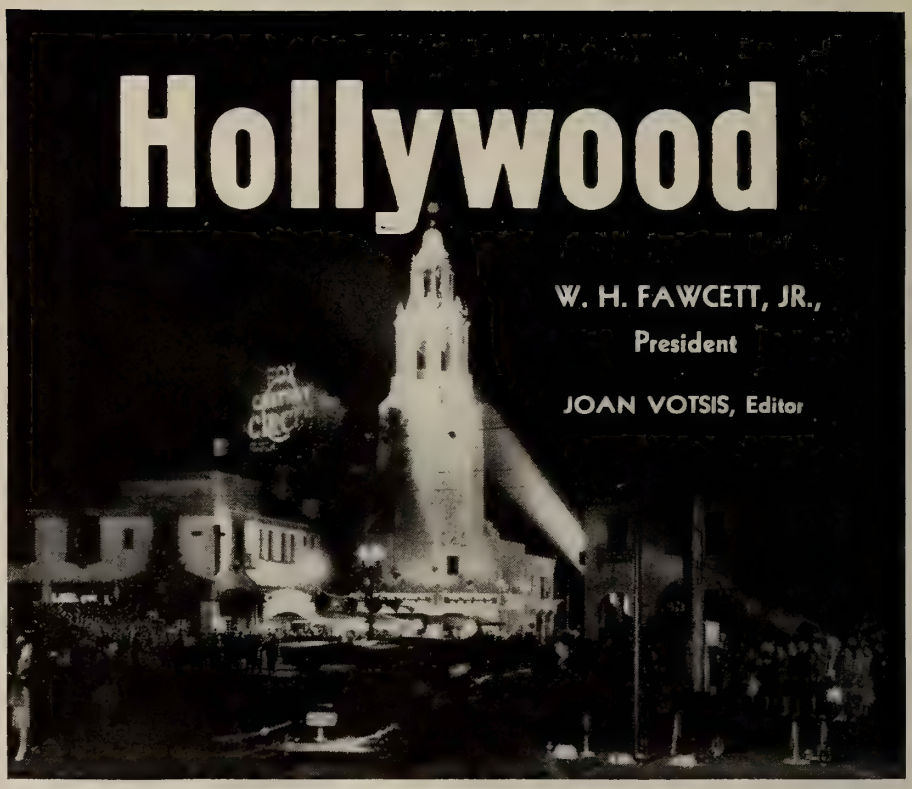
★ ★ ★ ★

Sorry. We were told not to blow our own horn.

— Leo



Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*



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BOBS WATSON · DARRYL HICKMAN · MARY NASH
LARRY NUNN · HENRY O'NEILL · LEE J. COBB

Original Screen Play by
James Kevin McGuinness

Directed by Norman Taurog

Produced by JOHN W. CONSIDINE, JR.



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The old witch put the beautiful princess to sleep before she had time to open her new package of Dentyne (that chewing gum with the truly royal flavor).

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"Mm—say, it's good!" said the prince, "extra chewy, too."

"Especially made that way," the princess explained, "to give your mouth the exercise it needs, and to help keep teeth free from tartar and decay. Your dentist will tell you so."

"Smart girl," cried the prince. "Will you be my queen?"

Moral: You'll enjoy a royal flavor-treat when you taste fresh delicious Dentyne. And you'll like its smart handy *flavortite* package.

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HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE... MOUTH HEALTHY

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By DUNCAN UNDERHILL

■ Chief among the 1941 Academy Award winners whose name does not appear on the official honors list is your present correspondent, who won an Oscar for perpetrating the outstanding bonehead play of the year.

In the interests of her millions of fans he arranged to interview Miss Carole Lombard. A rendezvous was promised in a quiet sitting room on a side street in Beverly Hills for a certain Thursday. The hour, the date and the place were as clear as a blue-print in his mind. He thought.

The momentous day arrived. Your correspondent, methodical as ever, leaped into his motor car well ahead of schedule and went charging along the palm-fringed boulevards at a legal but unremitting pace.

One of the main difficulties arose at this point. Instead of charging off in a southerly direction, toward Beverly Hills, where Miss Lombard was dutifully awaiting him, he went charging off in a northerly direction which led him eventually to Universal City.

Arrived at this thriving little municipality, he committed the second error of the day, which was to forward a message to Miss Marlene Dietrich (no relation to Miss Carole Lombard) that he would await her in the commissary of Universal Studios for luncheon. Thereupon he went into the commissary, sat down with an air of joint proprietorship and awaited with pleasant expectancy the arrival of *The Flame of New Orleans.*

Word trickled through from time to time that Miss Dietrich was leaving Stage 9, that Miss Dietrich was momentarily in her dressing room, and that Miss Dietrich was on her way to a sound recording room. The delay was a trifle vexing to your man but he took it with good grace until a flash from the front arrived to the effect that Miss Dietrich did not recall having any engagement with him.

Just as he was working up a good medium-sized huff, Miss Dietrich arrived in a swirl of charm and announced with refreshing bluntness:

"Your appointment was not with me. It was with Carole Lombard. She has been waiting for you since 12 o'clock."

At this point your reporter was overtaken by a blackout. When he emerged from it he discovered that Miss Dietrich had telephoned Miss Lombard and, acting as counsel for the defense, had succeeded in making a satisfactory display of his meatheadedness.

Personal nominees for good sportsmanship Oscars: Marlene Dietrich and Carole Lombard.

■ A few months ago we were telling you about Marjorie Deane, the extra

[*Continued on page* 8]



Hollywood goes berserk with elaborate fashions! The five beauties shown here are fashion models in the 20th Century-Fox film, *That Night in Rio.* They are: Marion Rosamond, Poppy Wilde, Bonnie Bannon, Roseanne Murray and Monica Bannister


LAUGHING, FIGHTING, LOVING
their way into your heart!
William A. Wellman, Producer of "Beau Geste," brings you three modern musketeers in a rousing, rollicking romance that hits straight at the heart with a wallop!
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JOEL McCREA
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"REACHING FOR THE SUN"
with
Eddie Bracken • Albert Dekker • Billy Gilbert
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girl who wanted a husband. The assets she offered a prospective bridegroom were a fully furnished house, money in the bank, musical talent and a beauteous face and figure.

Since then things have been happening to the girl, although not in a matrimonial way. Her screen career having bogged down temporarily, she turned to business pursuits to fill in the time. Answering an advertisement, she got the agency for an Eastern shirt and hosiery mill.

Ninety days later she was employing forty salesmen. The news about her this week is that she has had to hire an office manager so she can accept the minor role of a singing secretary in *Kiss the Boys Goodbye*.

Movie acting is her real love and will remain so until the right man comes along. Or she gets elected president of the United States Steel Corporation.

■ Lou Costello, the squat member of the team of Abbott and Costello, currently knocking down the nation's box-offices in *Buck Privates*, used to have a political hero when he was the chief problem child of Public School 15 in Paterson, N. J. Lou's idol was the explosive congressman from New York, Fiorello H. LaGuardia, who quit his legislative seat to serve as an Air Corps major in 1917.

At that time Lou weighed a quick 95 pounds. Today he weighs 195 and resembles LaGuardia, now mayor of New York City, so closely that the two have worked up a switched-identity gag.

When they meet in New York, the mayor greets Costello, "Hello, Mr. Mayor." And Lou replies, "Hello, Costello."

■ Stunt women couldn't be had at any price during one day's shooting of *Las Vegas Nights*. Every one of Hollywood's fourteen qualified daredevil-damsels was working in the picture.

The stunts they were required to perform were to wear Western costumes, dance with cowboys and drink Scotch and sodas at the bar of a replica of the famous Nevada Club.

Every stunt girl in town is an authentic Western type (one was born in Cambridge, Mass.) and the director wanted genuine Western-style performers.

The added flavor cost an added $335 in salaries.

■ Charles Butterworth, a great devotee of sun-tan, left the Republic studio late on a Saturday afternoon for Palm Springs, where he spent the best part of Sunday exposing his wan figure to actinic rays.

[*Continued on page* 10]



The very talented John Carroll and the lovely English actress, Anna Neagle, are shown in a romantic mood in a scene from the new RKO musical comedy, *Sunny*



BETTE DAVIS

will appear soon in her stunning new triumph

The Great LIE

GEO. BRENT

Her co-star of 'Dark Victory' and 'The Old Maid' in the Warner Bros. drama that magnificently surpasses both!

MARY ASTOR
LUCILE WATSON • HATTIE McDANIEL
Screen Play by Lenore Coffee • From a Novel by Polan Banks • Music by Max Steiner
Directed by EDMUND GOULDING

Note to all
BETTE DAVIS FAN CLUBS:
My thanks to every one of you for the wonderful things you have written me about 'The Letter'. I appreciate it deeply.
Bette Davis



DON'T BE LIKE ANNE! *Anne doesn't realize what attracts men . . . that elusive something called femininity, typified in "the fragrance of youth." So, Anne sits at home.*



CHERAMY PERFUMER

April Showers talcum



MEN LOVE "THE FRAGRANCE OF YOUTH"

Due at the studio at 8 in the morning, he set out from the Springs early Sunday evening. On the way his car developed motor trouble and by the time he could stir up a mechanic most of the night was gone. He arrived at the studio with just enough time to climb into his costume.

As he walked on the set Director Joe Santley told him his first scene would be in a bedroom and would show him preparing to retire for the evening.

Butterworth took a look at the inviting bed and said:

"Don't bother to direct me, Joe. I can do this scene in my sleep."

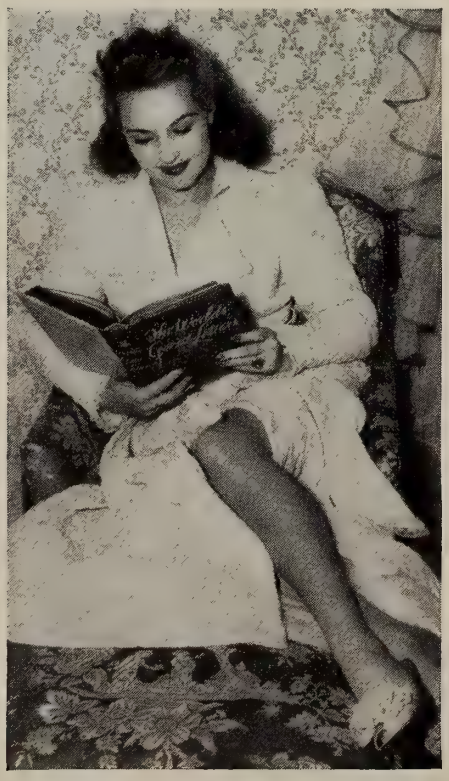
■ An idea-man as well as an actor, Dean Jagger hit on what he thought was a great exploitation stunt for his latest picture.

He strolled into the front office and suggested it would be great publicity if Twentieth Century-Fox invited every man in every city and town in the country who had ever been a Western Union messenger to see the picture *Western Union* without charge.

A studio master-mind thought it would be a good idea to check with Western Union before considering the idea further. The telegraph company reported that its records were not complete but that it had the names and addresses of 1,000,000 former messenger boys. In Los Angeles alone there are 23,000, including Gene Autry, George Bancroft and Hugh Herbert.

Mr. Jagger, somewhat deflated, went back to his make-up box.

■ The Hays Office is having its monthly apoplectic fit about strip-teasing.



In between scenes of her new film, *Miami*, Betty Grable, the gal with the lovely stems, relaxes with a current best-seller



Looking up to Brian Aherne is precious Baby Sandy Henville. They're on set of Universal's *The Man Who Lost Himself*

This time it's Judy Canova, the homespun hill-billy impersonating *Sis Hopkins*, whose torso-unveiling is under scrutiny.

The shooting script called for a strip-tease sequence during a sorority initiation. The Hays Office ruling is that there can be no undue bodily exposure unless it is an integral and indispensable part of the plot.

The writers went into executive brainstorm and emerged with a solution. Judy will wear an ordinary evening dress but she will do no stripping. Instead, the dress will strip itself off Judy. Susan Hayward, impersonating her m e a n i e cousin, will pull a thread and Judy's gyrations to the tune of "Some of These Days" will do the rest.

The end result will be the same, except that the cops come in before the damage is irreparable. Whether they will be Hays Office cops has not been made clear.

■ Isabel Lownsbery, a twenty-two-year-old secretary at the Auto Club of Southern California, turns out to be Hollywood's best sport of the current season.

Before the release of *Back Street*, Universal Studios conducted a contest in a Los Angeles newspaper, offered a prize of $100 for the best letter explaining Charles Boyer's popularity with women.

Miss Lownsbery won. When she arrived at the studio to receive the prize, she made a counter-offer.

"If Mr. Boyer will take me to lunch, I will donate the $100 to the Warm Springs Foundation," she said.

The proposal was relayed to Boyer, who

[*Continued on page* 12]

NOW-RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME-HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY CARE!



Lux Soap ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS are *quick, easy* and they *WORK!*

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Starlet Peggy Diggins, recent Hollywood newcomer, poses for some "cheesecake"

was vacationing in New York. He accepted it at once.

No millionairess, good sport Lownsbery left the check in the company safe, to be endorsed after the Boyer luncheon.

■ When Roy Harris, a new contract player, reported for work at Universal, he was asked to supply some colorful incidents in his life for the official studio biography.

He handed over a copy of a new novel, *The Inheritors,* by Philip Atlee. Harris is the chief character in the book, which tells of his flaming youth in West Texas.

■ Rita Hayworth doesn't quite know whether she likes getting the bum's rush out of her own house.

She and husband Ed Judson are building a new place more in keeping with Rita's newly-won star rank and have advertised their Westwood villa for sale for several weeks.

A bright young real estate salesman rang the doorbell one morning and asked permission to try to sell the place. Rita told him to go ahead.

When she returned that evening the guy was still on the front porch, this time with a down payment clutched in his hand.

"They want immediate occupancy, so I told 'em you'd move right out," the boy wonder said as he deducted his commission and walked out of Rita's life.

■ Rouben Mamoulian, directing *Blood and Sand* with Tyrone Power, is having his troubles with old Spanish customs and durable Hollywood legends.

For the part of a mourner he was inspired to seek out the famous "Woman in Black" who every year places flowers at the Rudolph Valentino shrine in Hollywood cemetery. She would remain anonymous, the director decided, playing only in a death scene that climaxes the picture and wearing her veil.

He broadcast an invitation for the mys-

[*Continued on page* 16]



Pretty Pat Lane, star of Warners' *Miss Wheelright Discovers America,* leans precariously over a set bannister for a little eavesdropping. Ronald Reagan is her co-star

1941's GREAT GLAMOUR-MUSICAL...

THE SHOW OF YOUR DREAMS!

• From the studio that gave you "Tin Pan Alley" and "Down Argentine Way"!

Alice **FAYE**

Don **AMECHE**

Carmen **MIRANDA**

in

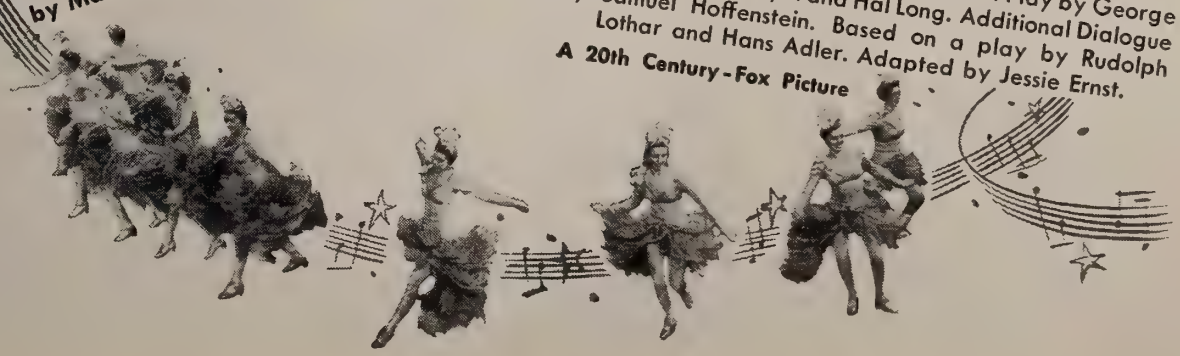
"That Night in Rio"

IN TECHNICOLOR!

IT'S GAY!
IT'S ROMANTIC!
IT'S MUSICAL!... the South American Way!

Hit songs—

"I'yi, Yi, Yi, Yi" (I Like You Very Much)
"Chica, Chica, Boom, Chic"
"Boa Noite" (Good Night)
"They Met In Rio"
"The Baron Is In Conference"
by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren



S. Z. SAKALL • *with* J. CARROL NAISH
CURT BOIS • LEONID KINSKEY

Directed by Irving Cummings

Associate Producer Fred Kohlmar. Screen Play by George Seaton, Bess Meredyth and Hal Long. Additional Dialogue by Samuel Hoffenstein. Based on a play by Rudolph Lothar and Hans Adler. Adapted by Jessie Ernst.

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

The Strange Hussey

By HELEN HOVER

It's the strangest thing about Ruth Hussey.

Here is a girl who thinks that false eyelashes belong on ma-ma dolls, that her romantic divertissements are her own business and that there is nothing sillier than for a girl to pose in a cutie-cutie picture wearing a bathing suit and a fur muff.

And where does she end up? In a school-room? Sorting books on a library shelf? Behind a pair of horn-rimmed specs? Not on your life, silly. She ends up in Hollywood a movie star and a Ciro-trotter and just this side of being a first-rate glamour girl.

This Hussey girl is a paradox. She is as dignified as her name is not. She is New England and slightly prim in her ways, but her idea of the most fun is getting dressed up in low-cut evening clothes and staying up late. She admits to leaning toward the college professor type in the way of beaux, and she looks the type but the man who owns her heart is Rafael Hakim, a cosmopolitan French producer who swings a mean rhumba.

Ruth, who was admired by Robert Taylor in *Flight Command* and was almost jilted by Jimmy Stewart for Katy Hepburn in *The Philadelphia Story* is an act of Providence, Rhode Island. You can tell this when you visit her at her home. She is neat, well-groomed, crisp. She looks like the sort of girl who folds her things and keeps them in place. She does. Her house is a simple New England colonial. Planted smack in the middle of Hollywood's more recklessly designed domains, it stands out like a starched white collar.

She has unshatterable poise and a calmly aloof attitude which is broken by a quiet sense of humor which is always delivered with a subtle finesse. Recently, she was introduced to a middle-aged woman at a party. The woman asked, "I'm sorry, my dear, but I didn't quite get your last name."

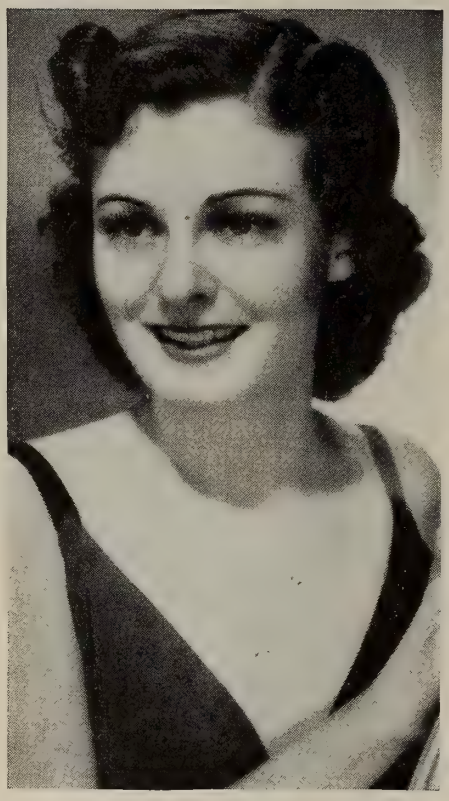
Ruth is used to that. People never can believe that name. "It's just," she said, "what you think it *isn't*."

People never cease to be shocked over her name. When she was first signed by M-G-M to her maiden picture contract, there was a plan to change it. Hussey, the studio thought, seemed to imply things. Ruth looked a studio executive straight in the face and asked, "Why should I change my name?"

The executive turned red and floundered. "Well, that name seems to suggest er-er—"

"Suggest what?" persisted the unflustered Miss H. He couldn't answer that without letting himself in for something so the argument was ended. Ruth remained a Hussey and no one seems to get the wrong idea of her once they meet her.

It is said that 99 out of 100 American girls dream of being movie stars when they grow up. Ruth is the 100th. Not that she balked when Fate, in the person of jovial Bill Grady, talent scout of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, handed her a contract after he had seen her in a road show of *Dead End* in Los Angeles. She didn't swoon either or yelp "Eureka."



Ruth Hussey's a Bachelor of Philosophy and a glamour-girl, rolled up in one. She is in M-G-M's film, *Free and Easy*

Instead, in that quiet voice of hers she asked, "May I read that contract first, please?"

Dumbfounded, Mr. Grady handed her the contract. No objection to reading it, you understand, but whoever heard of a girl, given her first movie break, being so cool and detached about the darned thing, instead of scratching her name on it before the studio could change its mind.

Ruth read the contract—every single word—and heaven above, understood all the involved legal rigamarole. When she was through, she attached a note and wrote two questions in her neat handwriting:

1. "Will I have to pose in leg art?"
2. "Can I marry any time I wish and have a baby?"

When she was told no on the first and yes on the second, she signed her name.

Ruth explains her casual attitude, "I just never imagined myself a motion picture actress. I always pictured myself working for about $50 a week, feeding my pets in my neat little home and saving about $10 a week."

This calmness, this down-to-earth horse sense springs from Ruth's orderly New England background. She is Scotch, Irish, English and Yankee. She comes of a good, substantial Providence family and has a Yankee conception of morals and independence that Hollywood will never be able to shake.

Ruth went to Pembroke College and puttered around with dramatics, just because it seemed like fun. She had no thought of being an actress. There hasn't been an actress in the Hussey clan for generations, and there was little in Ruth's personality to make anyone think that she would tackle that volatile profession.

After graduation, she went to Boston and took a business course. Then she tried almost everything but bareback riding. She did secretarial work, sold in a dress shop, wrote radio scripts, did fashion commentating on a small radio station, took extra-curricular college courses and ended up with a Bachelor of Philosophy degree. And so, with that hodge-podge of experience our little heroine quite naturally ended up as an actress in summer stock.

From there she did small parts in the touring companies of the successful Broadway shows, but never appeared on the Broadway stage.

Then came a part in the travelling edition of *Dead End*. It wasn't much of a part as parts go. The show played Los Angeles and opening night everything went flat. There was something wrong with the acoustics and Ruth's voice didn't travel past the first row.

She had an unvirile role, that of a sappy Sutton Place girl; she looked dowdy and bulky. Her hair was long and coiled in an unwieldly bun on her neck; she was heavy and she hadn't learned how to make her prim little New England mouth look sexy.

Consequently, when Billy Grady's neat business card travelled from the first row to her dressing room, she thought there was a mistake.

No, it wasn't a mistake, the astute Mr. Grady told her later. She had something. It wasn't S. A. or Oomph or anything like that. She had a beautiful speaking voice, an unsurpassable poise and a nice way of holding her head on her body. About the hair and the extra weight and the lips and all that, the Hollywood beauty experts could fix her up in no time. They did. They cut off her long hair and now, brief and curled around her face, she looks impish. She went on a diet and did some things in a gym suit and her figure is good enough to make a bathing-suit art layout, only Miss Hussey doesn't like such hanky-panks. Designer Adrian and the makeup men took care of the other incidentals. However, in spite of this mass attack, Ruth has still maintained her individuality.

Most starlets, new to Hollywood, manage to be made over to look either like Carole Lombard (if they're blond) or like Hedy Lamarr (if they're brunette). Ruth Hussey looks like no one but Ruth Hussey.

END



The continuous use of Dura-Gloss will make your fingernails more beautiful!



Be coy, coquette! But let the incandescent beauty of your fingernails blaze out the story of your allure, your exquisite, fastidious charm! Give your fingernails this boon—the flashing loveliness of gem-like lustrous color—give your fingernails the boon of **Dura-Gloss**, the easy-onflow, durable, longer-lasting nail polish created for the most beautiful fingernails in the world! **Dura-Gloss** costs only ten cents, a thrifty dime, yet it is as perfect a polish as can possibly be made! See for yourself—try, buy **Dura-Gloss** today!

Put on **Dura-Gloss**
GONE are the bumps and ridges
from your nails

10¢

DURA-GLOSS

THE DIFFERENCE between NAIL POLISHES

Other polishes put color on your nails, but DURA-GLOSS imparts to them a gleam of brilliance — a LIFE and LUSTER — that you get only from DURA-GLOSS' *new nail polish formula.* Never before have you been able to get such remarkable, jewel-like brilliance in any nail polish. You, too, can have the *most beautiful fingernails in the world.* Don't be satisfied with less—don't delay. Get DURA-GLOSS. **Use it. It makes your nails beautiful.**

THE TIP-OFF ON A BIG PICTURE



"SIS HOPKINS" is a-comin' to TOWN! And who but JUDY CANOVA, the beloved "JENNY LIND of the Ozarks" COULD be the Sis Hopkins of 1941? IT'LL be the screamiest thing on CELLULOID, since Mabel Normand DID IT y'ars ago in the "Silents." THIS famous stage classic comes TO TOWN rip-roarin' with laughter AND ZIP as Judy streamlines it FOR you with new fits and fittin's... BRINGING joy to your heart and LAUGHTER to your ribs will be BOB CROSBY and his orchestra



WITH the Bobcats, CHARLEY Butterworth JERRY Colonna KATHERINE Alexander SUSAN Haywood. YOUR local theatre manager WILL let you roll in the aisles ENTIRELY unmolested and medical TREATMENT will be provided WITHOUT charge for patrons DEVELOPING uncontrollable HYSTERIA. It is your big chance TO GET troubles off your mind AND giggle-bees in your bonnet. WATCH your local paper for THE OPENING date of "SIS HOPKINS" starring funny JUDY CANOVA. It's...

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

[*Continued from page 12*]



Lana Turner and Tony Martin continue their romance under the watchful eye of Felix Young, one of the genial proprietors of Hollywood's newest night spot, Mocambo

tery woman to appear at Twentieth Century-Fox. Promptly seventeen veiled women turned up.

Mamoulian called the whole thing off.

As a matter of history the Woman in Black was an extra girl who worked in a movie short called *The Other Side of Hollywood*. After the film was released, various impressionable women copied her gesture of making an annual pilgrimage to the Valentino shrine.

For Mamoulian's information all seventeen of his applicants were phonies.

On location in Mexico City, the *Blood and Sand* company was tripped up by the slumbrous institution called the fiesta.

As per local custom, the native crew insisted upon quitting every day at 1 o'clock and resting until 3:30. Since the effective sunlight expired at 4 that meant that every afternoon was shot to pieces. The director offered overtime rates for the two and a half hours. No dice.

A whole day of valuable sunlight was lost on the very first bullfight scene. Mamoulian was ready for action. He signalled for the cameras to roll. Nothing happened. The toreador and his staff remained motionless.

An interpreter came running up to announce that Tyrone Power had ruined everything.

"But he hasn't done anything," Mamoulian protested.

"Look!" the interpreter demanded pointing at a flower in Tyrone's buttonhole. "It's a chrysanthemum. It's the flower of death. No one ever wears it in the bull ring."

The bullfighters would not risk fate after such an omen so the company folded up for the day.

A few days later, toward the climax of the bullfighting sequence, Mamoulian invited the populace to come out and witness—and also to take part in—the filming of a movie. A mere 30,000 responded.

Before the shooting started Mamoulian's translator made a speech over the public



Brenda Marshall and Bill Holden, reportedly engaged, enjoy Hollywood chit-chat with Director Irving Rapper and actor Donald Crisp at a recent party at Ciro's

address system asking the crowd to behave as it would at an actual bullfight. If Power performed well, the spectators were to applaud. If he erred, they were to hiss and boo.

The director took his cues from the mob and re-shot the scenes they didn't like. It was the first time any picture has had 30,000 technical directors.

■ Anybody ever hear a planet explode? If so, please step forward and reproduce the sound it made.

Max Fleischer, the big cartoon man, is down in Miami producing an animated movie of the life and times of *Superman*, the monstrous fictional character of the newspaper strips.

In the opening scenes in the *Superman* movie the planet Krypton hauls off and explodes. Only *Superman*, in his trusty rocket ship, escapes.



After strenuous dramatic scenes in *The Sea Wolf*, John Garfield, Ida Lupino and Eddie Robinson relax with some hijinks

Nobody ever heard a planet explode, so the answer to what it sounds like is anybody's guess. Fleischer thinks, naturally, that it ought to be pretty gigantic, but doesn't believe it should be gigantic enough to burst the audience's eardrums.

Dave Fleischer, director of the production, votes for a combination of heavy gunfire, an earthquake, and an apple breaking in two. He has listened with awe to the hollow crunching sound of an apple coming apart and believes that that effect, multiplied, is about it.

Meanwhile, the Fleischer minds are open. If you think you know the kind of sound a planet makes when it explodes, write to the Fleischer studios, Miami. There might be a bonus in it.

■ This year's model fraternity girl is five feet seven and weighs 122 pounds, or, as the Duke University chapter of

[*Continued on page* 19]

TANGEE *Red-Red*... ONE OF THE RAREST, LOVELIEST, REDS OF THEM ALL!

AFTER eight long years of research, Tangee RED-RED is ready for you! A pure, clear shade... startling and saucy... RED-RED accents the loveliness of your lips and the whiteness of your teeth.

RED-RED goes on smoothly, *stays* smooth for hours, because it's made with a pure cream base that helps to end that dry, "drawn" feeling. Try it yourself... with the matching rouge and the right shade of Tangee Face Powder.



An Early Start

By ANN VERNON



Bonita Granville's knack for learning beauty tricks at an early age has rewarded her with a clear, smooth skin. She'll soon be seen in M-G-M's *Wild Man of Borneo*

■ The end of the school year can be lots of fun—with its relaxation from discipline, its spring dances and picnics—*if* you can enter into the spirit of things, secure in the knowledge that you're looking your best. But these festivities can be turned into embarrassing ordeals for the students who have skin trouble, who are extremely conscious of their blemished skin.

Unfortunately, acne—or chronic pimples—comes at a time when we are least equipped to bear it. For adolescents are usually hypersensitive about anything in their appearance that makes them different from the normal ideal. And this is the very time when the body is undergoing glandular changes connected with the development from childhood to maturity. Very often these changes take place so quickly that the normal functions of the body are thrown out of kilter. The oil glands start producing so much oil that the pores can't accommodate it—and the result is that the skin breaks out. Certainly, there is no stigma attached to acquiring a youthful case of acne—but there *is* a stigma attached to neglecting the condition. Don't let anyone tell you that you'll outgrow it, and not to worry. That's not constructive advice.

Do something about the condition immediately—and you'll have lots of chances for being the prettiest girl in the class at graduation time! My first advice is for you to consult a doctor—and preferably a skin specialist. A good skin specialist will ask you, first, if your elimination is perfect, and warn you to attend to that phase of hygiene in order to prevent poisons from collecting in the system and re-infecting your skin through the bloodstream.

He will inquire next about eating habits. Fatty meats and gravies, heavy starchy foods, whipped-cream confections are to be left alone. These foods are bad for acne because they increase the oil supply, make it thicker, heavier and pore-clogging. The prevention of pore-clogging is the first rule in curing acne. Eat lean meats, plenty of eggs and milk, vegetables, both cooked and raw, and raw fruit and fruit juices. Stay away, too, from fried foods and rich salad dressings. You'll find that a mixture of grape juice and soda is as refreshing as a chocolate malted, and that a nice big salad of lettuce, tomatoes and cottage cheese is as tasty as a greasy hamburger. Don't forget to drink eight glasses of water a day, if you're sincerely determined to clear up your skin.

MAKE A CLEAN SWEEP . . .

of it. Be trig from top to toe. Send to Ann Vernon for her wonderful cleanliness routine. And be sure to ask her about any of your beauty problems. Address your letter to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

And now for some tips on external care. Cleanliness first and last. Not just the kind that gets you by casual inspection—but scrupulously fussy cleanliness. Take that daily bath no matter how much inconvenience it may cause. For it's not just cleanliness of the blemished areas of skin that is called for. You must be clean from your toes to your scalp. Don't forget that! Dermatologists have found that a dirty head of hair causes more acne and retards the cure oftener than other factors. So wash your hair weekly, and brush it often.

Here are some more rules for the care of acne skin. Never, never use the same towel or wash cloth twice—because you'll just re-infect yourself. Never touch your blemished skin with unwashed fingers, soiled powder puff, or a soiled pillow case. Exile all greasy creams and heavy cosmetics, and put your faith in soap and water. Don't use hot water, but tepid water, with cool to cold water rinses. Hot water plays hob with the pores, distending them until they lose their elasticity and gape permanently. The less you "operate" on blackheads and pimples, the better.

The other day I spent several hours with a famous dermatologist who has devoted most of her life to this problem of young skin care, and in the process has developed some special preparations ideally suited to young, temperamental skins. She has treated many a deb whose picture you see in the rotogravure sections, in her salon on Fifth Avenue—and is extremely proud of her work. I asked her if she had any products suited to the young purse as well as the young skin—and she told me about an introductory kit 'specially designed for school girls. In it are four essential preparations, a fine liquid complexion soap, containing no fats or grease to clog the pores; an antiseptic night ointment that works while you sleep to clear up those bumps; a concealing protective lotion for daytime use and a greaseless lubricant to soften flaky skin.

She advises you to pour a bit of the soap on a wet complexion brush or wash cloth, and then to work the liquid gently but firmly into every crevice of your face. Rinse thoroughly, of course, and pat dry. If your skin becomes a bit sensitive from nightly applications of the antiseptic ointment, or any other antiseptic, substitute the greaseless ointment for a night or two. It will quickly soothe and soften the skin. The protective lotion is tinted a soft peach-tan, to hide blossoms, and can be used alone or as the base for a very light film of face powder. This lotion of course safeguards your skin, during the day, from floating dirt and germs, and also acts constantly to dry up the pimples. There's about a month's supply of all four products in the school girl kit, which sells for $1.50. Or you might like to test the truth of my statements by investing a dime for a three-inch bottle of the liquid soap. Drop me a line and I'll tell you how you can get it.

You're growing up now and what may have seemed [*Continued on page* 59]

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 17]

jolly old Sigma Phi Epsilon phrases it, "The Girl of the Year is tall enough to look over your shoulder and has enough meat on her bones to make a bathing suit justify its existence. This condition is attainable only by ordering flapjacks and sausages instead of lettuce-and-tomato sandwiches when out on a late date with a Sig Ep."

These delicate sentiments were included in a scroll sent to Jane Russell, star of Howard Hughes' *The Outlaw*, by Steve English, secretary of the Sigma Phi Epsilon chapter.

Miss Russell, scanning the citation, remarked, "And I *do* eat like a horse," proving that the Sig Eps know their women.

■ To celebrate the release of *Footsteps in the Dark* Errol Flynn was invited to add his footprints to the collection of Grauman's Chinese Theater.

The bid was received by Flynn on the high seas. In reply he radioed:

"Glad to immortalize my dogs. Have written poem for occasion as follows:

" 'Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our exploits greater
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints in the lobby of Grauman's Chinese Theater.' "

■ George Metaxas, the Graeco-Rumanian actor who was once in the diplomatic service, received via diplomatic pouch a letter from his cousin General John Metaxas, generalissimo of the Greek armies, ten days after the gallant leader's death.

The communication dealt only with family affairs and its contents will not be made public. Metaxas has preserved the three pages under mica for the family archives.



Real life lovers, Ilona Massey and Alan Curtis, portray roles of screen sweethearts in *New Wine*. Miss Massey sings many of Franz Schubert's lovely melodies

A Magic Wand Of Loveliness for

CINDERELLA HAIR?



Not Magic . . . but Drene! The Shampoo that reveals up to

33% MORE LUSTRE IN HAIR*

than even finest soaps, most liquid shampoos!

● Do you have "Cinderella hair"? You know, the kind that is drab, lustreless and unglamorous even right after it's washed.

Then you're probably using the wrong *kind* of shampoo.

You see, most liquid shampoos and even the finest soap combine with minerals in water to form a "bath-tub ring." In shampooing, an unrinsable film is left, hiding the true loveliness of each strand of hair.

Drene is thrillingly different! Its *patented* cleansing ingredient does not combine with minerals in water, to leave a dulling film. As a result, Drene reveals up to 33% *more lustre* than finest soaps in all colors of hair.

Drene makes highlights dance and sparkle to accent and emphasize your waves . . . brings out the depth and warmth of color . . . reveals the hidden loveliness of your hair. And Drene is economical!

Let Drene be the "magic wand" to transform your Cinderella hair into an alluring crown that men will notice, women envy. You'll be amazed at the difference this sensational shampoo can make! *Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*



Stani Mars

EMINENT HAIRSTYLIST OF HOTEL ST. REGIS SALON, NEW YORK, *says:*

I shampooed and coiffured the model above—and testify that these photos truthfully illustrate the amazing difference in lustre that Drene Shampoo can make!

OTHER FAMOUS BEAUTY SALONS USING DRENE INCLUDE:

Rohde's Beauty Salon, Edgewater Beach Hotel, Chicago
Marc Gartman, Gold Coast, Chicago
Don Martinez, St. Louis
Burton Skiles, Hairstylists, Hollywood

**Lustre-Meter Tests,* carefully made at Procter & Gamble laboratories, prove hair washed with Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap-washed hair.



BLONDE: If your hair has a *canary color*, not its *true blonde look*, it may be due to dulling film. Reveal its real glory with Drene.

BRUNETTE: Lime-soap film leaves brunette hair with a drab, dull look. Drene forms no such film; leaves hair glowing, shining.

RED: If dulling film leaves your hair looking dark instead of bringing out its natural, warm reddish tone, try Drene.

GRAY: If lime-soap film leaves an ugly yellowish cast, use Drene. It reveals the natural dignity and allure of gray hair.

SPECIAL—For normal or dry hair **REGULAR—For oily hair**

MOVIE MEMOS

FROM: The Editor

TO: The Readers

Re: New Policy

With this issue, HOLLYWOOD introduces a NEW and IMPROVED policy of publishing 20 dynamic fan stories a month—TWICE as many as before.

No raise in price, either!

HOLLYWOOD is still only 5 cents!

By condensing the story material into compactly bright features, HOLLYWOOD is now able to give its readers DOUBLE THE VALUE FOR ITS MONEY! Think of it! Twenty complete, exclusive fan stories for 5 cents!

No longer will it be necessary to purchase three and four fan magazines a month to receive complete Hollywood coverage. HOLLYWOOD, the only 5-cent fan magazine, will now do this for you at no extra cost.

And think, too, of how much more coverage your favorite screen people will receive through this generous new policy.

In all future issues, there will be many more exclusive and intimate stories on the leading box-office stars of the day, more interesting and informative material on the young newcomers who so justly deserve a helping hand, plus double the amount of on-the-set production stories on movieland's biggest and most exciting pictures of the month.

Don't fail to tell your friends of this wonderfully improved fan magazine, and of its fine new policy.

And remember—HOLLYWOOD is on sale everywhere, the tenth of each month!



Judy Canova, in pigtails and gingham, is the star of Republic's *Sis Hopkins*

Re: June Issue

Take a brief glimpse into next month's tentative story schedule.

First, we have one of the finest production stories ever to come to our desk. It is on Joan Crawford's new film, *A Woman's Face.* No doubt you already know about the ugly scar Joan wears on one side of her attractive face. But what you do not know are the exciting happenings which took place daily while this important picture was in work.

In our zany department, we have the ever-ready-to-oblige John Barrymore, followed by those two looney but lovable lugs, Bud Abbott and Lou Costello.

For our romantically-inclined readers and for those young women who are bravely watching their husbands, brothers and sweethearts drafted into the army, we offer a very poignant story. Virginia Field reveals the heart-break she is enduring while her sweetheart, Richard Greene, is fighting somewhere behind the English front.

The glamour department boasts of a very special feature. It is on Hollywood's most exclusive and most expensive night club, where the stars go to enjoy themselves without the curious eyes of the public upon them!

Lack of space does not permit listing the remainder of the 20 stories. But we promise you, they are good!

"I'm another Bride thanking Camay for helping me to a Lovely Skin"

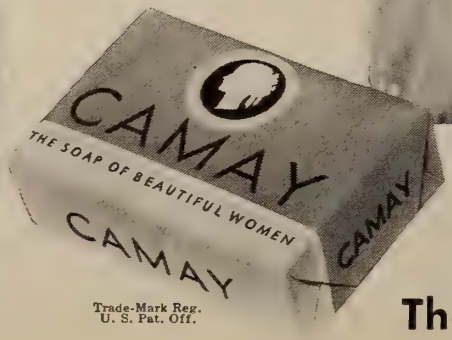
—Says Mrs. F. Martin Smith, Jr.

Every woman can benefit from Camay's greater mildness—even many with dry and delicate skin.



Here we see Mr. F. Martin Smith, Jr., and his lovely bride having fun cutting the wedding cake. After the ceremony the reception was held in the Rose Room of the Algonquin, famous New York Hotel.

Now a great new improvement has made Camay milder than 6 of the other leading beauty soaps. We proved this superior mildness by actual tests. And skin specialists we talked to say that regular cleansing with a fine, mild toilet soap will help you to a lovelier skin. Let this milder Camay help you in your search for loveliness.



Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Photographs by David Berns

Mr. and Mrs. F. Martin Smith, Jr. were married at St. Marks Episcopal Church, Jackson Heights. Of Camay, Mrs. Smith says: "I'm enthusiastic about Camay. Delicate skins like mine need an extra mild beauty soap and Camay's wonderful mildness makes it just right for me."

The Soap of Beautiful Women

Entrancing Eyeful





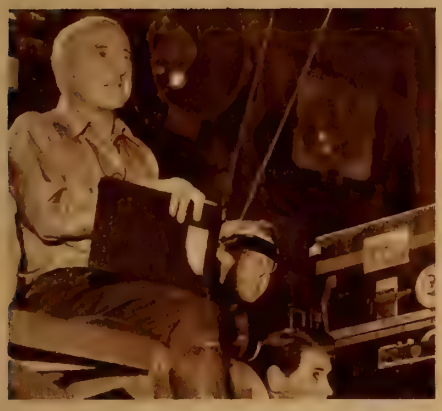


You'll see stars when you see Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *Ziegfeld Girl!* Not only are the costumes star-studded, but the cast as well. Among them are Hedy Lamarr (above), Judy Garland (left) and Lana Turner (right), with the male interest supplied by James Stewart and Tony Martin. Hedy and Lana are shown in their Adrian-designed costumes from the spectacular "You Stepped Out of a Dream" number. Their sheer white gowns are studded with stars of rhinestones, sequins and spangles. Judy is in costume for the "Minnie From Trinidad" number. She introduces the "Calypso Jive," a new Cuban dance.


JIMMY SINGS! PAULETTE DANCES!
HORACE SWINGS! WINNINGER PRANCES!
"POT O' GOLD"? There's millions in it! Millions of laughs... hit tunes... gorgeous girls... and millions of heart-thrills as Jimmy tries to trap Paulette's heart. It's the screen's merriest love affair set to swing!
James Roosevelt presents
JAMES STEWART ★ PAULETTE GODDARD
'POT O' GOLD'
A George Marshall production
HORACE HEIDT AND HIS MUSICAL KNIGHTS
CHARLES WINNINGER
HEAR THESE HITS:
"A Knife, A Fork And A Spoon"
"Hi Cy, What's A Cookin'?"
"Pete The Piper" · "Broadway Caballero"
"When Johnny Toots His Horn"
"Do You Believe In Fairy Tales?"
JAMES STEWART, 1941 Academy Award Winner... better than ever in another prize role.
Directed by George Marshall
Screenplay by Walter De Leon · Story by Monte Brice, Andrew Bennison and Harry Tugend · Released thru United Artists

Are Sin and Sex H
Real Temptati

By Cecil B. DeMi
As Told to Kay Procto



Twenty-seven years of experience give Producer Cecil B. DeMille the authority to reveal Hollywood's real temptations

■ It is so easy to yield to temptation! I'm human enough to know that. All of us do it at some time or other in our lives. In fact, it is so easy we scarcely are aware of the temptations, let alone that we are yielding to them. And if any generation profited from the errors of a past one, we all would be supermen by now. Think of all the generations there have been in this world, and how little we have profited from them! Parents are eager to pass on to their children the knowledge they have learned through bitter experience. The children regard them with raised eyebrows and politely ignore the efforts of the "poor old geezers who have reached the doddering age." But perhaps it is for the best. The finding-out process is an important part of life.

"The dreadful Fleshpots of Hollywood!"

Preachers thunder against them from the pulpit, and harassed parents worry about them in the home when sons and daughters leave to seek fame and fortu in the movies.

By fleshpots they usually mean the o 3 S's of the fire and brimstone school Sex! Sin! and Seduction! Yet the stran truth is such moral defections are amo the rarest of Hollywood's admitted dangerous temptations.

None of us out here seek to whitewa Hollywood as the original Purity Tow That would be stupid. We all know it h its temptations of the flesh as has ar modern metropolitan city, and its sha of inhabitants who indulge them. But w also know they are not the evils whic cause the greatest heartbreak and de struction; which send great stars crashing into quick oblivion; or write a bedraggled finis to the brilliant start of a newcomer.

These are the *real* temptations of Hollywood.

My mother once told me that success was a great deal harder to stand than failure because success tends to bring out all the instincts which are bad and failure the instincts which are good. A man who has failed, if he can survive the temptation to quit, becomes hardened in his determination to fight on and eventually win. In the end it makes him a great man.

On the other hand, the man who readily achieves success is apt—there are notable exceptions—to believe he has been great from birth but that it took others a long time to find it out. Hence his contempt for other people increases accordingly. His success may be due, of course, to his own efforts in some measure, but in motion pictures it is due to the efforts of a great number of people moving behind him. They are the writer, the director, the cameraman, the electrician, the make-up man, the prop-man and so on. What he is too apt to forget is that he is just the flag flying in front of them.

Nor is it surprising that so few of today's stars seem to profit by the mistakes of yesterday's stars or to have learned any temptation lessons from them.

The first dangerous Hollywood temptation is vanity.

The thing to remember is that the really great people don't have it. Take a man like Gary Cooper. He is one of Hollywood's greatest stars and yet is as simple, as easy and understanding as any fellow you could meet. It is the little man who hasn't quite reached his goal who feels he must defend his position and personality, and who is the difficult man with whom to work. The great stars, Barbara Stanwyck, Bing Crosby, Ronald Colman, for example, cause no trouble. They are interested in their work and forget themselves and their egos.

The next dangerous temptation is to believe that good fortune will last forever. Let the first few $1,500 or $2,000 a week checks start coming in, and the player starts deluding himself that such fine riches will go on indefinitely.

In a way it's a form of self-hypnosis. Under its influence the player yields to the temptation of splurging. He spends money recklessly to satisfy all the yearnings which have been smothered for years. He buys a great house, builds swimming pools, buys four or five cars, gives extravagant parties, buys race horses, yachts and heaven knows what all. Comes the inevitable day of reckoning when those pretty $1,500 checks drop down to $150 or cease entirely, and all the player has left is a headache.

I won't deny that the desire to splurge is a natural human emotion, and a little indulgence of it probably is a good thing. Such indul- [*Continued on page* 53]

No dark aspersions have ever been cast at the Crosby family! Prolific pappy Crosby is shown with his young brood



Old stalwarts of Hollywood are the Ronald Colmans (Benita Hume) whom the breath of scandal has never touched



...dy Is a Tramp!



The beauteous Marlene Dietrich plays a dual role in her new Universal picture, *The Flame of New Orleans*. Marlene is shown in bridal raiment for her "lady" role

Marlene's "get-up" in this photo expresses her "shady lady" role. Bruce Cabot returns to the screen after a long absence as Marlene's brutal leading man



By
DUNCAN UNDERHILL

■ With loving tenderness the studio rajahs bore the new Dietrich script into Marlene's dressing room, gleams of fond anticipation in their eyes. *The Flame of New Orleans* was the title and the author had striven for months to blend into it all the basic ingredients of Dietrich, *Destry* and *Seven Sinners*. Love, double-crossing, a suggestion of pleasant bawdiness and an action-charged background were all present.

Miss Dietrich flipped the pages idly, her brows elevated in a manner suggesting faint distaste.

"What have we here?" she inquired.

"A story," the spokesman assured her. "What a story! Ol' Man Ribber! Kidnaping! Raw passion in an opera box. Magnolia! Soft lights, sweet music. . ."

"The idea evades me," Miss Dietrich sighed. "There are no songs for me to sing. There are no trousers for me to wear. Without these *The Flame of New Orleans* is extinguished at the beginning."

So the boys went to work on her, and a masterful job of convincing they did. The first inducement was that the director they were prepared to provide for her was none other than Rene Clair, the French wonder boy, an old friend of Marlene's and creator of such internationally famous movies as *A Nous la Liberte, Sous les Toits de Paris* and the English-made *The Ghost Goes West*, the last the film that made Hollywood conscious of Robert Donat.

Having pierced her armor of indifference, the committee showed Marlene the costume designs. They included blueprints of lacy pantalettes, a fair substitute for pantaloons. They included gowns so decollete as to approach the vanishing point, opera-length hose of a length and sheerness never seen in an opera house, and an endless procession of filmy negligees and negligible nightgowns.

Marlene began to see the point. But still there were no songs for her to sing.

"Listen," pleaded the studio mouthpiece, "in this you are a great demimondaine, the Du Barry of the Bayous. You are too aloof and languid to exert yourself with singing. It would be out of character. Your sole function in life is to be an optical treat to rich and well-bred gentlemen."

With a flutter of sweet feminine submission, Dietrich accepted the script. Along with it she accepted certain rich and well-bred gentlemen named Roland Young, Mischa Auer, Raymond Walburn and Franklin Pangborn. Not to mention a quartet of roughneck river-boat sailors named Bruce Cabot, Andy Devine, Frank Jenks and Eddie Quillan.

As in all situations in which she has a hand, Dietrich became the queen of the party on the first day's shooting. This circumstance was owing not only to her

50,000-volt personality and the fact that she is one of the nation's flashiest box-office lures and therefore the pivot of every picture she appears in but also because she is a "good egg" of premium quality, something that could not have been said of her when she was making between $250,000 and $450,000 a single picture.

Since the inception of her revamped career at Universal the lady has been the most lavish party-giver of the feminine stars, with her casts and working crews as favored guests. At the completion of a picture, and on holidays and birthdays, she hands out extravagant largesse in the form of gold and platinum watches, rings, studs and bracelets.

Of the cast and crew of her current extravaganza, only one gave Dietrich the cold shoulder. This was a tough character named Junior, a monkey, who preferred a pert colored girl in *The Flame*.

Correctly for New Orleans of 1840, *The Flame* has a distinct French flavor. Marlene's character of *Claire Ledeux*, described by herself as "an international tramp who has used up all the major European capitals and is now forced to try her luck in the bush league," is played with a slight French accent. This presents no difficulty at all for her, since, although her father was a general in the German army, she is a thorough Francophile and before September, 1939, a part-time resident of Paris.

There are other French overtones in the company and cast. Bruce Cabot, the leading man, although American-born, bears the baptismal name of Jacques de Bujac and is descended from a family of French diplomats. Rene Clair is a native Parisian. His assistant, Gilbert Mendelik, was educated in France, served last year as an artillery officer in the French army and escaped via Spain only after the Franco-German armistice. Cameraman Rudolph Mate speaks French better than English. Rene Hubert, the costume designer, is a Frenchman, and Mischa Auer, a polyglot, speaks all the better-known languages with an international accent.

With such a thick French atmosphere around the set it was natural during the first few days of shooting for everybody in the company who could speak French to lapse into that tongue.

Miss Dietrich, however, perceived that the members of the troupe who had no inkling of parlez-vous were annoyed by the unintelligible patter of the others. So she issued an edict.

"No more French on the set," she decreed. "Anybody caught speaking French, except to himself, will be fined ten cents and the proceeds given to British War Relief."

She appointed herself fine-collector and midway of the shooting period had amassed $10.90.

Director Clair, thanks to the enforced ban on French, is fast catching on to the American idiom. His favorite comment after a doubtful take is, "Hokay—wiz reservations."

The Flame of New Orleans gets off to a start in the romantic New Orleans Opera House, which has been faithfully reproduced inside and out as part of a whole Creole neighborhood of the epoch. Here Marlene, in her character of "international tramp" has gone to show herself off to the gentry and, if possible, make a connection before her slim bankroll expires.

In the cinematic version as conjured up by Joe Pasternak, the opera house was the acme of elegance, the shrine of all the gentlefolk of the glittering Crescent City. But in actuality it was slightly less than that, according to an old placard from the opera house which the Universal research department dug up, which admonishes:

"No one will be allowed to throw or pretend to throw oranges or anything else at anyone on or off the stage."

At the opera Marlene manages to arouse the interest of Roland Young, the town's wealthiest bachelor, who calls at her home without invitation under the delusion that she is a member of European nobility, or better. While waiting to be received, he overhears Marlene in a tantrum during which she reveals herself as anything but the gently-reared blueblood he supposed she was.

When Marlene learns that she has been revealed in her true character, she blames the outbreak on a dissolute and incorrigible relative (non-existent). From that point on, to lend credibility to her lie, she plays the dual role of great lady and bawdy brawler.

In this way she acquires another suitor, the many-muscled Bruce Cabot, riverboat skipper.

Cabot, after two years of unrelieved "heavy" roles, is distinctly a long shot as a sympathetic leading man opposite a glamour star. But Joe Pasternak is celebrated for betting on long shots. His signing of Dietrich when she was suffering from public apathy was an example of his sporting blood and the payoff a vindication of his judgment.

Bruce was cast in *The Flame* under odd circumstances. He had tentatively agreed to do a stage play in New York in which he had little confidence. On the way East he stopped off at Dallas for the Cotton Bowl football game. In the lobby of his hotel after the game he heard a bellboy paging "Mr. Craddock." When the droning of the name got monotonous he called the boy over, only to learn that Hollywood wanted *him* on the telephone. The deal was set then and there.

When Bruce reported for work he was suffering from a dose of flu, described by the studio as "mild" but sufficiently tough to make him spend his nights in a hospital. He didn't squawk until he had licked the germs, fearful that absence might cause him to lose what appears to be his biggest chance in pictures to date.

The dual strain of being under the weather physically and on trial professionally would have been too much for a softer-fibred performer than Bruce. But his self-confidence didn't desert him. As the very first scene of the picture was being shot, something went haywire in the sound-making device as Cabot uttered his opening speech. A screech that sounded like a Bronx cheer emerged.

Not flustered in the least, Bruce remarked, for the benefit of everybody on the set: "Give me a chance, *please*. It's too early yet for the razzberry."

Two seasons of playing magnificent heels, Cabot confessed, have twisted his normally pleasant smile into a combination leer-sneer. He had to practice in front of a mirror to erase the suggestions of evil from his grin.

Cabot's stature and athletic inclinations enabled him to outstrip Roland Young in the marathon event of *The Flame of New Orleans*. This was known as The One-Armed Catch of Dietrich. According to the plot, Marlene has a stock method of evading embarrassing situations and of attracting the attention of unattached gentlemen. This is to go, with all the grace of a swooning swan, into a slow-motion faint.

What with her boudoir, chaise-longue and fainting scenes, Marlene herself has confessed that she will win the horizontal championship of Universal City for 1941.

In her second role, that of her own no-good cousin, she manages to put in evidence the celebrated Dietrich legs, which have still to be matched by anything on film, contemporary or historical.

The jolly old Hays Office will have its annual convulsion when it sees the fade-out of *The Flame of New Orleans*. The situation is this: Cabot has kidnaped Marlene on her wedding day. The scene is an outside view of the cabin of Cabot's boat, narrowing down to a porthole.

Nothing happens for long, dreary seconds. Then Marlene's wedding dress, a resplendent confection of white moire, comes sailing out the window.

END

Dietrich, the person, is quiet, aloof, mysterious. Dietrich, the star, is loud, raucous, frivolous. She invariably gets one leg scene in each film. This is the bed scene which the movie censors won't like





Doug Fairbanks has one more period picture to do before he deserts the silver screen for diplomatic service

Doug's Biggest Role—Patriot!

By JOHN CORWIN BURT

■ Why did Douglas Fairbanks Jr. sacrifice a year of lucrative movie-making to work full-time for the Committee To Defend America by Aiding the Allies?

His critics would explain his action by calling him an Anglophile—by implication a person who places the interests of England above those of his own country.

But the real reason is a patriotic one. Doug did what he did because he is an American!

As an American Doug feared his countrymen were not fully aware of the immediate threat of Nazism to their national existence. He felt that future security depends on an active defense—furnishing the Allies with arms enough to defeat Hitler.

I talked to Doug in New York just before he left for California to make his first picture in a year.

"Why did you devote a full year to working for the Committee?" I asked him.

"Well," Doug answered, thoughtfully, "I have a good job, a wife and family. No other life is worth much."

There, in the simplicity of those two short sentences, was the answer. Doug's concern for the security of these United States and the life they give him caused him to abandon his good job for the purpose of warning his fellow-Americans of the need for immediate action.

So earnest has Doug been in his cause—organizing, making speeches, conferring with government officials from President Roosevelt on down—that he has worked his way up to vice-chairman of the Committee To Defend America, etc., and head of the Western branch.

Doug's earnestness was prompted by a firm conviction, a conviction that was a product of several impressions still vivid in his mind.

"I guess it all started three years ago, when I was in England," Doug said. "I used to see von Ribbentrop, then German Ambassador to Britain, at parties. He said one thing over and over again—

'It is Germany's destiny to rule the world.'

"That statement sounded absurdly presumptuous at the time, but not later, when more than one high South American government official told me two-thirds of South America would pass under immediate Nazi control in the event of Nazi victory in a world war.

"But the third impression really brought the Nazi threat to the United States home to me. Three months before the war began my father was traveling through Germany. He met Goebbels, the Nazi propaganda minister, who ended their conversation with this observation: 'Goodbye, Herr Fairbanks. I'll see you in America in eighteen months.'"

Young Doug's face was serious. "Dr. Goebbels' time is up but his statement is more of a threat now than ever before.

"I was in Munich during the signing of the Munich pact," Doug continued. "Everyone was completely happy with the results—the people wanted peace above all else. England was as completely isolationist then as this country ever was. But six months later I saw a complete change of opinion in England—if war were needed to rid the world of Hitlerism, then the British people were ready for it."

William Allen White organized the Committee To Defend America by Aiding the Allies. The Committee was collecting information for publications, meetings, radio talks designed to break down a false sense of security in America. Doug volunteered. He spoke to small groups. He addressed mass meetings. Many of his talks were broadcast.

Early this year Doug went to Washington for a series of conferences. First there was a dinner at the White House. With President Roosevelt, Doug discussed the urgency of impressing the gaining seriousness of the world situation on the American people.

Then there was a conference with Secretary of State Hull, who likened the position of the United States in a completely Nazi-dominated world to that of a small country store competing against nothing but large chain stores. "The country store might stay in business for a while, yes," Hull conceded. "But soon there wouldn't be any more customers."

Doug believes that a feeling of greater comradeship between North and South America is almost as vital to American defense as greater Anglo-American collaboration. He feels that because of the Monroe Doctrine the Committee For Defending America by Aiding the Allies includes South America. He discussed this point at some length with Under Secretary of State Sumner Welles who, with Nelson Rockefeller, is occupied in improving South American relations.

As Doug talked, it suddenly dawned on me that sightseeing had not been his chief preoccupation during his Washington visit. A light went on in my brain. There has been speculation as to whether Doug would undertake government or diplomatic work. Was he. . . ?

"Did you discuss the possibility of a mission of some sort while you were in Washington?" I asked.

"Yes, I did," Doug admitted.

"Couldn't be that you'll take a good will trip to South America for the government and the Committee To Defend America by Aiding the Allies?" I asked.

"Now wait a minute, not so fast," Doug laughed, holding up his hand. "If any announcing is to be done it must come from the State Department. But that won't be until after my next film.

Doug did break down a little more on the matter of his new movie. It will be a costume piece similar to *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and produced by an independent unit at the Hal Roach studios, with Doug in the dual role of producer and actor.

Doug will also carry on in his executive capacity on the Committee, and no doubt manage his other activities as well—benefits for British, Greek and Chinese war relief, continued service as a board member of the Community Fund and the California Boys' club.

For further details, read your Washington correspondents.

END

Mischievous Mother

By GEORGE HOWARD



Although a busy movie star, Maggie Sullavan is having her third child. Above, she plays with her children's dog, and below she dances, unconventionally but comfortably, in stocking feet

■ Miss Margaret Sullavan (all right then, Mrs. Leland Hayward) is taking time out to have her third offspring and Hollywood is truly sympathetic.

What makes Hollywood so sympathetic to the lady's plight is the remembrance of activities past, which activities of necessity have been temporarily discontinued. There never was a more dynamic somebody than Maggie Sullavan. As we're about to show you.

A few months back during the filming of *So Ends Our Night,* the make-up man appeared on the set with one of those fantastic scooters, designed strictly for the devil-may-care male trade. Miss Sullavan finished her scene and hurried over.

"Say," she inquired, "can I take a ride on that thing?"

"Ever ridden before?"

"No. But there's nothing to it."

In a moment she was roaring over the lot, her skirt tucked under her, making a tremendous racket. The studio cops were in a sweat. On the one hand they had their orders to keep peace and quiet over the lot so that silence might reign on the sound stages. On the other there was the madcap Maggie put-putting past them and ignoring the silent vibrations to stop before the boss came by and fired them all. One hour later she pulled up.

"Say," she said to the make-up man, "what do these gadgets cost?"

"Something like $125."

"Will you please have one sent over for me tomorrow?"



"Sure thing."

Next evening Maggie drove the preposterous little machine over the Sepulveda pass, fourteen miles of uphill driving through an endless line sandwiched on all sides by a line of swift-moving traffic.

Home and not Hollywood is her passion. The last she regards with a sort of amused tolerance. Not for all the gold that Louis B. Mayer could ante up would she swap her role of Frau Heyward. Hollywood is a place that surrounds a particular studio where she happens to work. Home is where her heart is.

The wonderful Maggie in the role of mother is like the Sullavan of the screen. She is in a class by herself, original and imaginative. She has nothing but contempt for the books telling you how to raise a family. She has her own formula.

The Sullavan brood at this writing consists of Bridget going on two and Brooke going on four. Both are blond, pretty, pert, and independent.

Brooke is the mischievous item. She's always prowling around and investigating curiosities of nature. Once she became so fascinated by the contents of the Sullavan swimming pool that she decided to investigate. Maggie was reading a book of fairy tales when she heard the little splash.

She didn't even take off her shoes. She dived right in after Brooke and fished her out.

Bridget is a golden-haired cross between a fairy child and an urchin. She is her mamma in miniature.

This difference in personality Maggie never forgets for a moment. To her the little maidens aren't babies. They're individuals. She treats them like grown-ups.

Brooke and Bridget, unlike their mother, are hepped up on the subject of clothes. They have super colossal wardrobes—all things considered. No sequined evening dresses, perhaps. But slacks, pinafores, dirndls, overalls, English dimities, and heaven knows what not.

Maggie arranges for them to have fashion shows. Jimmy Stewart is a sure bet to come. Ditto Muriel King who designs Maggie's cinema wardrobe.

When she goes shopping, Brooke and Bridget go along. They want her to buy everything in the shop. She does—practically. Then they want to call up Jimmy Stewart and have him hurry on over to see how they look in their new finery.

If Brooke and Bridget are fond of play, so is their mother. She reads them fairy tales. After that the three act out the story. Maggie likes to play the wicked old queen or maybe the no-good step-mother who sends the children into the snow to find strawberries.

Once an interviewer arrived to find mother and daughters on all fours. It seems that they were re-enacting The Three Bears.

No wonder Hollywood is sympathetic. Also envious.

END



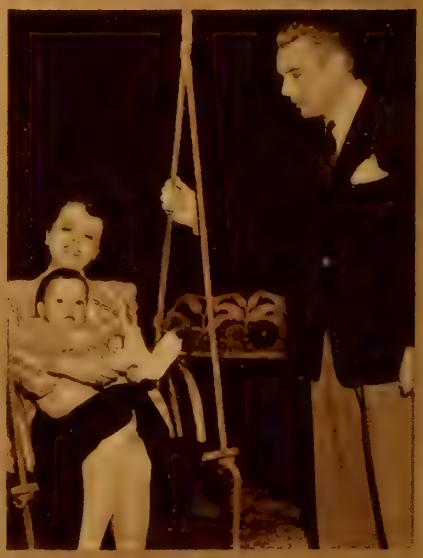


Bette Davis and George Brent co-star in *The Great Lie*. Contrary to former Davis patterns, Bette's new film does not find her killing anyone, acting nasty or wearing wigs and period costumes. This is Bette's first opportunity in a long time to appear glamorous on the screen—and she really goes to town! She makes innumerable costume changes and even has a new coiffure









Above: Young Billy Ferris, around whom plot revolves, claims Bette's undivided attention. Top center: George Brent, Hattie McDaniels and Billy in a scene from the new picture. Powder dusted in his hair has aged Brent for this particular scene

Above: Mary Astor, the film's "other woman" is the cause for Brent's unhappiness. Left: The three principals of the triangle, Bette, George and Mary. During the production of her new film, Bette surprised everyone by becoming Mrs. Arthur Farnsworth

Bette Davis Turns Softie

By JACK HOLLAND

Blissful as a new-born babe I dashed across the set of *The Great Lie*. I had no mercenary ideas in mind. I just wanted to see what was going on and to talk to Bette Davis. Suddenly I heard someone from a far corner of the set call out, "Hi!" I looked up and practically fell through the floor. There was Bette lying in bed. I personified a nervous smile and started to leave. Then, realizing that business knows no obstacles, I walked directly over to her. Tibbie, her Scottie, who was posing menacingly on the bed, didn't understand business, for he let go with a growl. Bette finally quieted him. Just then there was a call for Bette on the set. She got out of bed, excused herself, and on her way to take the call said to me, "Isn't this the cutest outfit I've got on?" I had turned my back when she got out of bed, but when a lady asks you to look at her outfit—well. . . . There she was dressed in a complete riding habit, sans the boots, of course. What a "get-up" to sleep in!

And what a first impression of one of Warners' biggest 1941 productions.

A few moments later, Bette was back.

"You know, when I first started to make *The Great Lie*, I wasn't very excited about it. I had just come back from my vacation at my new ranch in New Hampshire and the studio had asked me to make some added scenes for *The Letter*. Then I was informed I would have to cut my hair before I began work on this picture. I was so upset that I almost decided to turn down the role. I was still wondering what to do when I got some of my fan mail. A lot of it ran in this vein: 'Why can't you be nice for a change?' 'Why must you always be a heel?' Then I remembered what some people in New Hampshire said when they saw me recently: 'Why, gee whiz! You're *young!*' Everyone apparently had the idea that I was an old hag, judging from the many character parts I've played.

"That decided me, and now I'm glad I'm making *The Great Lie*. I guess I do need happier roles for a change. You know, I don't kill a soul in this picture, and I'm not even selfish or mean."

Bette was called away for a scene with George Brent. I watched it for a while and began to wonder just how sweet Bette was supposed to be. Boy! was she telling George off! What a fight! But suddenly, Bette began to laugh. Eddie Goulding, the director, said, "Cut!" The scene started again. After a while, Bette got the giggles once more.

"I'm sorry, Eddie, but it's George's fault," Bette said, coming over to Goulding. "Drat him anyway. He gets a certain look in his eyes, and I can't go on."

To which George hurriedly replied, "She giggles. I don't do a thing. She just quits fighting and giggles."

"All right, you happy warriors," Eddie said, "let's try it again."

Such is the way Bette and George work. They're probably the most genially compatible stars in Hollywood.

The story of *The Great Lie*, which is based on Polan Banks' novel, *Far Horizon* is not quite as compatible, however. It's a triangle affair, full of pathos, babies, mother love, tears, drama, and all the trimmings.

The drama begins when *Peter Van Allen* (George Brent), a playboy aviator, wakes up after a ten-day binge to discover he's married to *Sandra Kovac* (Mary Astor), a concert pianist. But *Peter* loves *Maggie* (Bette Davis). When everything looks hopeless, *Peter* is momentarily saved when he learns that his marriage to *Sandra* is illegal since she hadn't as yet received her final divorce decree from her previous marriage. *Peter* rushes to *Maggie's* Maryland plantation. She refuses to forgive him for what he's done, so he hops in his plane, goes back to *Sandra*, and in his plight asks her to marry him, legally. She says she'd like to, but that her forthcoming concert won't permit her to take another jump in the sea of matrimony for a while. So *Peter* rushes back to *Maggie* again. She forgives him. And they are married.

Their happiness is short-lived, for *Peter* is called away by the government to make a South American survey flight. *Maggie* goes with him to Washington to see him off. There she meets *Sandra*. *Sandra* informs her that she is expecting a baby—*Peter's* baby. *Maggie*, confused, afraid *Sandra* is using the baby angle only to get *Peter* back, doesn't know what to do. Then comes word that *Peter's* plane has gone down in the jungle and that little hope is held for any of the survivors.

Maggie then insists that *Sandra* accompany her to a ranch in Arizona where they will both await the baby's arrival. There, *Maggie* acts as guardian to *Sandra's* health, bullies her, pampers her. In due time, the baby arrives. It's a boy—named *Peter*. *Maggie* gets *Sandra* to give her the baby after an argument and after *Sandra* considers a proposed concert tour more important than being a mother. Suddenly, *Peter Van Allen* returns, alive and well. He thinks the baby is his and *Maggie's*. She says nothing, afraid to tell him the truth. Upon the scene a few days later comes *Sandra*, ready to bare the whole business, to get *Peter* back.

The solution to the dilemma has some surprise moments, so the final outcome will not be bared here.

The various locales used in the picture certainly provided a problem for the technical directors. Bette's Maryland plantation was scattered over a half a dozen sound stages at Warners and some 50 acres of Southern California landscape. The kitchen wing and side yard occupied all of stage 22. Bette's bedroom was on another stage, the living room on a third, and the remaining interiors on three more.

The kitchen was another interesting item. It was completely decked out with everything from copper kettles, pans, and the like to jars of preserves, jams, and canned fruit.

"Seeing those jars of fruit," Bette said, "brings back poignant memories. When I was back home in New Hampshire recently, I put up a lot of jelly. I just heard a few days ago that every jar of jelly had broken and spilled all over the place. I still don't know whether it was because of the cold snap or just my own bad technique."

Bette led me to the graceful stairway used in the picture as we continued our tour of the sets. "You know," she said, "this is the same stairway that was used in *Jezebel* and *The Old Maid*. The set decorators always try to fool me by disguising it, but I'm never fooled. I'm quite alert on this decorating business, for I've been doing a lot of sketches for my own home in Glendale and for my farm in New Hampshire.

"This is my ghost room," Bette continued as we came to a secluded set on the sound stage. "I made my entrance in *Jezebel* in this room, died here in *Dark Victory*, and killed a man here in *The Letter*. This time I make love to George Brent in it."

I left Bette at her dressing room and went wandering around alone. Suddenly I overheard George Brent and Jerome Cowan talking behind the cameras.

"How's the bridegroom?" Cowan asked.

"Don't you start that," Brent roared. "Ann Sheridan and I are *not* married. I can't imagine where that rumor began."

Cowan looked puzzled. "As far as I'm concerned," he said, "it started in the script. That's my first line in our scene. We were rehearsing, remember?"

An overly-hued George was called, propitiously, to do a scene with Hattie McDaniels, the unforgettable *Mammy* of *G.W.T.W.* He was in a perfect spot to do some nifty blow-ups. But he didn't.

Hattie McDaniels recently received a certificate of merit from the National Memorial to Advancement of the Colored Race, naming her as leading colored actress of the stage and screen. The certificate was [*Continued on page* 43]

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Can Tyrone Power Beat the Valentino Jinx?

By JOHN FULLER

■ "Tyrone Power got away with following in Fairbanks' footsteps—but can he get away with following in Valentino's?" Hollywood wonders. "Can he beat the Valentino jinx?"

For fifteen years, Hollywood has believed that no one could risk comparison with The Greatest Lover of Them All and get away with it.

If ghosts are the memories that people have of the dead, then Rudolph Valentino's ghost has been haunting Hollywood since the day he died.

When peritonitis killed him on August 23, 1926, there were women who went insane with grief. Literally insane. There were women who committed suicide because they could never meet him this side of the hereafter. Women who became nuns. Women who went into mourning, so intense was their grief. The world over, women wept. They vowed that no other man could ever take his place.

Hollywood has learned to think of that vow as a curse.

Studios, operating on the theory that no star was irreplaceable, spent fortunes grooming other actors to succeed him. They were jinxed. They discovered, at great cost, that no actor, however handsome or talented, could survive comparison with Valentino.

It became a Hollywood superstition that no actor could get away with playing a role reminiscent of Valentino—much less a role that he had actually played. It became such a superstition that, for fifteen years, no studio ventured to remake any of his pictures.

Three years ago, Producer Edward Small tried to circumvent the jinx. He announced plans for a picture to be called *The Life of Rudolph Valentino*. He figured —rightly, apparently—that Valentino's still-ardent fans would regard such a picture as a tribute to the memory of their idol, while movie-goers who had never seen him would be drawn to the picture out of curiosity. He also figured that such a picture would subtly introduce "another Valentino." He chose dark, handsome Jack Dunn for the title role. He had a script prepared. He had sets built. He selected a cast. . . . But the picture was destined never to be made. On the day it was to go into production, Jack Dunn—who was to have been "another Valentino"—died. As suddenly, and tragically, as Valentino had died.

That looked like drastic confirmation of the old superstition that it was risky business to fool with anything associated with Valentino.

Then, a few months ago, Paramount decided to clear its shelves of some old story properties and offered them for sale. There were two surprising purchases. M-G-M bought *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* for Spencer Tracy, the man who loathes make-up. And 20th Century-Fox bought *Blood and Sand*, one of Valentino's greatest hits, for Tyrone Power, the Latin from Cincinnati.

It went into production the other day—the first remake of a Valentino picture in 15 years. And Hollywood, remembering the old jinx, is feeling sorry for Tyrone Power. Even those who aren't superstitious are saying: "Poor Ty! He's certainly on a spot—risking comparison with Valentino, after risking comparison with Fairbanks."

Strangely enough, Ty doesn't feel sorry for himself.

"I'm not on any spot," he says. "I can't be either Fairbanks or Valentino—let alone both of them. I can only be myself.

"I may be doing things that they did, but I'm not doing them the same way. It would be foolish to try. My only hope is to do them my own way.

"No actor can play a role as another actor played it, and get away with it, because no two actors are alike. You have to make your interpretation fit your own personality and appearance, or else. Or else you don't stand a chance of being convincing."

Skeptics say that Tyrone Power can't break the Valentino jinx. He is shown in the ominously-discussed Valentino role in 20th's *Blood and Sand*. Inset: Valentino



He admits that there's a certain mental hazard to playing a role in which another actor has been famous. "But you can't think about that," he says, "and concentrate on doing the best you can, yourself."

He hopes that the public realizes that he didn't ask to do either *The Mark of Zorro* or *Blood and Sand*. He has no choice of screen stories. He makes whatever pictures his studio wants him to make.

Not that he's sorry he was assigned those two. On the contrary.

"I'm willing to do a good story any time, even if it *has* been done before. And there have never been better screen stories than some of those early ones, which a whole new generation has never seen. *The Mark of Zorro* and *Blood and Sand* were two of the best. That's why 20th Century-Fox bought them; not because Fairbanks and Valentino made them.

"They had to add dialogue—but that didn't change the plots. The basic stories are still the same. And they're still powerful.

Take *Blood and Sand* for example. The story of a boy who wants to be a great bull-fighter, marries the girl who believes in him, becomes a sensational success, forgets his wife for another girl, flaunts fate—and in the end is killed by the things he wanted from life."

Ty saw the original version when it first appeared, but was so young at the time that he had only a hazy recollection of it. "I took another look at it the other day in a projection room, to keep my memory from playing any tricks on me and making me imitate Valentino unconsciously. Any resemblance will be strictly coincidental."

"It's a funny thing about love scenes," Tyrone adds. "In modern pictures, they have to be 'hot' to have any punch. But not in costume pictures. In those, it's more effective to imply emotion. To Tell All with a Look—not a clinch."

Ty can't explain why, after all these years, his bosses have suddenly decided he could, and should, portray Spaniards.

"I guess they suddenly discovered I had black hair," quips Ty. "But this time *I* won the argument about how my hair should be worn. It *isn't* curled. I wear it like this. He musses his hair and drags hunks of it down over his forehead practically into his eyes, by way of illustration.

He thinks the new *Blood and Sand* will have enough individuality so that the picture won't expose him to any accusations that he's trying to be The Greatest Lover.

END





Cary Grant and Irene Dunne, the screen's most popular comedy team, are again co-starred in Columbia's *Penny Serenade*. At right, the year-old identical twins, Jane and Joan Biffle alternate playing the role of Cary's and Irene's adopted daughter

No More Apron Strings-

By TOM CASEY



The shy and almost drab Maureen O'Hara has recently blossomed into a 1941 streamlined model. She is shown in inset photo with her mother, Mrs. FitzSimons, and Stanley Smith. Her role in *They Met in Argentina* is in tune with her new personality

■ Most recently an unexpected bombshell of glamour hit the Hollywood night spots.

"What ho!" said the movie bachelors admiringly. "What have we here?"

"By the beard of the prophet!" they exclaimed. "It's Maureen O'Hara!"

"Yes, sir, that vision of loveliness in a chic black gown, that sophisticated beauty with titian hair piled on top of her head is none other than our *baby,* Maureen. The kid with the eternal belted blue dresses, flat heels, and funny round hats. Well, I'll be darned!"

Darned is the whole town, including her own studio, RKO. Everyone is stunned at the dramatic change, and even Maureen herself is a little flabbergasted (but secretly thrilled) at all that's happened since *she's been on her own.*

I doubt if any modern miss ever arrived in Hollywood so thoroughly chaperoned, supervised and tied down as did 19-year-old Maureen two years ago.

First there was her mother, Mrs. Charles Fitz Simons. Even after her initial qualms about the "dangers" of Hollywood were allayed—she discovered nothing more will happen to a sensible girl here than anywhere else in the world—Mommy couldn't seem to realize her daughter was a grown-up young woman and entitled to be treated as such.

"She seemed to forget that when *she* was my age, she had babies of her own," Maureen laughed.

Then there was Charles Laughton. He kept a strict eye on her career. He had discovered her in England, you remember, and given her that first part in *Jamaica Inn.* Since she came to Hollywood as his protegee and under personal contract to him, he naturally felt responsible for her welfare.

Finally there was her strange marriage. It had been one of those impulsive, spur-of-the-moment things; half an hour before her boat was due to sail for America, she had dashed to a registrar's office to marry George Brown, young production manager on *Jamaica Inn* in a civil ceremony. Granted she has been a wife in name only since that day in late May, 1939, and separated from her husband by an ocean and a continent, nonetheless she hesitated to accept social attentions from the men she met in Hollywood.

Now on the verge of her 21st birthday, she finds her situation changed. Several months ago RKO bought her contract from Laughton, thus releasing her from obligations to him. Three weeks ago Mommy returned to Dublin after a year and a half absence. And annulment proceedings of the marriage to Brown are believed nearing completion.

Thus, for the first time in her sheltered life, Maureen is on her own. Sole mistress of her affairs, and freed from discipline and restraint, she is blossoming into one of the loveliest and most popular girls in town. And doing it with dignity and grace.

Her career, too, should take just as startling a turn for the better. Keeping Maureen dressed and coiffed as a teen age girl, was one time Mother did *not* know best. In all deference to Mrs. FitzSimons' judgment, Hollywood glamour is not built with long girlish bobs, sensible low-heeled shoes, shirtmaker dresses, and unimaginative hats, the great Garbo excepted.

That, however, was her idea of a proper costume for Maureen. Time and again, Maureen's simple mode of dress cost her meaty parts and a real chance to show her talents because producers said she looked too young. Now they have the opportunity to see her real possibilities.

Mind you, Maureen is not unappreciative of all Mommy's loving care, and the sacrifice she made in her personal life in leaving her husband and other children to be with her those first 18 months in Hollywood. On the other hand, she can't help enjoying certain phases of her new freedom, and is honest enough to admit it.

She is having a wonderful time being mistress of her modestly large home and its staff of secretary and colored maid. She likes the fun she is having at parties, without having to feel guilty about leaving Mommy home alone. She is enjoying the attentions of new beaus and their invitations, and the fact that curfew will not ring tonight.

Under Mommy, 9 p. m. was deadline on working days and midnight at other times, and she caught it if she was 5 minutes late. It is a joy to have her car to herself; formerly it took a lot of managing for both of them to use it, and they could not afford two. Maureen likes wearing her hair *up* and loves her new wardrobe, all hand picked.

There were so many taboos before. No slacks. No earrings. No veils on hats. No black dresses. No decollete evening gowns and no spiked, toe-less shoes. Now that is all changed. She even has a new mink coat! Not practical, she admits, but it *is* a thrill!

Recently official cognizance of her grown-up estate was taken. She was invited to the President's Birthday Ball in Washington, and sat in the honor spot on President Roosevelt's right at the dinner party in the White House.

"I am quite sure," Maureen said demurely, "that even Mommy would approve of that!"

END

Putting him in a Mood for *Matrimony*

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How to Become Some Man's Dream Girl—for KEEPS

Your romance is in the crucial stage where you *may* simmer down to just another telephone number in his little black address book—or you *can* give him such an acute case of Dream-Girl Fever that he spends his lunch hours pricing solitaires! It's up to you, lass! If your technique's Right, you win. If it's Wrong—well, make it Right—

1



WRONG

to get huffy or possessive when he smiles at another female. You have to give a man *some* rope, or what's he going to hang himself with?



RIGHT

to make mighty sure that no other girl can make you look faded! That's where your complexion casts the deciding vote. When he looks at you, let him see a complexion that radiates the loving care you give it with Pond's every night. The Other Woman menace will vanish into limbo.

2



WRONG

to take him at his word when he phones for a last-minute date and says, "Don't fuss—come just as you are!" He may *think* he means it, but when he sees your face buried under a layer of smudge and stale make-up, the disillusion will be terrific!



RIGHT

to improve the golden moments between his call and his arrival by whisking through a Pond's glamour treatment. **1.** Slather Pond's Cold Cream over your face. Pat like mad with your fingertips. Wipe off with Pond's Tissues. Then "rinse" with more Cold Cream to dispose of the last smitch of dirt and old make-up. **2.** Over your immaculate skin, spread a thick white mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Remove after 1 full minute. *Then* wield the powder puff and you'll glitter with glamour!

3



WRONG

to hold him at a coy arm's length so long that he gets discouraged. Love can't thrive indefinitely on a starvation diet!



RIGHT

a little close-range eye-making and such. Extremely effective unless a close-up of your face reveals clogged pores and a network of squint lines. Help keep pores, "dry" lines and blackheads from blighting romance by thoroughly cleansing and softening your skin with Pond's Cold Cream—*every night!*

4



WRONG

Fatal, in fact! To fumble nervously in your handbag for a powder compact when the poor fellow is desperately working himself to proposal pitch. He may never reach that point again!



RIGHT

to encourage him by looking sweet and *knowing* it! No distracting worry of bleary make-up or glistening nose will give you the fidgets, if you have used that amazing 1-minute mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream before your date. The mask smooths away little roughnesses—gives your skin a glorious "mat" finish that you can *trust* to hold powder right through the crisis!

WRONG



being just terribly brave and noble when he half-heartedly courts you for 7 years without mentioning churches and ministers.

WRITE

Close the deal while it's hot! Get going *now* on a sweep-him-off-his-feet complexion! Here's a dotted line to sign on—it isn't a wedding license, but one may well follow!

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Strictly Impulsive

By JAMES REID

Claudette Colbert, *tres* glamorous in red lounging pajamas, had just received a lingering kiss from Ray Milland on the set of *Skylark*. She turned to me and said, "That's the sort of thing that makes a girl feel feminine all over again.

"I've never felt better cast," she added, with a gleam in those brown eyes. "In real life, too, as in this new picture, I practically drive my husband crazy with the things I take it into my head to do."

Was she kidding?

"No, indeed, I'm not kidding," said Claudette, shaking her head. "I'm a case for a psycho-analyst. I'm forever finding myself doing something I never expected to do—all because I obeyed an impulse.

"I don't know whether that's the French in me coming out, or what. There's an old French saying, 'The first thought you have was sent from heaven above. Follow it—it's for you.'

"Or maybe, subconsciously, I'd like to believe that old myth that a girl's best friend is her instinct. If feminine intuition really paid off, life would be simple.

"So I make life difficult for myself and obey impulses.

"When I was a youngster, I was determined to be a ballet dancer. The best ballet dancer in the world. Another Pavlova. But one little impulse was the finish of that.

"We lived in a flat in New York. One day I was out in front, bouncing a ball against the wall of the building. The ball went in the street. I dashed after it—without looking or thinking. I was in the street before I saw the truck coming. I screamed, and then fainted. I don't remember actually being hit. The next I knew, I was in a hospital bed, in agony—bruised from head to foot. And with one leg broken in about three places. I spent four months in bed. I finally gave up my dream of ever being a dancer.

"Another little impulse was the finish of my father's ambition for me. He wanted me to be a singer. He was convinced that I had a voice worth developing. But we never found out for sure because, one day after school, I had the urge to go ice-skating, even though I wasn't dressed for it. As an aftermath of that little urge, I came down with the world's worst case of laryngitis—which left me with a chronic hoarseness that I didn't outgrow for years.

"After a couple of catastrophes like that, you'd think I would have been cured of ever being impulsive again. But no."

Everybody has had the urge to go around the world on a tramp freighter—but Claudette's the girl who obeyed that impulse.

"I decided to go, just like that." She snapped her fingers. "It was a wonderful trip, and I've never regretted taking it.

"Every trip I've ever made, I've made on an impulse. I'm superstitious about planning trips. So many things can happen to spoil plans. I'm sure it's more fun, just setting out when the urge strikes you—the way my husband and I did three years ago, when we went to Europe.

"When we were married, we had only a week for a honeymoon so we went to Yosemite. While there, we took up skiing. We had just enough of it to tantalize us. All the next year, we kept talking about how we were really going to learn how to ski. Until finally I said, 'If we're going to learn how, let's learn from experts. Let's go to the Tyrol.' So we took three months off and went to the Tyrol."

Now, every chance they get, they obey the urge to go to Sun Valley. Claudette even won a slalom race there last winter.

"I didn't plan to enter. I had never slalomed in my life. At the last minute, somebody said, 'Go on, try it.' And, suddenly, I found myself at the starting line, shaking from head to foot. Only a moment before, I had been positively healthy, and so happy. . . . I still don't know how I won the race.

"I'm forever getting in difficulties, obeying that impulse to do as the natives do. I'll never forget one time in Bali, when I went out by myself at night to watch a native ceremony. It wasn't exactly voodoo, but it was something akin to it. I had heard that they ate fire. They hypnotized themselves into chewing live coals. But nobody had told me that, at a certain point in the proceedings, a big dragon made of water buffalo hide would appear on the scene. This thing suddenly came leaping out. I was so surprised that I sat down on the ground. And, as I sat, I landed on a toad." Claudette shuddered in reminiscence. "I'm telling you my scream scared the natives right out of their trances."

Claudette hates hats, and never wears one if she can avoid it. Yet if she feels miserable or at a loss, she buys a hat.

"I often think of that line Mary Boland had in *Three-Cornered Moon* when she learned she was penniless. 'But what did you do, Mama?' her brood asked. She said, 'What *could* I do? I went to the beauty shop and had my hair washed' . . . I know exactly how she felt. Though probably my impulse has less sense than hers, because I haven't any use for hats.

"You can quote me as saying that, in general, it isn't smart to be impulsive, but it's fun. If I were qualified to hand out any advice on the subject of impulse, I'd say, 'Give it a second thought!' "

END



Claudette Colbert repeats a lucky impulse by again requesting Ray Milland as her leading man for Paramount's new film, *Skylark*

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"A BRAND-NEW SKIN

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You are going to get a Brand New Skin!—a New-Born Skin, a fresher, younger skin! For, right under your skin as you see it today, another skin is slowly taking form.



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The minute flakes can be the villains that rob you of your good looks—they can hide your beauty—they can give you the effect of a rough, coarse make-up.

"My Four-Purpose Face Cream," says Lady Esther, "gently permeates those tiny dry flakes of older skin—it loosens them, surrounds them, as it were, so that you can wipe them away, ever so gently, ever so lightly."

Lady Esther's 4-Purpose Cream helps your New-Born Skin to emerge in beauty—because it helps you remove those tiny invisible flakes on the surface—the impurities, the grime and the dust as well. It helps Nature to refine your pores, and to reveal your New-Born Skin as a thing soft and smooth and lovely.

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream!

Ask your doctor, and all the better if he is a specialist on the skin. Ask him if he favors feeding the skin from without? Ask him what he thinks of astringents—skin foods—heavy powder bases—tissue creams!

I am almost sure, says Lady Esther, that he will tell you that any cream that entered the pore mouths would tend to enlarge them. But ask his opinion on Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. It is almost certain that he'll put the seal of approval on every word that Lady Esther says.



So, try Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream at my expense. Or better still, buy a 55 cent jar for yourself. *Use no other cream for one whole month.* Use it *at least twice daily.* Leave it on while you work, while you do your household tasks!

And when you wipe your cream off and apply your powder see how much better your powder looks. For with Lady Esther 4-Purpose Cream you end, for all time, the search for the perfect powder base! For with Lady Esther Cream your powder will go on evenly—giving your skin a silken smoothness, adorning it, flattering it. For Lady Esther's 4-Purpose Face Cream helps you to keep your *accent on youth.*

Lady Esther

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Joan Bennett Defends Her Reputation

By GENE SCHROTT



Joan Bennett is waging a one-woman battle, trying to live down the reputation she gained in the old days. Below: Joan as a blonde. Above: As she appears today

■ Like all blondes, Joan Bennett was born with a reputation—a reputation that has clung to her throughout her entire life—a reputation that she has desperately tried to live down. Ever since she first became aware of it, she has been trying to convince the world that its impression of blondes was all wrong—that it was high time the flaxen-haired ladies were given a bit more consideration and treated more seriously.

It's been a tough struggle for Hollywood's most beautiful actress. A one-woman struggle. A crusade waged valiantly and relentlessly against almost overpowering odds. But Joan Bennett has succeeded. She has convinced the world once and for all that the old adage about blondes being beautiful but dumb is every bit as fallacious as the one about the world being flat.

We don't know whether Joan Bennett ever met Professor George Lang, of the University of Alabama. To him is credited the never-to-be-forgotten statement, "All blondes are born with a reputation that they have to live down!"

But Joan realized this truth without ever having to be told about it. She didn't sit back and let the world believe all the nonsense it was taking for granted. She went out and did something about it! Until last year, she was the idol of every blonde in the country. They came from far and near to emulate her success in pictures. They felt that as long as the reigning beauty of films was a blonde, their own chances of success were much more favorable.



But then it happened! Overnight, Joan's hair was turned to a chestnut brown. Overnight, the most beautiful blonde in pictures became the most sensational brunette in Hollywood. Everywhere you went, people discussed the reasons for Joan's sudden change. They were anxious to see just what results it would produce. They felt that now, at last, the entire age-old blonde versus brunette controversy was being put to a final test.

After a year's experience as a brunette, Joan herself has been aware of the effect it's had upon her life and personality. But people are under the misleading impression that Joan changed the color of her hair because of a supposed rivalry existing between her and Hedy Lamarr. All this is idle talk without the slightest bit of truth attached to it. This is how it came about.

While Joan was appearing in *Trade Winds*, the script called for her to change from blonde to brunette because she was accused of murder and was evading the authorities. In order to more deftly elude being caught, she had to change the color of her hair.

In the picture, Joan wore a wig. At first, she wasn't sure whether the darker shade of hair would be becoming. She wasn't sure she could be a brunette type or whether it would suit her personality. But when the effect was so startlingly satisfactory, only then did she decide to make the change a permanent one.

This transformation called for a complete change in the type of clothes she could wear. At first, that was all Joan expected. And she was quite willing to make this sacrifice. She had to adopt simpler, more tailored things. Darker colors and more sophisticated modes.

But that wasn't all. She soon learned that she must alter everything about her —from the color of her finger-nails to the shade of her face powder.

It may seem difficult to realize that all these subtle little changes soon produce a strong effect upon the character of the person herself. And in Joan's case, they penetrated far beneath the surface. Soon, she found herself converted into an entirely new and different personality in a great many other respects.

As a blonde, people expected her to be gay and airy and as effervescent as a glass of champagne. They wanted her to laugh and sing all the time and not to trouble her pretty head about the serious side of life. To most men she met, she had the aspect of a beautiful baby doll—something fragile and delicate like a prized piece of china. People didn't dare bore her with conversations that they thought would be beyond her comprehension. They couldn't reconcile themselves to the belief that even a blonde might be intelligent.

But the darker-haired Joan was different. Four shades had made another woman out of her.

Today, at dinner parties with the same people, her views are regarded highly and

her opinions respected and valued as much as those of any authority.

"That," she will attest, "is because a brunette is basically a more serious-minded type. She is more subdued. More interested in the problems of the world and in life. There is something more material about her—something that invites strong confidence and an interchange of ideas."

In short, a brunette is expected to have brains!

After she finished making *The Man I Married,* Joan joined her husband, Walter Wanger, in a trip through this country and Canada. Throughout the ten weeks, she made personal appearances without any compensation. She lectured before women's clubs. She exchanged ideas with newspaper people. She solicited help for the British War Relief and for the Bundles for Britain movement. And in Quebec, she appeared at one of the theaters and delivered a lengthy talk on motion pictures—in French!

She met and spoke to the wives and mothers of men who were in Europe fighting. She heard stories about the Battle of Dunkirk and saw the look of sadness and pride in the eyes of these women. And never for a moment, did these women regard her as a frivolous glamour girl.

Throughout this trip, Joan travelled as Mrs. Walter Wanger. And when it was finally concluded in New York, she needed a rest. However, she heard Mr. Wanger say that he had donated a pint of blood to be sent to Great Britain for emergency. She questioned him about it, found out that one had to be qualified in several ways. By further questioning, she learned the name of the hospital where one could make this contribution.

Without any fanfare from the press, Joan quietly went down to the hospital, permitted her blood to be tested and soon was the donor of a pint of her own blood. No one knew about it. Not even her own husband!

Joan thinks that it's altogether wrong to say that blondes are not intelligent or serious-minded.

A little more than ten years ago, a gifted young authoress, Anita Loos, dared to defy the brunette vogue of the day by writing a book entitled, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." The very title stirred the women of the world to action. Criticisms were rampant—despite the fact that the authoress herself was a brunette.

Immediately the beauty parlors of the country were thronged with women who wanted their raven tresses gilded.

At that time, Joan Bennett was just being recognized as an up-and-coming actress. She found blond tresses a decided help in getting screen recognition.

Slightly less than a year ago, Anita Loos returned to Hollywood. When she met Joan Bennett she completely changed her former opinion about blondes. She made a public apology and retracted the statement that had made her famous.

Not that she hadn't admired Joan as a blonde. But Miss Loos, who by this time was an authority on the subject, risked her very reputation by declaring that the day of the blonde is definitely over.

In the case of Joan Bennett—we agree!

END



At least you are while that wise mother of yours has anything to say about it . . .

That funny white thing she just pinned around your middle was washed with Golden Fels-Naptha Soap. No wonder it feels so good and soft. It's completely, sweetly clean.

No half-way washing will do where your clothes are concerned. No half-way soap is going to leave dirt in your dainty things.

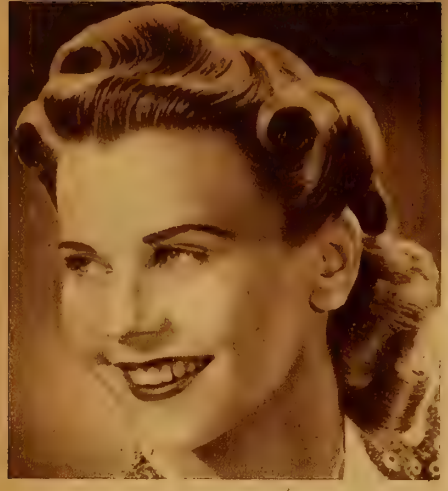
Fels-Naptha's two busy cleaners—gentle naptha and richer, *golden* soap—help your mother every wash day. They do the hard work that really gets the dirt out. That's why mother's face is so lovely and gay. That's why her arms are never too tired to pick you up and play.

You're in luck, young man. We'll bet when you get big enough for 'baby-talk', the first words you say will be *'Fels-Naptha'!*

Golden bar or Golden chips—

Fels-Naptha

—Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



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Is Errol Flynn Bored With Life?

Errol Flynn plays a humorous sleuthing role in Warners' *Footsteps in the Dark*

By VIRGINIA WOOD

■ Not long ago, Errol Flynn was invited to Palm Springs to one of Rex St. Cyr's dinner parties. The dinner was on a Saturday night and the guests had been invited for the week-end. Sunday was a dreary day—stormy and cloudy. One of the big American Airliners had been grounded at Palm Springs and the passengers were sent to town by automobile. Errol drifted over, got to chatting with the pilot.

"Well, it's back to Dallas for me," the pilot said, wearily, explaining that weather conditions to the South were okay and he'd been ordered to bring his plane back.

Inside of an hour, Errol had bought a ticket and was on his way to Dallas—the lone passenger. It seemed like a good idea at the time. He had no idea where he'd wind up.

Monday he made a pleasantly surprised landing in New York. Tuesday wasn't so good, however. The weather was cold and Errol was equipped with only his Palm Springs clothes.

So he spent Christmas day in bed getting rid of a bad cold.

Back in Hollywood a few days later, he found he just had time to make the Clipper ship, which was leaving for Honolulu. You see, his boat, the Sirocco, had already sailed and Errol had been supposed to meet the gang, but, as usual, was late and, again—it just seemed like a good idea—so why not?

The thing Errol loathes most in life is boredom.

A plane trip, to Errol, is so routine as to be dull. It merely represents a period of time to be endured until action starts again—until he can move.

He tells an amusing story that happened last year when he went to Honolulu. Naturally, he spent his last waking hours catching up with all the sights in the town and was exhausted when he boarded the plane. Havng procured a sleeping powder from the steward, he settled down in his berth to sleep until he arrived on the Mainland.

Upon being awakened by the steward he muttered something about getting in touch with his chauffeur who was waiting to drive him back to Hollywood.

"But we're not in the United States," the steward informed him brightly. "We got a thousand miles out and had to swing in again. We're back in Honolulu!"

Errol grinned contentedly and promptly settled down to three more days of waiting until the ship could take off. He thoroughly enjoyed sending a wire to the studio, quoting the "Act of God" clause in his contract!

Everything Errol does he does violently. When he plays tennis, he stays on the court until exhausted. When deep sea fishing, he's indefatigable. And everything he learns, he learns thoroughly.

A few years ago, he had his first real taste of deep sea sport fishing on Cat Cay, in the Bahamas. From that time on, Errol has been an addict. He was heart-broken because he had to come back to Hollywood without catching a record breaker. He couldn't wait to get back. In fact, he didn't. His old boat, the Cheerio, was anchored off Coronado. Every free minute, Errol

spent on board, rigging it up with new tackle, reels and gadgets—getting it in shape for a marlin run. His only ambition was to catch THE fish.

When summer came, Errol bought himself a plane and flew back to Cat Cay. He was admitted to the Cat Cay Tuna Tournament—the only theatrical member among such people as Walter Chrysler, Jr., Alfred P. Sloan, Edsel Ford, etc.

And his dream came true, as it always does. He caught the record tuna—weight 564 lbs.

Errol has a keen sense of the ridiculous and does his best "hamming" between scenes on the set. There was a scene in *Santa Fe Trail*, for instance, that struck him as being pretty silly. He felt foolish carrying his sword with a small handkerchief waving at the end—a flag of truce. He had the whole crew in hysterics as he exaggerated the action during rehearsal shots, much to the disgust of Mike Curtiz, the director. Mike and Errol are great friends, however, and Mike finally broke down like the rest of the crew. Errol, of course, takes special delight in annoying Mike because of his famous tirades in broken English. And Mike loves it.

Oddly enough, strangers scare him to death. He becomes extremely self-conscious when being introduced to strangers and for that reason often seems rude, in that he will suddenly break away with a muttered excuse and shut himself up in his dressing room. If he knows about it beforehand, however, and feels that he might have something in common with the newcomer, he will yarn for hours.

Recently, when a delegation from South America was entertained on the set and at luncheon in the studio, Errol became so engrossed in conversation he was an hour and a half late getting back to the set. This was because he was, and is, intensely interested in the Pan-American situation and felt that he had something to contribute to the conversation. All the King's horses, however, coudn't drag him into a discussion for which he held no interest—or in which he'd been told he really should be interested.

He's extremely slow to make friends, although his studio dressing room is constantly overflowing with the ones that he has. Bud Ernst and Johnny Meyer are among his closest friends and they are constantly with him.

When he finds himself getting bored with people or their conversation, he often ducks into the dressing room on some dreamt-up excuse to write. He has a great ambition to one day really do something with this talent—when he can afford to take the time off to do it. Meantime, he just dabbles. He always, however, has a story he's working on.

In *Footsteps in the Dark*, he decided to bring back bow ties, which haven't been too popular for a long time. There was much argument about this. The director didn't approve. No one approved, but Errol was firm. In the finished film, he looked so well the studio people are convinced he really started something. It probably all started because Errol was bored and just felt in the mood for an argument!

END



"**Hey! Know any tricks** to amuse baby bunnies? I've been putting my best foot forward all morning—but it's no use. They just grumble and take naps. Shucks, there oughta be *something* the sillies would like . . ."



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Here Joan is modeling a garment featuring a corselet, with black lace applique. Over it she wears a black tulle robe fashioned in the Elizabethan style

"The Great Lie"

[*Continued from page 29*]

signed by Franklin Roosevelt, Jr. Paul Robeson, Joe Lewis and Marian Anderson also received certificates as leaders in their fields.

■ On my second tour to the set of *The Great Lie*, I ran across Mary Astor. She was lying across a bed in her negligee with one shoulder strap carelessly falling off her shoulder, all part of her first scene. Whew! What glamour!

I was talking to Eddie Goulding about Mary and he, like everyone else, raves about her. "You know," he said, "she's the only real glamorous person left in Hollywood. I tested a lot of stars for this part, but none of them had Mary's genuine glamour. Besides, she's a fine actress."

Mary's return to Warners, her first picture there in five years, is really a homecoming. She used to be the big star at Warners. She hadn't realized how much water had passed under the bridge until she and Eddie Robinson looked at some of her old movie stills one day.

"Eddie asked me to bring these stills from some pictures I made in the silents," Mary said. "Most of them were from an old film called *The Bright Shawl*, in which Eddie played my father. In the same picture were William Powell and Jetta Goudal, and the screen play was written by none other than Eddie Goulding."

Mary and I had talked for some time when Eddie Goulding called her for a "take," and as is customary with him, he began to act out every part in the scene. He even showed Hattie McDaniels how to whip up a pie for a scene in the picture.

Eddie turned to Mary and Bette and said, "All right, we'll rehearse the scene. Here we go . . . watch carefully . . .I'm Mary Astor." Bette was seated at a nearby table. As Goulding pranced toward her as Mary, he said, "Here comes Mary Astor." Bette smiled and replied, "The director can't be wrong. Otherwise, I'd never believe it."

There was a time, though, when Eddie wouldn't act out a scene. Bette was supposed to dress tiny Billy Ferris, a 98-day-old baby. "But, Eddie," Bette said, "aren't you going to rehearse this scene with me?" He smiled and said, "We'll omit that. If there are any changes to be made, you make them."

Billy, by the way, gets a higher salary for the time he works than Bette does! He can only be at the studio between 9:30 and 11:30 a.m. or between 2:30 and 4:30 p.m. His working day is limited to twenty minutes, and each appearance before the camera to twenty seconds.

My last view of production on *The Great Lie* was hardly symbolic of the drama involved in its story. George and Bette were playing a romantic scene, in which George was taking off Bette's shoes. Romantic, did I say? Everything went along so nicely that Eddie Goulding said, "A charming scene." "Charming, my foot!" Bette exclaimed. "George tickled my feet all the time." "Well, anyway," George retorted, "it had kick."

END

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She Didn't Know What She Wanted

By MAY DRISCOLL





Discouraged with her progress, young Kathryn Grayson asked to be released from her studio contract. A final try, and she walked off with high honors. Right: With Mickey Rooney in a scene from *Andy Hardy's Private Secretary*

■ It's a dull month when somebody new isn't discovered in Hollywood. Of course, most of these so-called discoveries flash like a bonfire at first and then dim to a scarcely recognizable glow.

But in the case of M-G-M's new and youthful singer, Kathryn Grayson, predictions are that she's here to stay. One peek at her cute impishness in *Andy Hardy's Private Secretary* has convinced even the diehards. Witness the following excerpt from the "Hollywood Reporter's" film review of the new Andy Hardy film. "It's the first time in the Hardys' five years of life that anyone's been able to steal the show from Mickey Rooney. Her name is Kathryn Grayson."

Kathryn is not what you'd call glamorous. In fact, you don't dare call her a glamour girl to her face. She'd refer you to her perked up nose and say, "Glamour with *that*? Just whom do you think you are kidding?"

For over a year, Kathryn has been hiding out at the studio with little publicity or fanfare. She studied voice, took dramatic lessons, delved into French, modern literature, and even home economics. And just when it looked as though she would hit the screen, she calmly asked for her release.

Oh, yes, her story is very different. There's no pleading at the impregnable gates. There's no woeful cry of "Please put me in pictures." Instead, there's a simple: "But I don't want to be in pictures."

It took two studio executives and her own conscience to wear her down. And what a job it was!

"When I was first brought to the studio," Kathryn continued, "I was completely indifferent. And frankly scared stiff. You see, I had opera in mind, and I didn't see how I'd ever get a chance to do opera in pictures. Besides, I was sure I couldn't act."

When Kathryn was ushered into Mr. Mayer's office, he informed her that he had heard great things about her. He then took her into a large room where she was confronted by a couple of other important executives and quite a crowd of people. She was dumbfounded. What was this? Suddenly she heard the man who was responsible for getting her into this predicament say to the crowd: "I want you to hear this young lady sing. She has a marvelous voice!"

"I was naturally surprised," Kathryn went on. "And when he turned to me and said, 'Won't you sing for us?' I felt like turning right around and walking out. Instead, I got up, looked at the people, got a little panicky, and then started to sing.

"All the time I was singing, I kept thinking to myself: 'Why worry? They won't want you. You're just not the type.' But when my song was over, I was amazed to hear that they wanted me to sign a contract on the spot. I told them I wasn't interested. They argued with me. Finally, they said that the studio never put a newcomer into a picture right away. I wouldn't even have to make a test until the first year was over.

"After a while, I agreed. All right, I'd sign their contract. By the time the year had rolled around, they'd be only too glad to let me go back to my real ambition—opera."

For a year, Kathryn studied. As the year drew to a close, she became discouraged. She knew that the reason she hadn't wanted to sign the contract in the first place was because she didn't have any confidence in herself as a picture actress.

One day, the casting office called Kathryn in and informed her that she was to play the minx role in *Susan and God*. That was just about the end. For crying out loud! She couldn't play a minx!

She went right into Mr. Mayer's office at the studio and asked to be released.

"Why do you want to be released?" he asked, amazed.

"I simply don't want to be in pictures." She hesitated and then said, "Besides, they want me to play the minx in *Susan and God*, and—and besides I'm—I'm tired of all this routine."

Mr. Mayer, completely stunned, finally said to her, "I'll tell you what we'll do. You take the test next week. If you aren't any good, we'll let you have your release."

Two weeks had passed since her test. Kathryn had just seen it and was sure that she had been right all along.

It didn't take her long to visit Mr. Mayer again.

"I can have my release now, can't I?"

"You certainly can not!" he replied smilingly. "Your test was great. In fact, you're going into your first picture in about three days. You're going to be in the next Andy Hardy production."

"I stomped out of his office that day," Kathryn said emphatically. "Now I really was scared. I couldn't believe I was actually going to make a picture. Not after I'd seen that test!"

She began work a few days later. She was ill with the flu, but she wouldn't give up. The director told her to do things she didn't understand. The hairdressers drove her mad with their constant attention. She was nervous and scared but anxious to do all she could.

"Mickey Rooney was the only person who understood me," Kathryn said. "He took me aside and helped me with my lines. He explained many things to me. He was really my director. You see, he knew what was going on inside of me.

"After three days of long, hard work, I heard that there was a decision being made to take me out of the picture. The rushes of my work thus far showed me shaking visibly on the screen. I was that scared! But then one morning, I heard something that made me determined to make a success in that picture. Mr. Mayer who had believed in me so strongly had issued orders that I was not to be taken out of the film. He had told everyone that he knew I would make the grade. From that time on, flu or no flu, I had to prove to him that he was right."

Her success in *Andy Hardy's Private Secretary* proved that no one's confidence in Kathryn Grayson was misplaced. Today, she is the favorite of the lot.

And so the story of Kathryn Grayson comes to a temporary halt. Whether she will ever get to do opera is a moot question. It won't surprise me if she lands at the Met by saying that she doesn't want to be in opera. Saying "No" has certainly gotten her places in Hollywood.

END

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Glamour Girl In Socks

By JANE PORTER

A teen age actress is usually more trouble than she's worth to a movie studio. Just when you think she's a lady, she behaves like a brat and vice versa. It's quite disconcerting at times.

So when Warner Brothers signed up Joan Leslie and made her a star on her 16th birthday, you can rest assured that the young lady had plenty on the ball to make the studio overcome its prejudice about actresses of her gentle youth.

You'll be seeing a lot of Joan in 1941. She's stacked up four pictures in half a year—*High Sierra, The Wagons Roll at Night, The Great Mr. Nobody,* and now she is playing Gary Cooper's wife in *Sergeant York!* People are aghast when they learn that the child is playing the wife of veteran Gary Cooper. "What is it?" they gasp. "A story about Kentucky mountain marriages?"

Don't worry. It's about a soldier who comes back from war and marries a 16-year-old girl.

Already Joan has given her studio a few anxious moments because she is at that crucial in-between age. She is half child, half woman, and you don't know which half is going to predominate until it's too late.

In between domestic scenes with Gary Cooper, for instance, she goes to school on the set. This makes young Miss Leslie quite unpredictable. She looks like a cool, poised young lady, but her heart is wrapped up in history dates, not dancing dates. An important New York writer was being shown around the set when the studio greeter duly introduced him to Joan.

"Golly," whooped Joan in unrestrained joy. "Am I glad to see you!"

"Really," said the visitor, preening. "How nice."

"Yes," continued Miss Leslie. "If you hadn't come at exactly this minute, I'd have had to take a geometry exam."

You see, that's what the studio is up against. Joan, God bless her, isn't old enough to be tactful. She has the directness of youth. Young youth.

The only time that Joan fell wholeheartedly into the idea of fibbing was about her age. That was when she was a little squirt of 11, and she tried to tack almost ten years to her age. She and her two big sisters, Mary and Betty, were a singing and dancing trio. They had all studied dancing in Detroit, where they were born. They were a swell act. Sing, dance and plenty hot. They were Irish and snappy, but of the three, the little one—Joan—was the show-stopper. The audience melted when she came out on the stage and did her cartwheels and back flips.

Everything would have been fine but for the vigilance of the Gerry Children's Society, whose job it was to see that little girls were home in bed instead of on the stage. Often, the act was stopped cold when the sisters sniffed a Gerry official backstage. Joan was then hurriedly whisked out of the theater and into bed, where the little angel pretended to sleep as though she had been there for hours.

A talent scout spotted Joan when the girls played the Paradise Cafe in New York, and sent her to Hollywood. Joan might as well have been locked up in a vault for all the good that trip did her. She played a few minor parts—the sort of roles that you miss altogether if you blink your eyes. Then she rejoined her sisters.

Later, Mary took Joan by the hand and led her back to Hollywood, on the assumption that two could dent the movie-makers' sensibilities where one might fail. Mary obtained some work in minor parts—she's a looker herself, that Mary!—and she never lost an opportunity to stalk to the bosses in the



Sixteen-year-old Joan Leslie won coveted role of Gary Cooper's wife in *Sergeant York*

Front Office and talk about her kid sister. But always the same turndown: "We're not interested in kids her age. They're neither child nor woman, fish nor fowl."

Finally Mary prevailed upon a Warner Brothers' talent scout to prevail upon his studio to give Joan a chance. She was only a youngster, but the studio saw what other studios had failed to see: that Joan had retained all the charming and effervescent qualities of youth. She wasn't a 15-year-old trying to act like a sophisticate. Here was a young girl who had the breathless exuberance that was almost a lost quality in Hollywood. They featured her in a short, *Alice in Movieland*. By being completely natural in it, Joan was different. So the studio tested her further by putting her in a succession of big pictures until now they've rewarded her with stardom and the lead opposite Gary Cooper. All within a year!

"Can you imagine," shrieks Joan, running a hand vigorously through her long, blond mane. "Last year I wrote Mr. Cooper a fan letter. This year my name is next to his. Glory be!"

By some miracle, the deleterious effects of sudden stardom haven't touched Joan. Usually a young, overnight star becomes as spoiled as an uncorked bottle of champagne. But Joan comes of a hard-working Irish clan who won't tolerate any kinardy. Joan still shares a bedroom with her mother. She still helps around the house, setting the table, washing the dishes, straightening the chairs. The fact that Mr. Warner has put a gold star on her dressing room has not affected her status at home at all.

Being a 16-year-old star isn't the snap it appears to be. The Board of Education insists that Joan gets a minimum of three hours' schooling a day, and believe it or not, it's a ruling that is rigidly observed. When Joan is through with a scene, she rushes to her dressing room to bone up on her lessons with her teacher.

One day she had a difficult crying scene on the set. When she was through crying, she went into a huddle with her teacher on her French lessons. Fifteen minutes of French and she was called back on the set to cry some more. After the cry, back to her French again. That went on all morning, and at the fifth take, the poor child was so dizzy that when she took her place before the camera, *she cried in French!*

Kissing scenes are most difficult for her because she has never kissed a boy, has never been in love. It's difficult for her to feel the ecstatic happiness of love when she doesn't know what it's all about. So she worked out a solution.

"When I have to kiss someone," she says, "I close my eyes and think of something that would make me very happy."

She had to kiss Gary Cooper the other day. She closed her eyes and was such a picture of love in bloom that the director pronounced it a perfect take the first time. It was so good, in fact, that he suspected that Joan had finally gotten herself a boy friend on whom to fasten her thoughts. But it was nothing of the kind. Joan looked blissful for another reason.

"Geometry," she explained. "I imagined that I passed it with an A."

No one got a greater kick out of it than Gary Cooper.

END

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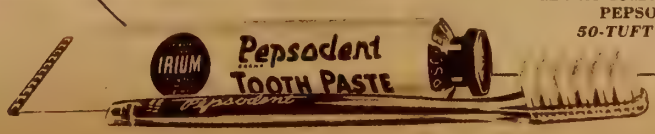


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Young Glenn Ford, who had trouble getting into movies because he wasn't "pretty," is now being praised for his excellent performance in *So Ends Our Night*

He Wasn't Pretty Enough!

By JOHN FRANCHEY

■ Those boys at Paramount know how to get a thing done with dispatch.

With *Night in Manhattan,* a modest little short subject, fresh out of the cutting room and Glenn Ford, participant in the little epic, waiting nervously for the verdict on his maiden opus, one of the afore-mentioned boys at Paramount didn't even wait for the light to flash on again in the projection room.

"Kid," he said, "this hurts me, but you might as well know it now: you just aren't pretty enough for pictures."

The verdict didn't exactly make young Ford hysterical with joy. All it did was to remind him of a recent diagnosis by the casting office of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer which had charted his ailments as follows:

A. Subject too ugly.

B. Subject totally minus sex appeal.

One of the Metro smaller fry did offer some encouragement. He recommended radio.

Well, Metro and Paramount weren't the only studios in town, twice-rebuffed Glenn Ford consoled himself. For one thing there was Twentieth Century-Fox. Mr. Zanuck's merry men knew a good actor when they saw one.

In time, Darryl Zanuck's vassals gave him a screen test. And a swift verdict.

"As to looks, you are very uneventful. You need work done on your face. To begin with, you need caps put on your teeth. You can't expect young-America-in-pageboys to get hepped up about a glamour boy with choppers like yours. Furthermore, your nose needs straightening. Special make-up will remedy that. Your eyes are too far apart. We can take care of that with a pencil. Your cheek bones stick out, but that's no trick at all. Special make-up can do wonders. Meanwhile, why don't you take cod liver oil and pick up some weight? Your face could stand rounding out. Right now it's too angular."

Glenn Ford appeared in *Heaven With a Barbed Wire Fence* for Twentieth Century-Fox. He was a pretty boy with a vengeance. His nose was a wonderful triangle, geometric beyond complaint. His face was symmetrical as an oval. And he smiled a toothy smile, a masterpiece of dentistry that cost $375.

The picture pleased everybody. Everybody but Glenn Ford. He saw the rushes and was so disgusted with his performance as a counterfeit glamour boy that he decided to leave town, but fast, and to hell with pictures. The legitimate stage in New York, mercifully enough, didn't demand glamour in all young actors.

He packed his bags and relayed the news to his agent, Gummo Marx. Gummo hurried right over.

"You've just got a break and you're

quitting. I don't get it," Gummo said.

"I do," young Ford said quietly. "If there's no room for me in pictures without beauty treatments, I want no part of them."

"There's room for you in Hollywood just as you are."

"Thanks. But I'm leaving."

"Give me ten days," Gummo said.

"O. K. Ten days. But my bags stay packed."

In a week Gummo had him under contract to Columbia. It was a wonderful little contract to play leads in B pictures. More importantly, he was to play them as he was, not only minus beauty treatments but without any make-up whatsoever.

He did a half dozen little numbers for Columbia, beginning with *My Son Is Guilty* and winding up with *The Lady in Question*. At which point Gummo Marx clinched his hunch that Glenn Ford's place was in Hollywood. He landed for his client, still unknown to fans, a supporting role in the Loew-Lewin super-super *So Ends Our Night*, opposite Margaret Sullavan, and co-starring Fredric March. To show his gratitude to Gummo, Glenn Ford promptly ran away with the picture, inspiring en route some of the most all-out huzzas ever doused on a newcomer. What else he did was to touch off a spirited bidding campaign. Every studio in Hollywood began clamoring for his services. And right up on top, waving bank notes wildly are (you guessed it) Metro and Paramount. Hardly the studios to harbor a grudge, they have forgiven him for not being photogenic and are ready to talk turkey, just as soon as Mr. Ford can spare a minute of his valuable time.

Glenn Ford is a transplanted Californian (he hails from Quebec which he departed as a child) and lives in Santa Monica, a sixty-cent bus ride to Los Angeles and a mere forty-cent ride to Metro at Culver City. He knew he was an actor from the beginning. And when he got that first nibble from Paramount—at the age of seventeen—he had behind him forty plays. By the time he got to Twentieth Century-Fox the number was 138, an astronomical figure topped only by the activity of characters like Thomas Mitchell.

The elder Ford, who died shortly after his son and heir had completed *The Lady in Question*, was a railroad executive, as well as the nephew of Sir John MacDonald, former Prime Minister of Canada. For good measure Ford pere was a descendant of Martin Van Buren who was, according to the wonderful Quiz Kids, the eighth President of the United States.

For some whimsical reason, the Ford scion was named Gwyllyn, which is utterly unpronounceable. Columbia bobbed the name to a prosaic Glenn. And the patient is doing fine.

Santa Monica High School was where Glenn's talents first flowered. He starred in the sophomore class play. Ditto the junior class. It goes without saying he was the centerpiece of the senior play.

Immediately after graduation, he launched a one-man assault against the Theater. Assault is the word for it.

The environs of Los Angeles for fifty miles in every direction except west are honeycombed with little theater groups. Santa Monica reeks with them. Sportiest of these organizations was the Community Players. Naturally Ford tried them first.

The Community Players said "No!" They were turning down people with decades of experience. And who did this Ford kid think he was anyhow?

What Ford did about the impasse was to make this speech:

"I'll be your janitor for my dues. And as for parts, well, I'll take anything. If you've got nothing, then I'll make scenery. Why, I'll even. . ."

What could they do but capitulate?

This is how Glenn Ford got a foothold in theatricals. In six months he was simultaneously a member of *four* little theater companies: Ocean Park, Pacific Palisades, Westwood and, of course, the Community Players.

His success was phenomenal. He did leads right from the start. He starred in *The Royal Family, The Guardsman, Accent on Youth, Room Service* and *Petticoat Fever*, which last got him the bid from Paramount, involving a short subject, on which score you are already posted.

There was quite an intermission before Twentieth Century-Fox undertook to make a pretty boy out of him. He returned chagrined to the bush league theatricals. This time with a fury. He forced an opening into three more groups, making seven all told. He would have made it nine except for the fact that the other two would have involved either hiring a chauffeur or buying a car.

Ford began odd-jobbing around. He saved his dimes. He would get sixty cents together and then spend it on a bus ride to Los Angeles, where he would tramp around to the all-too-few offices of Coast legitimate producers. On the nineteenth visit to the office of Homer Curran, that worthy said:

"Look, dark nemesis, I'm doing *The Children's Hour* next month. If you want the part of the grocer boy, speak up."

He did.

And so did a critic of the San Francisco *Chronicle*.

Said he: "A bit part in which young newcomer Glenn Ford spoke three lines was a knockout. Who's keeping him under wraps? And why?"

Two more professional engagements and the question was still unanswered. He did *Golden Boy* with Francis Lederer. And next *Soliloquy* with John Beal. The next play turned out to be the charm. It was *A Broom for a Bride*, with Irene Rich.

The notices were so good that Twentieth Century-Fox perked up, sent a man around to ask Ford to drop by the office. There was open disappointment when the Ford features were glimpsed for the first time by the Fox handicappers. It was the test he did that saved him. A man named Tom Moore told the dubious casting department:

"He will never win a beauty contest. But the boy can act. Let's take a chance."

The motion barely carried. Casting and make-up got together, after which Mr. Ford was given the sermon that we passed on to you way back there. Which is where we came in.

END

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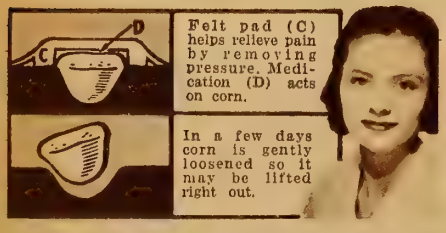
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Jane Russell is the film neophyte whose sensational spurt to fame has even blase Hollywood agog. Jane's run off with the important lead role in *The Outlaw*

Sensational Cinderella

By TOM DeVANE

■ Not since Lana Turner made the country sweater-conscious has there been a more sensational Cinderella girl than 19-year-old Jane Russell.

Jane, who was given an honest-to-goodness starring role in her first picture, *The Outlaw*, became "news" practically immediately—and not because of her acting. No one knows about that yet. It was Jane's superb, tall, full-bosomed figure, as photographed by the candid camera photographers, that caused all the excitement.

A lot of people, gazing at the pictures, said that there just couldn't be anything so beautiful. A lot of other people, mostly Miss Russell's own delightful sex, thought that she had a lot of nerve allowing herself to be photographed so revealingly.

When we tracked Jane down during the last few days' shooting on *The Outlaw*, she merely grinned and said, "I *posed* for the pictures, didn't I? And I liked them. I'm old enough to know what I'm doing."

Miss Russell is amazingly calm for a movie Cinderella. She admitted that she still had her fingers crossed on the idea of being a movie star, because of her lack of dramatic experience.

A closely knit family life, with Jane growing up as the only sister of four younger brothers, accounts for a great deal of her down-to-earth attitude. The new actress describes herself as being a regular tomboy all through her Van Nuys High School days.

"Although I had a couple of close girl friends, I played with the boys on their baseball teams, and rode horses with them, and even climbed trees with them, generally in one of my brother's shirts and a pair of slacks."

Mother Russell saw to it that Jane was born on American soil in Bemidji, Minnesota, on June 21, 1921. The Russells had been living in Edmonton, Canada—but crossed the border for the arrival of the first born in their summer cottage. Mrs. Russell gave up a flourishing stage career for marriage.

When Jane was six, the Russell family moved to Burbank, California, where Pa Russell became western branch manager for a cosmetics firm. And Mrs. Russell gave lessons in elocution, her daughter being among the students.

"I guess Mother always knew that I'd end up acting," says Jane. "But she never tried to force me to learn anything. I went to dancing school under Cecelia May Fisher, the best teacher in Burbank, and studied both ballet and tap. But it didn't take me long to realize that I would never set the world on fire as a dancer.

"I took part in school plays in Joaquin Miller Grammar School without being urged, and then we moved to Van Nuys,

in the valley, where I went to high school. There's nothing much to say about my school days except that I wanted to quit and go to work when my father died in 1937. That was one time Mother had her own way. I graduated with my class.

"And not until I had my diploma would Mother let me go to work," says Jane.

"I started posing for Tom Kelly, the fashion photographer, and the people in Van Nuys became accustomed to seeing my pictures in the newspapers posing in clothes I could never afford to own. But it wasn't steady work, and finally Dr. Creamer let me work part time as his office girl, arranging dental appointments with nervous patients. I got a steady $10 a week, and felt I was accomplishing something at last.

"Mother didn't, however. She thought I needed more schooling, and since I still felt acting was pretty silly, we decided I might attend a school of design and perhaps learn to be a designer."

It was while both Russells were on their way to the art school that they passed the Max Reinhardt Academy of the Theater. On a sudden impulse, Jane dragged her mother inside, where they discovered that dramatic instruction from the great Reinhardt would cost little more than the art lessons. And before she realized it, she was enrolled as an actress.

"But," says Jane darkly, "Mother wouldn't have given me any back talk if I had gone on to the art classes. She has never told any of us kids what we were to do—except to learn to play some musical instrument. I play the piano, after a fashion, and the boys are all talented musicians. Music is just about Mother's main hobby. Since she had the beginning of a fair orchestra right in her own home, she invited some of the neighborhood kids to join us. And the first thing you know, we were giving concerts all over the Valley, for ladies' clubs, the Y.M.C.A. and private parties.

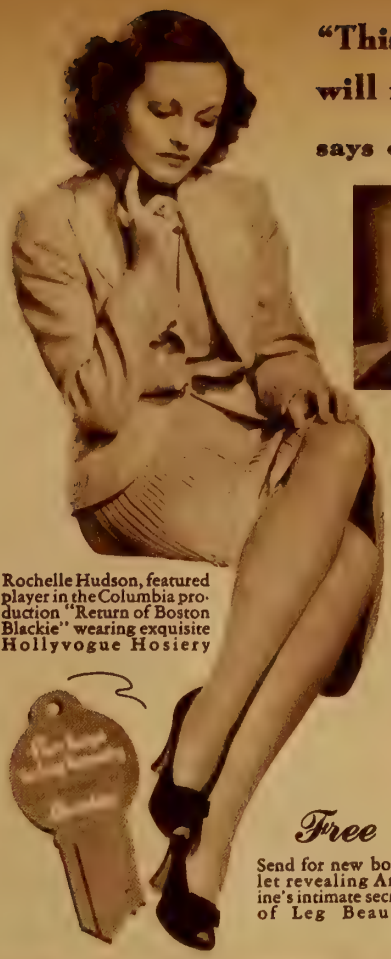
"I finally bowed out, though, because you get tired of playing *The Bells of St. Mary's* all the time. Besides, I was too busy having fun with my own gang. Mother didn't mind. She liked my boy friend, Bob."

Ah ha. Romance, Miss Russell?

"Definitely, yes," she replied. "I chased Bob for three years in high school before he gave me a tumble. But now we're engaged. And everyone is telling me that I can't combine marriage and a career. I think I can. And if I can't, I'll take marriage. That seems more substantial."

"Bob" is one Robert Waterfield, a schoolmate of Jane's at Van Nuys. He is a sophomore at the University of California at Los Angeles (UCLA), majoring in forestry and coaching. Bob is not at all excited over his fiancee's sudden rise to film prominence.

"None of my friends in the Valley are very excited," says the candid Miss Russell. "Most of them have families that are connected with the studios, and I heard a lot of movie chatter long before I set foot in front of a camera. All of us kids realized long ago that the movies were a tough game, and you had to expect plenty of disappointments. And I determined *never* to be disappointed. Why even after mak- [*Continued on page 52*]



Rochelle Hudson, featured player in the Columbia production "Return of Boston Blackie" wearing exquisite Hollyvogue Hosiery

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Sensational Cinderella

[*Continued from page 51*]

ing six days of tests for *The Outlaw*, I believed nothing would come of it. I was even a bit skeptical after signing the contract. But the picture's almost finished now—I guess I'll be in it after all!"

Jane is under one of those long-term contracts with the canny Mr. Howard Hughes, which should net her a tidy fortune if she proves his faith in her. And Mr. Hughes, who once sensed stellar possibilities in another youngster named Jean Harlow, merely smiles when asked if his new star is going to be the biggest hit since Sheridan, Lamarr and Lana Turner. He prefers to let the public do its own discovering.

The Van Nuys Cinderella declares that she doesn't like travel, although her first location trip for the picture was exciting. The company went to the Hopi Indian reservation in Arizona and Jane flew in an airplane for the first time. "I'm too restless to sit still very long," she said.

"I made a motor trip to Canada last year, to visit my godfather.

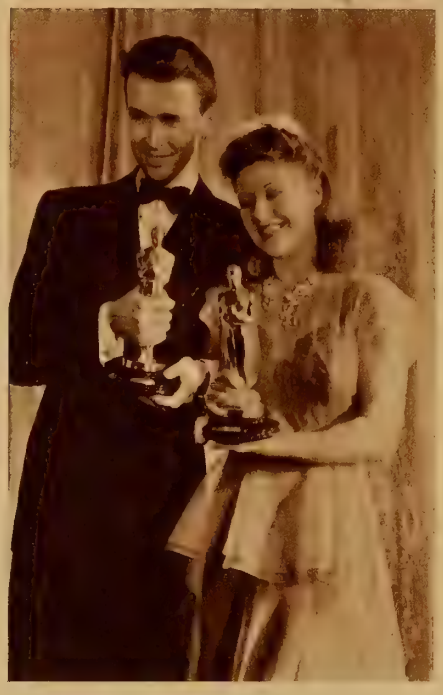
"It was an interesting change to be away from Southern California. Jasper Lake was wonderful, and there was a nice set of young people, my godfather said, for me to have fun with. But they were all so *serious*.

Even those boys and girls my own age seemed to be years older. They all worried about world problems, and no one ever made a wise crack. I finally got homesick for my friends in Van Nuys who knew how to kid around."

A most unorthodox glamour girl, our Jane Russell. In spite of causing so much commotion, she's still Jane, the tomboy from Van Nuys, and no amount of attention will change her.

Not even when she learns that a leading fashion magazine is coming out with a story claiming that she is responsible for "the popular return of the full bosom." Jane would only ask where it had been.

END







1940 ACADEMY AWARD WINNERS!

Here are the results of the most anxiously awaited Hollywood event of the year. At a very elaborate banquet of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, the film industry's finest achievements received recognition. Small, gold-plated statuettes, called "Oscars," neatly arranged on a fresh gardenia-lined table, became the cynosure of all Hollywood. Both Ginger Rogers and Jimmy Stewart were rewarded with one of the treasured symbols of fine art. Ginger's award was a result of her outstanding *Kitty Foyle* performance, while Jimmy's statuette was received for his fine work in *The Philadelphia Story*. A special award was made to Bob Hope for his unselfish humanitarian efforts. Top right: Judy Garland opened the ceremonies by singing "America." Below: Roz Russell presented George Barnes with an "Oscar" for his fine cinematography in *Rebecca*. Other awards went to:

Walter Brennan	Best Supporting Actor	*The Westerner*
Jane Darwell	Best Supporting Actress	*Grapes of Wrath*
David Selznick	Best Picture of the year	*Rebecca*
John Ford	Best Director of the year	*Grapes of Wrath*
Donald Ogden Stewart	Best Written Screen Play	*The Philadelphia Story*
Preston Sturges	Best Original Screen Play	*The Great McGinty*

Are Sin and Sex Hollywood's Real Temptations?

[*Continued from page* 23]

gence serves as a release for other emotions which can become dangerously tangled if suppressed too long. I remember once in Canada when Mrs. DeMille and I each were earning $20.00 a week. For a long time I had been wanting a fine fur collar for my coat and finally we decided we could afford the luxury. We went to the store where I had seen a window full of them, but we stood outside so long trying to decide which one I would choose (it cost the important sum of $7.00), I wound up with a frozen ear.

Social contacts and a normal amount of relaxation are a necessary part of life anywhere. But overdoing the social life presents an actual danger to a career. No player can come to work in the morning with lines under his eyes, for the camera has a relentless eye and is no respecter of persons. And you can't be out all night without getting those lines under the eyes, and a dulled mind as well.

Another temptation, particularly for the young actress, is to neglect her husband in favor of her career, and to postpone having children in favor of stardom.

There may be times when the admission of motherhood is not the best publicity for an actress. But the young woman who takes that stand also must face this truth: the career she is pursuing may fail to materialize, or at best, last but a few years. The home and husband she may be neglecting for that uncertain career could be hers for the whole of her life. The stardom for which she is sacrificing motherhood may be denied her. True, it is a grave risk to a career to lift a year from it when that career is in the formative stage, but the ultimate reward—motherhood, the noblest privilege of womankind—is well worth that risk.

Once the future seems assured, there is a dangerous Hollywood temptation to turn dictatorial about stories, roles, supporting casts and directors.

In all honesty, I will admit there are times when part of the fault for such a situation must be laid at the producer's door. When a player has made a great success, the producer mistakenly will try to cash in on that success with five or six quick pictures on the erroneous premise that they will be box-office hits because the star was a hit. Well, this is true: you cannot pick six *good* pictures for any star, however sensational his talents, in one year. Therefore I can not blame a player for saying: "Whoa, wait a minute. My career is at stake, and it will be destroyed beyond hope if I go on this way. I will agree to do three pictures a year, and must insist they be strong stories." I don't call that a dictator complex; it's common sense.

These, then, are the real temptations of Hollywood. Of not only Hollywood but of the world. Their emphasis is greater in Hollywood only because Hollywood success frequently comes with such dizzy speed and such lavish rewards.

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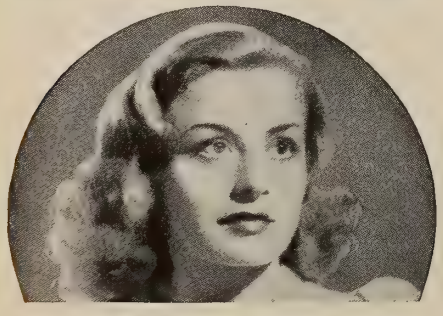
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How Dorothy Lamour Created a Rival



Dorothy Lamour signs an autograph for her favorite movie star, Patti McCarty, whom she helped to a movie career. Patti is in Columbia's *Under Age*

By FREDERICK McFEE

■ This is the story of one girl's humanity to another in a town where feminine rivalry is at its scratchiest.

One month ago, a girl named Patti McCarty was Dorothy Lamour's secretary. Today, Patti is a movie starlet, making her film debut in a Columbia picture called *Under Age*.

And therein lies the story.

Patti was quite sure her career was wrapped up in shorthand notes and pothooks when she went to Covina High School, California. After she had been duly handed her diploma, she headed for Hollywood, not for a movie job but for a good office job.

Her luck was not so good. She got a job, but the firm went bankrupt after three months, leaving Patti with three weeks' unpaid salary and an angry landlady. She was so upset about this one evening when her boy friend came calling that he decided to treat Patti to a big evening, just to lift her out of the doldrums.

They went to Ciro's where the entertainment runs high. Some folks who knew the boy came in, and they knew some other folks there. One introduction led to another, and soon Patti was being introduced to a sleek, dark-haired young woman whose pale face and shoulders emerged from a black tulle gown. It was Dorothy Lamour.

Patti and Dorothy began to talk, and before the party broke up Dorothy had offered her a temporary job doing some secretarial work.

The job lasted seven months, and it was terminated only when Patti became a moving picture actress and quit. What happened while she was Dorothy Lamour's secretary is what makes this story one of the most wholeheartedly generous gestures to come out of hard-boiled Hollywood.

"Dorothy was more like a mother to me than a boss," says the wide-eyed Miss McC. "I began to call her 'Mommy,' and she never gave a hoot.

With the creative zest with which a sculptor takes a mound of clay and molds it into a figure, Dorothy went to work on Patti to see if she could make her little secretary into a movie star.

Step No. 1 was physical improvement. Patti's light was hidden under a bushel of wrong clothes, wrong make-up, wrong everything. Dorothy called in her own hair-dresser to work on Patti. Then Dorothy's make-up man was summoned. He reshaped Patti's eyebrows, built up her mouth and prescribed the right make-up for her. Dorothy even shopped for

clothes for Patti, selecting well-fitting suits and dresses that made her look slimmer and taller.

That part of the campaign over, Dorothy decided now that Patti knew how to make the most of her looks she was ready for step No. 2: Display.

Dorothy started taking her with her wherever she went. Lunch at the Brown Derby where watchful agents and producers go. When they lingered at Dorothy's table for a chat, Dorothy always introduced her young friend as Miss McCarty, never as her secretary. Slowly but surely, Dorothy saw to it that Patti met all the big shots in the business.

Step No. 2 successfully under way, Dorothy launched on the third and most vital maneuver: dramatic training. She sent Patti to her dramatic coach for lessons. More, she herself started to give Patti the most valuable lessons of all, practical experience.

"'Mommy' made me leave my typewriter and work and come on the set with her to watch the shooting of the scenes," Patti recalls. "I became so familiar with the technique before a camera, so used to being in the thick of action on a set, that when I took my screen test I wasn't half as nervous as I would have been.

"Then 'Mommy' would bring her scripts and go over them with me. She made me rehearse roles with her, and she taught me how to breathe right and talk without having my voice cramp in my throat.

"She tried and tried to get me an acting job, and heaven only knows the high-pressuring she did, when it finally happened. She had arranged for me to have some portraits taken by the Paramount studio photographer. She fussed over me until my make-up was just so and every hair on my head in place. When I returned to her dressing room, a prominent Hollywood agent was there. To this day I'll wager that 'Mommy' had it all arranged that he be there just when I would pop in looking my best. It did the trick. He arranged to have a screen test taken of me at Columbia Studios.

"The day of the test, 'Mommy' told me just what to wear, what to do and gave me her good luck chain to wear, just in case—. During the weeks when I didn't know whether I had passed my test or not, I was so jittery I was typing all of 'Mommy's' letters wrong.

"Then I received a telephone call which told me to come to the studio and sign a contract. I cleaned up my work for 'Mommy,' and the next day reported for work *as an actress!*

"It's the strangest experience—I'm going through all the routines that I used to watch 'Mommy' go through. I'm working before a camera, I'm giving out interviews, having my pictures taken, wardrobe fittings and all that. I even had my first autograph request from a fan. I received a letter which said, 'Dear Miss McCarty—You're my favorite actress. I wouldn't miss one of your pictures. Won't you please send me your autographed picture. I will hang it up on my wall next to Garbo and Baby Sandy.'

"It was signed: 'Very truly yours—*Dorothy Lamour.*'"

END



I wish my Daughter would

"I wish my daughter would avoid extremes in make-up! But her friends all go for fire-engine lipstick. So what can I do?"

Well, don't take it too seriously, because it's not worth an argument . . . and she'll outgrow it! Use a little tact . . . teach her tricks in matched make-up (and moderation).

"I wish my daughter would tell me things!"

This is important! Tell *her* things . . . and a sense of comradeship will bloom. Advise her about "difficult days," for instance. The difference a really *comfortable* napkin makes. Explain that Kotex sanitary napkins are less bulky and naturally less apt to rub and chafe.

Tell her, too, that she need *never* feel self-conscious with Kotex. Because Kotex has flat, pressed ends that never show . . . never give away her secret. Be a real help to *her*, and she'll confide in *you!*



I wish my Mother would

"I wish my mother would wear smarter clothes!"

You've got something there, young lady . . . you want to be proud of her. So talk up shorter skirts, to begin with. Go shopping with mother . . . your fitting room "oohs" and "ahs" will do the rest. Make her *feel* smarter and she'll dress to match!

"I wish my mother would stop evading questions!"

Maybe that's *your* fault . . . maybe you resent her criticism about slang, make-up or dancing. Don't blame mother, then, if she shies away from giving you more intimate advice . . . such as telling you how Kotex helps make your "difficult days" *less* difficult.

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Meals For Moppets

By BETTY CROCKER



Gracie Allen, the best-loved nit-wit of the screen, is not only one of Hollywood's most intelligent women, but she is also a smart mother. Her special culinary tricks will intrigue and appeal to the most difficult child, Above: Ronnie, Gracie and Sandra



■ "My child simply won't eat. What can I do?"

So many times I've been asked about these diminutive hunger strikes that I thought I'd ask Gracie Allen if she had any ideas on this troublesome subject.

Gracie has two lovely children, Sandra and Ronnie. Although they are radio and movie stars, she and her husband, George Burns, live very simply in a comfortable but not showy home in Beverly Hills. Despite the demands on their time, they have budgeted their activities so as to give normal attention to their children.

"I think if children are treated as adults and their appetites tempted with delectable foods, attractively served, much of the feeding problem is automatically solved," Gracie told me. "My belief is that their food should be as tastily prepared as my own. I make it a point to eat at least one meal with them during the day. We have a good chat, tell stories, and find it all very enjoyable.

"I fixed up a blue and white room for their meals . . . the walls in pale aquamarine with white organdy curtains. This room, which is actually the breakfast nook, looks out over the back yard to the garden and pool. The table linen has figures from *Fantasia* on the cloth and napkins . . . pastel horses, fishes, ostrich ballet dancers and so on. Once the table is attractively set, it is necessary to have the food dressed up, too. It must *look* appetizing."

Here's a typical dinnertime menu for Sandra and Ronnie:

Tomato Juice
Vegetable Meat Loaf Baked Potatoes
Buttered Fresh Peas
Carrot Sticks Celery Hearts
Bread and Butter
Strawberry Floating Island Cocoanut Cookies

VEGETABLE MEAT LOAF

2	tbsp. flour
1½	tsp. salt
⅛	tsp. pepper
½	cup drained cooked spinach, chopped
½	cup ground or grated raw carrots
¼	cup tomatoes
1	lb. ground beef
1	egg
2	tbsp. meat drippings

Mix flour, salt, pepper, spinach, carrots and tomatoes with the ground beef. Stir the well-beaten egg into the mixture. Pack into a loaf pan 4x8 inches across the bottom and 2½ inches deep, containing meat drippings. Bake 1 hour in a moderate oven, 350°. This will make 6 servings.

STRAWBERRY FLOATING ISLAND

4	egg yolks
4	tbsp. sugar
¼	tsp. salt
½	tsp. flavoring
2	cups scalded milk

Beat the egg yolks and add the sugar, salt and flavoring. Pour scalded milk over beaten egg mixture and place in double boiler over hot water. Stir constantly while cooking. The water in the boiler should be a little under the boiling point. As soon as the mixture stops frothing and lightly coats a spoon, it is done and should be removed at once from the heat. If cooked too long it will curdle.

Pour custard over layer of sweetened strawberries placed in bottom of serving dish or sherbet glasses. Make a meringue with 2 of the egg whites. Fold ¼ cup

sweetened and crushed strawberries into the stiff meringue. Drop by spoonfuls on top of custard and chill thoroughly before serving.

WHEAT FLAKE COCOANUT COOKIES

1 cup shortening (part butter for flavor)
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup white sugar
2 eggs
2 cups moist shredded cocoanut (one ¼-lb. can)
2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
1 tsp. soda
½ tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
½ tsp. vanilla
2 cups whole wheat flakes (prepared breakfast cereal)

Cream shortening and add sugar gradually. Add beaten eggs and mix well. Add cocoanut. Sift flour, soda, baking powder and salt together, and add to the first mixture. Add vanilla and then the whole wheat flakes. Roll in balls the size of walnuts and place on ungreased cookie sheets. Bake in a moderate oven, 400° for about 12 minutes. This will make 6 dozen cookies.

FUDGE

2 cups sugar
2 sq. bitter chocolate (2 oz.) or 4 tbsp. cocoa
*2 tbsp. white corn syrup
2/3 cup milk
2 tbsp. butter
1 tsp. vanilla
*¼ tsp. cream of tartar may be substituted for the corn syrup.

Mix the sugar, chocolate (cut into small pieces) or cocoa, syrup and milk together in a heavy enamel or aluminum pan. Boil slowly without stirring until a soft ball is formed when a little is dropped into cold water (234°), keeping pan covered first 3 minutes of cooking to prevent crystals forming on sides of pan.

Remove from heat, add butter and cool. When lukewarm, add vanilla and beat until creamy, that is, until the shine disappears and the fudge will hold its shape when dropped from the spoon. Pour into a buttered pan, and when "set" cut into squares.

Have you ever wished there were some way to make your children eat the foods they should eat and like them? Betty Crocker has solved this problem for you in her delightful leaflet, *Dramatized Foods for Children.* Here she tells you how to prepare more than 20 different foods dramatically, so that they will appeal to the children. She'll be glad to send it to you *Free* . . . simply fill out the coupon.

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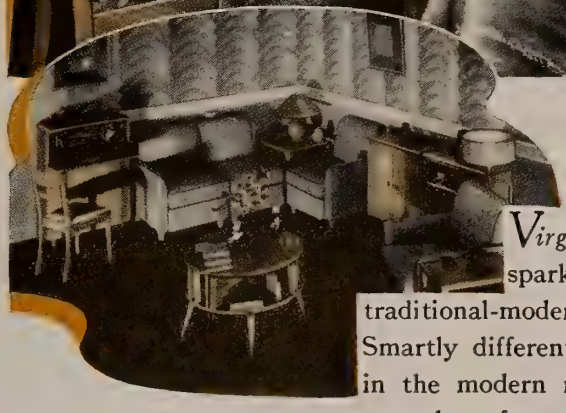
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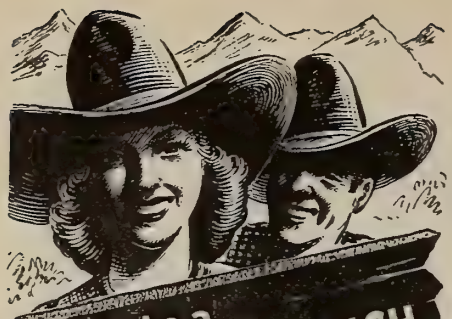
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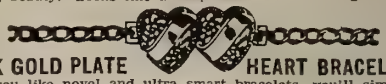
Top: Anne Gwynne models a playsuit of white shorts, red-and-white striped shirt and beach bag to match. Center: Anne's white crepe sports dress is fastened up the side with small anchor buttons. The pert nautical hat is decorated with silver stars. Bottom: Anne wears a yellow cotton summer formal with felt flower. She's in Universal's *The Black Cat*

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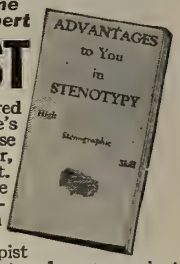
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An Early Start

[*Continued from page* 18]

cunning in you as a child, isn't at all nice in a young lady. I am speaking now of the need for safeguarding your personal daintiness. As you grow older, the sweat glands become more active, especially under the arms, so you must be careful to use a deodorant to prevent unpleasant odor. You've probably already learned that a daily bath simply won't cope with this—that you've got to use a good, pure deodorant under your arms once a day, and also on your feet, if they perspire freely. Perspiration is generally associated with very hot weather—but this is wrong. Other things increase perspiration flow and odor. When you're chewing your pencil and struggling through that math exam, worrying for fear you won't pass, those sweat glands are working overtime—and if you haven't applied a deodorant after your morning bath, the nice boy who sits next to you will be sure to notice the ugly odor. When you get all excited and bright-eyed at the spring formal, those nasty old glands will act up again—and what handsome stag is going to give you a rush, if there's an aura of perspiration odor about you?

So play safe and write me for the name of a white cream deodorant that's made by an old and respected pharmaceutical house. It's easy to apply—you simply dab a bit under your arms, rub it in till it vanishes—and the safe chemicals will prevent any odor. It comes in a ten cent sample size that you can even carry in your purse to apply during the day, if through excitement or worry or exercise you feel you need an emergency application.

I know that taking a daily bath can be a pretty boring task—especially in the teens, when there are so many more interesting things to fill every hour, every minute of the day. But that applies only to the humdrum bath. You can, you know, make your bath exciting if you wish. How? By adding perfume to sweeten the water and mountains of bubbles for fun. Naturally, you don't want to risk ridicule by going around reeking of a heavy, exotic scent suitable only for a sophisticate of 30. Nor do you want to bother with a namby-pamby scent that smells like baby powder. I have just the thing for you—a wistaria-scented bubble bath and a companion wistaria floral toilet water. The latter is used in place of concentrated perfume. After you bathe, just pat a handful on your body and rub it dry. By using these two scented bath aids—the bubble bath in your tub and the floral water after you've stepped out—you'll find yourself taking as much pleasure out of your duty bath as you do out of a swift game of table tennis or a hot jam session. Both of these preparations come in huge bottles, for a dollar each, and they'll last a long time. Interested?

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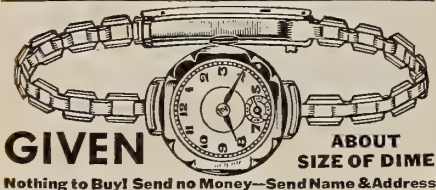
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She Wants To Be Alone

By GLORIA BRENT





Virginia Gilmore's studio, 20th Century-Fox, has big plans in store for the young and talented newcomer

■ She's got all of Hollywood stumped, that Gilmore girl has.

Consider: Virginia Gilmore is a pert, blond cutie-pie. She has a nose that turns up, crinkly blue eyes that are always laughing at something, a figure that does justice to a bathing suit, and she wears the sort of clothes that were especially designed for fraternity pins.

When she first hit this town, the boys at Hollywood and Vine whistled and said, "Boy, there goes Stuff."

But Virginia isn't Stuff at all. She doesn't like to go night clubbing. She doesn't like to go to parties. She doesn't like to dress up. She doesn't even dance, although you can tell she has rhythm by the way she walks.

So Hollywood labels her a nut.

Give her a book and a pot of coffee. Give her privacy. Peace, it's wonderful.

Recently, Virginia let herself be led to a St. Valentine's party. The studio asked her to go. Her press agent said it would be a good idea. "Holy smoke, Virginia, loosen up. Show 'em that you're human."

So Virginia went to the party. It was really a very nice party. There were nice people, food, liquids, fun, games and all that. Came 9 o'clock and dinner was about to be served. As the guests scrambled into the dining room, Virginia took the opportunity to grab her hat and run. Ten minutes later she was home, her party clothes replaced by pajamas. She made herself some scrambled eggs and coffee and spent the rest of the evening reading a book.

"I never," says Virginia, "had a better time in all my life."

She means it. Virginia may be a nut—although the word "individualist" sums her up more aptly—but she's no phony. She likes isolation. It terrifies her to have people intrude on her privacy. As a child she was an omnivorous reader. She is today, and people can't give her the companionship that books do. She is sufficient unto herself. Leave her alone with her books, her thoughts, a pot of coffee and a

pack of cigarettes, and she has all the entertainment she wants.

That's strange in any young girl.

She just doesn't fit into the formula, and her mania for privacy is such a deep-rooted and sincere one that even the gregarious life of a motion picture actress won't alter it. Physically, Virginia lent herself to change when she came to Hollywood. Mentally, she won't yield an inch.

She came to Hollywood three years ago. Her name was Sherman Poole. Why she abandoned that lyrically lovely name for the one she now uses is something I'll never understand. Her physical change—which I shall tell you about later—was almost as drastic.

Born in Del Monte, California, Virginia moved near San Francisco with her mother, stepfather and a collection of half-brothers and half-sisters. The acting bee lit on her and she joined a little theater group. She moved away from home and lived with a few fellow-players in a cockeyed abode in San Francisco. It really was cockeyed. It was one of the "earthquake houses" left after the disaster and it was grotesquely misshapen and askew. Virginia loved it. "It was quaint," she says dreamily. "You never knew when the ceiling would fall on you."

One day her mother phoned her excitedly. Seems that a friend of a friend of a friend knew someone who knew someone else who knew a Hollywood agent. Now if Virginia would send this friend her picture, it would travel down the line until it reached the friend who knew the agent who knew a big motion picture producer.

Virginia shot the works on a photograph, and it was so violently retouched that when the big motion picture director, who turned out to be Sam Goldwyn, sent for her he didn't recognize her.

Mr. Goldwyn must be a Pygmalion at heart. At first he dismissed Virginia. "You're not photogenic. Your eyes are too small, your mouth is too large and your forehead is too high. Everything is wrong." Then he called her back. "Maybe I can do something with you."

He gave her the works. He sent her to a dentist who put a brace on her teeth to straighten them. Her hair was too long. It was shingled short, making her face pert instead of intellectual. Bangs were cut to shorten her high forehead, and she looked like a frothy little dumbbunny. A dressmaker took her out of the dark shroud she wore and put her into breezy co-ed frocks. A physical instructor took twelve pounds off her.

Then they worked on her lisp. That lisp was the bane of her life. It's incongruous with her grave personality. Her dramatic teacher thought that French lessons would correct the lisp. "You see," explains Virginia, "you pucker your lips to speak French, and that strengthens the tip of your tongue and your mouth muscles. Every time I find myself lisping badly, I start to speak French, which makes people think I'm more of a nut than I am."

The teacher put a light elastic band around her tummy with a cord attached to it which she held in her hand. Then she made Virginia recite Shakespearean Sonnets while she kept pulling on the cord. "I felt like a puppet on a string," recalls Virginia. Even today, when she starts to lisp she winces involuntarily, remembering the leash, and that gesture amazes her listeners no end.

But now that Virginia has overcome her lisp until only a faint trace remains, her new boss, Darryl Zanuck, likes it so well he has ordered her to discontinue her "un-lisping" lessons. "Keep the lisp," the great man boomed. "It's part of you like duck feet are on Chaplin."

So that's off her mind. But she has yet to get over her strangeness with people. Cesar Romero recognized her fear of people the first day he worked with her in *Tall, Dark and Handsome.* He tried to penetrate it. One afternoon the scene called for him to press her to him and kiss her. Virginia looked at him terrified. But Romero laughed and folded her in his arms, as per script.

"Do you know," he whispered, as not per script, "you're the second shyest person I know."

"Really," quivered Virginia. "W-who's the first?"

"I am," hooted Cesar.

Virginia loosened up a little after that. But the cure didn't last for long. Romero invited her to join him and some friends for some fun one night.

But Virginia declined with thanks, stayed home with a pot of coffee, a package of cigarettes and a good book—ALONE!

END



Constance Moore and Brian Donlevy, Paramount player, appearing in Paramount's current hit "I Wanted Wings"

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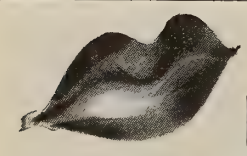
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Preston Foster once had ears like Clark Gable's. In spite of his driving ambition, to say nothing of his talent, these aural projections prevented him from getting jobs at acting. But now look at him! He's currently appearing in Paramount's *Roundup*

He Once Had Gable's Ears

By LUPTON WILKINSON

■ Preston Foster, whose aural aids now lie as close and trim to his head as any man's, once had wide-winged ears, just like Clark Gable.

Moreover, Metro, the studio that now virtually makes a trade-mark of the Gable stand-outs, once turned down Pres for no other reason than right-angle ears.

How the Foster ears came to make friends with the sides of his head—a story never before printed—is one of the most exciting episodes, with a bit of momentary tragedy and a few laughs in the life of an exciting man. Pres has been fired or has "walked" from more jobs than any other actor in Hollywood; from boyhood he has been a queer mixture of a single-minded, driving ambition and two collateral interests that always fought the main one.

To understand the Epic of the Ears, you have to understand how earnestly Preston wanted to act. From every job he ever held, no matter how brief, he saved a *little* money and "stormed" Broadway. Once he hitch-hiked to the Big Street with only $2.80 in his jeans. Another time, $3.35. Never more than $30. Broadway bounced him back to the sticks more than forty times!

Our plot thickens when this itinerant job-holder signed on as cashier at an outside pay-window, a booth affair, for a Camden shipbuilding company. Just before that, Pres had packed phonograph records (also Camden), but he quit when they wanted him to work in the room where the phonographs themselves were boxed; he was afraid the excelsior particles might injure his operatic voice! (Pres actually sang six weeks in La Scala—of Philadelphia, not Milan!)

At the shipbuilding company, Pres and the other cashiers, in their separately built booths about thirty feet apart, were stacking up greenbacks for the Saturday pay-off. Two bandits with guns held up the booth nearest to Pres'. The six-foot-two, blue-eyed, outdoor-tanned Pres got there before the armed guards, running from the shipyard office, could make it. He slugged one bandit from behind, hit the other with a right cross as that one turned, and, when the guards arrived, was sitting on the men, holding *their* guns.

Employers do the strangest things! As a "promotion" the shipbuilding company moved this fresh air husky to a clerical job inside. He only stuck it out because, at the next desk to him, sat fair-haired, fair-skinned Gertrude Warren. The two were the youngest employees, just kids; Pres had been doing man's work for four years because he had reached six feet at thirteen, with muscle to match.

Mr. Hero went moon-eyed, but Gertrude wasn't having any. To make the situation worse, pals among outside workers kidded Pres about his "sissy" job; three fist-battles resulted. "I don't like fighting or anything about it. You're just not my type of man." Gertrude handed Pres that bromide oftener than Broadway bounced him back!

Pres conceived the only piece of diplomacy in his entire life. Gertrude had a piano. "I'm trying to practice for opera," he confided, "but I can't afford an accompanist. Would you—?" So—three nights a week, at the Warren home at Woodbridge, N. J., in an old-fashioned parlor, Pres warbled, Gertrude tinkled. On a purely platonic basis, you see. She meant it, too! She said "No" for five years.

The shipbuilding company had folded. Gertrude was teaching school. Pres was odd-jobbing and, as always, tackling White Light Alley. Finally, he held a job as a newspaper ad solicitor eighteen months—built it up to fifty dollars a week. Gertrude (a girl is entitled to change her mind after 780 dates) said "Yes."

Within two months Pres was fired—too much time out, hanging around road shows playing Philadelphia, trying to get a stage job. Gertrude realized her man was theater-bound or failure-bound; she said, "I'll help," took up teaching again. (Keep it clear—Pres worked, too. Often fired, but never idle!)

The way this persistent tryer got his theater break is worth telling. Once he had signed on with Lionel Atwill, who was road-showing a small company, as assistant stage manager. In such a company that means errand boy and janitor. Atwill, in a fit of temper, fired the stage manager, second night out. He asked Greeny if he could handle things, and Pres blundered through! Four years later, Pres approached Atwill again. "My ——!" said Atwill. "Are you still trying to get a job acting?" Pres said, "Yes, sir," and Atwill roared in laughter. "By ——! I'll get you one!" He did, too, as a *deaf and dumb* Chinaman in a road show. When the play reached Philadelphia, all the old Camden crowd gathered and supplied mock cheers and applause every time the lineless actor came on. Gertrude, in the audience, cried with rage, but Pres' temper—a hot one—stayed serene. What did he care? He was an actor!

Back in New York—the story had got around—Pres found himself famous in the profession: Eight years of effort, not a word spoken yet! He turned up several small but decent parts in a row; he and Gertrude had saved money; Gertrude moved to New York. For a year things looked swell.

Then came one of those periods all actors face. Every half-promised part fell through. "Nothing today . . . Come around in the fall . . . We'll call you if anything breaks." A year of that and Pres grew frantic. Besides Broadway, he kept tramping away to the New York movie offices and Long Island studios. Three tests were made of him; movie officials laughed. "You're just not photogenic." But they didn't tell him why.

Finally, for two agonizing months Pres and Gertrude lived in day-to-day hope. The big break! A man who had become a good friend of Pres' was going to produce a show, and offered him the *lead*. Just a trifle about financial backing held it up. Any day now—merely a detail. Then the friend climaxed, "It's no use, Pres. The banker who was going to put up the money has run out on me. The show's off."

Pres was in Long Island in twenty minutes. Three different movie men, seeing his distress and crucial need, came clean. "It's no use"—yes, one of them was Metro, Mr. Gable's studio— "keeping at it. Those ears look funny on the screen."

Pres rode the first subway to a surgeon's office. The surgeon said, "$500." Pres wrung his hands. "You'll have to do it for less. We only have $300." Gertrude, on the phone, ruled, "I'm with you." The money was ear-marked!

That night Pres walked home—he couldn't afford hospitalization *or* a taxi—and Gertrude, when she saw the heavily bandaged head, cried a little. What wife wouldn't!

The phone rang. "For you, dear." Pres had to hold the receiver close against the bandages. It hurt. "Preston, my boy!" That was the theatrical friend. "My show's on again. I've got the money. Report for rehearsal in the morning."

It would be weeks before Pres could appear on any stage. Talk about irony! The show in which he missed the lead ran for two years on Broadway. And—ears "corrected" or not, he was six months landing a movie job. In that time, Mr. Foster went back to manual work.

That all seems a bad dream now, with Pres riding high from his great performance in *North West Mounted Police*, plus ovations on his personal appearance tour, plus welcome fan mail. His independence has caused him plenty of trouble in Hollywood, but he's found a studio with officials whom he respects, especially Cecil B. DeMille. Just now Pres is playing a good, meaty role with Irene Dunne in *Unfinished Business*, on loan-out, but you may expect him back at Paramount for big things.

Thinking of how many times the tall one has "walked," even after he got his break, and of the years before, I asked the extraordinarily pretty Mrs. Foster, "Why did you marry the egg, anyway, and why do you stick to him?" She said, "Same answer to both questions—he's steady." I said, "*What!*" Mrs. Foster explained: "He's always worked—don't forget that. And, while he doesn't pinch pennies, he saves for *purposes*, just like he used to, to get to Broadway. Now—we've enough saved so we could live if he *really* walked."

He might at that, some day. If somebody crosses him.

Nobody has ever pinned back Pres' ears.

Except that surgeon!

END

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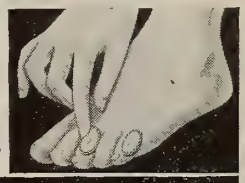


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Lucky Landis

Carole Landis, one of Hollywood's more colorful cuties, considers herself "the original lucky fluke kid!" She is in *Miami* with Betty Grable and Don Ameche

By JUDITH BANNER

■ Ladies and gentlemen:

You certainly know what Carole Landis looks like in a bathing suit by now. You must be very familiar with the contour of her very comely gams.

Without question you have been informed that Cedric Gibbons, Franchot Tone and Gene Markey (ex-husbands of glamour gals Dolores Del Rio, Joan Crawford and Hedy Lamarr) have wined and dined her at this place and that.

You could not have missed the thousands of "cheesecake" (leg art) pictures of her which have been printed in every country including Siberia and the African veldt. No doubt you can reel off her bust, hips and waist measurements as readily as your arithmetic tables.

But what, I ask you, do you actually know about the girl, Carole Landis?

Darned little, I'll bet! And yet The Blond Bomber of Brentwood has a fascinating and fantastic story. Where she came from, and her struggle for Hollywood success might not interest Louisa May Alcott, but it would make Horatio Alger yell for joy.

Carole has a grand sense of humor and is one of the frankest, most uninhibited persons I've ever encountered in this town. She says she once slung hash for pocketmoney (what! no finishing school!), and does not try to mask her father's honest trade of machinist by implying he is a railroad executive.

"I am," she says, "the original lucky fluke kid! No wonder girls who have batted their feet and brains out hate my insides."

Carole was born Frances Ridste on New Year's day, 1919, in the little town of Fairchild, Wisconsin. She took the name Carole because she liked it, and thumbed through a San Francisco telephone book for the Landis part.

So intensely did she dislike school (except for English, gym and sewing) she ran away to Yuma and got married when she was 15 because she thought a married woman would be exempt. That was on a Sunday night. On Monday morning her mother marched her back to classes, and started annulment proceedings. Shortly after the annulment, she re-married the boy and again refused to go to school. That time the truant officer caught up with her and explained about the school-until-18 law. Three weeks later she left her husband.

There was one thing she did love—singing. There was no money for lessons or training, so she learned by listening to the radio and phonograph records. When she felt she was ripe for a career as a singer, she started out to get one.

After pondering the possibility of landing with a name band in Los Angeles (she was 16 by now) she decided San Francisco might be a better bet. Taking her small hoard of cash, earned during vacations when she clerked at the 5-and-10, waited on table and what-have-you, she journeyed there by bus. Darned if she didn't get a job singing in the first small night club she tried.

The first week's salary went on some snappy new numbers to replace the small town evening dresses which she fondly

had believed were the height of swank.

Two months later she decided she was ready for bigger things, and with unbelievable confidence, asked for a singing job at the fashionable St. Francis hotel. Darned again, if she didn't land it! From that spot she bounced into the ultra-desirable Rio Del Mar country club on the Monterey peninsula where she stayed for one year. Room and board were included in the deal, so she saved her salary and accumulated a lot of wealth.

Hollywood was the next stop.

Three weeks later she was one of 12 girls, chosen from a group of 400, to dance in the Warner picture, *Varsity Show*. A chance acquaintance in her new apartment house told her about the open interview for dancers for the picture and how to go about answering.

Did it bother her that she would be competing with trained dancers for the job? Don't be silly. Of course there was one bad moment after the impossible had happened and she was chosen; she had thought they would be told what was expected of them and to report the next day. Meantime, she decided, she could get someone to teach her. Instead they were put into rehearsal immediately. Watching her hopelessly fumbling around, trying to follow the others' intricate steps, the dance director pointed to her.

"You, there," he said. "You don't know much about dancing, do you?"

"No," Carole admitted, "but I can learn."

Obviously he believed her. She didn't get fired.

Another fluke placed her in the finale, with considerable footage with Dick Powell. Whereupon the director decided there ought to be some justification for it, so he wrote in added scenes for Carole. From that came a term contract.

The next interlude found her making daily rounds of the studios. She was getting discouraged when up popped the feminine lead in a western with John Wayne, and after that, a 15 chapter serial called *Dare Devils of the Red Circle*. Saved by the freelance bell!

Dark days loomed again when the tests for Hal Roach's epic, *1,000,000 B.C.* lasted from August to November; her pocketbook was wasting away from lack of dietetic attention. Somehow she managed to weather the storm and land the role. It didn't prove she could act, but it did persuade Hal Roach to put her under contract and supply some choice parts in *Turnabout*, *Topper Returns* and *Roadshow*. Those, in turn, caught the interest of 20th Century-Fox, where she's now sitting pretty and soon will be co-featured with Don Ameche and Betty Grable in *Miami*. And she still owes Roach two pictures a year.

Jesse James also got what he wanted, but he used a gun!

Oh yes, and then there was Willis Hunt, Jr., to liven things up a bit. He was the yacht broker Carole married on the Fourth of July last year. They were divorced four months later, but as Carole points out, that's an improvement over her first three-week venture.

"Just give me time. . . ." Carole says. Give that girl time and the Hays Office will be coming to her for orders!

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Important Pictures

By JOAN VOTSIS

ANDY HARDY'S PRIVATE SECRETARY ★★★½

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

■ *Andy Hardy's Private Secretary* is even better than the other Hardy pictures. In this one Andy is a senior in high school and has lots of troubles, some serious and some rather minor, but they all give him something to worry about. For one thing, he fails an English exam and has to pass a retake in order to graduate.

Mickey Rooney deserves credit for the way he has made the Hardy lad develop through his adolescence. Lewis Stone, who plays Judge Hardy, has a rich role this time and portrays the head of the family with understanding and excellence.

Kathryn Grayson, whom Metro has been grooming for some time, has arrived in this, her very first role. She plays difficult scenes with skill, and her voice is vibrant and rich. She sings exacting operatic arias beautifully and a Cole Porter tune, "I've Got My Eyes on You," winningly.

Todd Karns, son of actor Roscoe Karns, makes his debut also, and shows great promise for juvenile lead roles.

P.S.: Andy gets his high school diploma, and a new car besides!

HARD-BOILED CANARY ★★★

Paramount

■ *Hard-Boiled Canary* contains some good music by youngsters, but the story is rather tedious. It is about a girl

[*Continued on page* 70]



Rita Hayworth, Hollywood's most dazzling redhead, rhumbas with a vengeance in Warners' ***Affectionately Yours***

GIVE YOUR LAZY LIVER THIS GENTLE "NUDGE"

Follow Noted Ohio Doctor's Advice To Feel "Tip-Top" In Morning!

If liver bile doesn't flow freely *every day* into your intestines—constipation with its headaches and that "half-alive" feeling often result. So step up that liver bile and see how much better you should feel! Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients with constipation and sluggish liver bile.

Olive Tablets being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY. 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.



Try ASTHMADOR!

Try Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR the next time an asthmatic attack leaves you gasping for breath. ASTHMADOR'S aromatic fumes aid in reducing the severity of the attack—help you breathe more easily. And it's economical, dependably uniform, produced under sanitary conditions in our modern laboratory—its quality insured through rigid scientific control. *Try* ASTHMADOR in any of three forms, powder, cigarette or pipe mixture. At all drug stores—or write today for a free sample to **R. SCHIFFMANN CO., Los Angeles, Dept. F-41**

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.



There's No Excuse For BLOTCHY SKIN!

Clear it with KREMOLA aid! KREMOLA is a medicated M.D. formula, especially for pimples, blackheads and muddy skin. Gently hastens removal of old cuticle, revealing fresh skin. After others fail—put KREMOLA to the test. Ladies will envy—gentlemen will admire. $1.25 at druggists or write KREMOLA, Dept. F-3, 2975 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, enclosing 10c to cover mailing and packing for FREE sample.

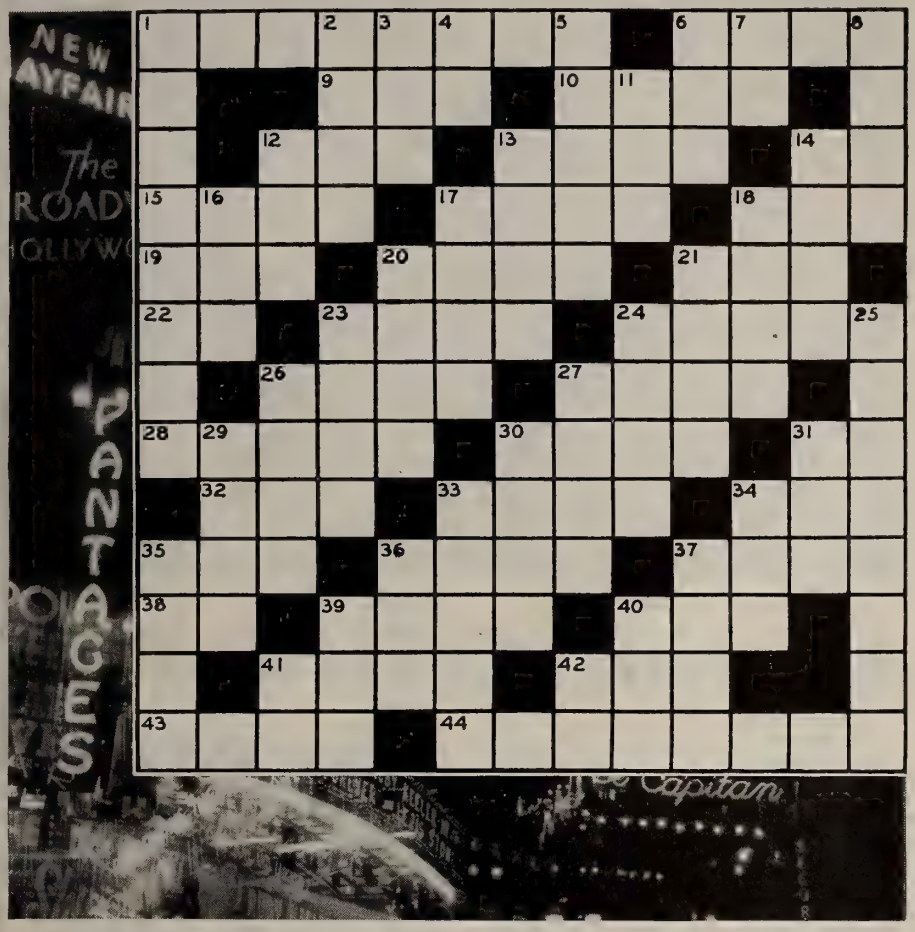
SHE was ambitious for her husband, she wanted to be one of the "Country Club" set. So she began to flirt with her husband's boss—and ended by putting her marriage on the rocks and ruining her husband's career. Her story is the dramatic revelation of a misguided woman's folly. Don't fail to read "SCHEMING WIFE" in the new ROMANTIC STORY.

A special feature is: "ADELAIDE MOFFETT—CAFE SOCIETY'S DARLING," the true story of Adelaide Moffett Buckner, written by Dorothy Kay, one of her best friends.

Don't miss this superlative issue!

ROMANTIC STORY
10c AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. A star of *Honeymoon for Three.*
6. *Angels* ——— *Broadway.*
9. Organ used to enjoy talkies.
10. ——— *of the River.*
12. ——— *Francisco Docks.*
13. First name of Nazimova.
14. Dorothy Lamour's birthplace (abbr.).
15. Conover in *Dr. Kildare's Crisis.*
17. Doc Banton in *High Sierra.*
18. *The* ——— *Doctor.*
19. First cousin to Mickey Mouse.
20. Ketti Moret in *Flight From Destiny.*
21. *The Wild* ——— *of Borneo.*
22. "And" in French film titles.
23. Herbert Marshall's nickname.
24. *The* ——— *Behind the Mask* (pl.).
26. Dr. Ditten in *Escape.*
27. *So You Won't* ———.
28. She had feminine lead in *Sing, Dance, Plenty Hot.*
30. Thea in *Four Mothers.*
31. Initials of Lynne Roberts.
32. Janet in *A Little Bit of Heaven.*
33. What canine actors do to portray grief.
34. Actress wed to Joel McCrea.
35. First name of Mr. Arnold (abbr.).
36. She was Mary in *Susan and God.*
37. ——— *Over Burma.*
38. *Young* ——— *You Feel.*
39. *Gallant* ———.
40. Comedy furnishes this.
41. ——— *the Daltons Rode.*
42. His last name is Chaney.
43. ——— *With Henry.*
44. Lucy in *Girl From Avenue A.*

DOWN

1. Star of *The Pinto Kid.*
2. Her first name is Barbara.
3. Barton Kendrick in *Come Live With Me.*
4. ——— *Kildare Goes Home.*
5. Corinne Saxel in *Back Street.*
6. Julie in *Honeymoon for Three.*
7. Rudy Vallee's birthplace (abbr.).
8. ——— *Show.*
11. *Calling* ——— *Husbands.*
12. Artificial setting for a movie scene.
13. Relationship of Sara Haden to Mickey Rooney in Hardy Family series.
14. Last name of 30 Across.
16. What players do in studio commissary.
17. Harpo Marx toots one.
18. Johnny Brown's middle name.
20. *The Trial of* ——— *Dugan.*
21. Eskimo actor.
23. *A Child Is* ———.
24. Banana peel is sure to make comedian do this.
25. *Penny* ———.
26. To prepare a cartoon for the screen.
27. *Boom* ———.
29. *So* ——— *Our Night.*
30. Betty Higgins in *Petticoat Politics.*
31. Muggs in *Pride of the Bowery.*
33. *Chad* ———.
34. A star of *Down Argentine Way.*
35. The girl in *River's End.*
36. One of Three Stooges.
37. Star of *Hudson's Bay.*
39. ——— *Couldn't Say No.*
40. *Cheers* ——— *Miss Bishop.*
41. Initials of Wallace Ford.
42. Miss Darnell's initials.

(Solution on Page 70)

If Lips Dry?

Keep them smooth and lovely with

HOLLYWOOD'S LIPSTICK



VIRGINIA DALE in Paramount's "LAS VEGAS NIGHTS"

HERE is an original lip make-up creation that will give your lips an alluring color accent and also safeguard their soft, smooth loveliness. It is Tru-Color Lipstick, created by *Max Factor Hollywood.* Note these four amazing features...

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3. *safe for sensitive lips*
4. *eliminates lipstick line*

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POWDER ...created by *Max Factor Hollywood* in color harmony shades. Satin-smooth, it really stays on...$1.00



ROUGE ...lifelike shades, originated by *Max Factor Hollywood,* to give your cheeks a lovely touch of color...50¢



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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

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4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things for your hair.

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

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25¢ for 5 rinses

10¢ for 2 rinses



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Choice of ELGIN WALTHAM ILLINOIS Movement

One Year TO PAY IN FULL

Smart Jeweled Accurate



LATEST styled 1941 ring. Yellow 14K Rolled Gold Plate shank. Genuine Sterling Silver top set with 14K 50 point, Simulated Diamond and six brilliants

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Did "Diamond Jim" Have Stomach Acid Pains?

It is hardly likely that Diamond Jim Brady could have eaten so voraciously if he suffered after-eating pains. Sufferers who have to pay the penalty of stomach acid pains, indigestion, gas pains, heartburn, burning sensation, bloat and other conditions caused by excess acid should try a 25c box of Udga Tablets. They must help or money refunded. At drug stores everywhere.

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BABY COMING?

Consult your doctor regularly. Diet and exercise should be regulated from earliest days of pregnancy. Your doctor's advice on right foods and amount can control your weight and keep baby the right size to facilitate birth. Above all, ask him about feeding infant.



HYGEIA NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE

SAFER...because easier to clean

See Your Doctor Regularly



Betty Brewer, alias "Ski-Jump," is the gifted youngster in Paramount's *Las Vegas Nights*

Bread-Winner Brewer

By JACK DALLAS

■ Director Sam Wood was ordering his dessert when the first few notes hit him.

Um-tee-dee-Um. Um-tee-dee-Um.

The Um seemed to come in the form of a vocal hot lick that gave the effect of a double bass.

"Hmmmm!" said Mr. Wood. "I wonder who is getting all this serenading."

He looked around but there wasn't a glamour girl in sight. He leaned back.

Um-tee-dee-Um. Um-tee-dee-Um.

The troubadours swung into a swell arrangement of "Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones." His curiosity piqued, Director Wood strolled outside to investigate.

A crowd was blocking the entrance to the Derby. In the middle was the source of the wonderful sounds that had lured Director Wood from his melba sundae. A little pepperbox of a girl with a tilted nose was serving as director of the al fresco choir and carrying the melody. A younger somebody was singing alto and kind of hopping around, jitterbug fashion. Most amazing still was the human bass fiddle. He couldn't have been more than eight, this serious-looking little shaver who did the hot licks.

Um-tee-dee-Um. Um-tee-dee-Um.

Two choruses and the troupe simmered to a stop.

The miniature director just stood grinning. Hers was intuitive showmanship.

A quarter hit the sidewalk. Next a half dollar. And finally a flood of nickels and dimes.

Director Wood just looked. When the crowd had broken up, he approached the colleen.

"Won't you and your chums come in and have some ice cream with me?"

"Certainly," she said.

Inside Sam Wood quizzed the moppet who directed the sidewalk serenaders. He liked the way she talked—bright as a 1941 penny.

"How would you like to be in my next picture?" Sam said.

"I'd love it—in writing," she said.

Thus did the-then thirteen-year-old Betty Brewer crash the movies. Under Wood's direction, she made her debut in *Rangers of Fortune,* which prompted the *New York Times'* Bosley Crowther, critical movie reviewer to gurgle:

"Watch her, folks; she's on her way."

Paramount promptly did the right and smart thing by putting the young lady under contract.

Betty's real-life story is a direct steal from the movies . . . a Horatio Alger story in pigtails and gingham.

Joplin, Missouri, is where Betty, now 14, Ilene, 12, and Monte (the hot lick expert), 8, first saw the light of day. There's an older sister Lena who went off and got married but doesn't figure at all in this biography.

Papa Brewer is—or was—a carpenter. He was doing fine in Joplin until sickness and then the depression hit him. Local authorities gave a helping hand. But that

wasn't what he wanted. Someone suggested the land of milk and honey, California. So the Brewers got together a few stray sawbucks and headed for the coast in a rickety automobile. There was a grandmother living in Sacramento, come to think of it. Life was on the verge of beginning all over again, Albert Brewer told his good wife.

Sacramento was a horrible disappointment. The money played out in no time. Grandma had her own problems. There was nothing left for Brewer pere but to go on relief. And he did.

If California was bent on vanquishing the Missouri Okies, it didn't reckon with Betty. She fought back with a vengeance. Wasting no time, she organized a singing and dancing trio comprising herself, Ilene and Monte, or Gramps, as they call him "on account of he's so serious."

They did impromptu engagements all over town and snagged a few rubles.

"In a very dignified way," Betty will remind you today.

When Sacramento persisted in turning a cold shoulder, Betty recommended Los Angeles. The minute she got there she called around at the Chamber of Commerce and asked for some hot tips concerning the commercial possibilities of the Brewer Barnstormers. If that isn't dignity, what is?

The C. of C. got the kids a few benefits and such. Papa Brewer, meanwhile, got nothing but the well-known Hollywood brush-off from potential employers.

In time the situation began to look bleak, bleaker even than at Sacramento.

"All us kids have to do is get a reputation," she used to tell the folks.

Which they did. Along with a few important sponsors.

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., used to listen to them every Saturday night. Another sponsor, Mary Pickford, went to bat for them—but good. One night when a police squad car sidled up to grab the kids—it was past the nine o'clock curfew hour—Mary hid them in the back of her limousine until the gendarmes went away.

Through Betty's efforts the master of the house finally landed a job. Betty celebrated that great event by treating herself and the strolling troubadours to a double malted milk, coffee flavor.

A few weeks later, just when it began to appear as if the Brewers had come out of the woods, Papa Brewer lost his job.

When Betty heard about it she wanted to cry. Instead she whipped up some new numbers, instructed Gramps to be more liberal with those hot licks.

Which is where we came in. Or rather where Director Wood came in, glory be!

All this was just about one year ago and you should take a look at the young lady now. She's changed a good deal in that one year. She still has that delightful nose of hers which prompted Fred MacMurray, one of her stoutest friends, to dub her Ski-Jump, which name she doesn't mind a bit. But she's not the skinny little kid anymore: she's picked up twenty pounds. And that wistful quality that lured quarters and halves from Hollywood's cafe society has been supplanted by a wonderful cheerfulness.

In theory Ma Brewer is the business manager, but Betty does all the deciding. Such as the decision to move into a four-room apartment with two bedrooms, where the family is now bivouacked.

"Some of the neighbors complained about our singing," Betty tells you, "so I had to figure out a solution. What I do now is to take the children into the bathroom and shut the door. Every night we practice. We've got fifty songs in our repertoire now. You never know what someone will want to hear. We arrange our own songs, too."

In the excitement of the new, carefree existence, Betty has not forgotten that her Uncle Sam looked after them when the head of the house had no job.

She hadn't been on the job for Paramount a fortnight before she collected $8.30 and sent it on to the relief authorities back in Joplin. This sum represented ten percent of the $83 which had been given to the Brewers before they took off for California. By this time she has probably paid off every dollar the family ever got from all relief agencies.

She's nuts about Hollywood. Her Number One chummie is Susanna Foster, another Paramount performer.

Sometimes Susanna Foster adds her spectacular coloratura to the Brewer trio, with Gramps really pouring it on with the hot licks. What a jamboree that is, folks!

Um-tee-dee-Um. Um-tee-dee-Um.

END

"QUINTS" GET FIRST CANDY



Naturally, Baby Ruth was selected as the first candy for the carefully nurtured Dionne Quintuplets! For Baby Ruth is pure, wholesome candy made of fine, natural foods.

You'll love its smooth opera cream center; its thick layer of tender, chewy caramel; its abundance of plump, fresh-toasted peanuts; its luscious, mellow coating.

There's deep, delicious candy satisfaction in every bite of Baby Ruth. It's rich in flavor, freshness and good food value. Join the "Quints"—enjoy a big bar of Baby Ruth today.

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"Baby Ruth, being rich in Dextrose, vital food-energy sugar, and other palatable ingredients, makes a pleasant, wholesome candy for children."

Allan Roy Dafoe, M.D.

Baby Ruth, rich in Dextrose—as well as other nutritious ingredients—helps overcome between-meal hunger and fatigue.

....An American Favorite

Important Pictures

[*Continued from page 66*]

(Susanna Foster) who is saved from a police raid on a burlesque house where she is singing. The rescue is effected by Allan Jones and Lynne Overman, who send her off to a music-school camp. This is a good background for the musical numbers by the young campers. Susanna finds the refining influences of the camp hard to take at first, but gradually succumbs.

Miss Foster shows that she has developed other than musically; she can act, too. Allan Jones gives a sincere performance, the best of his career. Little Patricia Travers, with a deadpan expression, provides some good comedy.

Among the splendid musical numbers is Grieg's "Concerto in A Minor" by an orchestra with chorus and soloists. The finale is an operatic wrangle devised by Edwin Lester, which is amusing and spectacular.

NICE GIRL? ★★★

Universal

Nice Girl? is the story of a young girl (Deanna Durbin) in a small town near New York. When Franchot Tone comes to the house to see her father, she finds him much more romantic than her regular boy friend (Robert Stack), who takes her for granted. Deanna sees to it that Tone misses his train back to the city and drives him home. She creates a scandal at home, and announces a fake engagement to the innocent Mr. Tone. All this requires a lot of straightening out!

Deanna sings five songs in the picture, and her voice is as lovely as ever.

The story has some shortcomings: it isn't entirely plausible, does not run smoothly in spots, and lacks the sparkle that was apparent in most of Deanna's previous films.

Robert Benchley, as Deanna's father, provides dashes of comedy. Walter Brennan is particularly good as the postman who is fond of the housekeeper, Helen Broderick.

THE LADY EVE ★★★

Paramount

Preston Sturges has written and directed another masterpiece, *The Lady Eve.*

This film shows Barbara Stanwyck as a glamorous comedienne, luring shipboard victims into card games for her card-sharp father (Charles Coburn). She falls in love with one of the victims, however, causing complications. The object of her affections is Henry Fonda, who has stepped out of his usual homespun role and into a tails-and-white-tie role.

The Lady Eve is a slapstick farce, perhaps too farfetched, with lots of warm romance. It never becomes stereotyped, Mr. Sturges keeping a fresh, hilarious touch throughout.

TOBACCO ROAD ★★½

20th Century-Fox

Tobacco Road, which has had a record run of eight years on Broadway and unusual success on the road, and which was noted for its questionable language and situations and its low-life characters, is now on the screen. Unfortunately, the rough edges of the characters are sanded down and deletions have been made, so that the picture is only a comedy of shiftless hill-folk, based on a thin story.

The photography is particularly good, with certain artistic shots telling more about the characters than any number of words.

Charley Grapewin gives a fine characterization, providing sympathy and comedy in the role of the lazy but shrewd *Jeeter Lester.* Elizabeth Patterson portrays expertly the hopelessness of the life of *Ma Ada,* who does whatever work is done in the shiftless household. Other roles are played by Marjorie Rambeau, Gene Tierney, William Tracy, Slim Summerville, Ward Bond and Grant Mitchell, who perform capably.

SIX LESSONS FROM MADAME LA ZONGA ★★

Universal

The old tale of poor Latin-Americans trying to put over a night-club is now given the title of a popular song, "Six Lessons from Madame La Zonga." Two things good about it are Lupe Velez, who does an excellent job, and the brevity of the film.

Miniature Reviews

★★★★

THE GREAT DICTATOR (United Artists) Cast: *Charles Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, Jack Oakie.* Entertaining satire on Hitler and Mussolini. Chaplin is at his best in the old Chaplinesque comic antics, but is less effective in the serious scenes. Jack Oakie also proves his artistry as a comedian. Excellent supporting cast.

NIGHT TRAIN (20th Century-Fox, British) Cast: *Margaret Lockwood, Rex Harrison.* Melodrama of Nazi intrigue in England and Europe, played by an excellent cast. Instead of having a strong story, there is a string of exciting incidents leading to a terrific climax.

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) Cast: *Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, James Stewart, Ruth Hussey, John Howard, Virginia Weidler, Roland Young, John Halliday, Mary Nash.* In the riotous 24 hours before her second marriage, a Philadelphia society girl (Miss Hepburn) finds herself involved with three men and some amazing situations. She learns a lot about herself and provides you with some of the best entertainment of the year.

★★★½

KITTY FOYLE (RKO) Cast: *Ginger Rogers, Dennis Morgan, James Craig, Ernest Cossart, Odette Myrtle.* This is a psychological story of a young "white-collar" girl who loved a man who was tied to his wealthy family's purse strings. Christopher Morley wrote the best-selling novel, and it is now an excellent moving picture.

STRAWBERRY BLONDE (Warner Brothers) Cast: *James Cagney, Olivia de Havilland, Rita Hayworth, Alan Hale, Jack Carson, George Tobias.* A fine dramatic tale of "the good old days," with clothes and barber-shop ballads of the early 1900's. A fine role for Cagney and magnificently done.

VICTORY (Paramount) Cast: *Fredric March, Betty Field, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Jerome Cowan, Lionel Royce.* A gripping presentation of Joseph Conrad's novel, full of emotion, drama and suspense. The plot is centered around a handful of characters so colorful that each individual characterization is awe-inspiring.

★★★

ARIZONA (Columbia) Cast: *Jean Arthur, William Holden, Warren William, Porter Hall.* Jean Arthur, tomboy, swaggers through the film with verve and gusto. Otherwise, it is slow-moving and too long, and exciting scenes are few and far between.

BUCK PRIVATES (Universal) Cast: *Lee Bowman, Alan Curtis, Abbott and Costello, Andrews Sisters.* An employer and his chauffeur are drafted and sent to camp together, where they become rivals over the camp hostess. Full of comic situations and gags, and good music.

CHEERS FOR MISS BISHOP (United Artists) Cast: *Martha Scott, William Gargan, Edmund Gwenn, Sterling Holloway, Sidney Blackmer.* Sentimental story of fifty years of the life of a schoolteacher in the pioneer days of the Middle West. Martha Scott gives an excellent interpretation of Miss Bishop's professional problems and those of her personal life.

COME LIVE WITH ME (M-G-M) Cast: *Hedy Lamarr, James Stewart, Ian Hunter.* Hedy plays an Austrian girl over here who proposes marriage to Jimmy Stewart, on a business basis only, for their mutual advantage. The whole thing is rather weak, but the photography of Hedy is enticing.

FLIGHT COMMAND (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) Cast: *Robert Taylor, Walter Pidgeon, Ruth Hussey, Paul Kelly.* This is a moving story of life in the Navy Air Corps. There is action, suspense, heroism. The sky photography is excellent.

MR. AND MRS. SMITH (RKO) Cast: *Robert Montgomery, Carole Lombard, Gene Raymond.* Hilarity is rampant in this mad comedy of domestic love. It has risque banter and intimate intrigue and is directed by Alfred Hitchcock.

SO ENDS OUR NIGHT (United Artists) Cast: *Margaret Sullavan, Fredric March, Glenn Ford.* Three German refugees search for a place to live but are ousted from each European country they go to, until they finally reach Paris. The film is repetitious and lengthy, but the acting is of a high quality. Glenn Ford seems destined to go far.

TALL, DARK AND HANDSOME (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Cesar Romero, Virginia Gilmore, Charlotte Greenwood, Milton Berle.* A racketeer (Romero) pretends to be tough and sinister, but really has a heart of gold. The film is done with zest and rich humor, and although the plot is not new, the novel treatment results in a highly entertaining picture.

THIS THING CALLED LOVE (Columbia) Cast: *Rosalind Russell, Melvyn Douglas, Allyn Joslyn, Gloria Dickson.* A riotous comedy, full of intrigue and risque banter. The hilarity never once lets down, and although the picture is a long one, it seems short because of the speed of action, fine suspense and daring dialogue.

VIRGINIA (Paramount) Cast: *Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray, Stirling Hayden, Carolyn Lee.* An entertaining story of a modern Virginian, a northern-bred Virginia girl, and a very attractive and wealthy young Yankee! Little Carolyn Lee steals the show.

WESTERN UNION (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Randolph Scott, Virginia Gilmore, Barton MacLane, Dean Jagger.* A Western in Technicolor, it is beautifully and expensively produced, magnificently directed. Romance and adventure.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE SOLUTION

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R	E	E	D	■	H	U	L	L	■	M	A	D
R	A	T	■	M	O	N	A	■	M	A	N	■
E	T	■	B	A	R	T	■	F	A	C	E	S
T	■	D	O	R	N	■	T	A	L	K	■	E
T	E	R	R	Y	■	L	O	L	A	■	L	R
■	N	A	N	■	H	O	W	L	■	D	E	E
E	D	W	■	M	A	I	N	■	M	O	O	N
A	S	■	S	O	N	S	■	F	U	N	■	A
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Maybelline Eye Make-up is truly glorifying, because it's *natural-looking*. Your lashes are perfectly lovely with Maybelline Mascara, created for realistic effect — never stiff or gummy. You know, Nature fades out all eyelashes at the ends. Darkened to the very tips, they appear much longer and more luxuriant! Then see how expressive your brows are, when clearly defined and tapered gracefully with the Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. And there's a soft sheen for eyelids... a flattering background for eyes, in a touch of subtle Eye Shadow. Make your eyes irresistibly enchanting—today—with genuine Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Handy purse sizes at all 10c counters.

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"THIS LIGHTER LEAF IS MILDER, MISS..."

"... it costs more, too — but Luckies pay the price!" says Joe Cuthrell, tobacco auctioneer

"THERE'S no two ways about it—the lighter, milder tobacco comes high, and Luckies pay the price to get it. That's why most auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—fellows like me, who actually see the sales—smoke Luckies as a matter of course!"

In buying tobacco, you get what you pay for. And independent tobacco experts tell you that Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder leaf. So why not decide to smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke? Next time, ask for Lucky Strike.

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Hollywood

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HOLLYWOOD

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Even if you were born Plain Jane . . .

TAKE HOPE...If your Smile is Lovely!



"A LOVELY SMILE IS YOUR MOST IMPORTANT BEAUTY ASSET!"

say well-known beauty editors of 23 out of 24 leading magazines

In a recent poll made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines all but one of these beauty experts agreed that a lovely smile is a woman's most precious asset. They went on to say that "Even a plain girl has charm and personality if she keeps her smile bright, attractive and sparkling."

Make your smile your beauty talisman. Help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

TAKE HOPE—plain girl! Look in your mirror—and smile! There's your chance for beauty. For if you keep your teeth sparkling, gums firmer, you, too, have a loveliness to turn the eyes of men.

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Try Ipana and Massage

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Start with Ipana Tooth Paste today. Let Ipana and massage help keep your gums firmer, your teeth sparkling, your smile winning and attractive.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

MAY 12 1941

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The greatest star of the screen!

In with the Mayflowers comes a truly original and distinguished motion picture. M-G-M presents the year's outstanding dramatic offering—"A Woman's Face".

★ ★ ★ ★

Joan Crawford and Melvyn Douglas and Conrad Veidt will long be remembered for their performances in this screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart and Elliot Paul.



Produced by Victor Saville, it has been directed by none other than George (Philadelphia Story) Cukor.

★ ★ ★ ★

"A Woman's Face" is your good fortune.

★ ★ ★ ★

The role of Anna Holm fits Joan like a cellophane glove.

★ ★ ★ ★

Following "A Woman's Face" will come in Maytime succession three more outstanding roars from the lion's den.

★ ★ ★ ★

They are—in this order—

★ ★ ★ ★

"Blossoms In The Dust" (Greer Garson-Walter Pidgeon).

"Love Crazy" (William Powell-Myrna Loy).

"Billy The Kid" in Technicolor (Robert Taylor).

★ ★ ★ ★

If you wish to run the gamut of emotions, this is your month. *May Goes Metro.*

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But then so will all the other months go that way. Have you seen "Men of Boys Town"? Have you seen "The Ziegfeld Girl"?

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—Leo



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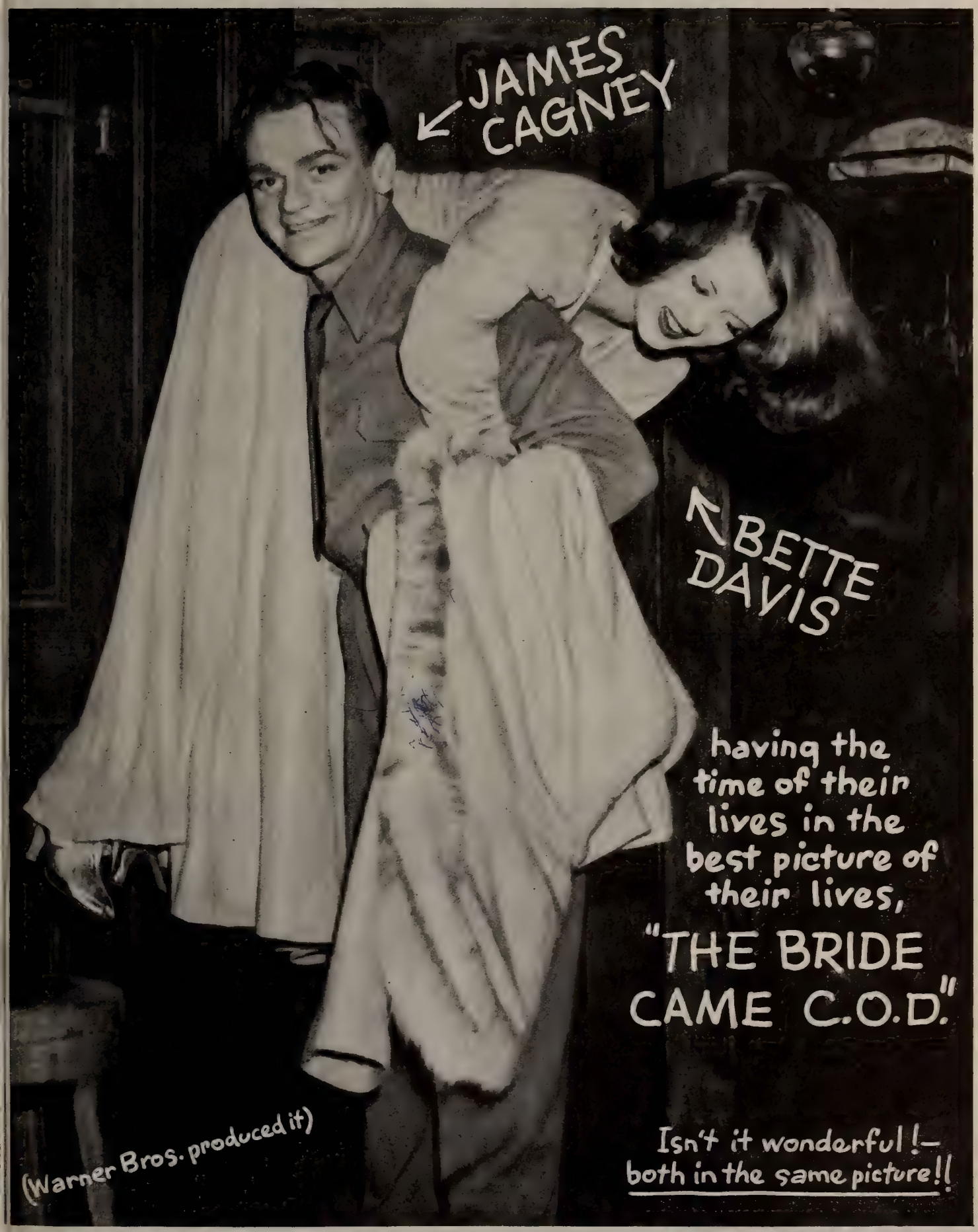
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You'll look lovely in Irresistible's enchanting new lipstick . . . for "Pink Rose" is a rich, rosy red . . . the season's smartest, most flattering shade. Blends brilliantly with all the new fashionable clothes colors. It's a creamy-soft, non-drying lipstick that goes on easily and stays on longer, because it's Whip-Text, the secret Irresistible way! Try other Irresistible favorites . . . the ever-popular Candy Stripe, a true red . . . or, vibrant School House Red, the brightest red of them all. Matching Rouge, Powder and Foundation.

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HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ERSKINE JOHNSON

■ Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow made the headlines when they kissed and made up after a six-month separation. But the story you did not read was this. Arthur had to do a lot of high-powered telephoning right after the reconciliation. It seems he had made dates for the nights following the meeting with Myrna. He had to tell the ladies that he was married again.

■ When *The Bad Man* reaches London it will be billed as *Two Gun Cupid.* All of which refers to Wallace Beery, the star, and if he can pass for Cupid then Rochester could double for Baby Sandy.

■ For one shot of *Blood and Sand,* Tyrone Power kneels at Rita Hayworth's feet and she pulls him up by the hair until their lips meet. There aren't many actors who could stand such treatment without losing their toupees.

■ Hollywood is making patriotic shorts again, which reminds me that's how the Mack Sennett bathing beauties got started in the films. Sennett was down on the beach at Santa Monica making a short called *Eat More Fish.* He ran out of scenes and had to fill out the reel, so he drafted some non-professional bathing girls wearing suits that were called shocking in those days. The girls became famous. I'd like to see a modern bathing beauty comedy with Betty Grable playing every part.

■ Claudette Colbert for years insisted that only the left side of her face be photographed. The other day, checking some negatives made by a magazine photographer, she picked out two as the best shots and discovered both showed the right side of her face. And was her face red—on both sides.

■ Hollywood is retrenching in every way possible. Other day a quickie producer called the casting office for some Indians for atmosphere. The price was $11.25 a head. "Too much," said the producer, "send me some half breeds."

■ Don Ameche got himself in the doghouse playing a love scene with Mary Martin in *Kiss the Boys Goodbye.* He took her in his arms, said "I love you" and then sang a romantic ditty to her. Mrs. Ameche was on the set, an interested spectator. After the scene had been shot, Mrs. Ameche said: "Darling, why don't you sing to me at home like that?"

■ A Hollywood liquor dealer tells me that Merle Oberon uses more wine—sherry wine—than any other star. And not for parties, either. For herself. She pours the sherry in her bath water, instead of drinking it. Claims it does something to her skin.

■ W. C. Fields is having his troubles. In his new picture, Universal has cast four kids—Gloria Jean, Baby Sandy, Butch and Buddy—all of them scene stealers. The picture is entitled *Never Give a Sucker an Even Break.* W. C. thinks it should be called, "Never Give Fields an Even Break."

[*Continued on page* 8]



Jane Wyatt, who hasn't been seen on the screen since *Lost Horizon,* is back in the movies. Here's Jane enjoying an elaborate bath in her new picture, *Kisses for Breakfast.* In between films, Jane has been on the Broadway stage

BOB'S "CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT"... and he's singing his new theme song right from the heart!





TANKS for the memory
Of that physical exam
Staged by Uncle Sam
An Army Doc knows how to shock a tender diaphragm
How charming he was! (The big Gazabo!)





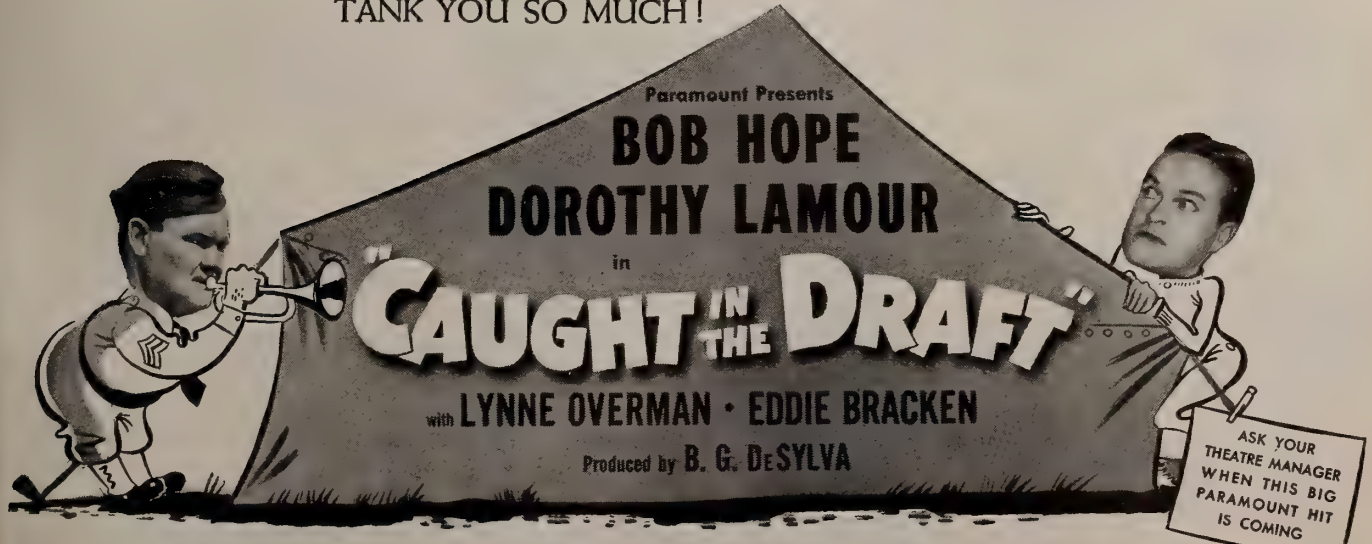
TANKS for the memory
Of hours carving spuds,
The "Sarg" and us are buds.
We'd like to meet that bozo when we're out of Army duds...
How lovely he is! (The big Palooka!)



We've even got blisters from sittin'
For many's the TANK that we've ridden
And Parachute landing ain't kiddin'
Just nice clean play at a buck a day!



And TANKS for the memory
Of meeting up with Dot
A little gal who's got
What a Colonel's daughter oughter have to make this Army hot
TANK YOU SO MUCH!



Directed by DAVID BUTLER • Original Story and Screen Play by HARRY TUGEND • Additional Dialogue by WILKIE C. MAHONEY



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with Tampax

NO BELTS
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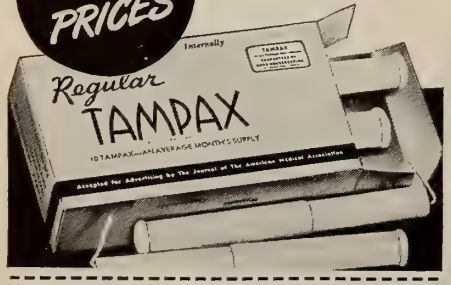
YOU need never fear that *anyone* can detect anything if you wear Tampax—*internal* sanitary protection. Tampax has been perfected by a doctor so ingeniously for monthly use that it can be inserted and removed quickly and easily. Your hands never touch the Tampax and you simply *cannot* feel it when in place!

You experience a new and glorious freedom with Tampax. A month's trial convinces beyond doubt . . . You can dance, swim, engage in all sports, use tub or shower . . . No chafing, no bulging, no pin-and-belt problems. No odor can form; no deodorant needed. And Tampax is easily disposed of.

Made of pure surgical cotton, tremendously absorbent, Tampax now comes in *three sizes:* Regular, Super and Junior, each in dainty one-time-use applicator. Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain.

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Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

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As soon as they completed their team work in *New Wine,* Ilona Massey and Alan Curtis fulfilled Hollywood speculations by becoming bride and groom

■ There's a scheme afoot to bring back to the screen Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Tom Mix, Warner Oland, Joe Penner and other stars who have passed on. Ralph Staub will call it *Memorial Screen Snapshots.*

■ Walter Pidgeon, big he-man of pictures, is a vegetarian. Other day when he was working late his cook called him and told him that dinner was wilting and the spinach had faded.



Kitchen patrol—a la Hollywood. Just for variety, the cast of *Caught in the Draft* deposited pretty Phyllis Ruth at the bottom of a pile of potatoes. Phyllis plays the part of Bert Wheeler's sweetheart in the film and in real life, too

■ TAKE A BOW, Clark Gable, for your latest thoughtful gesture. A magazine used a picture of Bette Davis that was unkind and embarrassing. Gable purchased all available copies of the magazine to halt distribution and sent them to Bette with a note which read: "I know just how you feel. It happened to me last year."

■ A week-end visit to Reno caused Ingrid Bergman embarrassing complications. One news syndicate carried the report she was there to divorce her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom. And another news syndicate, unaware that she was even married, spent six hours tracing a report that she was about to wed.



Marlene Dietrich conscripted Mischa Auer as an unwilling participant to demonstrate the *Chica,* a new dance the glamorous Marlene introduces in Universal's *Flame of New Orleans*

■ Girls who think that tieing up with some important movie executive will help along their cinema careers should think twice. It's been proven that such a sponsorship is more a hindrance than a help. Newest example is that of a young actress, the girl friend of a major studio executive, who for three years lived on love, promises and a minor salary. The executive, afraid to incur criticism of co-workers, refused to give her a break. Recently she called the whole thing off, went out on her own and is now being groomed for stardom at another studio, where she has no special "in."

■ Because she's under 18, Linda Darnell still has to attend four hours of school every day and it costs her studio about $12,000 in lost time every time she works in a movie. She goes to classes between scenes and sometimes a tough arithmetic quiz holds up the entire company. Only one who doesn't complain is Linda Darnell.

[*Continued on page* 10]

THE GREATNESS OF THE SCREEN...THE MAGIC OF RADIO...
COMBINED IN THE GREATEST MUSICAL OF THEM ALL!



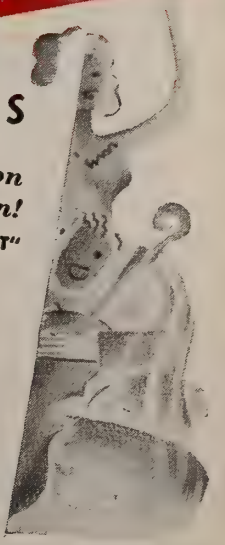
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FAYE
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THE GREAT AMERICAN BROADCAST

. . . . From the studio that gave you "That Night in Rio"!

with CESAR ROMERO
Mary Beth Hughes • James Newill
Nicholas Brothers • Wiere Brothers
The Four Ink Spots
Directed by Archie Mayo
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
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A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

New HIT SONGS
by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren!
"LONG AGO LAST NIGHT"
"I TAKE TO YOU"
"I'VE GOT A BONE TO PICK WITH YOU"
"THE GREAT AMERICAN BROADCAST"
"WHERE YOU ARE"
"IT'S ALL IN A LIFETIME"
•
Dances staged by Hermes Pan

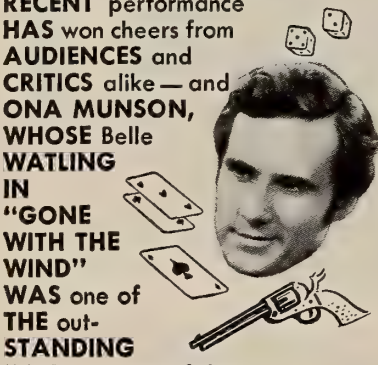


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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT about a BIG PICTURE



TO assure you great ENTERTAINMENT when you see "LADY FROM LOUISIANA", TO absolutely guarantee THAT it will be one of the TRULY important pictures OF 1941... Republic has BROUGHT together two of THE screen's most talked-about PLAYERS in its leading roles— JOHN WAYNE, whose every RECENT performance HAS won cheers from AUDIENCES and CRITICS alike — and ONA MUNSON, WHOSE Belle WATLING IN "GONE WITH THE WIND" WAS one of THE out-STANDING FILM portraits of the YEAR...Together WITH a splendid SUPPORTING cast WHICH includes RAY MIDDLETON, HENRY STEPHENSON and HELEN WESTLEY, THEY bring you a STIRRING romantic ADVENTURE dazzlingly set in THE world's most glamorous CITY—with its Mardi Gras, its CAFES, its French Quarter, EXCITINGLY transferred





TO the screen! For STARS, for spectacle, for drama— YOU won't want to miss "LADY FROM LOUISIANA". IT'S

A REPUBLIC PICTURE



Metro's spectacular *Ziegfeld Girl* production is responsible for this fantastic costume worn by blond Anya Tarranda. Judy Garland, Jimmy Stewart, Hedy Lamarr and Lana Turner head cast

She thinks she's the luckiest girl in the world. She gets to kiss Tyrone Power during recess.

While attending a movie within a movie in *Tom, Dick and Harry,* George Murphy hisses when Hitler's face is flashed on the screen in a newsreel. At first the Hays office wanted to eliminate the scene, because the movies discourage hissing in theaters. "All right," agreed Director Garson Kanin, "but how will it sound to say the Hays office wouldn't allow a picture of a couple of people hissing Hitler." The Hays office approved the scene.

Movietown Newsreel: Deanna Durbin parking her chewing gum under her chair in the Universal studio cafe . . . Rosalind Russell stumbling over a set light cable and muttering under her breath . . . Boris Karloff turning around to watch a cement truck drive past. He once drove one himself . . . Alice Faye munching an apple while studying dialogue . . . Gary Cooper sound asleep in his dressing room . . . Irene Dunne reading a cook book between scenes . . . Clark Gable getting a spout full of water in his famous face while trying to drink from a stoopover fountain on the M-G-M lot . . . Myrna Loy chuckling over a magazine cartoon in which a husband tells his wife he had a dream about Myrna Loy.

Add fabulous Hollywoodiana: Marlene Dietrich wears a pair of hand made lace stockings in *Flame of New Orleans.* Cost: $125 a pair.

If you order ham and eggs in a little cafe on Hollywood Boulevard near Vine Street, the waiter yells to the cook: "One order of actors and gags."

It must be the Billy Rose aquacade effect on Hollywood. There's an underwater fight in *Reap the Wild Winds,* Anna Neagle does an underwater dance in *Sunny* and Dorothy Lamour and Jon Hall play an underwater love scene in *Aloma of the South Seas.* Exit dramatic courses —enter swimming lessons.

You'll never be able to recognize Barbara Stanwyck when she plays a 100-year-old woman for a sequence in *The Great Man's Lady.* Besides white hair and wrinkles, she's altered her walk, the carriage of her body, mannerisms and her voice. I asked her how it felt being aged 100 years. Replied Barbara: "I feel like this every time I sit through a double feature."

Ten years ago, just after they went into partnership, Bud Abbott and Lou Costello were standing backstage in a Washington theater when two beauteous chorines started a battle. After trading some stiff dialogue, they began to swap slaps, at which point Abbott and Costello intervened. Bud grabbed one girl, Lou grabbed the other. Now they are Mrs. Abbott and Mrs. Costello.

Has anyone ever referred to Boris Karloff and Peter Lorre as the screen's boogie woogie boys?

You can imagine Stirling Hayden's embarrassment. After making a personal appearance in a Hartford, Conn., theater he was guest of honor at a club-

[*Continued on page* 14]



A scene in Paramount's *Road to Zanzibar* requires Dorothy Lamour to emerge from a jungle pool clad only in a handful of fern, after a roving leopard rips her clothes to shreds while she swims. This photo shows wardrobe girls preparing Dorothy for the daring scene

She's Famous—Adored—
she has a Beauty Tip for YOU



TRY ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days. Give your skin, right in your own home, the gentle care that protects Hollywood's million-dollar complexions. Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics *thoroughly*—leaves skin smooth and soft. You'll find these facials a wonderful beauty aid—a great help in keeping skin lovely.

9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

MOVIE MEMOS

FROM: The Editors

TO: The Readers



Littleton, N. H., was the recent scene of gala events. To honor Bette Davis' 33rd birthday and the premiere of *The Great Lie*, Warner Brothers had a big party in the White Mountains, where Bette's summer home is located. Here is Bette entering the Town Hall for the big ball, as admiring throngs cheered her

■ "Junket" is a word you HOLLYWOOD readers have undoubtedly been noticing in our magazine for some time. Like us, you've probably had it all tied up in your mind with premieres of important pictures, movie stars, and trains rushing gay crowds to fascinating places.

Let's see now, there have been a number of them to date. Offhand we recall Santa Fe, Dodge City, Salt Lake City for the premiere of *Brigham Young*, and Charlottesville for *Virginia*. You have undoubtedly seen pictures of these expeditions which bore evidence that they were most intriguing affairs.

Junkets *are* wonderfun fun. We've just come back from one. Our minds are still happily cluttered up with memories of snow and white hills and the most hospitable people we've met in a long time.

The occasion for this particular junket was two-fold: it was Bette's birthday and the premiere of her new picture, *The Great Lie*. The place was Littleton, New Hampshire, and back of that lies a story.

Two years ago, Bette—who is, herself, New England born—discovered an old farmhouse on a country lane tucked away in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. She fell in love with it and promptly determined to make it her home. Today Bette has remodeled the old farmhouse into "Butternut Lodge" and has made it into a truly glorious retreat. More than that, Bette has adopted New Hampshire as her home. Feeling that the rest of the nation wasn't sufficiently aware of the beauties of that exciting country, Bette was eager to do something to bring it to the attention of others. That is why she asked that her new picture be previewed there. The fact that it was her 33rd birthday climaxed it into a really gala occasion.

Warner Brothers, in their generous way, chartered a special train which left Grand Central Station spilling over with photographers, reporters, fan magazine editors and radio commentators. We slept as the train rolled through the night, awoke next morning—and there was New Hampshire. Shining and bright and sunny—and waiting. Waiting with banners flying and bands playing and an undercurrent of excitement enveloping the whole town. A special auto caravan with police escorts was waiting to take us to our hotel, while fire sirens and mill whistles screamed their welcome.

We were intrigued with Littleton. Such a clean little town, with its lovely white New England houses nestling in the trees.

We barely had time to get into our galoshes at the hotel before our caravan went filing up into the mountains—up, up, and still up. At Cannon Mountain Tramway we were guests at a "Sugaring Party"—a real old New England custom.

Then in a tram train up 4,000 feet to the famous ski trail at the top of Mt. Cannon. Warners had prepared dainty little box lunches for us which we ate in the lodge at the top before going out to watch the ski expedition. It was fascinating, watching the brightly clad figures whirling down the ski trail. Soon the bugle sounded and we had to pile into the cars again and go back down the mountain. For at lovely old Iron Mountain Inn, Bette was waiting to be our hostess at a cocktail party.

There was barely time for refreshments before we were again whisked away, this time back to change from our mountain togs into evening clothes in preparation for the events of the evening. First of these was a buffet supper served in charming style at the hotel. Then came a real highlight of the week-end. With torchlight candles lining the whole length of the main street of Littleton, and a huge display of 33 candles in the town square, the torchlight parade began. Bette rode perched on the hood of the first car, with the Governor of New Hampshire himself as her escort. Followed then a long parade of cars and vehicles, which eventually wound themselves to the theater. Huge crowds pushed closer and closer as the event was broadcast over a nation-wide hook-up. So great was the ovation given Bette upon her arrival on the speakers' stand that additional police were called upon to control the crowd. Came the premiere then of *The Great Lie*. (See review page 70.)

On, then, to the ball at the town hall where Bette made a sincere little speech to all her nice neighbors in Littleton who have named her their "First Lady."

The ball was climaxed by a good old-fashioned square dance which was fascinating to watch—and more fun to do.

So back to our train, and when we awoke again we were speeding back to our desks, to all the work waiting to be done on the big new July issue—and some of the pleasantest memories we've had in a long, long time. ■

Some highlights of the trip: Sara Corpening, assistant editor of HOLLYWOOD, Miriam Nadel of Fawcett's and Mitchell Rawson of Warner Brothers, enjoying the train trip; Bette was charming hostess at cocktail party; and last, Bette enjoys a slice of her birthday cake







The most beautiful fingernails in the world!



COLOR NEWS
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The continuous use of Dura-Gloss will make your fingernails more beautiful!



Dura-Gloss introduces new shades of nail polish as fast as fashion news is made. Every time you buy a new dress be sure to get the newest shade of **Dura-Gloss** polish to wear with it. It will be right—**Dura-Gloss** follows fashion trends closely to make it so. Brush it on your nails, make them chic accessories, smart accents to your whole ensemble. **Dura-Gloss** costs only ten cents a bottle so you can easily afford to have a **Dura-Gloss** shade for every dress you own! Try the new spring shades of **Dura-Gloss** today. With **Dura-Gloss** you'll have the most beautiful fingernails in the world and the smartest!

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It's good for Your Nails 10¢

THE DIFFERENCE between NAIL POLISHES

Brush Dura-Gloss on your nails. You'll be absolutely astounded by its *brilliance.* Dura-Gloss glows with all the fire of a priceless ruby, because Dura-Gloss is made from a superior polish formula. Other polishes put color on your nails, but Dura-Gloss makes them strikingly, excitingly, lustrously brilliant! Discriminating women cherish Dura-Gloss for this rich deep color, sparkling incandescence, this unbelievable brilliance. No other polish gives your nails the beautiful "effectiveness" of Dura-Gloss — select one of its 20 exquisite shades today!

MAKE UP YOUR MIND TO

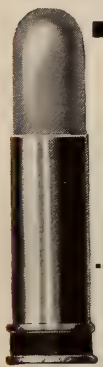
Be Yourself.. Be Natural!



TAKE THIS silent marriage vow—that you'll *always* Be Yourself, Be Natural. When you make-up, wear Tangee NATURAL ... the lipstick that enhances your *own* individual lip beauty.

As you apply Tangee NATURAL ... see how it changes from orange in the stick until your most flattering shade of tempting blush rose is produced. Then, complete your make-up with Tangee's matching Rouge and Face Powder.

Made with a pure cream base, Tangee NATURAL helps end that dry, "drawn" feeling and helps prevent chapping. Wear this famous lipstick for soft and youthfully beautiful lips that stay fresh for hours on end.



TANGEE *Natural*

"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co., Dist., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City
Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)
Check Shade of Powder Desired:
☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

Name _____ [Please Print]
Street _____
City _____ State _____ F61



During filming of medical examination scenes for Paramount's *Caught in the Draft*, Bob Hope and Eddie Bracken became intrigued with a physician's stethoscope. Taking advantage of Eddie, Bob scared the daylights out of him by whistling shrilly into the blamed thing

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 10]

woman's tea party held in the ladies' lounge. It was the first time since the theater was built that a man had been permitted there. To prevent interruptions during the party a sign was posted on the door saying, "Out of Order. Use Ladies' Room Upstairs."

■ Hollywood's strangest casting story this month found Buttons, a trained mongrel dog, playing a role originally written for a human in Eleanor Powell's picture, *Lady Be Good*. Script of the film specified two girls who were to be Miss Powell's companions throughout the picture. But after seeing the animal perform, Director Norman McLeod eliminated one of the girls and substituted the dog.

■ Franklin Pangborn, the comedian, worries more about having a shiny nose than most glamour girls and spends most of his time between scenes powdering. The other day he couldn't be located for a scene in The *Flame of New Orleans*, and Director Rene Clair asked, "Where's Pangborn?" Replied Mischa Auer, soberly: "He's in his dressing room pounding himself to death with a powder puff."

■ Government officials have forbidden Hollywood film producers to film any pictures revolving around wartime sabotage methods on the screen. Professional saboteurs know enough tricks now, ruled Uncle Sam, without learning new ones concocted by the imaginative brains of movie scenarists.

■ Margaret Sullavan's screen appearances, which have always been too infrequent for her fans, may become even fewer. The actress, who already has three children, is telling intimates she'd like to have a family of six.

■ Peter Lorre's encounter with a famous feminine fashion expert in a Hollywood night club left Hollywood chuckling. The screen boogey man found himself being pestered by the gal who insisted upon telling him her life story. Excusing himself, Lorre said disdainfully, "Madam, I thought I was the only horror specialist in Hollywood."

■ Spencer Tracy scored heavily in his long time friendly feud with Clark Gable. While Gable was visiting the set of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, Tracy called Director Victor Fleming aside and excitedly showed him a photograph. "This," said Tracy, "is the way I want to look when I play *Hyde*." Fleming looked and Gable looked. The photograph was one of Clark Gable as *Parnell*, his least successful screen characterization.

■ Leave it to Lupe Velez. A boy friend sent her a brand of perfume she doesn't like. So she's using it on her pet dog.

■ Carmen Miranda has the most fabulous appetite of anyone in Hollywood. She makes every meal a banquet, topped off by three and sometimes four desserts. Asked if she ever worries about gaining weight, Carmen said: "No-no-no. It's all in zee mind."

■ SIGHTS OF THE MONTH: Herbert Marshall and Nat Wolff—the ex and present husbands of Edna Best—talking



When she isn't busy on the M-G-M lot as *Dr. Kildare's* love interest, Laraine Day relaxes in the sun in an attractive suspender play suit of polka dot taffeta

things over at the Brown Derby . . . George Raft and Betty Grable dancing the rumba as it should be danced. . . .

■ EVENT OF THE MONTH: The Tail-waggers' second annual Academy award party for canine actors of the screen. Winners were awarded bronze fire hydrant "boscars."

■ Hollywood scenarists have concocted a new romantic triangle for a motion picture—Anna Neagle, John Carroll and Slicker, the seal. Every time Carroll tries to make love to her in *Sunny* the seal starts to bark and breaks up his routine. It's a running gag throughout the picture.

■ Robert Preston plays the role Don Ameche turned down in Paramount's *The Night of January 16.* A friend asked Preston what he invents in the picture. "Why, I don't invent anything—it isn't that kind of a picture," replied the actor. To which the friend said: "Well, no wonder Don Ameche turned down the part."

■ Announcement that Bob Burns will discard his bazooka and stories about his relatives for his film return in *The Good Fellow* wasn't his own idea. Studio executives insisted on it.

WHAT IS YOUR MOVIE I. Q.? TEST YOURSELF WITH JULY'S BIG NEW "MOVIE CROSS-WORD"—AN IMPROVED MONTHLY FEATURE.

■ Feminine star and her leading man, both of whom favor the right sides of their faces when facing the camera, are giving the director of their current picture an awful headache. No matter where he places them before the camera, one or the other complains. Finally the director could take it no longer. "Look," he said. "Let's get through with this picture without another argument. And then I'll direct you in a picture in which all your scenes will be played on a tandem bicycle."

■ On The Sets: Add embarrassing moments. Anne Shirley, in a white lace evening dress, was about to enter a set in *Nurses Don't Tell* in which she ecstatically welcomes Richard Denning, whom she had married nearly two years before and had not seen in the meantime.

"Now really give the scene a little wild abandon," suggested Director Robert Siodemak. "You're tremendously happy to see this chap. Fling your arms around his neck. Hug him. Let yourself go."

Anne dashed in, wrapped her arms around Denning's neck and as she did so, every snap on the back of her evening gown popped open. "I didn't mean quite that much abandon," grinned Director Siodemak.

[*Continued on page* 16]

Even a Mask can't disguise the Girl who needs Mum!



Guard underarms against telltale odor. Use Mum every day—before every date!

JUNE isn't fooling *anyone!* Behind that mask there are tears—under the masquerade there is heartache! June wants the admiration other girls rate—a rush from the stag line, popularity and a man to call her own! But underarm odor is no help to popularity.

The sad part of it is a girl can offend and never even suspect she's at fault. She trusts her bath alone, but a bath can fail her. A bath only takes care of past perspiration—smart girls depend on Mum to prevent risk of odor to come. Just one quick dab of Mum under each arm—takes only 30 seconds—and your bath freshness lasts all day or all evening long.

Every single day—and before every date—play safe with easy, sure Mum.

QUICK! A dab under each arm—and you're through. Takes only 30 seconds—can be used even *after* you're dressed.

SAFE! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to any kind of fabric. So safe it can be used even after underarm shaving!

SURE! If you want to be popular—get Mum today. Long after your bath has ceased to be effective, Mum will go right on guarding your charm!

MUM SOLVES ANOTHER PROBLEM FOR YOU!



For Sanitary Napkins

More women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins than any other deodorant. Mum is safe . . . guards against unpleasantness.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

VACATION STARTS RIGHT



—when you board an air-conditioned *Super-Coach*

Step into a climate that's cool as a breeze in the tall pines—stretch out in an easy chair that fits your every mood—start having the time of your life as you cruise away by Greyhound toward your particular choice of summer playgrounds. It's a grand feeling—knowing you're saving two-thirds of what you'd pay to drive your own car. And the sightseeing's just double—you go one way, return a different scenic route at no extra cost. So take it easy this trip—get a head-start on vacation fun the Super-Coach way!

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assure you *extra* economies, *extra* good times! Transportation, hotels, sightseeing, entertainment are arranged for you by experts, on tours to almost anywhere—any length, any time.

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Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page 15*]

■ It's the man who pays for film clothes. Wardrobes for feminine stars are supplied by the studios. Men must buy their own.

■ Hollywood draftees are going to be well dressed. Hollywood boulevard tailors are offering buck private uniforms, with square cut shoulders, at $50 apiece.

■ Overheard in a studio cafe: "My dear, her skin makes the Rocky Mountains look like chiffon velvet." Seen: Two bottles of champagne and a quart of milk nestled together in an ice bucket behind scenes on a cafe set. The champagne is only ginger ale masquerading as royalty, but the milk isn't phony. It is Fred MacMurray's lunch.

■ One of the biggest laughs in Walt Disney's soon to be released, *The Reluctant Dragon,* will be when Robert Benchley bawls out his wife in the voice of Donald Duck.

■ Anna May Wong, the Chinese actress, back in front of the camera again, speaks a better brand of English than most college professors. Yet because of her race she has been placed in some rather embarrassing situations.

She recalls with glee the time she attended a formal dinner in London. Without introduction, she was seated next to a stranger, an Englishman who said nary a word until they reached the soup course. Then, with much hawing, the Englishman asked: "You likee soupee?" Miss Wong smiled, said nothing.

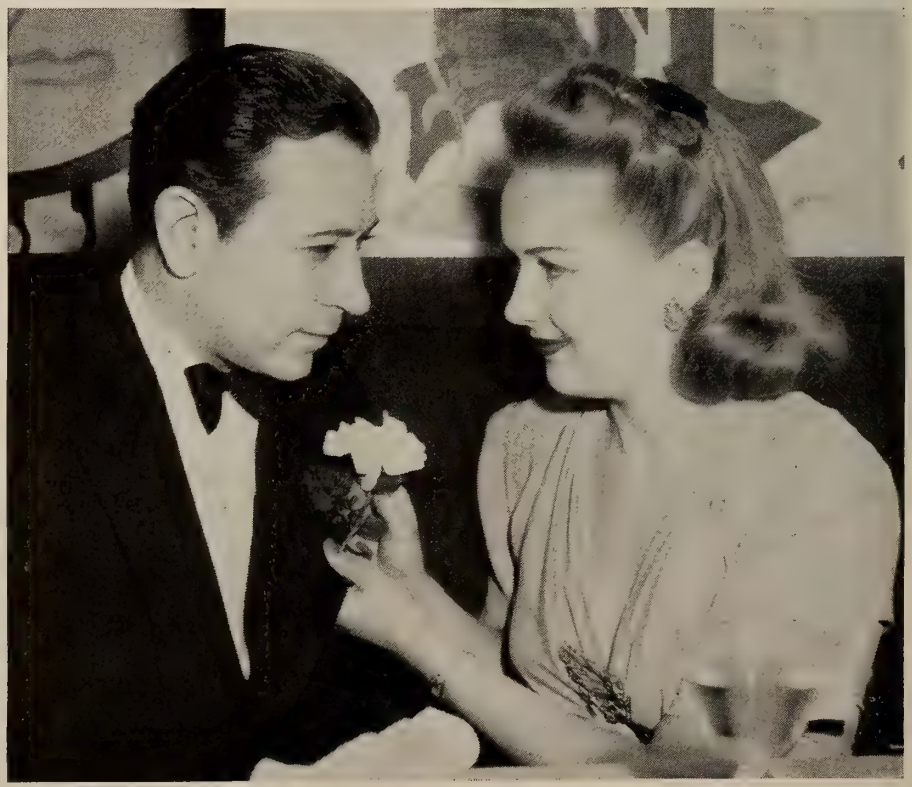
After dinner, she was asked to give a talk about American movie making methods and replied with an eloquent discourse on the subject in flawless English. Sitting down again, she turned to the Englishman, smiled sweetly and said, "You likee speechee?"

■ Wallace Beery was asked to appear before a convention of college presidents but roared at their frightened representative: "What in the blankety-blank do you want me for? I never got out of the third grade." Diplomatic fellow.

■ The most bedraggled actor in Hollywood this season is Coco, a second-rate raven who has been acting as stand-in and stunt man for a first-class raven named Jim, who plays an important part in the Bette Davis-James Cagney comedy, *The Bride Came C.O.D.*

Both Coco and Jim are the property of Curly Twyffort, Hollywood's bird-man, who has 150 bird actors in his aviary and collects through their efforts a larger salary than many a leading lady.

The scenario calls for Jim and Bette to turn up at a deserted shack in Death Valley of which a raven is the principal inhabitant. For close-ups and pretty-pretty scenes, the sleek and glossy Jim



And now it seems to be Betty Grable who is in top place in George Raft's affection, succeeding, in rapid order, Virginia Peine, Norma Shearer and Lana Turner. The rumba, as performed by Betty and George, is a high spot of Hollywood's night life. Betty's new film is *Miami,* and George is busily engaged in Warner's *Manpower*



At the gala world premiere of *I Wanted Wings*, Major General James Chaney discussed the sensational air epic with charming Mary Martin. Note intricate arrangement of fresh roses on Mary's dress

appears before the lens. In the rough-and-tumble shots the battered and bleary Coco takes his place.

To keep his feathers in optimum condition, Jim is fed a special diet of egg-shells and oyster-shells. Coco, the bum, eats hamburger scraps and lamb-fat and any old thing he can lay his beak on.

Even among the feathered stars, it appears, there is a rigid caste system. Jim rests, between scenes, in a handsome gilded cage, while his stand-in mopes in an old packing case. Which is more popular on the set? The stand-in, of course, the same as with human actors.

■ Sixty-five years ago Frau Maria Bernhard and a nurse used to walk around the corner from their home in the Chaussee des Allies in Berlin to deposit young Kurt Bernhard in kindergarten.

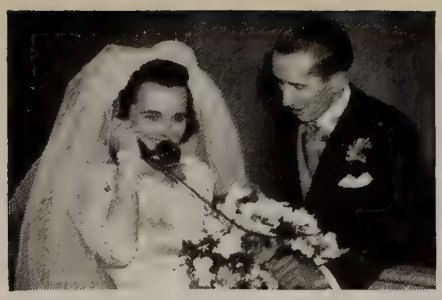
Today the same Kurt (now Curtis) Bernhard drives up every day at Hollywood High School and deposits Frau Maria Bernhard, his mother, in front of the Civics wing of the building, where she is taking courses in English and government to qualify her for American citizenship.

Mrs. Bernhard, seventy-four, arrived three months ago from Switzerland, whither she had made her way after two years of struggling with red tape, from Germany.

Bernhard directed *Miss Wheelwright Discovers America*. He avers that Miss Wheelwright's discovery was no more thrilling than his mother's.

■ Nina Orla, a genuine South American and an expert at the tango, the rumba and the conga, is proving something of an Emily Post at the etiquette of those dances and, incidentally, a severe ache in the neck to Larry Ceballos, who is directing her in dances at Universal.

[*Continued on page* 19]



Mr. and Mrs. Leggatt receiving congratulations after the wedding. Mrs. Leggatt says of Camay, "I prefer Camay because of its outstanding mildness. It really is wonderful for delicate skins like mine."



Mr. and Mrs. Leggatt have fun cutting the wedding cake. The reception was held in the Embassy Suite of the Ambassador, famous New York hotel. Then the happy couple left for a honeymoon in the South.

"On my wedding day, my skin looked lovely —and the mildness of Camay helped!"

—Says Mrs. George H. Leggatt, Jr.



Photographs by David Berns

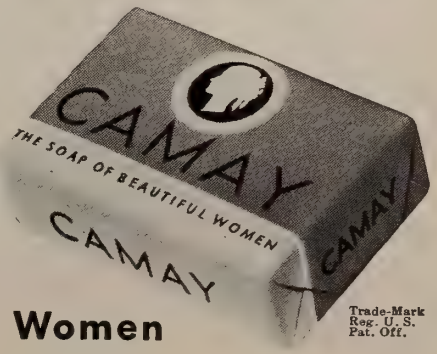
Lovely women welcome Camay's greater mildness—even many with dry and delicate skin.

MRS. GEORGE H. LEGGATT, JR., has a dark, vivacious beauty that makes her the center of interest wherever she goes. Her loveliness is emphasized by a lively, lovely skin.

Of course Mrs. Leggatt takes the very utmost care of her skin. And for her beauty soap she has chosen Camay. Women everywhere echo this lovely bride's enthusiasm for Camay—even many women who feel they have a delicate or dry skin.

For a great new improvement has made Camay milder than other famous beauty soaps tested. We proved this by tests against dozens and dozens of them. Time after time Camay was proved milder . . . milder than these dozens of famous beauty soaps of other makers!

Get 3 cakes of Camay from your dealer today! Put this milder beauty soap to work for your complexion right away!



The Soap of Beautiful Women

Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

His Bride and Joy



Every girl wants to be a shining example of beauty on her wedding day, such as Anna Neagle portrays as the happy bride of John Carroll in RKO's new picture, *Sunny*. This article is filled with suggestions for the great day—and forever after

By ANN VERNON

■ It's true that this picture of Anna Neagle and John Carroll is make-believe, a shot from their new RKO picture, *Sunny*—but at the same time, it might be a picture of any smiling couple starting their married life together. The bride, like all brides, looks lovely and glowing—and the bridegroom is oh! so happy and proud.

The question that comes to your beauty editor's mind is—will he be just as proud and happy about his bride a year from now? That, of course, is pretty much up to the girl. Any bride can keep that slightly dazzled look in a man's eyes "forever after" if she stays as lovely as she is on her wedding day. This may sound like rather a large order—but it really isn't.

For example—no husband, or beau, for that matter, expects you to look like a dream in satin and lace while you're washing dishes or making the beds. But on the other hand, he definitely does not expect you to go about your housework in a bedraggled, soiled frock, with your hair up in curlers, and not a smidgin of make-up on. He'll settle any day for a neat but not gaudy version of a hard-working housewife—one whose hair is arranged neatly, perhaps even tied up fetchingly in a cute turban, whose dress is trim and fresh, whose lips are made up nicely, whose hands look well groomed. So, if you are trying, either before or after middle-aisling, to impress a man—remember that neatness and attention to the details of grooming will keep him proud of you.

As a matter of fact, the beauty rites you practice just before you don white satin and orange blossoms should become an integral part of your regular beauty routine. For instance, you'll want to treat yourself to a facial mask that great day, so that your skin looks as glowing and fresh as a rose. And there'll be many an evening in your married life when a facial mask will erase the signs of a tiring day and pick you up to greet that homing husband. Naturally, you'll want the fingers holding your bouquet to be soft, white and freshly manicured—and you'll want them to be that way, too, when you pour the breakfast coffee months later. One of the nicest things about a bride is the aura of fragrance that surrounds her, from her flowers and from the all-important floral perfume she wears. And what husband, even one of long standing, isn't entranced when dancing with his wife on their wedding anniversaries, to catch that elusive whiff of posies in her hair?

One of the most familiar complaints men make about women—and you can scarcely blame them—is lipstick smears. Men hate to be made ridiculous—and there's certainly nothing that can make them look funnier than red smudges on their faces. Besides which, it does nothing for the gal who's left the impression, either! All of which leads up to a reminder of a liquid lip coloring that is a joy forever to a girl not only on her wedding day, but long after. No matter how many admiring friends and relatives insist on kissing you after the ceremony, your lip make-up will remain sublimely intact if you use this preparation. It comes in a small bottle that you can carry in your purse—and attached to the bottle cap is a squeegee applicator. Be sure that there is no cream or old lipstick on your lips to prevent a lasting application—and keep your lips separated for a minute until the liquid dries thoroughly. There's a beautiful new scarlet shade, a clear, bright red that you'll like to wear with practically everything. It's becoming, too, to blondes or brunettes—and costs only a dollar for a generous-sized bottle. Whether you're a bride or not, I'd advise you to investigate this product—if there's a man in your life.

No matter how slim the budget a bride may have to cope with, she needn't content herself with inferior face cream and powder, considering the fact that two fairly new ones can be had in ten cent, twenty-five cent and fifty cent sizes—in addition to the jumbo ones at a dollar. The quality of both preparations is above question, and you'd understand if you knew the trade name. For this manufacturer has long made one of the finest hand lotions on the market, and one that I know many of you use. The face powder comes in five glamour tones, styled by a famous Parisian designer and colorist—and I wish you would experiment with all five, till you find just the right one for you. The cream is designed for all types of skin and all purposes—cleansing, lubricating and protective. It's the smooth quick-acting kind that whips dirt off in a minute. And it won't give your skin an ugly, greasy coating when you use it as a night cream. Besides which, you'll love the invisible layer of powder base it leaves on—to catch and hold the gossamer powder for hours longer.

After your bath or shower, use a scented cologne to help keep you fresh as a morning glory—and to add a faint but unmistakable perfume for all day long. This is a good hint for the June bride—and just as good long after no one thinks of calling her a bride. [*Continued on page 57*]

A BEAUTY RITUAL . . .

to retain romance—for brides, brides-to-be, and former brides. Send for yours today. And ask about individual hair, figure or skin problems when you write. Address your letter to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Be sure to enclose a stamped (U. S. postage, please), self-addressed envelope for your reply.

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 17]

For a solo number Ceballos had laid out an elaborate routine for Miss Orla. She refused to have anything to do with it.

"No, no, no," she protested. "If the man pass me to the left that mean he want to kiss me. If he pass me to the right it mean he is tired of me and is looking for a new girl. No man pass me to the right."

So the men passed her to the left.

■ Mary Martin, the Texas belle, has mislaid her South'n accent since she gave her heart to daddy, it appears. In *Kiss the Boys Goodbye*, she is required to read some lines in Dixie brogue. After a good night's study she thought she had the drawl down pat, so pat in fact that she invited Y. Frank Freeman, Paramount vice-president and himself a Geo'gian, to come out to the stage and catch her rendition.

On the first take Freeman detected a distinct flavor of 52nd Street, Park Avenue and Cocoanut Grove. He did a little discreet coaching, only to find that his you-all's weren't in perfect working order either.

Upshot was that the line was rewritten. Originally it was:

"I'm mighty proud, suh, to have the oppo'tunity to po'tray the flowah of South'n womanhood."

While on the set Big Shot Freeman encountered another moment slightly embarrassing to various operating bosses.

The scene was a Long Island estate, complete with swimming pool. The pool was filled with cold water, since nobody was to enter it during the sequence. But the chill rising from it was distinctly un-

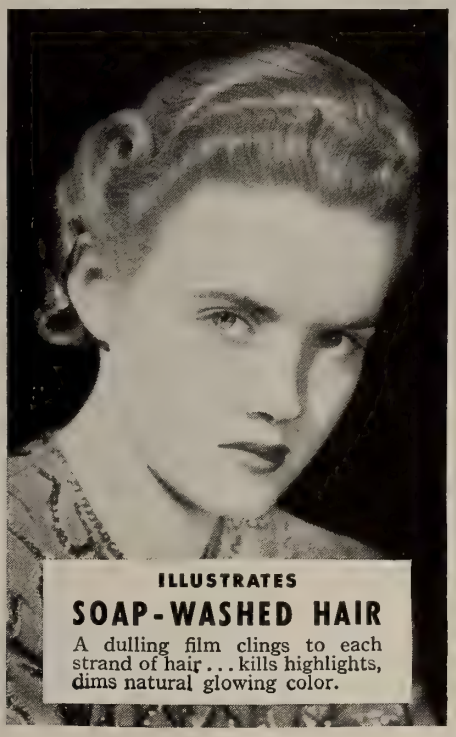
[*Continued on page* 20]



Jane Withers musters up sufficient courage to handle a toad for this scene in 20th Century-Fox's *A Very Young Lady*

There's Moonlight Romance in the

DANCING HIGHLIGHTS OF YOUR HAIR



ILLUSTRATES

SOAP-WASHED HAIR

A dulling film clings to each strand of hair . . . kills highlights, dims natural glowing color.



ILLUSTRATES

DRENE-WASHED HAIR

No dulling film . . . highlights sparkle . . . more color brilliance brings warmth and liveliness.

Bring out Hidden Loveliness . . . Reveal up to

33% MORE LUSTRE IN YOUR HAIR

than you get after washing with any soap . . . most liquid shampoos.

YOU invite romance when you emphasize your own natural loveliness. The radiance of your complexion, the sparkle of your eyes—*all* of your beauty is set off by dancing, twinkling highlights in your hair!

So, if you want to look your best, don't let your hair stay dull, drab and uninteresting. Bring out its hidden loveliness with Drene Shampoo—so men will notice, women envy. Drene gives you results you can't get with any soap or most liquid shampoos. Here's why:

Even the finest soap reacts with minerals in water to form "bath-tub ring"—a dulling film that hides the true loveliness of your hair.

Because Drene forms none of this dulling film, it reveals up to 33% more lustre and color-brilliance in hair than is possible with finest soaps! (This has been scientifically proved in Procter & Gamble laboratories.)

Try Drene . . . and discover how lustrous and lovely your hair can be!

Does Shampooing Do This To Your Hair?

BLONDE: If your hair has a *canary color* instead of its *true blonde look*, it may be due to dulling film. See what a difference Drene makes.

BRUNETTE: Lime-soap film can make brunette hair look *drab, dull.* Drene leaves no such film.

RED: If dulling film leaves your hair *dark* instead of bringing out its *reddish warmth*, try Drene!

GRAY: Use Drene to avoid the ugly *yellowish cast* often caused by lime-soap film. Drene reveals the natural dignity and allure of gray hair.

SPECIAL . . . for normal or dry hair

REGULAR . . . for oily hair



Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

DRENE NOT ONLY BRINGS OUT EXTRA HIGHLIGHTS... BUT LEAVES HAIR SILKY

—says **CONDOS,** Chicago hairstylist who coiffured model above.



OTHER FAMOUS SALONS USING DRENE INCLUDE:

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St. Regis Hotel, New York

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Palmer House, Chicago

Burton Skiles Hairstylists
Hollywood

SURE TO WIN Your Heart

THE Blue Swan FAMILY'S New "UNDIKINS† WARDROBE"

Clever Pantie Fashions To Fit Every Costume and Occasion

Every type of pantie . . . to wear from dusk till dawn. These unique "undie fashions" fit like a charm under your suit, daytime dresses, evening gowns or play suits. Each answers a different costume need. You'll want the whole family!



MINIKINS*
is brief as a breeze... hence perfect under a suit. No bulges to mar your trim lines. Celanese* Rayon with No-Belt‡ Waistband ..... 39¢

FRILLIKINS†
is pretty and practical. Shows off lines of your simplest daytime dress marvelously. Holds shape after countless washings. Flexible rayon-and-Lastex*... 39¢



SLENDIKINS†
is superb under evening clothes. Fits as if it were part of you. Takes place of lightweight girdle. Slenderizing, run-proof rayon-and-Laton*.. 59¢

SISSIKINS†
is a charmer of soft rayon-and Lastex* with intriguing ribbon bows. Fits like a dream under the new dressmaker fashions. New! ... 59¢

Ask about Smoothikins* and Flarikins,* the other members of Blue Swan's "Undikins Wardrobe" at your favorite store.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. †Reg. App. For ‡Pat.

Blue Swan EMPIRE STATE BUILDING NEW YORK

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 19]

comfortable to dozens of principals and actresses in low-cut evening gowns.

Accordingly a steam pipe was brought up and inserted below the surface, causing clouds of hot vapor to spread all over the set and wilting the stiff shirts and collars of Don Ameche, Oscar Levant and 24 extra boys. So costumes had to be changed while ice was dumped into the pool to restore it to its original temperature.

Kiss the Boys Goodbye will cost $785,000, exclusive of ice and steam.

■ Strolling on Sunset Boulevard, Jean Parker picked up a yellow card that proved to be the liberty pass of a seaman on leave from the San Diego naval station.

She sent it back to the owner by registered mail with a little note saying: "Be more careful of these things in future, sailor. How do you know I'm not a German spy?"

■ Pandemonium has broken loose among Hollywood's small fry since *Captain Marvel,* the famous wonder man of *Whiz Comics,* monthly magazine, made his screen debut in Republic's exciting version of the feature. Youngsters in Beverly Hills who have seen the preliminary chapters have been seized with a mad desire for emulation. One little fellow insisted upon having a red satin suit with flying cape, just like *Captain Marvel.* Immediately thereafter the green hills of the movie capitol became dotted with leaping youngsters in fiery red garb, attempting unbelievable feats of muscle and mind.

And we heard of one actor who, coming home from the studio late one night, became hopelessly entangled in wire contraptions which took the combined efforts of his wife and butler to remove. All of which were the doings of his young son who was sure that he, with a little practice, could fly through the air with the great ease of the amazing *Captain Marvel.*

■ After working with a trained chicken in a scene for the new Marx Brothers picture, Groucho cracked: "Maybe we should build up the chicken's part and adopt a new brother—Clucko."

■ Just before the birth of her baby, Shirley Ross said she hoped it would be twins but that she wouldn't dress them alike. To which Bob Hope remarked: "I'd hate to be the one without the diaper."



Olympe Bradna and her fiance, Douglas Wilhoit, Montecito socialite, have set July 16th as their wedding date. However, they may be forced to change their plans, for Uncle Sam has called him for army service. Olympe is now in Warner's *Highway West*

Rita Hayworth Confesses: "12 Men I'd Take to a Desert Isle"

By JOHN FRANCHEY



■ Those young buckos who have been naming Rita Hayworth as the girl with whom they'd love to be stranded on a desert isle (the Phi Gams of Texas University, the freshman class of Southern Methodist, and the entire student body of Harvard, to name a few) might be interested to know how the lady in question, currently appearing in 20th Century-Fox's *Blood and Sand,* would like to have her lonely isle populated.

We put the question to Miss Hayworth who chuckled, and launched right in.

"I most emphatically would not mind being stranded on a desert island," she said. "But I'm afraid I couldn't get by with a single male!

"Life being what it is," she picked up, "different human beings are inclined toward different long suits and virtues—charms, if you prefer—in which they're specialists. So if you don't mind, I'll take the excursion with a dozen gentlemen, all tried and true.

"I hope you won't mind the fact that they all hail from Hollywood. Not having met Toscanini, William Saroyan, Lucius Beebe, Sir Anthony Eden, Hank Greenberg or Mahatma Gandhi, I'm not in a position to judge very well. Here they are:

"GLENN FORD heads the list because he knows how to make a fire with two sticks and that can be very helpful, unless you're fortunate enough to be stranded with a flintrock or a cigarette lighter that works.

* * *

"ROBERT TAYLOR is definitely an ungetalongwithoutable. Palm trees and sand can become very monotonous. Handsome Bob would provide some excellent scenery in his own right.

* * *

"BRIAN AHERNE is a must, if only because he could read the *Oxford Book of English Verse* so beautifully. And what's an island or a romantic adventure, without poetry?

* * *

"CARY GRANT—Because he never takes anything seriously. He would be the balance wheel for this gay lark. Neither flood nor famine would perturb him.

* * *

"DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., by all means. Because he is consumed with the ambition to play *Hamlet.* What would be a more logical setting for him to practice up? For want of a better subject, I would be his *Ophelia.*

* * *

"CLARK GABLE rates a portfolio in this unholy twelve because he is Clark Gable, which is recommendation enough.

* * *

"BING CROSBY—Imagine an island interlude without Bing's crooning! I'd just as soon not be stranded. Bing could come and name his own price.

* * *

"JOHN CARROLL for his wonderful sense of humor, his gift for making a lie seem truer than a multiplication table, no matter how fantastic the tale. When he wasn't spinning tall tales he could be wrangling with the natives and conning them out of their bridgework.

* * *

"GARY COOPER would be super. A wonderful shot, he'd bag us wild turkey. A level-headed citizen under pressure, he'd be our Rock of Ages.

* * *

"GEORGE SANDERS—Worth his weight in rubies. Sinister but nice, he would be on hand to keep the lady conscious that life can be real, life can be earnest, as only such a distinguished screen 'wolf' can do. A little harmless frightening would be okay.

* * *

"W. C. FIELDS—Dead weight? Not on your life! Mr. Fields in motion is superb entertainment, which is a much-needed commodity on any desert island.

* * *

"EDWARD JUDSON—Because adventure is exciting, romance is fascinating, glamour is soul-satisfying and Edward Judson is my husband. ■



Saga of the Sirens

■ Father called them vamps. Back in his day, they were the personality girls who dominated the screen, the headlines, the fashions of the world. They wore slinky, seductive clothes, chalk-white make-up, and weird red imprints that passed for mouths. Mystery was their long suit, and their names were Theda Bara, Nita Naldi, Barbara LaMarr, Louise Glaum. Of them all, Theda Bara was most amazing. The original Sex Queen was only a little girl from Cincinnati until William Fox made her into the "Egyptian Goddess." From that time on, she never failed to live up to her title. Always in public she wore a veil, thick make-up, furs and all the trappings necessary to convey a convincing picture of mystery and allure. She was the screen's first Glamour Girl, and little did her awed public suspect that at heart she was a simple girl who liked corned beef and cabbage.

Along came Gloria Swanson, and glamour took a new turn. Retaining all the allure and dazzle of the original Sex Queen, Gloria imbued it with her own vitality, her cosmopolitan chic and sophistication. She set a new high in glamour, and she dared what no queen had yet dared. She had a baby. But such was the integrity of her appeal that motherhood did not lessen her power.

Elinor Glynn tagged a fiery little redhead from Brooklyn as the "It" girl and a whole new era of feminine appeal and fashions was born. Clara Bow embodied it all in her own personality—the whole mad age of speak-easies, flappers and short skirts. She was the age itself—the excitement, the daring, the burning zest for living that had overnight gripped the world. And just as those tumultuous years burned themselves out with their own fire, so did the little redhead plunge at a headstrong pace through her own youth before she retired to a happy marriage.

The glamour pendulum swung again, and came to rest on Jean Harlow. Jean, with the unforgettable mass of gorgeous shining hair, the pouting lips that somehow managed to convey so much of sweetness and beauty. Everywhere, all over America, women rushed to beauty shops to be "platinumed" and blond heads sprang up like dandelions in April. But nowhere, in the film capital or elsewhere, could the imcomparable, illusive beauty that was Jean's be equalled. Many men loved her. Hers was a short, intense and tragic life, and the imprint she left will be long remembered.

Today, yet another school of glamour and charm has arisen. This is the day of the natural beauty, the vibrant, glowing girl whose charm is dependent on health and general well-being. They have no need to resort to the devices and tricks of yesterday's "vamps."

Witness Ann Sheridan and Rita Hayworth. Ann is, as every man and his brother knows, the "Oomph Girl." "Oomph," according to her designators, is a miraculous combination of glamour, charm, beauty, vivacity, and every other known desirable feminine trait. Rita Hayworth is the lassie who has been picked by college lads as the girl they'd prefer as companion on a desert isle. Both these girls are typically American in appearance, retaining all the appealing wholesomeness of the school girl with a more mature feminine allure.

Then there is Jane Russell—this month's cover girl—and our candidate for the real "Glamour Girl" of today and the day after. Hollywood hails her as the most sensational girl since Harlow. She, more than any other screen star, embodies the qualities that go to make up today's charm girl. Healthy, full-figured, hard-working, athletic—this is the girl who is today setting the standard of beauty for America's young women. Hers is the vibrant beauty of form and features and glowing eyes and clear skin—a beauty that every woman, in gazing upon her, feels is as much her own as the property of an alluring screen star. ■

The list of Hollywood's glamour queens has been long—and varied. First queen was Theda Bara, then came Gloria Swanson, Clara Bow and Jean Harlow. Each set a new trend in feminine allure. Today's charm girls are Rita Hayworth, Ann Sheridan and the more recent Jane Russell, all of whom exemplify the new school of beauty which is based on good health, a happy disposition, and general well being

HOLLYWOOD

Nancy Kelly's Strange Marriage Pact!

By TOM CASEY

■ Hollywood is an unconventional village of steam-heated swimming pools, the Townsend Plan and some mighty strange marriage pacts. But of all the oddities to come out of the movie village, the marriage agreement between newlyweds Nancy Kelly and Edmund O'Brien takes the Oscar.

When Nancy and Eddie eloped to Yuma two months ago, they surprised not only their family and friends, but themselves. The elopement was the end of the stormiest, most hectic courtship ever indulged in by two people. In fact, just an hour before Nancy and Eddie stood before the preacher, slightly battle-scarred from their last quarrel, they had vowed never to see each other again. That gives you an idea!

In order to prevent these combustions from breaking up their marriage, Nancy and Eddie have evolved a unique pact which they feel will keep their marital bliss upon an even keel.

Briefly, this is it:

To make sure that their spats never send either one to Reno, they have appointed a board of arbitration which will settle any disputes that may arise.

"There's no fight," Nancy and Eddie insist, "that a laugh can't settle, so we have appointed on our board Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Ken Murray and Joan Davis, and they will settle any dispute that may arise. After all, if this theory can work for the National Labor Relations Board, it should work for us."

Three years ago, Nancy—not quite 16—was a promising young Broadway actress, appearing as Gertrude Lawrence's daughter in *Susan and God.*

One afternoon, Nancy was in her agent's office and the phone rang. The secretary was out, so she answered it. The vibrant masculine voice on the other end wanted to know who she was.

"That is no concern of yours," said Nancy, quite primly, and hung up.

The phone rang again. The same voice. An impudent laugh, and the same request.

Nancy banged the receiver on its hook.

Three times the phone rang, and three times Nancy hung up. She was beginning to be intrigued by this stranger, when he strode into the office, a husky, vital Irish youth who seemed to breathe life into the place.

"You're having dinner with me," he announced.

"Oh, am I?" said Nancy icily. "I think not!"

So they had dinner and fell in love. Round No. 1 was definitely Eddie's.

All that winter Nancy and Eddie dated and fought with each other. They were both very young and very much in love. They were also both Irish and highly combustible.

"We fought," remembers Nancy, "about everything. Both Eddie and I were in Broadway plays and we saw each other every free moment—between acts, between rehearsals, between meals. We were so in love that we became intensely jealous of each other, and that would start a royal squabble. Usually, we'd end up vowing never to see each other again, then two hours later we'd make up, convinced that we couldn't live without each other."

Quite unexpectedly, Nancy and Eddie found themselves separated for two years. Eddie had gone on the road in the stage version of *Julius Caesar.* He was gone almost a year, and was due to return, when Nancy received a wire from 20th Century-Fox asking her to come to Hollywood immediately. One day after Nancy reluctantly left New York, Eddie returned home. They missed each other by 24 hours and weren't to meet again for another year.

In Hollywood, Nancy was listless to the invitations of other men. She thought constantly of Eddie and the highlights of her evenings were Eddie's long-distance calls. Then, after a year of this, came the happy news that Eddie had been signed by RKO-Radio and was leaving within a few days to start work in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame.*

"We had been writing love letters to each other for one year, dreaming of the day when we'd be together, but one hour after Eddie had arrived in Hollywood we were bickering again," Nancy said.

There was a strain that was pulling their love to shreds. Eddie was working night and day in *The Hunchback,* anxious to make good in Hollywood, and he and Nancy could see each other only briefly. Added to this was the irrevocable Hollywood custom that made it necessary for Nancy to attend certain studio functions. Because Eddie seldom had time to attend, the studio provided an escort for her. This precipitated [*Continued on page* 64]



Constance Moore and her husband, Johnnie Maschio (foot of stairs), give a party for the recent newlyweds, Nancy Kelly and Edmund O'Brien (circle). Other "happily marrieds" are Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz (second step), Dennis O'Keefe and Steffi Duna, Lee Bowman and Helene Del Valle (at top)

Joan Crawford's Most

BRUTALLY SCARRED



Joan Crawford hides her scarred cheek as Conrad Veidt, her partner in crime, offers badly needed sympathy. Crawford's new picture, *A Woman's Face*, is a powerful story of a young girl who becomes a social outcast because of an ugly scar

■ Joan Crawford is accustomed to having people stare at her—but never in horror. It's a new experience for her to have them suddenly stop in their tracks and shudder as she approaches. And she loves it.

It's the scar that gets the starers, Joan's own wonderful scar, that she won after heated battles with studio executives, who didn't think movie queens should ever be anything but beautiful. During the filming of her new picture, Metro employees would rush to Stage 14 just to take a quick look, and Joan would stride over with the good, right side of her face in full view. Then, mischievously, she would turn her head and smile pleasantly as her visitors gasped in fright. For the whole left side, stretching from eye to mouth, was just a mass of seared tissue. Joan had gone out of her way to prove that she could be the first contender for the gruesome sweepstakes. The biggest compliment you could pay her was to say, "Why, Joan, you look terrifying!"

The scar isn't used merely for one of those lightning close-ups, either. Joan wears it throughout one-third of the picture, and hopes to scare the daylights out of the spectators when the film is released. The story is taken from the three-year-old Swedish movie of the same name, in which Ingrid Bergman played the featured role.

The film opens in a courtroom where Joan is on trial for murder. As the witnesses appear on the stand to give evidence, the plot gradually unfolds in a series of flashbacks.

Joan is *Anna Holm*, a cultured Swedish girl who was so severely burned as a child that the resultant ugly scar on her face made her a social outcast. None of her classmates would play with her when she was little; as she grew older, she found that everyone shied away from her in horror. To revenge herself on the society which had treated her so cruelly, she joined a gang of blackmailers.

The blackmailing gang runs a restaurant as a blind, to hide its nefarious activities. The crew consists of Reginald Owen, who is the mastermind, Donald Meek, who acts as a waiter, Connie Gilchrist, a decoy masseuse, and Joan. Into the restaurant comes *Torsten Barring* (Conrad Veidt), the wastrel son of a prominent Swedish family. He is irritated because the restaurant will no longer extend him any credit. He asks to see the owner. "Where is he?" he demands. "Have him come here!"

Joan enters with her hand covering the left side of her face. "It's not a he," she says. Veidt wants to know if she has something in her eye, and removes the hand from her cheek. Joan stands perfectly still, without flinching, and is astonished when Veidt doesn't recoil at sight of her. He is the first person she's ever met who wasn't repelled by her disfiguration. Fascinated, she accepts his invitation to call at his apartment.

Veidt, who is one of the most gracious and best-liked actors in Hollywood, was rueful about the villainous part he's playing in this picture. Since his American debut in 1926 with John Barrymore in *The Beloved Rogue*, Hollywood has always cast him as a scoundrel.

"I've never done anything wicked in my life," he said on the set one day, "and I'm always doing wicked things on the screen."

When he returned to America last year, he thought he might be given a change of role, but the first part for which he was cast was the Nazi general in *Escape*. His villains, however, are no run-of-the-mill bogies, for he plays them with great suavity and charm, so that audiences are inclined to sympathize rather than condemn. "I try to find somewhere the human weakness that makes a monster out of a man," he explained. "In the case of *Torsten Barring*, I arrived at the conclusion that he wasn't quite normal—definitely a pathological case."

Joan and Veidt develop a curious attachment for one another. When she visits

DELICATE



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Daring Role!

By IRVING DRUTMAN

him in his apartment, the audience gets the first intimation that he is planning to have her join him in a criminal *coup*. Pouring out some sherry, he raises his glass in a meaningful toast. "Skoal, Satan!" he says.

We next see Joan in the midst of one of her blackmailing operations. The gang has stolen some incriminating love letters from Osa Massen, the wife of a prominent plastic surgeon, and Joan goes to her house by appointment to return the letters in exchange for jewels. As Osa hands over her precious baubles she hypocritically cries, "These were given me by my husband, whom I love better than anything in this world." Joan says sharply, "That's not what you wrote in these letters to your lover."

Osa, who has only seen Joan in the half-light, senses that something is wrong with her face, and turns the reading lamp full upon her, revealing the dreadful scar. "Oh," she says, taunting her, "so that's what love means to you!" Joan is taken off her guard and loses all self-control. "No," she cries, "*this* is what love means to me," as she slaps Osa repeatedly across the face, "and *this*, and *this*!"

The slapping scene, one of the most difficult to shoot, provided a great deal of amusement for the cast. Since Joan does everything thoroughly, the actual slapping was full of vigor. Crawford was apologetic to Massen, saying, "I'd much rather be on the receiving end of this." Massen, however, said she was used to being slapped "because I was brought up with three older brothers." When the first rehearsal was over, she claimed she hadn't been hurt at all; that the slaps felt just like her weekly facial at the beauty parlor. Joan looked at her hand, which seemed to be smeared with blood. The crew was worried, and offered to call a doctor, but the "blood" turned out to be Osa's lipstick which had come off on Joan.

OPERATION



The change in Joan's scarred character comes about when Melvyn Douglas, playing Osa's plastic surgeon husband, comes suddenly into the room and discovers Joan clutching his wife's jewels. He is at first tempted to call the police, until his attention is drawn to her face. "That's too wonderful a scar to send to jail," he says, and offers to operate on her.

The operation is successful, and Joan emerges from the hospital a beautiful woman. But though the scar has been removed from her face, it is still in her soul. She and Conrad Veidt hatch a plot to get rid of his six-year-old nephew, so that Veidt can inherit all his grandfather's money. The plan is for Joan to become governess to the child and at the first opportunity push him over a cliff.

Joan is eager to be Veidt's accomplice, but when she has been with the family for a short time, a change gradually comes over her. People in this new world treat her differently. The grandfather is very kind to her, and she grows greatly attached to the child. During the week of the winter peasant carnival, Veidt arrives for a visit and sees that she will never go through with their murderous plan. He becomes demoniacal and snatches the child away in a sleigh, with Joan and Melvyn Douglas following close behind in one of those mad movie chases. The scene then switches back to the courtroom, with Joan on trial for murder. There is a surprise ending, which Metro is keeping a closely guarded secret, no one not working on the production being in on the denouement.

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NO MORE BITTERNESS



This photo depicts the dramatic moment when Joan views the surgeon's "handiwork" for the first time. Osa Massen is responsible for the meeting between Joan and Melvyn Douglas, who restores not only Joan's original beauty, but her faith in mankind as well

Joan Crawford's Most Daring Role!

By IRVING DRUTMAN

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DELICATE OPERATION



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Time Out for Insanity

By GENE SCHROTT

■ Not every actor will take a chance on being a madman. Even a lesser known player will stop and think twice before risking his reputation—before taking the chance of having the public say—"there's that screwy guy again." And when an actor has the charm and dash and good looks of Bob Montgomery, the risk is doubly great.

But Bob doesn't care!

Not afraid of being typed; not caring whether it detracts from his glamour, from his appeal or even from the private opinions of his friends, Bob likes these daffy roles. He likes them because he knows everyone else shuns them—is afraid of them—and doesn't want their studios to type them. Not so with Bob.



The affable Mr. Montgomery loves to get his teeth into a good psychological role. Mentally deranged characters are his specialty. Bob goes mad in a thorough manner in his new film, *Rage in Heaven*

When other players are hounding the front offices for a comedy role—"just so they can relax," Bob is browsing about in the realm of psychosis, trying to ferret out an interesting madman role. To him, that's relaxation. Relaxation from a full schedule of light comedy parts.

Ever since he first played an unsympathetic, snivelling, yellow-streaked stool-pigeon in the *Big House,* Bob has been leaning heavily in the direction of mentally deranged characters. They hold a subtle fascination for him. Not because it gives him a chance to go into hysterical dramatics and rant and rave until he winds up in a padded cell. Rather, because he sees the mentally unbalanced in the same light as the psychologist. He sees them as people suffering under the most severe kind of strain. It's because of his sympathy and understanding of these people, that Bob can interpret them so expertly on the screen. His madmen aren't the kind you can spot the minute the camera focuses on them. They are clever and shrewd and conniving—just as possessed people are in real life.

Before he was given the chance to play the psychopathic murderer, *Danny,* in *Night Must Fall,* his studio hesitated about letting him do it. He saw the play in London. He told the studio about it—asked them to buy it. They did. But when the time came for him to play the part, there was some hesitation. After all, he was a comedian. And a glamour guy. He had all the dash and charm to make him an outstanding matinee idol. It was too much of a risk. It was unorthodox!

But after the picture was made, it was altogether different. From that time on, Bob became the Mad Montgomery of M-G-M. He studied all about paranoiacs, schizophrenia, psychosis and maniacs. He learned to reel off those jaw-breaking names with the ease and rapidity of a psychiatrist. He became a convincing madman. And he loved it!

Even a madman can't be mad all the time. Bob knew this. And just to convince his audiences that he wasn't really mentally touched, he reverted to the inane comedy roles. He made people laugh at him. But even that began to pall soon. And it wasn't an easy job to be funny all the time. It was making him feel the need for something new and different. Bob is restless anyway. He always wants to be on the go. Do something interesting.

Then he heard about *The Earl of Chicago,* the Brock Williams novel. The character of *Silky* intrigued him. He wanted his studio to buy it for him. But they couldn't see it. Cagney, Raft and Edward G. Robinson were holding out their unshakable monopoly on gangster roles. Montgomery didn't stand a chance. At least, that was the general opinion. Fortunately, it didn't bother Bob. He set out to do something about it. He changed his voice. He adopted a metallic cackle for a laugh. He studied the case histories of gangsters. He added original touches. Then he went forth to battle the front office.

Before his startled audience realized what was happening, he was giving an impromptu interpretation of the novel. Louis B. Mayer gave the order to buy the book. And Bob got his chance to be a villain again. So strong was the phobia for gruesome and unpalatable parts that he even traveled the six thousand miles to England merely for the sake of playing the role. While he was there, the war broke out. He came back—six thousand more miles . . . to do the picture here in Hollywood. It wasn't a box-office success. But the critics loved it. Upon Montgomery, they heaped pean upon pean of praise. And Bob immediately dropped back into comic oblivion.

He did a couple of screwball comedies, *Haunted Honeymoon* and *Mr. and Mrs. Smith,* the latter one of those highly improbable things. Almost another type of mild insanity. But Bob didn't mind. That gleam was growing in his eye again—which meant that he was on the verge of springing another surprise.

Then reverting again, the call of the unbalanced mind beckoned. Beckoned in the form of *Rage in Heaven,* with Ingrid Bergman playing opposite him. In this, Bob goes mad in a big way. He actually becomes a dangerous paranoiac. He does it with all the finer shadings of a man really deranged.

Where most heroes are lauded for their valiant deeds, Bob is praised for his cruel and despicable ones. It's paradoxical that as a villain, Bob should be building up to the peak reserved for heroes only. In *Night Must Fall, Earl of Chicago* and now in *Rage in Heaven,* he comes out the loser in the end. In one he ends up in a straightjacket, the other on the gallows and in the third with a knife in his back. But does the public object? Not at all. Maybe they like to see a handsome glamour guy get it in the neck for a change, instead of monotonously getting the girl.

"By doing light comedy," Bob confessed, "I conditioned myself to playing those heavy, sombre roles. It all depends on the proper timing. That's the big trick. Once that's mastered thoroughly, you can either scare your audiences to death or make them die laughing."

Some actors want to be heroes, some zanies and some straight men. But Bob Montgomery just wants to be mad! ■

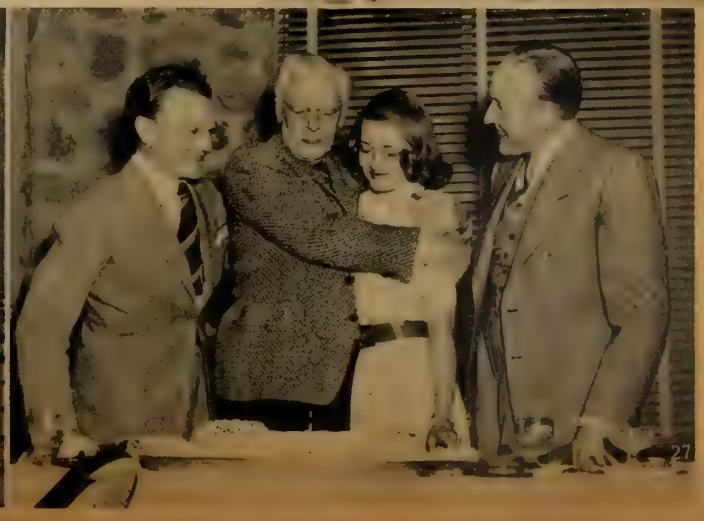
Fun In the Desert



Even dust and heat and cactus could not keep the cast and crew of Warner's *The Bride Came C. O. D.* from having themselves a time while on location in the desert. Top, the candid camera caught stars Bette Davis and Jimmy Cagney snatching forty winks between scenes. Left, Cagney applies himself wholeheartedly to administering a spanking to Miss Davis; however, all was later forgiven with a Davis-Cagney merger over a cup of coffee. Below, a tense moment from the film; right, a surprise party for veteran actor Harry Davenport on the occasion of his 75th birthday. Director Keighley joined in the happy celebration







Pictures in Production

Skylark

(PARAMOUNT)



Skylark reunites Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland, who made *Arise, My Love,* an unforgettable picture



The picture affords Claudette plenty of opportunity to wear intriguing frocks like the sheer black dinner gown above



Claudette portrays a young wife who finds herself playing second fiddle to her husband's other "love"—his job

Affectionately Yours

(WARNER BROTHERS)



Ralph Bellamy and Dennis Morgan give Merle Oberon the complete routine for cold prevention in *Affectionately Yours*



The four stars of the film—Morgan, Merle, Rita Hayworth and Bellamy—swing happily along on their way to lunch



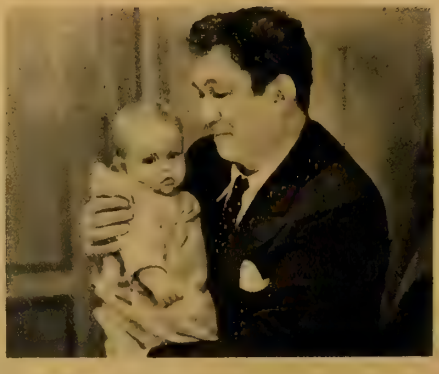
In this scene Merle quaintly combines the bride's traditional veil and bouquet with a tailored street suit

"Broadway Limited"

(UNITED ARTISTS)



Victor McLaglen, playing an engineer in Hal Roach's comedy *Broadway Limited,* takes a train ride on his day off



The trip is enlivened no end by a search for a kidnapped baby, which unwittingly falls into McLaglen's hands



Marjorie Woodworth, lovely new discovery who bears resemblance to the late Jean Harlow, has her first lead role

Hollywood's Most Glamorous Old Maid

By JOHN FULLER

■ Mention old maids and immediately you start thinking of skinny, scrawny, tight-lipped, strait-laced spinsters who go through life with a chip on their shoulders and a grudge against the world. You think of them with their hair up in curlers —as the type who wear flannel nighties buttoned up to the neck—as the kind who heap misery upon themselves.

No one ever thinks of an old maid as being glamorous. No one ever thinks of her as one who is beautiful enough to arouse the envy of other women. No one dreams that she can dress with elegance and chic or be a person who's witty and humorous and sprightly and intelligent. No one suspects that her date book can be filled for weeks in advance with the names of handsome young men who regard taking her out to dinner or dancing as a rare privilege.

But then again, no one thinks of Rosalind Russell as an old maid.

Not that Rosalind spends her evenings sitting before her fireplace knitting comforters for decrepit maiden aunts back in New England. Not that she's feeling creaky around the joints or complaining of lumbago. If anything you're more apt to find her swinging a mean rhumba at Ciro's or regaling a dinner party with her scintillating comments. But because Rosalind is still unmarried, she's been labeled an old maid.

You can bet your last hoarded gold-piece that Rosalind's state of single-blessedness isn't due to lack of marriage proposals. And you needn't go around wasting any sympathy on her because no nice young man has married her. Roz will laugh at you if she sees that poor-thing-such-a-nice-girl look in your eyes. For if she's an old maid, it's solely through choice —her own choice.

Like many a clever gal, Rosalind refuses to be blinded by this business of marriage in haste and repentance in Reno. She'll have nothing to do with it. When she marries, despite her sophisticated worldliness, she wants it to be an until-death-do-us-part proposition. For beneath the veneer of modern worldliness, beneath her light, breezy manner, lies the heart and beliefs of an old-fashioned girl.

Until now, there is simply one reason Rosalind Russell has never married. She has not met the right man. It's a very simple and satisfactory reason. But few people are willing to accept it. They can not understand how a girl as beautiful and glamorous and charming as Rosalind could possibly fail to meet such a man. They think that because she's an outstanding actress, every man who courts her is an eligible husband. But they don't know Rosalind Russell. They don't give her sufficient credit for all the intelligence and understanding and foresightedness within that pretty head of hers. Right now the Hollywood "know it alls" have her definitely tied up with Freddy Brisson. Just because a girl goes out on an occasional date with the same young man twice is certainly no reason to construe the friendship as a prelude to marriage. She likes to go dancing. She likes to go to parties. She likes to meet new and interesting people.

"Everyone," she explains, "keeps asking me why I haven't married. They think I'm kidding when I tell them I haven't met the right man yet. And then they ask me what sort of man I want—what qualifications he must have.

"No girl knows the type of man she'll marry. Of course, we all have our ideals—our dream princes. But how many of us marry that kind? When the real thing comes along, we push our ideals into hasty discard. And even though he may not be an Adonis—even though his hair may be receding and his shoulders slightly stooped and his dancing a bit on the clumsy side, we're blinded to the shortcomings. But if he incites that certain response—if he can make the heart beat a little faster—if he can make your eyes feel blurry and your head woozy—if he can make you feel that you always want him around—that life isn't worth while unless he is, then you have the answer. That, according to all the experts, is love. That's what every girl is looking for. And I'm no exception."

Despite her state of single-blessedness, Rosalind still manages to retain her status as one of the more glamorous personalities of the film world. She is still one of the foremost contenders in the field of glamour. She is every bit as exciting and smart and sophisticated as a woman can possibly be. She can still command the attention of a room full of people when she makes an entrance. Her clothes are the secret envy of some of the best-dressed women in the country. And her sharp, stimulating wit enlivens many a brilliant gathering. Certainly, this is not the orthodox definition of an old maid.

Years ago, it was almost criminal for a girl to reach her twenties without being married. It was a public confession that she lacked the requisites that her married sisters possessed. It meant that she failed to attract or interest men. But today that theory has been knocked into a cocked hat. It doesn't mean a thing. There are still many girls who stay single from choice—even though they may be besieged by gallant lads who want to marry them. And it takes a darned lot of will power to turn down as many offers as Rosalind Russell has. It takes a clear, level head to disregard the whispers of the gossip-mongers.

But just you wait until Mr. Right comes along — we'll wager that when Rosalind meets him it will be no time before they go strolling down the aisle to the familiar strains of "Lohengrin." ■



If the talented "Quiz Kids" were asked who was Hollywood's most popular personality, they'd more than likely answer: "Rosalind Russell." In a town hardened by daily disappointment and bitter experiences, this tribute is far more than a nebulous honor. It is homage! The comedienne continues to captivate—this time it's Clark Gable—in M-G-M's *Uniform*

Ciro Nights

By HELEN HOVER

She was big and raw-boned, and you could tell she wasn't used to wearing evening gowns by the way she bristled in the red taffeta gown. Her face flushed with indignation, but the headwaiter was suave.

"Sorry," he said, "but ladies unescorted are not allowed at Ciro's."

"But I've come clear from Kentucky to see Hollywood and Ciro's. I don't know anyone in this town. I just want to see the movie stars and have a good time and tell the folks back home that I've been here, that's all." In spite of her strong face, she was close to tears.

Bruce Cabot was sitting at the bar with some male cronies, and he could hear the woman pleading. Bruce knows women. He likes 'em. Even the homely ones. He left his friends, reached the side of the woman and offered her his arm with a gallant flourish.

"Madame," he said, "will you spend the evening here with me?"

With a grateful look, the woman took Cabot's arm and sashayed into the inner sanctums. He ordered a ringside table, while the woman ohed and ahed at the lavishness of the red-and-green satin walls, stared excitedly at Olivia de Havilland and Burgess Meredith huddled at a tiny table in one corner, at Spencer Tracy and Pat O'Brien at another, at Dolores del Rio and Orson Welles . . . Marlene Dietrich and Eric Remarque . . . Tyrone Power and Annabella. The Ciro contingent was there in full force.

"All this," whispered the woman, "and heaven too."

Ciro's is the second home to the stars. Mostly because it is the only cafe where they can have fun among themselves, without the inquisitive eyes of strangers upon them. Non-professionals aren't encouraged at Ciro's. For one thing, the price of an evening's entertainment is prohibitive to any but a movie star's pocketbook. Then, the Standing Room Only sign is usually out to tourists and strangers to protect the sanctity and the privacy of the stars so that they can carry on their didos as they would if they were at a private party.

There is a select group who are considered the Ciro Regulars. They are the hardy souls who would no sooner think of going to bed without brushing their teeth than to finish up an evening without dropping by Ciro's. Franchot Tone, Carole Landis, Marlene Dietrich, Rosalind Russell, Burgess Meredith, Lana Turner, Binnie Barnes, Bruce Cabot and Joe Pasternak make up this exclusive and unofficial circle.

If a president were to be elected for the Ciro Regulars, Marlene Dietrich would probably win. Except when she has an early morning call at the studio, Marlene can generally be found languorously draping the luxurious, overstuffed red satin seats. Unlike most of the others who come there to be seen, Marlene doesn't care for a ringside table and when she arrives—usually with Eric Maria Remarque or Josef von Sternberg or both—she doesn't pose in the doorway or enter screeching and waving to pals. Instead, she waits quietly in the foyer while the waiter arranges her table. Only when her table is ready does Marlene sweep elegantly into the room, turning neither to the right nor left but staring straight ahead, weaving gracefully through the maze of tables until she reaches her own.

Every one in pictures comes to Ciro's at some time or other. It is here careers are started, love affairs begin, end or are revived. It is here a man takes his newest flame to show off. And there has been many an important picture deal that has been set on the compact Ciro dance floor.

Because it attracts almost every director, producer and writer in the business, Ciro's is a super-deluxe show-case in which players can show off their wares.

Rita Hayworth played Ciro's like a business proposition and made it pay. Rita is a smart girl and realized she had to be seen by the right people in the right way. When Rita was an unknown actress, she put two weeks' salary on a spectacular red gown; bra-top, exposed midriff and daringly slit skirt. She knew she would be noticed in it, so she went to Ciro's with her husband, and her plan worked. Harry Cohn, head of Columbia Pictures, the studio where she was a contract player, almost fell out of his chair when he saw her.

"Whew," he breathed admiringly. "I didn't know she looked like *that*. She packs dynamite. If I enjoy looking at her, then so will the public." After that, he ordered his studio to concentrate all their efforts on Rita, and her star was made.

Another actress tried to catch the attention of a prominent producer who was about to cast the female lead in his latest picture. This actress wanted the role, and in a burst of inspiration tried the Ciro approach. She learned that the producer was there one night, and she phoned her boy friend to take her there. She wore her most daring gown, then called the photographers who hang around Ciro's. "Make a fuss over me, boys, and pretend to shoot my picture all night," she begged. "That should make Mr. X think I'm hot stuff."

Carmen Miranda, in fetching gown-and-turban ensemble, enjoys dancing at Ciro's with fiance, Aloysio Olivera



Franchot Tone and Carole Landis are Ciro devotees, visiting the popular night club, five and six times weekly



Representing the English contingent, Binnie Barnes and Doug Fairbanks, await their mates, as they attend Ciro party



The photographers, an obliging crew who are always ready to help a beauty in distress, hovered around her table and clicked away at her all night. The producer's eye was caught by all the attention the girl was getting, and he reasoned if she had such publicity appeal she was worth considering. Since the ruse worked and the girl is now starring in the film, it wouldn't be very gallant to reveal her name.

Even a Ciro waiter, Cliff Danielson, was touched by movie magic. Cliff is a darkly handsome waiter who carried his trays with aplomb and dignity. An M-G-M talent scout noticed his clean-cut good looks, and between the soup and meat courses, told him to report for a screen test at the studio. Now Cliff goes to the studio dramatic school and has already appeared in a *Dr. Kildare* picture and in *Flight Command.*

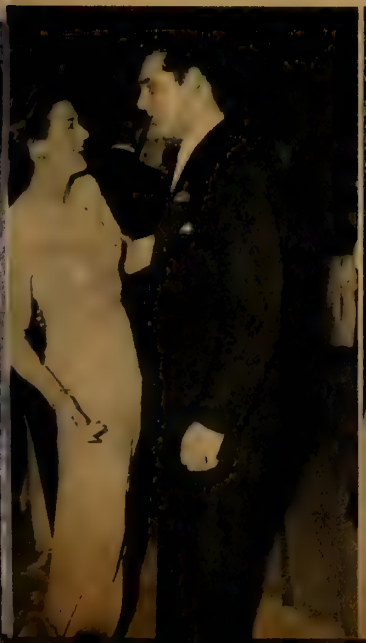
Ciro's is where they all show up. When Lana Turner and Judy Garland were working in *Ziegfeld Girl* they were under orders to keep milkmaid hours. In order to see that these two irrepressibles followed orders, "Red" Golden, assistant director of the picture, phoned them every night at 10 to remind them to go to bed. One evening, neither Judy nor Lana was at home. Golden wasn't stumped. If they were out on a date, there was only one place they'd be sure to wind up eventually. He went to Ciro's and there, as he had expected, were Lana and Judy with their boy friends, Tony Martin and Dave Rose. Golden stomped over to their table, took Judy and Lana by the hand and started to lead them out. "Come on, brats. It's 11 o'clock, way past your bedtime. Say good night to your boy friends because you're going home now."

Ciro's is frankly expensive and takes great pride in the fact that they charged the stiffest New Year's tariff of any night spot in the country—$35 a couple! This pleases the elegantes who patronize the cafe no end, and the place was jammed with a million dollars' worth of celebrators. Another thing that tickles the vanity of its elite customers is the fact that dress is compulsory on Saturday night—and encouraged every other night. Hollywood is an informal town where slacks or a suit will serve almost anywhere, and there aren't many occasions in which a girl can show off her latest emerald bracelet. No other cafe decrees formal clothes, which leaves Ciro's the only place where a glamour girl can strut her white foxes, her diamonds and her newest Irene gown.

Elegance runs so high, in fact, that it reached a ridiculous height one evening. It was the evening Mary Livingston dropped a ruby clip down the washdrain in the ladies' room. The plumber who arrived at Ciro's to try to retrieve the bauble arrived in a soup and fish! Believe it or not! ■

Marlene Dietrich, Queen of Ciro's, is always dignified, well-groomed, and invariably flanked by two or three handsome escorts. Below: Dancing with Tim Durant









Left: No matter where the stars start out, they invariably end up at Ciro's. Here are those merry maniacs, Roz Russell and Cary Grant. Center: Even homebody Spencer Tracy can be glimpsed at Ciro's occasionally. Not a regular cafe hound, Tracy is shown with Olivia de Havilland. Right: Walter Pidgeon exerts his charm in making newcomer June Duprez feel at home. June appeared in *The Thief of Bagdad*

Two In One

By Candida

Hot weather means dancing at park casino, dinner for two in open-air cafes, moonlight strolls and outdoor movies. But it also means waiting for the bus or trolley in the early morning business rush, it means looking neat and trim all through long hours of dictation and filing—or if you're a young housewife, marketing. If you lead such a double life, invest in a good summer suit—and dress it *up* with frilly accessories, or *down* with tailored bonnet, bag and gloves. Penny Singleton, better known as Columbia's *Blondie*, models just such a costume, to save you time in dressing and dollars in your purse. Skirt and jacket can be worn separately, with other costumes



White collar girl? Fill in the neckline of your suit with Sweet and Low revers of rayon crepe, $1 at May Co., Los Angeles. Be trim in Betmar's buttonhole stitched Pandam bonnet, about $4 at McCreery, New York. Tailored Aris gloves, T. S. Martin, Sioux City, and Strand's bag of calf grain at Marshall Field's Basement, Chicago. Each $1

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY

by investing in these work-or-play clothes. Look for them in your local stores, or send a penny postcard for the names of shops which carry them. Address it to Candida, Fashion Editor, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



Off to a date, match your suit with turban of spun rayon and a shirred pigskin grain bag. Add a lacy touch with lingerie dickey and val-trimmed rayon net gloves. Betmar hat is $3.95, Carson, Pirie Scott, Chicago. Sibley, Lindsay & Curr, Rochester, N. Y., has Leading Lady bag, Wm. F. Gable, Altoona, Pa., the Aris gloves, Wanamaker, Philadelphia, the Karyl Lee dickey. These are only $1 each



Business or pleasure, you'll be dressed right in Penny's spun rayon suit. It's lined, has notched self collar, and is belted only in front. Designed by Swansdown, it sells for about $11 at the May Co., Cleveland

Private James Stewart



■ A charming picture of a little boy grown up, secretly hoping to emulate his heroic father, is the case of Private James Stewart.

It was no capricious fancy that found Jimmy Stewart jubilantly packing one set of underwear, two pair of socks and "moving in" on the United States Army, the day after his excellent performance in *The Philadelphia Story* had been heralded by the film world.

Receiving the stamp of approval from his local selective service authorities was even more thrilling to Jimmy than the winning of the coveted statuette. His award was in recognition for something he had already accomplished, whereas his induction into army service was a life-long ambition suddenly realized—and a new opportunity for honors still to be won.

Consider Jimmy's abject disappointment when his first visit to the draft board resulted in a rejection. Consider his grim determination to gain the required poundage and to quiet the derisive rapid-fire barrage of Hollywood's and the world's-at-large whys and wherefores. Consider his dad's captaincy in the American Expeditionary Forces. Consider, too, his natural aptitude for flying and you will understand the depth of his heart-felt joy.

But not even in the army can Jimmy escape the photographer's flash bulbs. Immediately after his assignment to Air Corps duty at Fort MacArthur in California, Jimmy was besieged with requests for publicity shots. Not desiring any unnecessary fanfare, Jimmy agreed to pose only for a few pictures. The photos on this page show him tending to his new chores, eating "mess" with fellow-draftees, and answering much curious correspondence from his friends in Hollywood.

We salute America's new soldier-boy for not shirking his duty to his country, and for making that little boy's dreams come true. ■







It clings to you and Flatters you...

THRU ALL THESE 4 EXCITING HOURS!



AT 8 O'CLOCK, when you and your big moment step forth—you in your best frock and in your lucky shade of Lady Esther Powder, you step forth in confidence, confidence in yourself, in your frock, in your Face Powder.



AND AT 10 O'CLOCK, yes, even at 11 o'clock you can dance on happy in knowing that your Lady Esther Face Powder is still clinging smoothly, perfectly.



AND WHEN THE MOMENT of good night comes—yes, even if it is midnight, you will have never a sign of vanishing Face Powder. For your Lady Esther Powder is still faithful to your beauty, still flatters you with the glamor it gives your skin. Yes, Lady Esther Powder does cling, and cling, and cling!

Thank you, Lady Esther, for 4 thrilling hours of Lasting Loveliness!

THE HOURS OF 8 to midnight are the hours of parties, fun, romance. Can you stay lovely to look at from 8 to 12?

Your nicest evening can be spoiled if you have to play a guessing game with your Face Powder, if you constantly wonder "Is it on, is it off?"—For can any girl be lovely if her powder won't cling?

Lady Esther Face Powder clings and clings, for my exclusive Twin Hurricane method of blending gives it a smoothness —and an even texture that enables it to cling for 4 lovely and exciting hours.

Undreamed-of Beauty from 8 P. M. to Midnight

Of course, you look lovely as you leave your dressing table—but with Lady Esther Face Powder you look just as lovely two hours later—at 10 o'clock—and at 11 o'clock. Yes, and you still look lovely at midnight. For your Lady Esther Powder will still be flattering you—still making you lovely and glamorous.

Find your Lucky Shade at My Expense

I want my powder to bring you luck in loveliness, says Lady Esther. So find the right shade, the exact shade that can bring vibrant, radiant beauty to you and your complexion.

As harsh light can age your skin... and soft light flatter it, so your one lucky shade in my face powder can make you look *younger* . . . look lovelier!

The only way to find which shade is best for you, which lovely tint is supremely becoming to your own coloring . . . is to try them all right on your own skin. So I invite you to try all seven Lady Esther Face Powder shades at my expense. Use the coupon below.

When you have found your lucky shade, wear it by day or by night with the confidence that it will flatter you . . . giving you an undreamed-of glamor, as if your beauty came from within.

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SEVEN SHADES FREE!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,
7130 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill. (68)

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 7 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

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If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

An Open Letter to Walter Pidgeon



Blossoms in the Dust with Greer Garson is Walter Pidgeon's next film

■ Dear Walter:

Keep firing, Walt.

As long as you stay on the aggressive you'll keep advancing into the forefront of our favorite actors.

Forward movement is your forte now as it has been since that day in your native New Brunswick when a massive bull moose came charging at you. You took a step forward to get a better sight on the beast, then pulled the trigger and let fly a bull's-eye shot.

You have the physical and professional equipment to rival your studio-mate, Clark Gable. In *Saratoga,* the first picture in which you appeared with Clark, your performance was every bit as expert, assured and appealing as the leading man's. Bravo!

But after winning a legion of friends in *Saratoga,* you permitted yourself to be overshadowed in your next appearance with Gable, in *Hard to Handle.* Regardless of whose fault it was, yours or the writer's or the director's, you were little better than a high-priced stooge. *Hard to Handle* was a step backward.

Vacillation has hindered your progress. And its annoying to thousands of your fans who would be your loyal supporters year in and year out if you would give them something consistent to support.

Four times you signed Hollywood contracts and made encouraging headway toward becoming a top favorite. And four times, through discouragement, lack of confidence or homesickness for the stage, you resumed your Broadway career.

That way you lost regiments of patrons both of the stage and screen. Fans are loyal creatures but they can not be expected to follow a will-o'-the wisp.

Your service as a gunner in the Canadian artillery should serve you in good stead when the big shots try to push you around. You belong in roles where you can use the high-calibre charm and equipment with which Nature and experience have endowed you. We don't want to see you as the hero's friend, the glamour girl's lawyer or the child star's villainous uncle. You're strong enough to carry strong pictures single-handed if you will yell for strong parts as loud as your admirers are prepared to do.

You became an actor the hard way, by fighting. Keep fighting and you'll get the parts you deserve. Fighting is nothing new to you. You fought your way into the army while under age. You struggled with unfamiliar mathematics and tough tactical problems until you won a commission. Crushed between two gun-carriages you were still an invalid long after the armistice. You fought your way back to health by hard exercise.

Chained to a desk in a dull Boston office, you studied voice at night and struggled against seemingly hopeless odds until you won the attention of E. E. Clive and Fred Astaire. You beat the probabilities by landing an offer to star in a big Broadway musical show produced by the famous impresarios, Charles Dillingham and Arthur Hammerstein.

But then, when you had the battle won, you surrendered and went back to Canada, unsure of your own ability. Vacillation at this point stole years from your career.

"Stole" is the correct word, Walter, because acting is your career. You realized it after a long session in drydock and returned to the entertainment field.

Your partner was that princess of entertainers, Elsie Janis, who never yielded an inch in her determination to get to the top and stay there. For a few seasons, in New York, on tour, and in London, you were imbued with Elsie's never-say-die spirit, and made phenomenal strides. When you concluded a long London run with Elsie in *At Home* you were an established commodity in the legitimate theater. Not a star, but well up in the middle rungs that lead to stardom.

When Hollywood went musical you were signed, along with a dozen other Broadway singers, to double on screen and sound track. In that chaotic era the assertive newcomers landed all the good parts. You sat in the background for six months, getting rusty and discontented. When, finally, some scripts were offered you, you took any old thing that came your way.

Even under such adverse circumstances, you won a fan following. But after eight pictures you wearied of weird parts and miscasting and begged your agent to find you a Broadway play.

Since then you've been shuttling. From Hollywood to New York. From good parts to indifferent parts to downright bad parts.

Every once in a while you emerged with a glowing performance that revealed to electrified audiences your remarkable qualities as an actor and as a personality.

Saratoga was one of these. *It's a Date,* with Deanna Durbin and Kay Francis, was another. *Dark Command* won you an entirely new and enthusiastic following of thousands who had never seen you as a bold and determined man of action.

Since then, although you have been before the camera constantly, and seldom threaten to go back to Broadway, you have made few notable opportunities for yourself to demonstrate the essential Walter Pidgeon at maximum candlepower. The *Nick Carter* series of lurid melodramas hasn't exercised your full capabilities. And in *Blossoms in the Dust,* opposite Greer Garson, you will appear as the heroine's husband who dies before the climax of the tale.

Manhunt, the picture on which you are now engaged, is your big chance to do right by your friends. It's a strong part wholly worthy of the superlative best you can give it.

It is the swift and gripping story of a man with a mission and a gun. In wartime he enters Berlin, draws a bead on Hitler, and gives him the business. That's the kind of compelling drama at which you excel, Walter Pidgeon.

We know you have the equipment to win your way to permanent stardom. But have you the professional courage to do it? There's no doubt of your personal courage. As evidence of it we know you had the nerve to win—and collect—$180 from your boss, Mervyn LeRoy, at backgammon. In a town full of bootlickers, that takes courage.

Carry on, Walter.—*Duncan Underhill.* ■

"THESE 3 WOMEN have as Beautiful Complexions as I have ever seen"—*says Hurrell, Hollywood's famous photographer*

HURRELL, who has photographed many of the most glamorous women in America, says he was tremendously impressed by the lovely complexions of these three society beauties. The striking charm of their skin is not a matter of chance. Naturally beautiful, their skin is made even lovelier by their faithful following of the Pond's Beauty Ritual.



MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, Jr. looks like a lovely Dresden-china figurine. Since she was in boarding school, she has used Pond's at least twice every day—and her skin is damask fine—soft, smooth.



MRS. WHITNEY BOURNE has the poised beauty of an orchid. Her pink and cream skin is dazzling—rich, vibrant. She has used Pond's since her deb days.



MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, III is one of Atlanta's loveliest daughters, with great dark eyes and a glorious complexion. For at least seven years she has guarded her exquisite skin with Pond's.

Give YOUR skin THEIR Beauty Care



A BEAUTIFYING CLEANSING—with ultra-soft Pond's Cold Cream every night, and for daytime cleansings. You smooth it on, wipe it off with Pond's Tissues. Your skin is freed of dirt and make-up. Apply Pond's Cold Cream again, spank it in well, wipe off. Little dry lines and pore openings show less. Your skin is immaculately clean, soft, supple.

A rousing splash. Make your skin tingle and glow! Splash it with Pond's cooling, astringent Freshener. It takes away oiliness, too.

A NEW LOOK, A NEW FEEL to your skin. Apply the 1-minute Mask—a thick coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Wipe off after *1 full minute*. You will hardly believe your eyes. The keratolytic action of Pond's Vanishing Cream has *taken off* countless tiny bits of dried skin that roughened and dulled your complexion. Your skin looks more delicate, clearer—it feels definitely softer. It has a lovely mat finish that takes powder with exquisite smoothness—and holds it for hours.



See how YOUR skin responds! And this simple beauty ritual takes only a few moments each day! See your complexion looking more and more radiantly lovely.



SEND TODAY FOR NEW BEAUTY RITUAL KIT

POND'S, Dept. 6-CVF, Clinton, Conn.
I want to follow the same beautifying skin-care Mrs. Roosevelt, Mrs. Whitney Bourne and Mrs. Drexel have found so successful. For the enclosed 10¢ (for postage and packing) send me at once Pond's Special Beauty Ritual Kit, containing Pond's ultra-soft Cold Cream—for cleansing and softening—Skin Freshener, Tissues and Vanishing Cream—for the 1-minute Mask.

Name_____

Address_____ (Offer good in U. S. only)

When Your Sweetheart's In the Army

By RILLA PAGE PALMBORG





"Girls as well as men have to learn to be good soldiers." Virginia Field knows whereof she speaks, for while her sweetheart, Dick Greene, fights for England, she faces her own problems. Left: An exclusive photo of Trooper Dick Greene drilling with the Royal Tank Corps

■ What would you do if you were in Virginia Field's shoes? Suppose your sweetheart went off to join England's fighting forces, how would you meet that situation?

Virginia Field doesn't try to laugh it off. It isn't something to talk about. Actually, it is too dramatic—possibly too tragic.

"I'm on a spot and I know it," Virginia said, her blue eyes flashing. 'Ginny running around with other men, while her sweetheart is in England fighting for his country. Forgetting Dick as soon as he is out of Hollywood!' I know what they are saying about me; they even write it so I need have no doubts.

"I can't go around screaming that because I'm out with another man, I'm not forgetting Dick," she said. "I can't refute the statement of a columnist who writes that I am playing the field. What should I do? Shut myself up like a nun in a convent? Kill myself with worry and grief? Is that playing the game?

"There must be thousands of girls like me, with sweethearts in armies or camps. Most of them are up against the same problems I am. Well meaning friends and relatives are telling them what to do. Actually, all any of us can do is make the best of it. If we had our way, there would be no war anywhere on earth.

Continuing, she said, quietly: "Dick and I have always been realists, despite the fact that actors work in a make-believe world. We have always laid our cards on the table. We knew what going to war meant.

"We knew what stretched ahead for both of us. For Dick, hardship, suffering, perhaps death. For me, loneliness and the responsibility of making a living. For each of us, sacrifice, heartache and separation. We felt these things were enough to stand, without putting restrictions and obligations on one another.

"After talking everything over, we decided against marriage or even an engagement. We are both young, with life before us—if we have luck. Such ties would interfere with us, would hamper and confine us. Dick had to be free to go wherever he was sent. Service to England, our homeland, was the first consideration. For that he had forfeited a brilliant film career; given up his new home in peaceful surroundings; sacrificed his furniture and his car.

"No matter what happened, I had my living to make. Loneliness and worry could not be banished from my life. However, they must not be encouraged. Certainly not if I expected to go on with a successful career. Personal freedom offered the best solution for both of us. Freedom, backed by loyalty, by understanding, by devotion.

"Both Dick and I knew I would be criticised if I went out with other men after he left. 'No matter what they say, Ginny, promise me you will not sit at home alone after I'm gone', he insisted.

"One night at Ciro's, before Dick left, he called three photographers over to our table. 'I want to ask a favor of you boys,' he said. 'Please leave Ginny alone after I have gone. Don't try to make something of it if you see her out with another man. I want her to go out.'

"One noon, two weeks after Dick had gone, Cary Grant stopped at my table, where I was lunching at the Brown Derby. Before he had seated himself, one of those three photographers attempted to take our picture. The following week, a reporter who had been asked by Dick to give me a break, started the newspaper gossip about George Raft and me having a romance. It was the night after he had seen us dancing at the Cocoanut Grove.

"That was the beginning of the gossip, criticism and advice. The girl who is left behind must learn to separate friendly interest from curiosity and gossip.

"My father, mother and grandmother are all in England," she said, her lips tightening. "If I sat here night after night, picturing my family in the midst of an air raid (which they might well be), or trying to figure out where Dick was, I'm sure I should go mad.

"I have no idea where Dick is. For all I know, he may be in Africa, Egypt or Greece. In spite of the fact that he mails me two Clipper air mail letters each week, I haven't heard from him in over a month. His last letter was posted in Washington, D. C. It was brought over to the United States from England, by a friend in the diplomatic service. It is the only uncensored letter I have received from him. Censorship and the delay in hearing from one another conspire to make the separation a nerve-wracking business. The girl who is left behind soon learns that war regulations reach into her life, as well as that of her sweetheart. When a letter finally does get through, whole sentences are often cut out. As a result, all I know about Dick is that he has enlisted as a trooper in the Royal Tank Corps. A trooper carries the same rank as a private in the United States Army. He was using every spare moment to study for an examination, in the hope of being promoted. His only chance for a higher post is to pass this test. 'Family' or 'pull' no longer means privilege or advancement.

"No matter how brave a girl is when she sends her sweetheart off to war or to join an army, deep in her heart is the fear she may lose him. It isn't always death that takes him from her. Another woman can snatch him out of her life.

"With letters the only contact the girl has with her man at the front or in the army, it is up to her to keep their love alive through them.

"If I were asked to give advice as to how to proceed under these difficult and dangerous circumstances, I should say: Write a few lines each day, so that your correspondence becomes a daily diary. Tell about simple, every-day happenings —the little intimate things you used to enjoy together. If you know his family, go to see them. Write about those visits; send snapshots of them and of yourself.

"A girl who expects to hold her man and bring him back must be an interesting person for him to return to," she continued. "He is living under entirely different circumstances and conditions than those to which he is normally accustomed. He may travel in foreign lands, meet picturesque people. The girl he has left behind must try to keep pace with him. This isn't easy.

"It seems to me that one of the more important things is to keep physically fit and attractive. Imagine what a disappointment for a man to return and find his girl friend slumped and careless in her appearance! If she can match his wit and stories with something equally interesting, or show keen understanding regarding the actual experiences he has been through, then she is sure to make a hit. If she is mentally alert, he will appreciate her just that much more. Glumness after war I'm sure will be as bitter as a green olive to a man who has been through hell.

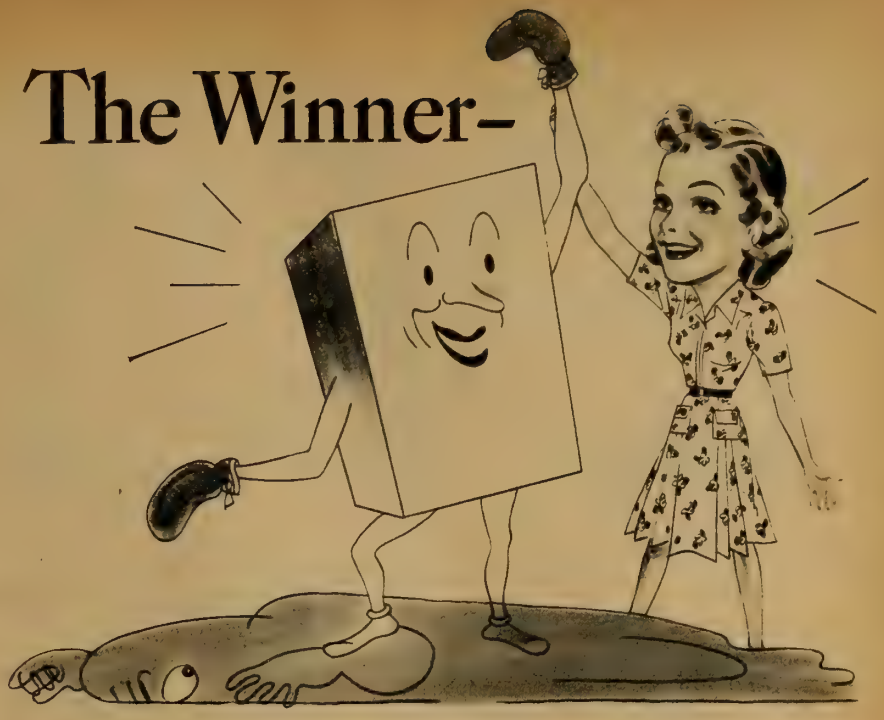
"I have been criticized for going dancing so soon after Dick's departure. I adore dancing—always have. Good music and a good partner are the best antidotes I know for worry and heartache. Here one is confronted with a choice of evils—either to dance and keep cheerful, while being condemned for it or to stay at home and suffer sleeplessness and self-pity.

"Self-pity, it seems to me, is one of the greater sins. Why should we feel sorry for ourselves when those we love are in mortal danger every hour of their lives? Let's keep bright and put our best foot forward for the sake of everyone, as well as for ourselves.

"Sitting by the fire and moping will help no one," she said, tightening her lips. "Girls as well as men can be good soldiers. Maybe it's more difficult to smile at Ciro's than to stay in bed with a blanket over your head.

"We have got to keep going. Keep abreast of the times. When he returns there will be dramatic, exciting, important and interesting things to tell.

"If he doesn't come back—" There was a prolonged pause—"Well. The girl who has kept herself alert, alive and mentally eager to know what is going on in the world, will be that much better equipped to meet the future. Life today is no place for those who go into the doldrums or sit about feeling sorry for themselves." ■



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and Still Champion!

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Fels-Naptha Soap—packs a 'one-two' washing punch that puts it in a class by itself. Dirt doesn't have a chance when active naptha and richer *golden* soap, combined, go into action...

Fels-Naptha Soap—asks no favors—draws no 'color-line'. In hard water or soft, hot or cool, it gets *all* the dirt out of deeply soiled things but doesn't harm sheer fabrics nor hurt colors.



Why not call the Champion in to help with *your* washing? Whether you use the big *golden* bar or the husky, *sneezeless* chips, washdays go by like a breeze—the Fels-Naptha way!

Golden bar or Golden chips–
Fels-Naptha
–Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



From the Private Diary of Gloria N---



Broke a date with Jim for tonight. The way my head aches, I don't feel like seeing anybody! Guess I need a laxative, but I dread taking one.



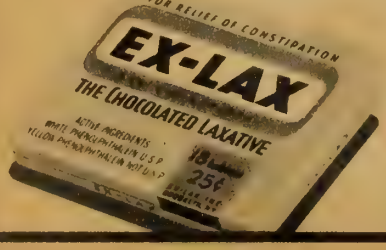
Aunt Helen tipped me off to Ex-Lax. Said I ought to give it a trial. I hate the taste of laxatives – but Ex-Lax was a pleasant surprise. It tasted just like chocolate!



Slept wonderfully all night. Ex-Lax worked fine this morning. No upsets or anything. Headache's all gone, too. Sure hope Jim calls me tonight.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢





Connie Moore, the Texas thrush, comes into her own in Paramount's powerful air epic, *I Wanted Wings*. She is shown with Ray Milland who heads the highly impressive and capable cast



Prairie Canary

By JACK DALLAS

■ Connie Moore was fifteen, fair, and faun-like when she discovered she had a yen for crooning. She was attending Miss Gray's School, Dallas, Texas, when she made the startling discovery. She tried her voice out on the kids and got a terrific send-off.

"You'd be swell on the air!" her chums told her. "And a cinch for television!"

That was all the encouragement she needed. She went to work and tried to line up an audition. No dice. They told her she was a trifle young.

Annoyed with the dust-off, she dropped by the office of her godfather, Jack Marvin, who is also her uncle. She told him everything.

"Great balls of fire!" shouted Mr. Marvin. "They can't do that to you, honey." After that he picked up the telephone, rang up a few people and did some fancy talking. The audition was arranged for the following day.

At the time "Sweet Leilani," "Blue Hawaii" and "Loch Lomond," among other tunes, were being played by the bands that stopped off at the Adolphus and Baker hotels. Did Miss Moore sing any of these? She did not.

She walked up to the mike and poured out her heart into a familiar little nifty called "Trees." Why? Well, it seems that her grandmother liked the song.

Miss Moore was doing her second number, "I Can't Escape From You," when she happened to glance in the direction of the control room. Her Uncle Jack was chatting wtih Columbia officials.

She finished her numbers and waited for someone to come into the audition room and say something. Nobody came. She waited some more. Finally her uncle motioned through the glass partition for her to come with him. "You start work next week. On a swell show, no less."

"You mean with a sponsor and everything?"

"Exactly."

"Who's the sponsor?" she shrieked.

"I am," Uncle Jack said matter-of-fact like. "They all liked you, but they didn't have a spot. So I bought a radio show for the whole network."

She went on the air teamed with a gentleman known as Bob Ross. She picked up a following overnight. Following or no following, Connie's mother didn't like the idea. She felt Connie was too young to be working. But since it was Uncle Jack's program, she didn't press the point.

Well, for two years Connie cajoled the ether out of Dallas. She had become one of the best-known singing names of the Southwest when Rufus LeMaire, Universal's emissary, came to town.

Mr. LeMaire spotted her in an elevator. Followed this dialogue just as soon as they had hit the ground floor.

"Whew! But aren't you playing hooky?"

"From what?"

"From pictures."

Miss Moore only smiled. She had heard the same story no less than thirty-four times in the past three years.

"I'm a singer," she told the nonplussed Mr. LeMaire. "Not a sucker." And she pranced off.

Universal's scouts are notoriously hard to shake loose. La Moore was singing "The Way You Look Tonight" when she caught a glimpse of the stranger talking to the KRLD program director. "Hmmm," she almost sputtered into the microphone. "Maybe he's a scout at that."

One-half hour later Mr. LeMaire, hav-

ing been introduced to Connie and her mother, was making a proposition.

"Universal will pay your expenses to Hollywood and back," LeMaire said gallantly.

"We're not interested," Connie's mother volleyed. "My daughter has been to California. And she has a good job."

Mr. LeMaire excused himself, put in a call to Hollywood. When he came back he had an attractive counterproposal.

"We'll skip the screen test. I now have authority to put your daughter under contract beginning today." And he named a modest figure.

"She's making more than that now," said Mrs. Smith, Connie's mother, "and living at home."

Another call to Hollywood and another offer.

"Your offer isn't very attractive. I don't think I'd want Connie alone in Hollywood anyway."

LeMaire made his third call, hiked the ante.

At which point Connie's mother remembered an aunt, Mrs. O. G. Halliburton. She volunteered to write and see if Mrs. Halliburton would look after Connie. LeMaire, worn to a frazzle, offered a substitute suggestion.

"Will you please call her up—now?"

Mrs. Smith telephoned. Mrs. Halliburton said okay. And the deal was concluded right there on the spot.

It is sad to have to relate that, although Connie Moore played some eighteen roles for Universal, the studio never did make the best of its investment. She was displayed chiefly in innocuous little roles, leading roles, most of them, but they were trifling little epics like *Swing That Cheer, Wives Under Suspicion, Prison Break* and *Ma! He's Making Eyes at Me.* Hired as a singer with sex appeal, she was assigned roles that could have been executed by almost any of the other little Universal starlets.

A couple of years with Universal and Connie (in the interim she had met and married Johnny Maschio) had had enough. She talked it over with Universal and the two parted company—amicably. She became a free lance.

Johnny Maschio, a live wire, wasted no time. Hearing that Paramount was hunting a leading lady for the super-super *I Wanted Wings,* he hurried over to Marathon street for a talk with the Paramount pooh-bahs. Johnny Maschio is very eloquent, but more so is the Moore personality. The eyes fairly leap at you. The smile has a wholesome come-on. The gams are wonderful examples of human architecture. All this the Paramount bosses discovered by glimpsing a few hundred feet of film Johnny brought along with him. Less than two weeks after her break with Universal Connie was in her first big-budget picture. *I Wanted Wings* was hardly underway before the inevitable happened: she was given a term contract. And, more importantly, presented with her first important singing role in *Las Vegas Nights.*

Modest and humble, Paramount's newfound canary is fond of remarking, with a nod toward Dallas: "What this country needs is more godfathers."

Especially with lots of moola, honey. ■





Natural Color
ADDS GLAMOUR
TO YOUR HAIR!

THE more the natural, virgin color of your hair sings out, the better it serves to reflect new overtones of beauty in your eyes, your complexion, your whole appearance.

So thousands of women are changing to Halo shampoo as the way to beautiful hair. Because Halo contains no soap, it leaves no dulling film to hide the natural color and luster. You don't even need a lemon or vinegar rinse.

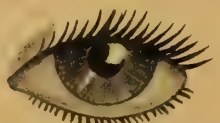
So Halo your hair tonight. See how Halo leaves your hair radiant, soft and easy to curl—how it gives eye-appeal to "mousey" hair. And Halo makes oceans of lather in hardest water.

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10¢ Complete with tube, brush and vanity.



Universal's remarkable tot, Sandy Henville, finds picture-making an engrossing game. When Sandy isn't in the mood for camera antics, the film must be "shot" around her. Her next picture is *Sandy Steps Out*



Little Miss Smarty-Pants

By MARK LONDON

■ "Quiet please—here we go. Roll 'em!"

It was no booming director's voice issuing these orders as I entered the sound set, but a thin, little piping voice. It made me stop dead in my tracks. A director with a baby voice! What next?

Tip-toeing quietly over to the camera crew, I craned my neck to get a glimpse of the rare phenomenon. There was Baby Sandy Henville, perched in the director's lap intently watching Jed Prouty, Edward Everett Horton and Donald Woods going through a scene of her newest film, *Sandy Steps Out*. When it was over, she turned to Gil Valle, the assistant director. He nodded approvingly. But that wasn't enough. Her glance shifted to Milton Krasner, the cameraman. "How'm I doin', Milt?"

"Okay," came back the serious reply.

Baby Sandy has reduced all work to a formula for fun. If it's serious, she simply refuses to play. She doesn't realize how much money is invested in her efforts. If she doesn't feel like patting a fellow actor on the head, she simply won't do it. Not even if it means cutting out an entire scene from the picture, the little lady can not be convinced.

For a three-year-old lady, Miss Sandy has a definite and determined mind of her own. And it takes a lot of persuasion to make her change her set ways. But there's a darned good reason for it. Way back in the days when she was a mere youngster of eighteen months and struggling for her first break in pictures, a couple of things happened. Things she apparently will never forget. It taught her to be distrustful of a lot of people.

In one scene she was placed on a revolving pedestal. A harness was strapped about her and a wire attached to the harness. Then the wire was pulled and Sandy slid unceremoniously down a chute. Well, that would upset the dignity of any respectable young lady. However, Sandy graciously overlooked that. But when they insisted upon dumping her unceremoniously into an ash can, that was the last straw. From that time on, no one has been able to put anything over on her.

Now Sandy won't do a scene unless Gil Valle does it first. If anything is to happen, she figures, it might as well happen to Gil. And for a veteran of three, that's a clever deduction.

But there are days when the old debbil temperament crops up. When Sandy arrives at the studio at ten she is greeted with "Well, Sandy, how about getting to work?"

"Let Daddy work," she will answer. "Sandy no work today." And come hell or high water, nothing can swerve her determination. Nothing can be done except to shoot the picture around her.

Not long ago, she was in a picture where she had to slide down a fire pole. Everyone thought it would be a cinch. But Sandy refused to go near the pole. For two days, she wouldn't even look at it. And only when she saw Gil Valle having a good time sliding down it, did she consent

to try it. After that, it took two more days to keep her from sliding down the pole all day long! It was the only thing she wanted to do.

On another occasion, she was seen going through her part walking rather stiffly. Doctors were immediately summoned. She was x-rayed. She was diagnosed. She was treated for possible fractures, injuries and bruises. But nothing was found wrong. Yet, Sandy continued walking stiffly. Then one day someone discovered that a prop man who had hurt his leg walked that way. Baby Sandy was imitating him!

Since everything is done to keep her as happy and contented as possible, there's always a problem when she has to do a crying scene. For days, the scene is delayed. No one wants to make her cry. It's a job everyone on the crew avoids. They'd rather lose their jobs than be responsible for her tears. Once again, the dirty work falls to Gil Valle. He does it by giving her her favorite fur rabbit. And as soon as she is completely engrossed in it, he takes it away. What a flood of tears is unloosed. And such howling and wailing that reverberates through that set you've never heard. When the scene is shot, it takes a brand new bottle of perfume to win back Sandy's favor again and to restore peace and quiet.

Another of Sandy's idiosyncrasies is her refusal to start a scene before first drenching herself in perfume. And occasionally this has its more serious repercussions. Gil Valle generally gets the overflow of the smelly stuff. And it takes a lot of talking to convince his dinner companions that it's Sandy's perfume clinging to his person.

Among Sandy's rigid adherences is the absolute refusal to answer a phone unless she actually hears it ring. And unless she hears a voice on the other end of the phone, she won't talk. Too, she'll never open a door unless she hears the doorbell ring first.

Right now, there are three men in Sandy's romantic life. First and foremost, of course, is her daddy. Next comes Gil Valle and third is Milton Krasner. She's surprised that Winchell never made mention of it because it's a mighty important part of her life. She won't leave the set until she has kissed her co-workers goodbye. She won't start working until she's greeted them with a kiss.

But the one man she won't ever, ever trust again is comic Lou Costello. She's still smarting from the advantage he took of her during a game of ghost. He actually made her believe her spelling of the word "jump" was wrong! And when she learned the truth, she had nothing more to do with him. Now, when she sees him at the studio, her little chin goes up in the air as she deliberately snubs him.

Before I left her, Sandy launched into a selection that all Hollywood now knows even better than the National Anthem.

"Little Miss Muffett sat on a tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey.
Along came a spider and sat down
beside her
And said—'Hiya toots! What's
cookin?'" ■

NORMA SHEARER, M-G-M STAR, GRANTS AN EARLY MORNING INTERVIEW



The Beauty that came to Breakfast
Norma Shearer

got her peach-bloom freshness from a Woodbury Beauty Nightcap

says LOUELLA PARSONS,
famous Movieland Commentator

"I will tell you a secret," Norma Shearer confessed recently, "I never use moving picture make-up. So it is most important that I keep my skin as clear as possible. I have found Woodbury Cold Cream an excellent cleanser. At bedtime, I work the cream into my skin to dislodge make-up. I wipe my face clean and follow this with soap and hot water, then ice.

"Last, a new film of this lovely cream for softening magic while I sleep. Woodbury Cold Cream is my trusted beauty nightcap."

Trust *your* complexion to the 3-way cream that cleanses, softens, smooths. An exclusive ingredient keeps Woodbury Cold Cream germ-free. Get Woodbury today.

For special skins—these special creams

If your skin is normal, Woodbury *Cold Cream* is all you need. If oily, cleanse with Woodbury *Cleansing Cream*. If dry, use Woodbury *Dry Skin Cream*. For any skin, use flesh-tinted Woodbury *Foundation Cream* for powder base.



The 3-Way Beauty Cream

WOODBURY *Cold Cream*

FREE—2 GENEROUS CREAM SAMPLES
(Mail Coupon Today . . . Paste on penny postcard)

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6723 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada: John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario)

Please send, free, sample Woodbury Cold Cream and one other cream checked. Also 6 shades Woodbury Powder.

(Check only one) ☐ Dry Skin Cream ☐ Foundation Cream ☐ Cleansing Cream

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Why I switched to **Meds**



—by a salesgirl

The latest things always tempt me—especially if they're better than the old. And one modern thing I couldn't do without is *internal* sanitary protection. That's why I was so downright pleased when Modess came out with Meds—a new and improved tampon—at only 20¢ a box of ten. Thanks to the "safety center," Meds make protection so sure. And Meds are the *only* tampons in individual applicators at this grand, low price.





Soft AS A BUTTERFLY WING

See how smooth, youthful, alluring your skin looks with HAMPDEN'S powder base. It helps conceal blemishes, subtly 'tints' your complexion, gives you a flattering 'portrait finish.'



POWD'R-BASE *hampden*

25c also 50c & 10c sizes
Over 15 million sold



There have been audible hoots of derision when angel-faced John Payne has been presented in the role of prizefighter in several pictures. The truth of the matter is, John is no cream puff with the gloves, as his new picture for Fox, *The Straight Left*, and this story of his own pugilistic background will convincingly prove to all doubters

Strangle Hold On Fame

By FREDERICK McFEE

■ After a hard day in the studio John Payne stretched his six feet three on the rubbing slab in his favorite gymnasium. He was tired and logy after twelve hours on his feet and a fortnight of stormy California weather had wakened some old bone-aches and bodily discomforts.

"Take it easy with that right leg," he cautioned the rubber, a hulking giant with a shaved head and hands like hams. "It was busted once and it doesn't feel so good today."

"I know," the rubber acknowledged as he started his routine of modified mayhem on Payne's well-proportioned 190 pounds. "I busted it."

"The hell you say," John ejaculated, sitting up and peering at the musclebound masseur.

"That's right, kid," the bald giant said blandly, sinking his pudgy fingers in the patient's body. "Semi-final at the Audubon A. C. in New York. I took you for a fall with an airplane spin in two minutes."

"The Armenian Assassin!" Payne yelped as the rubber subdued him with an armlock. "You're the guy who ended my wrestling career."

It was the same guy, all right, as John was ready to testify after a brisk half-hour's mauling. And as he left the torture chamber tingling with the aftermath of the workout on the rubbing table he congratulated himself that his life as a muscle-man was safely behind him.

The half-forgotten incident at the Audubon A. C. was the climax and fadeout of the grunt-and-groan era in the life of Tiger Jack Payne, as the smooth-mannered kid from Roanoke, Virginia, was known around the West Side gyms. That was back in his undergraduate days at Columbia University, when mealtime came thrice a day and payday almost never.

Midway of his college course the family fortunes went on the rocks. Determined somehow to round out his dramatic studies, the kid bethought himself of an unsavory character who had approached him one day as he worked out in the Columbia gym and offered him a few stray bucks to match his muscles with the professionals on the small-time wrestling circuit.

The promoter was as good as his word. After two weeks of furious conditioning during which he lost weight at a frightful rate, Tiger Jack made his debut and drew $12.50 for being slung around by a red Indian billed as The Unmasked Marvel. His next three bouts, in which his opponents weighed collectively some 800 pounds, netted him altogether the cozy sum of $40 and a chance to step into the glorified upper brackets of the game where the athletes got $25 for taking their lives in their hands.

The Armenian Assassin, a veteran of twenty years on the mat, with a total displacement of 240 pounds, picked our hero up and spun him around like the blade on an electric fan. He wound up with a sickening crunch on the padded floor and a thigh neatly and painfully bisected.

Polyclinic Hospital, the drydock of defeated warriors in all arenas, charged him $37.50 to put him on crutches. The college

physical supervisor threatened to take a baseball bat to Tiger Jack if he ever again exposed himself to a member of the bone-crushers' bund.

So young Mr. Payne sought a more genteel occupation. A niche turned up at a social club at 125th Street and Lenox Avenue. The patronage was mixed, white, Negro and Asiatic. Mr. Payne's function was to preserve order on the dance floor.

The third night he was there some gentlemen of the variously represented racial groups got into a debate about whose turn it was to dance with a certain blond maiden. Mr. Payne injected himself into the forum as arbitrator. He arbitrated several of the gentlemen out into Lenox Avenue. They returned with reinforcements. Mr. Payne was about to suffer the fate of Custer when the riot squad arrived.

Next the university employment bureau cast him as a dormitory monitor at $7 per week. The duties were roughly those of a night watchman; to preserve decorum and repel suspicious characters.

This was in the prohibition age. Little posses of students and neighborhood folk returning from the gay speak-easies downtown made things interesting for the student policeman. Some nights Patrolman Payne subdued the noisy ones; some nights he joined them in making noise. The result was that the employment bureau had to hire a watchman to watch the watchman. The job expired.

A Broadway poolroom next summoned him to join its payroll. Things were pretty dull here except when merry hackmen occasionally settled disputes by bouncing cueballs off each other's heads. Tiger Jack Payne became so proficient at poolroom-policing that the university installed him as manager of the campus billiard academy and it was in this capacity that he completed his course.

Some academic distinctions not mentioned on his Columbia diploma are: the broken leg received with the compliments of the Armenian Assassin; a knowledge of footwork gained in the poolhalls, and the art of barroom self-defense as taught in the black-and-tan speak-easy.

During the showing of *Tin Pan Alley* and *Kid Nightingale* there have been audible whinnies of derision when angel-faced John Payne was presented in the role of a prizefighter.

Take it from tough Jack Roper and ex-champion Mushy Callahan, with whom Tiger Jack works out three times weekly, the kid is no cream puff, either under Marquis of Queensberry rules or "make your own."

The picture Tiger Jack starts next is called, appropriately, *The Straight Left.* Doubters are invited to drop around to Twentieth Century-Fox and sample same. At their own risk.—■

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This year's Academy Award Winner is busy on a new picture. Can she again equal her magnificent "Oscar" winning performance? Come with us on a back-scene visit to the set of *Tom, Dick and Harry,* in the July issue of HOLLYWOOD.

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Bad Girl Makes Good

Tired of being a screen goodie, Lee Patrick, Warner Bros. best "bad girl," portrays another colorful role in *Million Dollar Baby*

By CHARLOTTE KAY

■ "My good grandfather," Lee Patrick wryly observed, "probably is whirling in his grave."

Grandfather was the Reverend Warren Patrick, a Methodist minister of the old school. Cause of his fretful gyrations would be the fact that his strictly brought up granddaughter (no card playing, dancing and lights out at 10) recently has played (a) a strip-tease artist and (b) a bubble dancer on the great American screen.

"However, it has its bright side," Lee amended. "You could say a bubble dancer was a step *up*. Or could you?"

Rightly speaking, Grandfather Patrick would have been pretty puzzled about many aspects of Lee's career as an actress. To wit: As long as Lee played "good" women, she got exactly no place; once she started doing wenches, she's been gathering success hand over fist!

"Every day I'm getting better and better by going lower and lower," she succinctly summed it up. "It's a funny world."

It all started that day she dyed her hair a flaming red. That was back in 1925 and her mother had a conniption.

"What will the neighbors say?" she moaned.

"Don't be silly," answered her astute 16-year-old. "What will the critics say?"

Lee had been struggling along trying to get somewhere in the theater. Even at that tender age she had served her apprenticeship in stock and on the road and had chalked up seven Broadway plays to her credit.

"It wasn't as impossible as it sounds," Lee confessed. "All seven died a quick death in a row."

In all seven she had been cast as the sweet young thing under the apple tree, and the critics had brushed her off with a couple of "adequates," three "appealingly youngs" and two "satisfactorys." Lee had noticed that actresses who essayed something a little stronger in flavor than Little Goody Twoshoes won critical acclaim for their efforts, and so she went into action. Immediate result: the mop of red hair. Net result: the role of the gin-drinking, cigarette-smoking flapper in *It All Depends* and a double O from the judges who had been listing her among the also-rans.

It was rough going at first. After the initial rehearsal in which she swaggered around, puffing for dear life on the cigarette, the director called her.

"You don't smoke, do you?" he asked. "In private life, I mean."

"No, sir," Lee answered truthfully.

"I thought not," he said wearily. "You've been giving an excellent imitation of a 1905 locomotive. Better forget the smoking business and stick to the gin drinking. It's water in the glass, so you won't choke all over the place."

Her stock continued to rise as she played a succession of tarts, tramps and trollops. Then came *Meg* in *Little Women*, played in a demure brown wig. The critics let her down easy with "sweet but not sticky," for which she was grateful. The warning was sufficient and she reverted to the hard-boiled, wise-cracking Judith in *Stage Door*. That brought a nod from Hollywood to play the same role in the screen version. When she got there, RKO decided that she wasn't the type, gave the role to Lucille Ball, and

proceeded to put Lee under contract.

She did get one meaty role in *Condemned Women* in which she plugged the prison matron (a fan in England recently wrote he thought it should have won her an Academy Award) and otherwise behaved as an anti-social lady. Presto! Up jumped her stock again and out popped the juicy role of the harlot in *The Sisters*.

After that she was persuaded to return to Broadway for another play in which she was a nagging (but "good") wife. Once again the critics polished up "adequate" and tossed it her way. That settled things. She decided to stick to women with less virtue and more color.

"They seem to last longer on the screen," Lee commented. "Personally, I'm interested in a long life."

Apparently she was eminently correct in her decision, for hiring her (at fancy free-lance prices) to play a succession of gun molls, scheming wenches, psychopathic mothers, vicious vixens and burlesque queens, Warner Brothers put her under long term contract. The law of supply and demand made it advisable.

Incidentally, Lee was among the few screen hussies not tested for the infamous Belle "Heart of Gold" Watling in *Gone With the Wind*. She could have played it to the hilt, but doggone if she wasn't back in New York playing a Prissy Proper at the time!

The strip-tease role in *Footsteps in the Dark* with Errol Flynn was an innovation, and confessing her ignorance about such things, Lee naively wrote her husband, newspaperman Tom Wood, who was in New York, for instructions.

"Be clubby about it all," he wrote back, "and don't be self-conscious about taking off your clothes."

That's what I call a modern man!

The role proved educational in more ways than one, Lee discovered. For instance, she thought it might be novel to do the strip-tease act in a school girlish costume, starting the strip part by peeling off her stockings.

The Hays Office threw up its hands in horror! Perish the thought, not of the school girl association but of taking off the stockings! A female, be she lady or otherwise, simply does not remove her hosiery on the screen.

Howard Shoup designed the costume for the act and the original plan had been for Lee to remove it bit by bit until she had reached the silver leotard. This garment was to be revealed when, in the final snatch, she whisked off the short skirt of silver fringe.

"Naughty! Naughty!" said the Hays Office. "No can do."

"Why not?" said the studio.

"It makes the leotard look like a corset," was the answer.

Strange, indeed, are the ways of censors.

The role also taught Lee something about long fingernails, to wit, don't wear 'em when strip-teasing. Since the hands are so much in evidence when doing a strip tease, she thought it might prove an effective touch to wear exceptionally long nails. Her own are of normal length, and so she glued on a set of artificial ones.

"Ah, me!" she sighed. "One of the darned things kept coming off and all the time I was more concerned about that nail than I was about the stripping. Don't know why I should have worried about one nail, considering the other things that were coming off!"

When Shoup learned she had been given a role in *Million Dollar Baby* with Jeffrey Lynn and Priscilla Lane, he was all agog with enthusiasm.

"Swell!" he told Lee. "I've been dying to design some gowns for you. Your figure. . . ."

"What do you mean, gowns!" Lee answered. "In that one I'm a bubble dancer!"

Don't get your hopes up, though, because nary a scene is shown of the dance itself. The censors again. And more's the pity, I say, because of all the lovely, curvaceous figures in Hollywood, Lee owns the tops. It is tiny, only five feet four, and tips the scales at a mere 110, but *is* it put together! Her merry eyes are a deep blue, and her hair currently is on the dark-gold shade.

Maybe crime doesn't pay, but Lee's slightly immoral ladies do. She has gone, she says, from wenches to riches. Among them are the first house she ever has owned, a fur coat (skunk, but call it mink), a dog named Buster, a tidy collection of baby bonds, and an option on the lot next door.

"One more floosie, and I'll have a swimming pool," she confidently believes. ■

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The People's Choice

By KAY PROCTOR



Hollywood let Cesar Romero kick around seven years before realizing he was star material. It was public demand, not studio moguls, that finally made a star of the handsome Latin, now appearing in *The Great American Broadcast*

■ It has been a long and costly lesson, but Hollywood finally seems to be learning it. I mean that the real movie stars are made by the public.

Latest proof is Cesar Romero, The People's Choice.

Right now the darkly handsome Cesar is hotter than a firecracker, to use the Hollywood vernacular for box-office success; and far from being a case of studio moguls ramming him down the public's unwilling throat, the exact reverse is true. His fans have kept punching until 20th Century-Fox has yelled "uncle!" and measured him for stardom.

Let me tell you the story. It was an eye-opener to his bosses.

Cesar has been kicking around Hollywood since 1934 when M-G-M brought him out from the New York stage for a featured role in *The Thin Man*. He clicked immediately with the fans, but in that wondrous way Hollywood sometimes moves, Metro failed to cash in on it, lending him instead to another studio for an unimportant part in an unimportant picture, and eventually cancelling his contract. Universal grabbed him and held his contract until 1937 when 20th-Fox put him on the payroll. He's still there and—but that is getting ahead of the story.

Offhand, that would appear to be a sweet set-up for any actor. Steady work under long term contract at a major studio. In Cesar's case, however, it had one great drawback: it didn't get him anywhere. No sooner would he acquit himself with honors in some million dollar special like *Wee Willie Winkie* or *My Lucky Star* than he'd find himself popped back into a "quick and dirty" like *Hold 'Em, Yale*. Fans and movie critics alike were pretty baffled and got dizzy trying to keep track of him.

"We don't get it," they said. "One day the guy is big stuff and the next he's the King of the B's."

The studio shrugged comfortably. "A good, dependable supporting player, that Romero," it tagged him and turned to more important matters concerning Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, Linda Darnell, Alice Faye, *et al.*

First whiff of public opinion to reach the studio came in March of 1939 at the world premiere of *Alexander Graham Bell*, in San Francisco. The studio threw its book of top stars in person at the public, but Cesar, who wasn't even in the picture, copped the spotlight of interest and had the press murmuring about the days of Valentino.

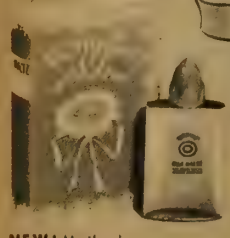
A particularly ardent Romero fan caused the commotion. She dogged his steps all day, managed to crash the big dinner dance in the evening, and was found hiding on the train for the return trip to Hollywood.

"What's he got that Gable hasn't got?" someone laughed. Nevertheless, everyone was impressed. Everyone, that is, but his boss.

In June of the same year the studio sent a coterie of its stars and players to Springfield, Illinois, for the world premiere of *Young Mr. Lincoln*. Among them was Cesar who, again, was not in the picture. Once more he was the envy of the junket, for of all the gifts received by the players from admiring fans, Cesar's was considered the most significant. The motorcycle policeman detailed to escort the party through traffic on the city streets unbuckled his gun belt and personally presented Romero with his service revolver!

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"Hmmmmm" said the studio. "Well, let's see. We've got to get some one to carry on the *Cisco Kid* series. Give the job to Romero."

All things being equal, it was not exactly a reward. True, the *Cisco Kids* had all been "A" productions up until that time, and the first of them, *In Old Arizona* (the first outdoor talkie), had won an Academy Award. But they had starred Warner Baxter, one of the highest paid actors in the entire film colony, and Baxter was retiring. That left the way open to produce them on a cheaper scale and in quick succession, which was the studio's plan.

It also put Cesar squarely on a spot. To assume another actor's characterization in an established series nearly always leads to unfavorable comparison. However, he welcomed it as a relief from the mediocre roles which had been his recent lot. Bang, bang, bang, he turned 'em out one after the other.

Then came the *Lillian Russell* premiere in Clinton, Iowa. The town was cordial to Don Ameche and the others but went nuts for Romero.

"Isn't that strange?" said the studio. "How do you explain it?" It seemed equally at a loss for an answer when the fan mail department reported a 150 percent rise in the Romero mail. Things like that just don't happen to a "good, dependable supporting player." To stars, yes; to also-in-the-casts, no.

Even then, the truth had not dawned upon them. To wit, that the great American public had placed its stamp of approval on one Cesar Romero and elected him to stardom.

The months wangled on, with Cesar still batting out a new *Cisco Kid* as fast as production laws would allow. September of 1940 arrived, and with it the super-super world premiere of *Brigham Young* in Salt Lake City, Utah. Once more Cesar was a junket guest, along with Ty Power, Annabella, Jane Withers, Linda Darnell, Mary Astor, Dean Jagger (who played the title role) and Louis Bromfield, the author of the screen play. Quite a neat assortment of topnotch celebrities, really. And what happened?

A star-studded parade was turned into a one-man show. Power, Annabella, Darnell and the others rode by in spotlighted glory and were received with ceremony. But when Cesar came by, it was obvious they were greeting an old friend. Shouts of "Hi, Cisco! Hello, Cesar!" rang out on all sides and h u n d r e d s swarmed around his car, showering him with friendly greetings.

Surely, you'd think, a sock like that would be sufficient to drive the idea home and lead the studio to take advantage of Cesar's popularity with the public. After all, it was a *voluntary* demonstration, not something dreamed up or paid for.

Hollywood, however, can be stubborn, once it gets a fixation about a person. As witness what happened next.

Scheduled for production at Twentieth was a mammoth musical: *Tall, Dark and Handsome*. A cast of top names had been selected, musical numbers were written, costumes were designed, sets were built, and a script okayed by the story department, all along epic proportions. Shooting was just about to start when somebody had a change of heart and the whole thing was shoved in the ashcan. Planned in its place was a pleasant little comedy, one of those run-of-the-mill program things, likewise called *Tall, Dark and Handsome*. Cesar and Virginia Gilmore were given the leads.

Tall, Dark and Handsome, however, turned out to be a sleeper. Among other amazing achievements, it was held over for a third week at the Roxy Theater in sophisticated New York City! That, for an unimportant picture without so-called box-office names, was little less than a miracle!

In fact, it was the miracle that made Hollywood realize it had been kicking Cesar Romero, The People's Choice and potentially one of the town's biggest bets, almost out of the picture business. A man can take just so much, and then he says "Go to hell" and quits.

So now Cesar has a pretty, new contract. It has a healthy raise in pay, states that *Cisco Kids* will be limited to two a year, and stipulates that all other roles assigned him must be in "A" pictures. The first of these is *The Great American Broadcast* with Alice Faye, John Payne and Jack Oakie.

I still say seven years is a long time to be asleep at the switch. ■

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Wrong-Way Colonna

By NORD RILEY

■ During the filming of *Sis Hopkins* Republic Studios halted production to pay its respects to a growth of hair on a man's upper lip. Mr. Jerry Colonna was celebrating the 15th anniversary of his mustache. Miss Judy Canova, the undomesticated hillbillyette, presented Mr. Colonna a cake gleaming with fifteen razor blades and in her eulogy of the Colonna shrubbery remarked: "Colonna is the only actor in the world who *ad lipped* his way to fame."

Miss Canova was right, though she omitted a few things. Mr. Colonna is a triumph of perversity, of doing things opposite and coming out on top. Mr. Colonna is the Wrong-Way Corrigan of the entertainment world. He has bucked the trend of the times in cinema, singing and radio and emerged a monster of success. Instead of training for pictures in vaudeville, little theater or stock, Mr. Colonna grew a mustache so stupendous that it outranked Jimmy Durante's nose and Martha Raye's mouth as the most awesome natural phenomenon in cinema. In an age of crooners, Mr. Colonna showed up with an outrageous operatic tenor. Mr. Colonna's technique is simple: he holds a note as long as a crooner takes to sing a song. It is nothing to worry Beethoven, but Mr. Colonna is making recordings so fast he is said to be using oxygen tanks. In radio, where comics with the snappy comeback lord the air, Mr. Colonna, true to form, stubbornly stuck to the delayed punchline delivery, generally considered as the dreariest delivery possible. And Mr. Colonna is now a top-flight radio comedian.

Even women have turned to Mr. Colonna. It may be they have been hypnotized by his fearsome foliage or bulging eyeballs. According to a jury composed of Madeleine Carroll, Dorothy Lamour, Rita Hayworth, Paulette Goddard and Lana Turner, Mr. Colonna is Hollywood's "oomph" man, out-powering such turbines of sex appeal as Flynn, Taylor, Power and Gable. "Mr. Colonna," they report, "is a throwback to the glamour boy of grandma's day, capable of making love in two languages, English and double-talk, besides being able to talk turkey in the clinches; tactful because he pins up his mustache while dancing, and an angel of mercy because as a singer he will some day replace crooners."



Hollywood and outlying suburbs continue to stare in amazement at their citizen's unusual facial appurtenances. But good-natured Jerry Colonna just grins appreciatively at all this questionable admiration. Jerry's finest work is to be seen shortly in Republic Pictures new production, *Sis Hopkins*, starring songstress Judy Canova

Mr. Colonna's habit of bucking the tide of the times was more or less unpremeditated in so far as his mustache is concerned. As an Italian bambino born in Boston about 35 years ago, this Gerard Colonna had an overwhelming admiration for the hairy handlebars on his grandfather's lip and an inflexible ambition to have one for himself. As soon as the velvet on his own lip showed symptoms of manly growth, Mr. Colonna, by vigilant gardening, nursed it into the magnificent hedge it is today. But as the vogue for

depiliated men's faces grew, Mr. Colonna found himself more and more a tonsorial monster in a sea of shaven phizzes; at one time social pressure became so great that in desperation Mr. Colonna almost slashed the thing off. "Got halfway through and lost my nerve," he says. Nowadays, he compromises by trimming the wild growth down to a mere five or six inch spread for wear between pictures. Even then people can't believe the thing is real, some insisting it is bogus, others looking upon Mr. Colonna as something that forgot to die during the last century.

Last summer in Dallas, Texas, Mr. Colonna noticed a man and a woman passing him again and again on the street, staring incredulously at him each trip. Finally, the woman reached out and gave Mr. Colonna's mustache a pull.

"See," Mr. Colonna heard the woman say to her companion, "I told you it was."

Mr. Colonna's offensive against crooning is more recent than his neurotic love of colossal lip upholstery. He began his career as a drummer; indeed, as far back as 1919 he had his own band in Boston. Then he learned to read music and became a trombone player in the nation's classiest bands: George Olsen's, Leo Reisman's, Andre Kostelanetz' and others. He tromboned fiercely for fifteen years, during rehearsals he was wont to clown, singing weirdly or crossing his bulging eyes at rakish, terrible angles. One day the orchestra was rehearsing with an Italian operatic tenor.

"He would start each song with a long note," Colonna says. "After a while I started kidding him by singing back each note at double-length. In one instance I was timed at seventy seconds on one note. Then Fred Allen heard me at rehearsal and gave me a spot on his program. Allen's agent out here played a record of the broadcast to Walter Wanger, then wired me to come out for an interview on the chance of a movie job. I'd heard about how Hollywood does things, so my wife and I didn't even bother to lock the front door—but we never did go back. Wanger saw my mustache and insisted it was a phony. When I proved it wasn't he got so excited about it he called in the head of the make-up department to look at it. The make-up man said it was a prop, so Wanger bet him $50 it wasn't and won. After that it was a cinch getting a job from Wanger."

Colonna played in a few pictures in small parts. Then Bing Crosby made him a guest on his program, billing him in advance publicity releases as the great Giovanni Colonna, of the Milan Opera. Colonna opened up with his unearthly voice in a burlesque of opera and the program went down in radio history as the most popular Crosby ever had. Colonna and his out-of-the-world singing style have since become a vogue so powerful that every juke-box in America quivers with the Professor's demented wails, sometimes mistaken for a siren.

But it was during the making of Paramount's *College Swing* that Mr. Colonna came face to face with his benefactor, father-confessor, teacher and gold mine: Bob Hope. Bob had a small part in the picture and was also rounding up talent for a radio show. He took one gander at Colonna's 19th century face, heard the banshee vibrations of his gullet and signed him. Colonna has been on ever since, playing the role of the Mad Professor, a ghastly creature, who has become one of the most dependable laugh-getters on the Hope program.

"Hope is wonderful to work for," says Colonna, who admires his boss tremendously and is devoted to him for the help given him. Mr. Colonna's unorthodox timing in delivering jokes is not so much Hope's invention as Colonna's blundering. When he first started on the show he read his lines slowly, pausing on punch lines because he didn't know any better. Now, three years later, Mr. Colonna and his delayed fast ones is one of the most devastating techniques in radio.

At this moment Mr. Colonna is pretty securely in the saddle and riding high. He is making recordings at a great rate, his part in *Sis Hopkins* is his biggest, and the best in the picture. But Mr. Colonna, the Mad Professor and the depraved singer, is not the man in private life that he is in public. He lives quietly with a woman he married ten years ago, and is a trick rider aboard equines. He is shy, soft-spoken, polite and so modest one suspects he isn't an actor at all. On the other hand, maybe it is just the Colonna policy of being perverse. ■



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LOOK FOR THE FLYING FISH



Frantic cables to England failed to locate Anna Lee who was sitting in the next office—hoping for recognition. The English-born actress amazed veteran stars by winning lead role opposite Ronald Colman in *My Life With Caroline*

"Backyard" Discovery

By TOM DeVANE

■ Miss Joanna Boniface Winnifrith, of all people, is Hollywood's newest overnight sensation. Now happily known as Anna Lee, she is playing the much-coveted starring role opposite Ronald Colman in RKO-Radio's *My Life With Caroline*.

There were mutterings from certain stellar ladies who envied Miss Lee the opportunity of playing opposite Mr. Colman in a gay comedy directed by Lewis Milestone, who seldom misses. It was a fine how-do-you-do, they said, when these English nobodies can come over here and grab off big roles without even trying.

Miss Lee is far from being a Nobody. Miss Lee, as countless English and colonial fans can tell you, is a big star. Her Gaumont-British pictures, romantic action thrillers like *Non Stop New York, The Camels Are Coming, King Solomon's Mines* and *Return to Yesterday* placed the lady among the top ranking British favorites.

The story goes that Director Milestone was at his wits' end trying to find a properly giddy blonde to play his *Caroline*. He had looked over the wide assortment of Hollywood blondes and found them wanting. Unhappy, he wandered into a neighborhood movie house and there, as luck would have it, they were playing an English movie called *A Young Man's Fancy*, starring Anna Lee. The director jumped up and ran out of the theater. She was perfect for the part.

He reasoned that since Miss Lee's name hadn't been submitted for the role, she obviously wasn't in Hollywood. He cabled London to discover her whereabouts. London suggested that he contact Robert Stevenson, fellow RKO-Radio director whose offices are next door to his. When he strolled into Stevenson's office a few seconds later, there was his *Caroline*. Miss Anna Lee was visiting her husband, who happens to be Mr. Stevenson.

We asked Miss Lee if the story of her "discovery" was strictly on the level. The lady smiled demurely. "Well, Mr. Stevenson and I did bring a print of *A Young Man's Fancy* with us from London. It was considered one of my best pictures—and I'm awfully happy that Mr. Milestone got an opportunity to see it."

Might not Milestone have seen her in *Seven Sinners*, the Dietrich starrer? Miss Lee's dark blue eyes looked troubled. "Oh dear," she said, "we're hoping that everyone will forget *that* error. But everyone kept saying that I had to have Hollywood credits—Hollywood pictures—until I finally took the role at Universal. Since Miss Dietrich is such a famous blonde, I had to play the other woman's role as a brunette—and I'm not very good as a brunette. Luckily it turned out to be a very small part."

The *Caroline* with whom Ronald Colman shares such a merry screen life, is the second daughter of the late Reverend B. T. Winnifrith. Unlike most clergymen, he didn't attempt to discourage his daughter's youthful bent for the theater. "Father was a wonderful actor himself," says Miss Lee. "His sermons were always a dramatic experience." When she became an actress she took the Anna from Joanna and then chose Lee because it was short and easy to remember. And besides, it would fit on the smallest of marquees. Miss Lee was looking into the future.

The actress admits to an adventurous youth. When she was seventeen she was in love with an officer in the British Navy, stationed in China. She wangled herself a job as traveling companion to a wealthy old lady going to India. Once there China was fairly easy—but when she took another look at her naval sweetheart, she decided that she didn't want any. Love's young dream had vanished.

Miss Lee then returned to England and became engaged to a Highland Army officer. But that girlish fancy didn't take, either.

Miss Lee admits that she has been both discouraged and homesick since arriving in Hollywood in July, 1939. Although her husband soon distinguished himself as a Hollywood director, no one seemed to know or care about her own ability.

"I was never homesick when I visited my husband at work," she said. "Studios are exactly the same, whether in Hollywood or England. The accents may be a bit different, but the unmistakable feeling of making movies doesn't change."

The fate of the Stevensons' London town house has been a mystery since the outbreak of the war. Miss Lee fears that it was destroyed—because no one has written her that it *wasn't!* (British censorship is naturally very strict these days) "And it was our pride," she sighed. "A delightful house, built on the site of an old inn where Shakespeare used to write plays. We had the only private garden within a quarter of a mile of the Bank of England."

In California her home is a beautiful Colonial Georgian mansion in Beverly Hills. She occasionally entertains delightfully at small dinners for six—never more. Miss Lee considers larger dinners in the party class, and she dislikes parties.

The California climate she considers vastly overrated. "I like weather with character to it," she says. "Rain and wind and snow and occasional sun." She refuses to be Americanized to the extent of eating hot dogs and hamburgers, and has yet to chew her first stick of gum.

Miss Joanna Boniface Winnifrith wouldn't. ■

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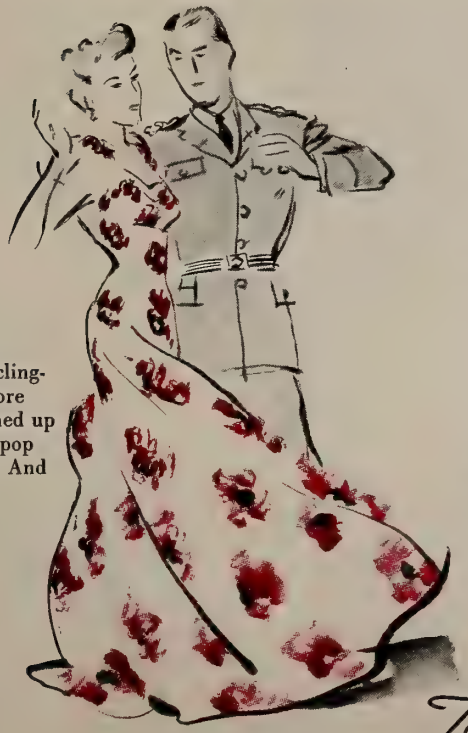


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Kay Harris was discovered in an office by Penny Singleton, the other comic strip girl, *Blondie*. Above: Kay receives speed pointers from the world's champion typist, Norman Saksvig

Meet "Tillie the Toiler"

By GLORIA BRENT

■ Heaven will protect the poor working girl. But leave it to Hollywood to glorify her!

That glamour girl of the typewriter pounders, *Tillie the Toiler* of comic strip fame, now comes to life on the screen. She comes to us with all the trials, tribulations, pitfalls and laughs that befall that invincible American institution: the office steno.

For the past year and a half, a quiet search has been going on by Columbia Pictures to discover the girl who would be our *Tillie*. Dozens of established Hollywood actresses tried out: Arline Judge, Rosemary Lane, Arleen Whelan, Marie Wilson (in a black wig) and countless others. All were rejected because they failed to live up to the physical requirements of the comic strip *Tillie*. *Tillie the Toiler*, you must remember, is more than a cartoon character to millions of newspaper readers. She is practically human, and her fans don't want her tampered with when she goes Hollywood. The movie *Tillie* must closely resemble the pen-and-ink *Tillie*. She must be tall, brunette, flip, fresh, flirtatious and pert-nosed. These rules were as inflexible as the tiny waist and Southern accent on *Scarlett O'Hara*.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, *Tillie* has been found. Discovered, appropriately enough, as she pecked away behind her typewriter, and oddly enough, by that other comic strip glamour girl, *Blondie*.

Kay Harris was pounding a typewriter in her office in a Cincinnati radio station one snowy afternoon last January when Penny Singleton happened to walk in and see her. Penny and her new bridegroom, Robert Sparks, producer of the *Blondie* series and about to start on the *Tillie the Toiler* series, were visiting his folks in Cincinnati and they dropped in to visit the local stations in that fair city. Although their trip was intended primarily as a honeymoon, Penny knew that uppermost in her husband's mind was the problem of finding a girl to be the heroine of his *Tillie* series. The only thing holding up production was the girl.

"There I was," remembers Kay, a little breathlessly, "at my typewriter catching up on some work. I wore glasses, there was an ink smudge near my nose and my face was shiny. It was just before lunch and about that time of the day I'm up to my ears in work and don't care how I look. Ask any working girl! Then *Blondie* —I mean Penny Single, that is, Mrs. Sparks—stared at me as though I were something in a shop window. I became fidgety and started to make mistakes in my typing. I hoped she would leave, when all of a sudden she said, 'I'd like you to meet my husband. He's outside.'

"I thought if it would make her happy to meet her husband, I would. So, without even bothering to powder my nose or remove my glasses, I went into the outer office and met Mr. Sparks. He inspected me as though I were a filly on the auction block, and then he said slowly, 'Would you like to come to Hollywood?' So I said, 'Would you like to have a million dollars?' And that was that. They left, and I went back to my work.

"Two weeks later a wire came from Mr. Sparks. Would I pack up and come to Hollywood? I certainly would. Three days later I landed in Hollywood with one suitcase under my arm. I didn't take many clothes because I secretly believed I'd be sent back within a week.

"As soon as I set foot in Hollywood, I went through so many tests—make-up tests, voice tests, screen tests—that my face was tired. I was tested talking into a telephone as *Tillie* would. I said, 'Hel-lo—this is the Simpkins Dress Company. Miss Jones speaking.' First time I was awful. I sounded scared. The second time I sounded like a debutante. The third time I singsonged it. Then they tested me taking dictation. They said it was sheer inspiration on my part to cross my legs when I took dictation, but I wasn't being smart at all. I'm a dud at shorthand; and I crossed my legs to balance the book, not to vamp the boss!"

The new "office vamp" isn't really a siren at all. She has led a life so much like that of the typical, sheltered, well-bred American girl that it almost upsets the pattern to have her end up a Hollywood actress. Like ninety-nine out of a hundred girls, Kay had dreamed wistfully of being a movie star. But like those ninety-nine girls, she never thought that she would actually wind up being one.



In addition to singing and dancing in her new RKO film, *Sunny*, Anna Neagle wears intriguing costumes like the one above. *Sunny* is the Broadway musical comedy which the late Marilyn Miller made famous. John Carroll co-stars

She is twenty-two and comes from Wisconsin. Her father and mother were busy seeing that their children were reared as young ladies and gentlemen. As a result, Kay went to girls' schools and led an unexciting but exemplary life. She rebelled at the dull routine of a girls' academy, and quit school to make her own way.

She joined a little theater group, composed of other hopeful amateurs like herself, and intended eventually to become a radio actress. She visited an aunt in Cincinnati and wound up as an assistant to a lady broadcaster. When the office work became boring, energetic Miss Harris took a fling announcing such pulsating topics to a breathless audience of housewives as: "There is a strong wind coming up from the North but tomorrow will be fair and warmer."

And then came the honeymoon trip of Penny Singleton and Robert Sparks to lift her out of it all and into the cockeyed panorama of Hollywood. She is still quite bewildered by the suddenness with which everything has happened.

There is only one thing the very conservative Miss Harris doesn't like about the whole thing. Someone told her she'd find herself being nick-named Tillie.

Such is the price of fame, Kay. ■

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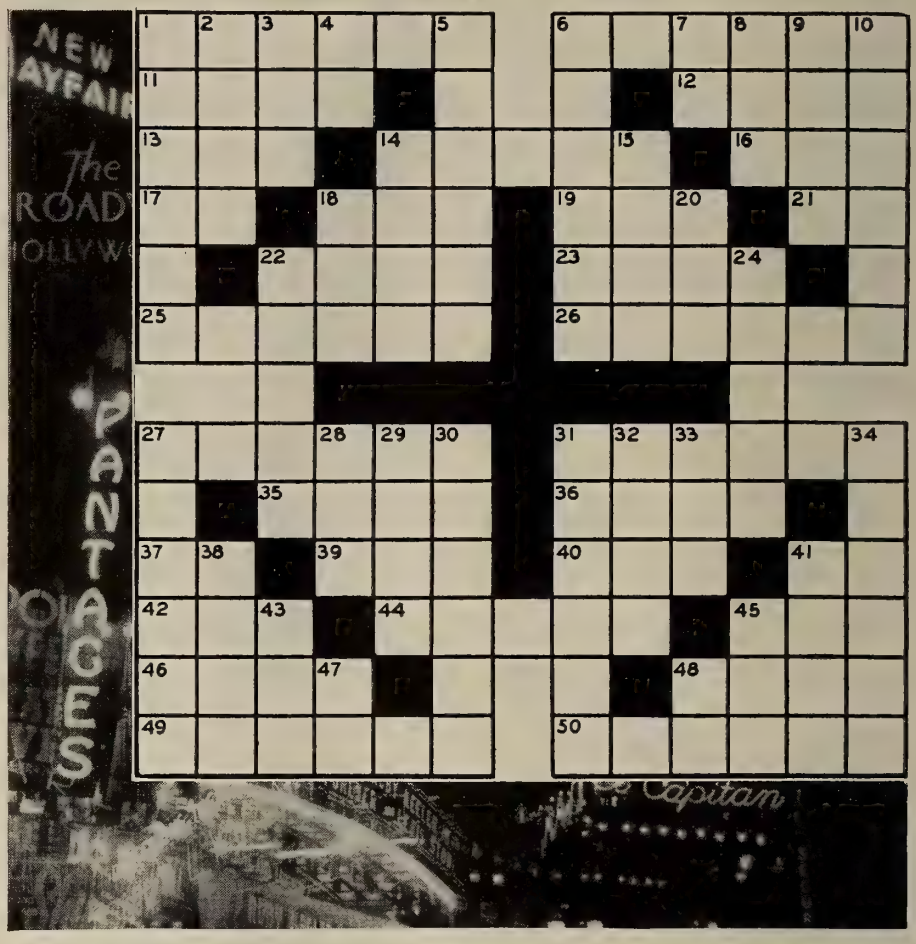
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MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Ginger's boy friend in *Kitty Foyle.*
6. She had title role in *Hard-Boiled Canary.*
11. Whose role was that of *Elsie* in *Double Date?*
12. Mrs. Humphrey Bogart.
13. Small part in a screen play.
14. You can't crash these to get into a film studio.
16. Where *Ellery Queen* helps to send the criminals (slang).
17. Initials of star of *Chad Hanna.*
18. Descriptive of a *Topper* film.
19. Jackie Moran is one.
21. Continent where Carmen Miranda first gained fame (abbr.).
22. *Mrs. Collins* in *Trial of Mary Dugan.*
23. A kind of curtain used in the theater.
25. Star of *No, No, Nanette.*
26. *Nothing* ———.
27. They follow heroine's "yes."
31. Relationship of Joan to Olivia.
35. Anita Louise plays this.
36. Simone Simon can do this prettily.
37. ——— *I Had My Way.*
39. What Joan Blondell had to do to become ghost in *Topper Returns.*
40. *On Their* ———.
41. Initials of Vivien Leigh's husband.
42. *Susan and* ———.
44. Director of *Meet John Doe.*
45. Receptacle for storing a film.
46. These brighten *Silly Symphonies.*
48. *Inspector Faraday* in *Meet Boston Blackie.*
49. Whose role was that of *Pat,* Ginger's girl friend, in *Kitty Foyle?*
50. You pay holiday prices on this day.

DOWN

1. Maureen O'Hara's birthplace.
2. Her last name is Bennett.
3. *Sgt. Michael Collins* in *Buck Privates.*
4. Initials of star of *Escape.*
5. Lloyd Nolan's sleuthing role.
6. Bulbous-nosed comedian.
7. Master McKim's initials.
8. Kind of dance Bill Robinson might do.
9. Joan Crawford's are big and blue.
10. George Custer in *Santa Fe Trail.*
14. Clare Pendleton in *Gallant Sons.*
15. Andy's *Aunt Milly.*
18. This is inserted for a laugh.
20. What Henry Hull was called by patients in *High Sierra.*
22. *Dimples* in *Road to Zanzibar.*
24. Karloff's real name.
27. Comedian in *Pony Post.*
28. Descriptive of *High Sierra's* ending.
29. *Jamison* in *Lone Wolf Takes a Chance.*
30. What Chaplin does in *The Great Dictator.*
31. Bill Stern's specialties in newsreels.
32. John Wayne's birthplace.
33. Name of valley where Hollywoodites enjoy winter sports.
34. A star of *Men of Boystown.*
38. Number of sons Ameche has.
41. She was once dubbed the "Sweater Girl."
43. Wayne's girl friend in *A Man Betrayed.*
45. Worthless villain.
47. Initials of Mrs. Harry Joe Brown.
48. *Mr. Dynamite* in person (init.).

(Solution on Page 70)

His Bride and Joy

[*Continued from page* 18]

Naturally, you'll start out with a bath before you even think of superimposing cologne on your skin. For there is nothing at all glamorous or dainty about cologne or perfume unless it is applied on a clean skin. There are many lovely colognes on the market today—in every floral scent and mixed scent imaginable—but one that I'm in the rave mood about now is a mixed bouquet in a pretty columnar bottle, with pink and blue climbing flowers as decoration. It's a bouquet odor that was tested—and *not* found wanting—by hundreds of women. They liked it better than any other, because of its fresh, flowery quality, the cool feeling it gives the skin—and above all, the way the scent lasts. There's a large bottle for a dollar and a smaller one—just right for the bride to take with her on her wedding trip—for a quarter. I'll be glad to send you the name.

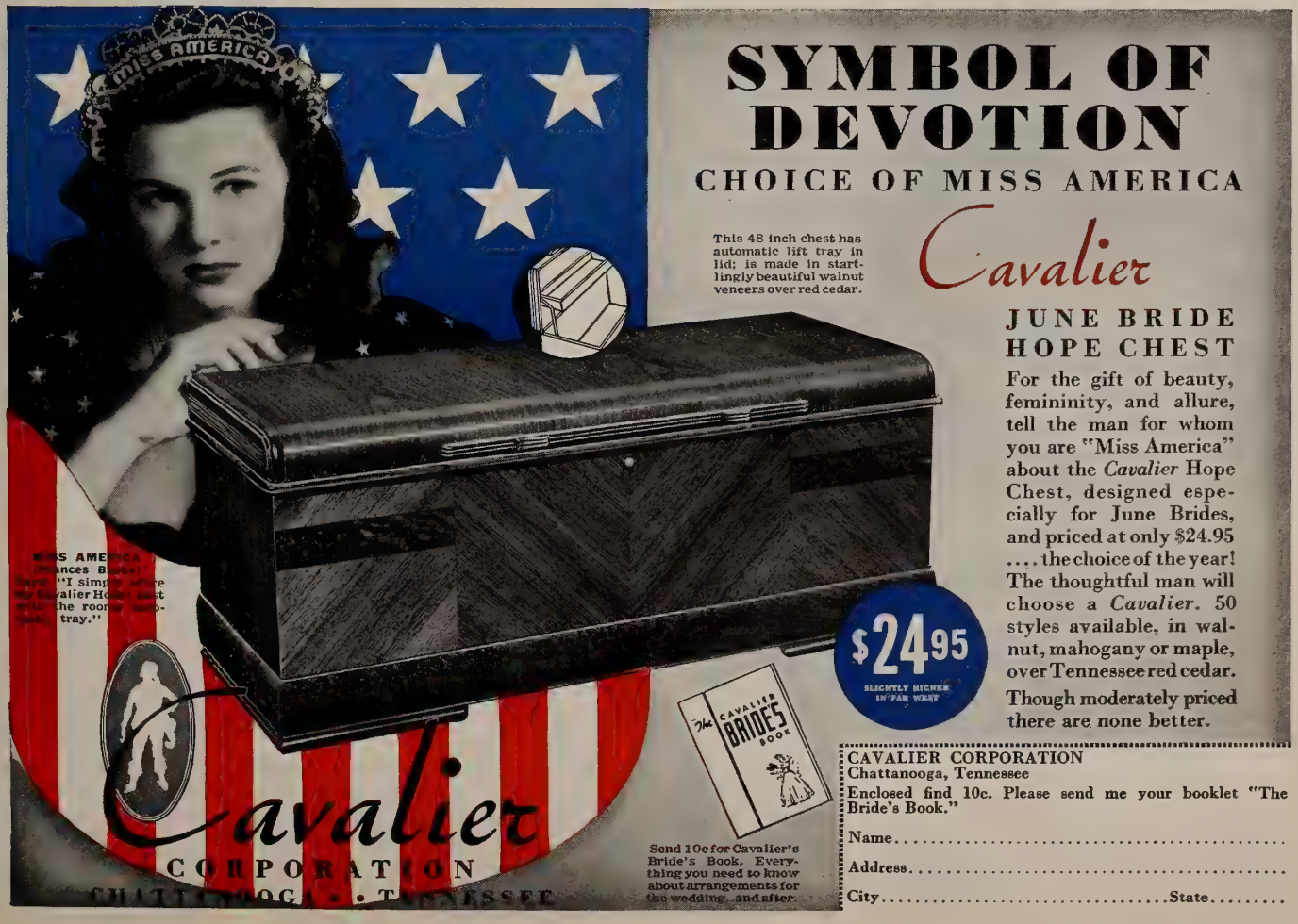
As you may already know, by experience, another thing that men hate is unflattering shades of nail polish, or polish that is messy and chipped looking. So whatever you do—be sure to see that your nails are freshly manicured before the Great Day—and keep them as neat as possible ever after. You'll find that, even when doing housework, you can manage to keep your polish in pristine condition—if you apply it carefully in the first place. Use a base of colorless polish, then two coats of a long-lasting polish. Let it dry completely to prevent smudges.

You'll love the two bright new summer shades of polish in a line that is famous for its high quality. They are in candy colors, as clear and gay as confetti. One is a rosy-violet red that goes beautifully with blues, pinks, the new purples and soft greens. The other is a sort of butterscotch shade—a deep, rosy brown that you'll love with navy and gray, the smart new beige and green, dusty pink and yellow, gold and tangerine. These coppery shades, besides being extra smart just now, are very flattering on suntanned hands for summer. The polish is just out in a new larger bottle, all streamlined and practical—with the shade of the polish duplicated on the tall, slender bottle cap. Only a dime, as always.

Many brides at the altar either look ghastly pale, from nervousness, or too flushed, from having plastered on cheek rouge over-generously. That needn't be the case, however, if the tremulous bride-to-be takes time off before the ceremony to give herself a mask treatment. Be sure to take yourself off to your bedroom and lock the door against intruders, for relaxation is part of the treatment. Cleanse your face and throat thoroughly with the cream I mentioned above, wiping it off completely with tissues. Then spread the mask evenly over your face and throat—and lie down, preferably with your feet higher than your head, so that the blood flows freely toward your face. Try to sneak a cat-nap, or at least lie there as relaxed as possible, with your eyes closed, and with all your petty worries banished from your mind. After about fifteen minutes, you can remove the mask—and you'll find your skin in a rosy, glowing state, fresher and more refined looking.

I'll be delighted to send you the name of a fine mask that is part of a Fifth Avenue salon treatment. It's a fluffy, fragrant mixture that is easy to apply and easy to remove with cool water, or with pads soaked in skin freshener—if your skin is oily. If you are the dry-skinned type, you might leave the mask on for a shorter period, and remove it with water, then apply a soothing lotion or cream, for a few minutes, before going on with your make-up. And to make your eyes look bright and dewy, be sure to put pads soaked in eye lotion on them while you're lying down. Then they will match your new skin in youthful radiance. A large jar of the mask costs $1.50.

Write to me before June 15th, if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped (U. S. postage, please), self-addressed envelope for my reply, and send your letter to Ann Vernon, Beauty Editor, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



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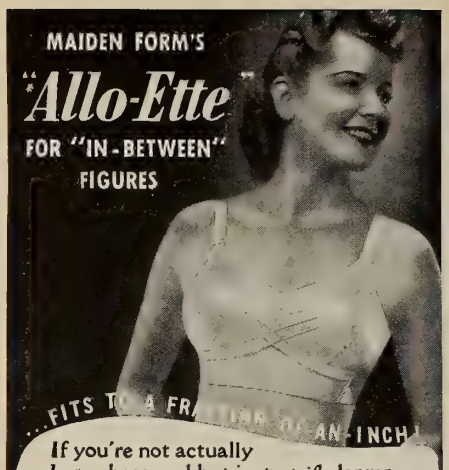
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From Ditch-Digger To Heart-Throbber

By JUDITH BANNER



Although John Shelton had tried breaking into pictures a number of times, it took a borrowed name to turn the trick for him. John plays the lead role in *Keeping Married*, Ann Rutherford co-stars

■ It was one of those hot, sultry days. The little road gang was sweating and straining to finish digging the ditches flanking either side of the road. Shimmering cars whizzed by. The youngest of the gang paused for a moment to wipe his brow. He leaned on his shovel and let his eyes follow the long, underslung motor-car of a famous actor who was passing by. His mind started day-dreaming.

Suddenly, the barking voice of the foreman cut short his reverie.

"Hey you! What's the big idea?"

John Shelton turned slowly toward the big, hulking foreman. He looked him straight in the eye. "Maybe it is an idea," he slowly answered. "Maybe it is. Anyway, I'm quitting. I'm through. I've just made up my mind to be an actor!"

All the time he had been wielding a pick-axe and shovel, John kept one thing on his mind. And that thing was the ambition to some day be a fine actor.

Born in the shadow of the city where most of the film enterprises of the world are centered, John Shelton discovered that home-town talent seldom gets a break. He knew his own chances of making good at so close a distance to the studios were very slim.

Being a wise young man, he bought himself a good stout pair of boots and began thumbing his way East—as far from the film colony as possible.

"I was lucky on the first leg of the trip," he told me. "At any rate, I got a ride into 'Frisco the first day. From there, another driver took me into Utah—high up in the Sierras. There I was left stranded when the driver turned off on a side road. Except for a tiny roadside stand, there wasn't a sign of civilization. And if a car came through once every hour, it was a good average.

"I went into the combination restaurant, filling-station and store. It was run by an old woman and her son. I bought a sandwich and told them my story. By this time it was dark. The cars were fewer than before. But the old woman came out on the road with me. When a car hove into sight, I'd start yelling and waving my hands and she signalled with the flashlight. Those drivers must have thought we were a couple of maniacs. But one of them did stop. It was Moroni Olsen, the actor. He said he would take me to Ogden. And as we drove along, I told him about my ambition.

"Maybe it *was* fate. Anyway, he told me I could join his troupe and get some experience that way. I remembered he was the same man who gave Bob Young his start. It was a hunch and I played it for all it was worth. I got plenty of experience. From Utah, I went to work with a stock company in Dallas, then to Shreveport and New Orleans; finally ending up in New Jersey. I was getting nearer Broadway. That was what I wanted."

But at this point, Shelton and two friends returned to New Orleans as a trio of novelty singers. Later they appeared on the air in both New York and Los Angeles. And after this, John decided to take a crack at pictures.

This time, he was slightly successful. At least, he was signed by Paramount—though nothing much happened there. And after that, Warners tied him up to a year's contract which he spent in oblivion. Nothing was happening. Not to him. Everyone else seemed to be getting the breaks.

In disgust, he decided to chuck his ambition overboard. He became a promoter. He managed a couple of aspiring political candidates and was more successful than at acting. And then it dawned on him that he ought to start promoting himself. He returned to New York. He was there a week, when he ran into a friend. The friend asked him to stop in at an agent's office with him.

One glance from the agent, and John was asked if he wanted to get into pictures. But Shelton shook him off. He knew the old gag. The agent offered to get him into pictures within forty-eight hours. "If not," he promised, "we'll forget the whole thing."

The agent must have known. For within the set time, John Shelton was in. He was on his way back to Hollywood—nearer home than he had ever been.

"During all those years," John confessed, "I hadn't had a single screen test. If another studio wanted to borrow me, there was no test and I was out of luck.

One day I decided to do something about it. I got an okay to make a test. For weeks I rehearsed with the girl who was to appear with me. The day before the test, she got married. I got another girl. A few days later, she got a job. And the same thing happened with the third one. Then I gave up."

Although Shelton appeared with Spencer Tracy and Hedy Lamarr in *I Take This Woman* and later in *The Ghost Comes Home*, it wasn't until he appeared with Lana Turner in *We Who Are Young* that audiences became aware of him. Now, he is taking a turn at light comedy and will soon be seen in *Keeping Married*.

While the Gallup Poll hasn't been turned loose on him, the flood of fan mail and letters reaching the desk of Hollywood columnists indicate that this handsome young man is climbing more surely than most of the other young actors in town.

His real name is John Sheppard Price and John Shelton was one of those names picked up on the spur of a moment. It was when the agent in New York asked him his name that he suddenly realized Hollywood already knew him as John Sheppard Price. If the agent sent it on to the producers, they would scan the records —they would see he had been a flop at several studios. That would kill all his chances. But in that brief instant, John recalled the name of Shelton. It was the name of one of his friends. Without stopping to think about it, he rechristened himself then and there.

Though he's been kicked about—shunted from studio to studio, he never gave up. He's been a salesman, a singer, dishwasher. He's cooked for a bunch of lumberjacks in a logging camp. He gave vocal instruction in a school he founded. And in desperation, he even became a ditch-digger. But having hit bottom, he bounced back—back to where he wanted to be—one of the up-and-coming heart throbbers of the silver screen. ■

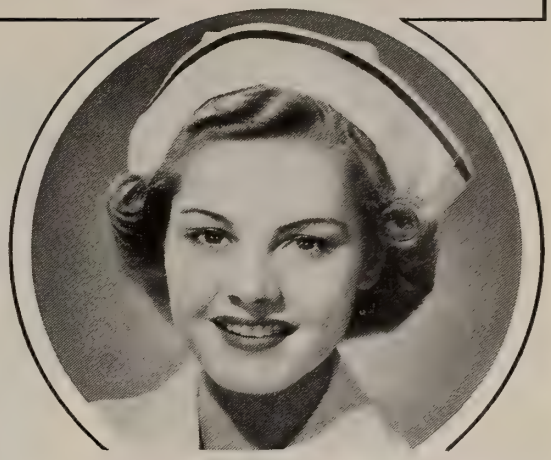


Having fun with distortion mirrors are Director Mitch Leisen, Paulette Goddard and Charles Boyer. Together with Olivia de Havilland the two stars head cast in Paramount's *Hold Back the Dawn*

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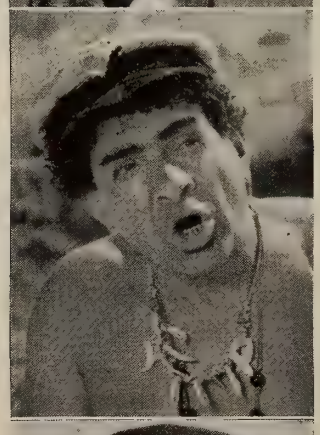
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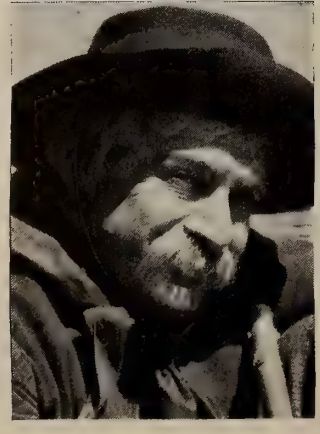
The Woman In His Life

By E. J. SMITHSON









Millions have seen J. Carrol Naish, that dark-haired glittering "heavy" of the screen, shoot men in the back, stab them, kidnap them and flout practically every law in the books during the course of a score of melodramas.

Recently they've been a bit startled and curious to find their favorite heavy playing character roles in which he is as kind as a Boy Scout to old and feeble ladies, sympathetic to his fellow men, meek, humble and generous in turn. Personally, we don't know whether or not a Gallup Poll would indicate they are sore as blazes about this turn-about in screen character, but we do know there's drama and heart interest behind the transition and we have a hunch that they're going to be willing to accept him as he is from now on.

Frankly, it's all because of a woman.

A very little woman who possesses very large brown eyes, long brown hair with a Buster Brown bob, and cheeks that are pinker than any make-up possibly could make them.

Her name is Elaine Naish. She's ten years old, and for almost ten long years she has thought her daddy the finest man in the world. Until recently, she'd never seen a film in which her father appeared. Which statement brings us smack up against the inside story of why Naish stopped being hard-boiled, mean, cruel and utterly heartless on the screen.

"The time came," said J. Carrol (he's a sentimental Irishman with ancestors dating clear back to Erin's kings), "when Elaine wanted to see me on the screen. She became old enough to know what I did for a living. I couldn't take her. I couldn't let her see me killing, stealing, drugging, kidnaping. I wanted her to see me as a nice guy in nice pictures."

So he went to the front offices at Paramount and asked for sympathetic roles. The front office execs didn't waste any time in arising *en masse* and shouting a unanimous "No!" J. Carrol immediately went into a huddle with himself and came out asking that the studio tear up his contract. In less time than we can tell about it, the studio took him at his word and had his contract out of the file and into the waste basket. And that was that.

After that Naish went looking for roles. He found one in *Down Argentine Way* and another in *That Night in Rio*—two sympathetic South American characters and, unless the critics are away off base in their observations, he did a swell job of acting in them both.

"It took me five months to get those roles," he admits, "but they were well worth the effort."

He could have signed up for a dozen "bad man" roles in the meanwhile, but he held out for the kid, Elaine—and won. Those roles were followed by more kindly jobs—a quaint old gent of about 80 in *Mr. Dynamite* with Irene Hervey and his pal, Lloyd Nolan, and the roles of the wise old bullfighter who has been through the mill with Tyrone Power in *Blood and Sand.*

From mustached "heavy" to sympathetic character roles was the startling about-face J. Carrol Naish performed for his young daughter. Rather than let her see him on the screen as a bad man, he went five months without roles, waiting for a part he was sure little Elaine would approve. He's in *Blood and Sand*

When *Down Argentine Way* came to a Hollywood theater, Naish put on his best bib and tucker, got Mrs. Naish, the former Mrs. Heaney, of the stage—she married him after they'd fallen in love while appearing together in *Shanghai Gesture*—and beautiful Elaine, and they drove in the family bus to see it.

When J. Carrol came on the screen, he leaned over to his daughter and whispered: "Elaine, that's me."

He had to identify himself. He wore a lot of make-up—one of his specialties—and was hard to recognize.

"That moment," he said, "was the proudest of my life. The kid'll never see me as a crook or a bum."

Perhaps, to some, that loss of thousands of dollars—that absence from the screen for months—was a big price to pay. That is, unless you know the whole story of Elaine, the good little kid who has always motivated the bad man's life. It starts just about the time that Elaine was born right here in Hollywood.

Knowing Naish as a screen heel, it may surprise you to know that the Elaine-Carrol combination is one of the real father-daughter love stories of Hollywood.

From the time Elaine was three, every waking hour, when he wasn't leaving a trail of blood across the screen, J. Carrol was with his daughter. At nights Mrs. Naish would put Elaine to bed.

"I want Daddy to talk to me," Elaine would say.

So. J. Carrol went to her room. Pretty soon he began reading her fairy stories. He read them all. One night she sat up in bed and announced:

"You read very well, but I'm tired of hearing the same ones over and over."

The screen baddie rose to the occasion. He started making up his own stories, which soon developed into a serial. Rox Nox, a lizard hero, came into being. Grandfather Longtail, a swell guy in spite of his scales, played second lead. An innovation was "The Scarecrow Ball."

Finally, Naish had them recorded on discs—these tales he imagined pretty much as he went along. He had a musical friend who knows sound put in symphonic backgrounds. From time to time he gave these discs to Elaine's friends.

One night Elaine asked: "Daddy, what do you do all day?"

Her father was frank about being an actor. So her curiosity was settled for a year or so, although J. Carrol was vague about the type of roles he portrayed.

When Elaine was eight, the trouble started. A boy, a schoolmate, told her one day that her father was a murderer. That he went around killing people. That he was a very bad man.

Elaine's denial to such slanderous statements took the form of a haymaker that knocked the boy galley-west. At home that night her father invented a lame explanation, but it didn't sound right when it came time to tell his daughter just what the boy meant.

"Honey," he pleaded with his wife, later, "be sure that Elaine never sees me on the screen. Never."

As Elaine grew older she became ill. Physicians told her father that she would have to go on special diets, be very careful.

Shortly after this, it was announced that the J. Carrol Naishes had built a "honeymoon lodge" on the shores of Lake Arrowhead.

That was only part of the story.

The rest is that Carrol had figured out that his daughter would regain her health completely at an altitude a mile above sea-level.

"I taught her to swim," her father boasts proudly.

Each summer since then, Elaine has won the Lake Arrowhead swimming championship in her class. Just between us, J. Carrol built this honeymoon lodge for his daughter—the devotion of a pretty good bad man.

Father and daughter have been playing a new game since he started being a good guy on the screen. Now he can take home the scripts which he has to learn. He reads them to his daughter. He has her memorize the parts of those who play opposite him in scenes. Right now she's both Tyrone Power and Rita Hayworth in *Blood and Sand*—and he lets her "rehearse" him.

"Couldn't do that before," says Carrol happily.

He pays his daughter 25 cents for each page which she memorizes perfectly.

"And I'm going broke," he declares. "She's better at memorizing than I am. I wish I could learn parts as quickly as she does."

Thus goes the story of an ex-bad man's happy family, and the changes which his sacrifices have made in the past few years.

There's only one more question.

"Do you like him on the screen?" we ventured to ask Elaine.

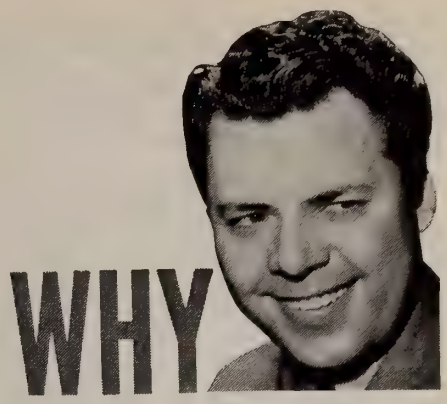
"He's swell," she said. "He's the best father and the greatest actor in the world. And some day I'm going to grow up and be his leading lady."

Which makes Elaine totally wrong on one count.

She's his leading lady now. ■



Since Elaine was three, J. Carrol Naish has read her stories each night. When she grew tired of these, he started improvising wonderful fairy tales of his own which he has recorded on discs



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Film people are famous for their "helping hand." Here Anita Louise and Olympe Bradna enjoy Louise Rosseau's "Party for a Purpose"—and utilize every spare moment by knitting and crocheting for war relief as well as for local charity

Party for a Purpose

By BETTY CROCKER



■ Today's smart hostess no longer waits for a legal holiday to bring out the flags, colored candles and tri-colored bouquets to deck her table. The patriotic theme gives point to the simplest of decorations. Moreover, the old-fashioned tea party is again coming into its own—for what could be more of an incentive to sewing or knitting for war relief than an afternoon tea at which conversation flies as fast as the knitting needles.

Louise Rosseau, Pathe director, recently used the patriotic motif when she entertained a group of stars she photographed in "Picture People," short subjects which show the stars as they really are off screen. Louise's job is behind the cameras—not in front of them.

Since her arrival in Hollywood less than a year ago, Louise Rosseau has won a host of friends who enjoy her informal hospitality. To return the compliment, she has started a recipe file in which all the favorite dishes and recipes of her friends are listed under their names.

On the afternoon of this particular tea, Louise's guests included Anita Louise, Gracie Allen, Olympe Bradna, Blanche Yurka, Fay Wray and Sigrid Gurie. Throughout the afternoon, sweaters grew under flying needles. By dusk, the tea pots had been emptied several times and you could again see the flowers on the hand-painted sandwich plates.

Louise Rosseau's famous recipes, selected to fit the personal preference of her guests and named for them, are as follows:

ROLLED SANDWICH BRADNA

Remove crusts from thin slices of very fresh, fine-grained bread. Spread with softened butter, and then with any soft colorful sandwich spread (such as tinted cream cheese; or boiled ham, pimiento and crisp bacon ground together and mixed with a little mayonnaise). Roll and fasten with wooden picks. Wrap rolls tightly, with open edges downward, in waxed paper, then in a damp towel. Let stand in cool place a couple of hours until butter has sealed the edges. Remove wooden picks before serving. Garnish with a sprig of parsley, mint or watercress. These sandwiches may be brushed with melted butter and toasted, if desired. For *Asparagus Rolls* . . . wrap slices of buttered bread tightly around small asparagus tips.

BLANCHE YURKA'S BROILED CRABMEAT OR SHRIMP SANDWICHES

- 4 hard cooked eggs
- 1 tsp. onion juice or chopped chives
- 1 tsp. salt
- ⅛ tsp. pepper
- ¼ tsp. mustard
- 2 tbsp. butter
- 1 raw egg yolk
- ¼ cup thick cream (either sour cream or sweet cream partially whipped)
- 1 can crabmeat or shrimp (7 oz.)

Slip out the yolks of the cooked eggs and mash them. Blend in the seasonings, melted butter and raw egg yolks. Add the cream. Combine the egg yolk mixture, the crabmeat and egg whites. Spread over 8 slices of lightly toasted bread. Sprinkle with paprika and a little grated cheese, if desired. Place under the broiler until the mixture is delicately browned.

FRUIT BARS A LA FAY WRAY

1 egg yolk
¼ cup brown sugar
¼ cup molasses
½ cup sour cream (25% butter fat)
1½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
¼ tsp. soda
½ tsp. baking powder
¼ tsp. salt
½ tsp. ginger
½ cup walnuts, chopped
½ cup pitted dates (¼ lb.), cut up
White Icing

Blend the egg yolk, brown sugar and molasses together in mixing bowl. Mix well and blend in the sour cream. Sift the flour, soda, baking powder, salt and ginger together, and blend into the egg yolk mixture. Add the nuts and dates.

Spread in lightly greased pan, 8¼x12¼ inches, and bake 15 minutes in a hot oven, 400°. As soon as removed from the oven, cut into bars about 1 by 2 inches . . . leaving them in pan to cool. When cool, spread White Icing over the whole sheet of bars. While icing is still soft remove bars from the pan with a broad spatula. This makes 48 bars.

White Icing: Beat 1 egg white until stiff but not dry. Gradually add 1 cup confectioners' sugar, a dash of salt and ¼ tsp. lemon extract . . . continuing beating until smooth and glossy.

PISTACHIO TEA BROWNIES
ANITA LOUISE

2 sq. unsweetened chocolate (2 oz.), melted
¼ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
½ cup sifted all-purpose flour
⅛ tsp. salt
1 tsp. vanilla
1 cup chopped nuts

Melt chocolate and shortening together over hot water, add sugar, and mix well. Blend in the well beaten eggs . . . then the flour, salt, vanilla and nuts. Spread batter as thinly as possible in three well-greased 8-inch square pans or one 11 by 17-inch oblong pan. Sprinkle with ½ cup blanched and finely sliced pistachio nuts. Bake 12 to 15 minutes, depending on thickness, in a moderate oven, 350°.

When taken from the oven cut immediately into squares, bars, diamonds, or any desired shapes, and remove from pan while still warm.

FRUITED SPONGE DROPS
SIGRID GURIE

3 eggs
½ cup sugar
1 tbsp. cold water
½ tsp. lemon flavoring (or vanilla)
½ tsp. grated lemon rind
½ cup sifted cake flour or all-purpose flour
¼ tsp. cream of tartar
⅛ tsp. salt

Beat egg yolks very hard with rotary beater until thick and lemon-colored (about 2 minutes). Beat in the sugar gradually. Beat in the water, flavoring and lemon rind, then the sifted flour.

Whip the egg whites until frothy, add cream of tartar and salt, and beat until the whites are stiff enough to hold a point. Gently fold into egg yolk mixture.

Drop by spoonfuls onto ungreased wrapping paper placed on baking sheet. Have the drops about 1½ to 2 inches in diameter before baking. Push batter off from tip of spoon so that it will stand up as thick as possible. It should stand about ½ inch high in the center of each drop. Bake just as soon as the batter is dropped onto the paper. Bake 12 to 15 minutes in a quick moderate oven, 375°. When done, remove immediately from paper by running a spatula under each drop. This makes about 6 dozen Sponge Drops, 2 inches in diameter.

To Make Fruited Drops

A tray of colorful tea cakes that look like gay flowers may be made easily from the Sponge Drops. Use two of the drops for each cake. Place the flat surfaces together with icing between the Sponge Drops to hold them together. Swirl icing on top, and press into it a whole perfect strawberry (with the hull left on) . . . or use other fresh fruit, such as ripe cherries, big green grapes, raspberries, or blackberries. The icing should be tinted and flavored appropriately to complement the fruit used. Thus use strawberry flavoring and pink coloring with strawberries, raspberry flavoring or rose water and red coloring with raspberries, almond flavoring with cherries, etc.

Icing For Fruited Sponge Drops

Cream 4 tablespoons butter, gradually blend in 3 cups confectioners' sugar . . . diluting the mixture with 4 to 5 tablespoons of cream. Continue beating until mixture is smooth and glossy. Divide icing according to number of varieties of different colors and flavors desired. Blend a little vegetable coloring and a few drops of desired flavoring into each part.

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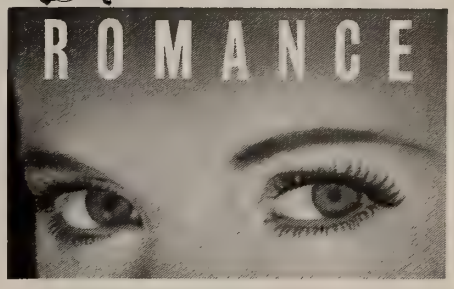
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BAUER & BLACK **BLUE-JAY** *CORN PLASTERS*

Nancy Kelly's Strange Marriage Pact!

[*Continued from page 23*]

many bitter quarrels. "What? Me jealous?" Eddie would storm. "Not I. But who was that guy—"

After another head-on collision, Eddie packed up and left for New York again. Nancy started dating other boys, including Irving Cummings, Jr., whom she fancied she loved. One moon-drenched night, last year, she and Irving decided to elope. They drove to Las Vegas, and were practically at the door of the parson when Nancy thought of Eddie and started to weep. "Take me home," she cried, and a bewildered young man drove home, brideless. That night, Nancy put through a long-distance call to New York and everything was patched up again.

The groggy Kelly-O'Brien courtship resumed where it took off last winter, when Eddie returned to Hollywood to make *A Girl, a Guy and a Gob*. After their first excited reunion, the spats started all over again.

Nancy and Eddie hadn't seen each other for weeks (another spat), when Nancy received a frantic telephone call from him. She was in a dress shop ordering a gown and Eddie had traced her there. His voice was excited and insistent.

"I'm leaving for New York in an hour and I must say goodbye before I leave. Please meet me at the station."

Nancy hesitated.

"You must," persisted Eddie. "We may never see each other again."

"Well—all right," Nancy relented.

She found Eddie nervously pacing the platform. He grabbed her hands and started talking fast. In fifteen minutes he had Nancy sold on the idea of going to Yuma. He had never, of course, intended going to New York at all. Only after they had become Mr. and Mrs. did they phone the news to their startled families and friends.

Back in Hollywood once more, they found themselves on the verge of another tiff. Nancy wanted to live in the Valley. Eddie preferred Beverly Hills. Just as tempers were beginning to get hot, their good friend Ken Murray called on them.

As Nancy explains it: "Ken is a pretty funny fellow, you know. He started to joke around with us and when he left both Eddie and I had cooled down and were feeling pretty good. Eddie looked at me and said, 'Anything you say goes, dear.' And I became quite sweet and said, 'No, darling. I'll live anywhere you wish.' All of a sudden, a light dawned. Ken's fun had erased all trace of our quarrel. It gave us the idea for our marital arbitration board. We put our good friends Ken Murray, Bob Hope and Jack Benny on it. Joan Davis is the feminine touch. With a staff of comedians like that, they can probably kid us out of reaching the boiling point in any of our spats. They've helped us out a few times. We phone poor Ken, Bob, Jack and Joan at all hours of the night and morning, and they've never failed to jolly us out of our tiff.

"Only one thing: no member of the board has been able to tell me how to get Eddie to hang up his clothes at night!" ■

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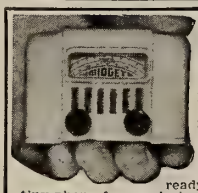
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Bud Abbott and Lou Costello are the comedy find of the year. Their next film is Universal's *Oh, Charlie*. Right: Ben Bernie plays a tune for the Abbotts and Costellos, in honor of the comics' tenth anniversary as partners

Two Smart Fools

By JANE PORTER

■ Try to get any sense out of Abbott and Costello. That's a challenge.

After their first frenzied success in *One Night in the Tropics*, fans began to ask who the two funny mugs were and how they got that way.

"Who, us?" piped Lou Costello, the fat boy of the act. "We played for all the crowned heads of Europe and all the crowned teeth of Pittsburgh. Take it from there, partner."

Here Bud Abbott, the thin man, took over.

"Our biographies are in all the public libraries," Mr. Abbott volunteered, condescendingly. "Look under Ringling Brothers and you'll find Bud Abbott. My father was advance man for the circus and my mother was a bareback rider. I was born under the big top at Coney Island."

"What about me, scorpion?" demanded the 193-pound soprano of the team. "Tell 'em how I was born in 1908 with a cigar in my mouth and a taste for good Wisconsin beer."

That gives you an idea.

Buck Privates gave Bud and Lou a chance to show the limitless lengths to which actors will go to make money. Professional dignity is something they discarded in the bassinet.

Burlesque, that native American dramatic form built around the strip-tease, is the school in which they learned their art, along with such assorted luminaries as Bert Lahr, the late Joe Penner, Fannie Brice, Jack Pearl, Ethel Shutta, James Barton, Clark & McCullough, Billy Gilbert and Hugh Herbert.

Bud boasts that the Abbotts are the oldest burlesque family in America, much as the Lupinos and the Barrymore-Drews boast of their seniority on the dramatic stage. Furthermore Bud personally was one of the biggest burlesque theater operators in the land, controlling houses in Brooklyn, Toronto, Washington, Detroit, Cleveland, Akron, Buffalo and Wilkes-Barre.

Until Lou Costello came into his life Abbott had never appeared before a theater audience, having confined himself to the business end of the amusement racket.

His first job in the game was at his birthplace, Coney Island. His employer was Marie Dressler, temporarily down on her luck, who had been staked to the orange drink concession on the boardwalk. Bud was a dipper boy. His job expired suddenly when Miss Dressler discovered him depositing nickels not in the cash register but in the juice tank, from which he customarily fished them out at the end of the business day.

Next he was a deputy lion tamer in the act of Captain Bonavita, the Clyde Beatty of his day. The captain lost an arm to one of his pets and simultaneously lost an assistant.

Parachute- [*Continued on page* 66]

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Two Smart Fools

[*Continued from page 65*]

jumping from a captive balloon seemed a comfortable job by comparison, so Bud proceeded to half-drown himself by missing the Coney Island beach and landing in the surf. Costello insists that Bud's worried expression comes from carrying the Atlantic Ocean for ballast.

Sign-painting occupied his talents for a while. One of the worst spellers and least artistic letterers this side of kindergarten, Bud was tripped up in this game not by his short-comings but by an occupational disease called lead-poisoning.

At this point he gave up and became a burlesque baron, as had two generations of his family before him. The Casino Theater in Brooklyn, which was then to the strip-tease art what the Metropolitan Opera was to sopranos, engaged him as treasurer.

It was here that his trail crossed that of Laughable Lou, who was destined to be his team mate in burlesque, vaudeville, Broadway musicals, radio and the movies. Costello was already an established comic. The two got to jabbering backstage about their prowess as rummy players. Both excellent ad-libbers, they enjoyed abusing each other.

One matinee Lou's straight man missed the curtain. Without make-up, Bud Abbott went on as substitute. The routine was a yell, being merely a continuation of the backstage rummy argument. When Lou moved on to the next date Bud went with him—on a temporary basis. They've been together ever since, still on a temporary basis.

The partner Abbott picked up so casually is a good example of why boy sopranos go wrong.

Lou Costello was an outstanding midget athlete at P.S. 15 in Paterson, N. J. Paterson is where they make silk. Costello is not a product of the silk mills. On the contrary he was one of the roughest little job lots that ever stepped on a basketball court or a baseball diamond.

His great competitive spirit won him a promise from a high school coach of a scholarship appointment at New York Military Academy. But before enrollment time the coach died and the deal fell through.

Heartbroken, the 110-pound kid decided to go West and forget his grief.

Sunny California, the land of nuts and fruit, was less hospitable than he had hoped. Two days away from starvation he landed a job as a scene-shifter at Metro. The picture was *The Big Parade*. Around the lot Lou became acquainted with a broken-down cowboy who made extra money performing stunts in the giddyap melodramas of Colonel Tim McCoy.

Shrimp Costello decided that was his oyster. On King Vidor's next picture he applied for a stunt job. A thirty-foot jump to a gravel path convinced the director the kid was sufficiently inhuman for the task and he was signed up accordingly.

For years his life was a daytime nightmare of pirouetting on the tops of moving trains, jumping from burning buildings, getting trampled by buffalo, wild horses and cattle, smashing up automobiles and

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lacerating and contusing his boy's-size body.

In a well-remembered epic called *The Trail of '98,* Lou performed the daintiest doubling job of his career. Wearing a black wig and a can-can costume he impersonated Dolores Del Rio in a fight scene. Forgetting himself in the heat of battle he connected with a solid one-two. His opponent—also a stunt man—did a backflip down a flight of stairs.

That concluded his career as a stuntster. Hot-headed guys are not desirable in this department.

For months he hung around Hollywood making a meagre living as a bit-player. The advent of talkies sounded the knell of doom to his acting career, or so it appeared at the moment. That trick squeaky voice of his issued from the soundtrack like the battle cry of an enraged chipmunk.

Returning East by easy stages he stopped off at St. Joseph, Mo. In the lobby of a theatrical hotel he picked up the information that a local burlesque theater was looking for a Dutch comic.

Costello tried out for the job, figuring that a guy who could do handstands on a speeding motorcycle hadn't much to lose in a theater. To his amazement he got the job and clung to it for 26 weeks.

Word filtered West that a burlesque house in his home town, Paterson, needed a comic to replace a local favorite. Lou hopped a rattler, rehearsing new routines day and night. At the audition it developed that his style was sufficiently loud and broad to satisfy the followers of the guy who was quitting, one Joe Penner.

Lou's route led inevitably to Brooklyn, that shrine of burlesque, where he met and magnetized Bud Abbott. Midway of their burlesque careers they both married burlesque chorus girls.

Ambitious to get out of a form of entertainment where, no matter how uproariously funny their performance, they were still only a stage-wait between strip-teasers, they made a bold bid to get into the stage show at the celebrated Roxy Theater in New York.

They showed their act to Jesse Kaye, the booker. He was convulsed and wanted to hire them on the spot. But conservative members of the house staff were scandalized at the prospect of billing two guys fresh from the strip-extravaganzas. A meeting of the Roxy board of directors had to be called before the booking was confirmed.

Abbott and Costello murdered them at the Roxy. Their expert timing, their worldly simplicity, their nifty twists on the oldest gags in the world, catapulted the team swiftly into *The Streets of Paris,* a slambang pageant of rowdiness that vied with the World's Fair for the tourist's dollar.

Radio held no terrors for two chaps who had been, respectively, a lion-tamer and a stunt man. They took radio without missing a beat. And now it's the same with the movies.

In *One Night in the Tropics,* they were supposed to supply comedy relief. They turned out to be the whole picture, what there was of it.

Buck Privates, the first of the draft pictures to reach the screen, was a solid smack. *Oh, Charlie,* their third at Universal, will be a big-budget picture with a high-priced cast.

Are they having fun? During a little impromptu jam session of rough-housing on the *Oh, Charlie* set the other day, California experienced its worst earthquake of the season. Nobody on the set noticed it. They thought it was just the rumble of laughter at antics of Lou and Bud. ■

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Important Pictures

By SARA CORPENING

MEET JOHN DOE ★★★★

Warner Brothers

Frank Capra has done it again. He has turned out another brilliant, heart-warming film which concerns itself with his favorite subject—the cause of the "Little Man." Gary Cooper is again the star, bringing to his role all the realism and warmth he imparted to *Mr. Deeds.* He is a ball player who burnt out his arm in a nineteen-inning game. He knows nothing but baseball, so he begins the fast slide down. He becomes a tramp—a John Doe.

Barbara Stanwyck is a young newspaperwoman who writes a column. When the paper is bought by *D. B. Norton* (Edward Arnold), Barbara finds herself a victim of the new boss' clean-up campaign. Seeking revenge, Barbara hastily composes a letter, signs the name of John Doe to it, and has it published in her final column. The letter causes such a commotion among the townspeople that Barbara is re-hired. Her part in a great circulation-building plan is to pick a nonenity from the crowd and present his views through her column as the voice of the people. Cooper is the John Doe selected, and tense complications ensue when the local politicians try to cash in on the John Doe vote.

Meet John Doe is a worthy successor to *Mr. Smith* and *Mr. Deeds,* and a credit to the only Hollywood director who has won the Academy Award three times.

Cooper and Stanwyck are superb.

I WANTED WINGS ★★★★

Paramount

I Wanted Wings is an aviation screen classic in significance and scope. Deftly timed to fit perfectly into the current of public interest in preparedness, it will undoubtedly prove a box-office sensation wherever shown.

The story concerns the training of cadets in the huge air-expansion program now under way. Attention is focused on three enrollees at Randolph Field—socialite Ray Milland, garage mechanic William Holden, and football star Wayne Morris. After preliminary training at Randolph, the trio pass for transfer to Kelly Field. Only Milland, of the three, goes through to a commission and to March Field to pilot huge bombers.

Love interest is provided by Constance Moore and Veronica Lake. Miss Lake is a startling new blond discovery who stands out in her role as a night club singer.

Paramount Pictures were given fullest cooperation of the Army Air Corps and the film thus attains a new high in authenticity of feeling and fact. Audiences are given a detailed insight into Army flying instruction courses, which are so deftly handled that routine matter never seems dull.

Now that audiences are becoming conditioned to longer movies, *I Wanted Wings* will not seem overly long, although the running time is two hours and eleven minutes.

Almost a year went into the creation of

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Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys — and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

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I Couldn't Stop Loving Him

WILL girls never learn to leave other women's husbands alone? Against all sound advice, they continue to court tragedy and heartbreak by falling in love with married men. "I COULDN'T STOP LOVING HIM," the Novelette of the Month in the June ROMANTIC STORY, is the confession of just such a girl. Her story is written in tears of anguish and regret, as she realizes—now that it's far too late—how she might have saved herself a life of loneliness and suffering. Don't miss this powerful story in the new issue of ROMANTIC STORY.

Also in this exciting issue are "MINE WAS A DEMANDING LOVE," the story of a woman whose selfishness almost ruined the life of the man she loved; and "DISHONORED BRIDE," the confession of a Navy wife.

You'll find these stories and many more in the June issue of this thrilling magazine.

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ROMANTIC STORY

10¢ AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

I Wanted Wings, and the result more than justifies the interval of waiting.

THAT HAMILTON WOMAN ★★★★

United Artists

Alexander Korda his dipped into history for his drama starring the combined histrionic talents of Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier, whose off-screen romance is history in itself. *That Hamilton Woman* is a biographical drama about the famous English beauty and her amorous affair with naval hero *Lord Nelson.* The picture carries plenty of current British propaganda which will be easily detected by audiences.

The Korda version of the historical romance presents a sympathetic case for the scandalous romance between the wife of a British ambassador and the great Lord Nelson. Lady Hamilton is portrayed as a vivacious girl who was the victim of men but whose ingenuity in statescraft saves the Empire. She dominates the picture throughout with her love for Nelson and her determination to aid his success from the background. Miss Leigh attains new heights in her role, while Olivier's interpretation of *Lord Nelson* is performed with a dignity and reserve particularly fitting to the great historical hero.

If the film has a flaw, it lies in its excessive length, which sets the unfolding of the story at too slow a pace.

POT O' GOLD ★★★

United Artists

A nice little antidote for headline jitters. The story is fairy-tale-ish but the wholesome, human quality that is peculiarly James Stewart's makes it almost believeable.

The plot concerns the origin of the famed *Pot o' Gold* radio program. (This is only the movie version, remember.) Paulette Goddard performs with her usual vim and vigor, and the supporting cast is good.

Horace Heidt's orchestra renders some good numbers.

Watch for the grand scene in which Jim is given the official welcome to the boarding house. His hapless, ineffectual handling of the knife and fork act is tops, and his facial versatility amazes. Movie audiences will miss him during the coming year.

THE SEA WOLF ★★★

Warner Brothers

Jack London's famous hellship sails for yet another voyage over cinematic seas. Edward G. Robinson is the screen's third *Wolf Larson,* the callous and inhuman skipper who takes fiendish delight in breaking the spirit of his crew. (Hobart Bosworth and Milton Sills did the part years ago.)

Robinson provides plenty of vigor and two-fisted energy to his role, and John Garfield gives a good account of himself as the incorrigible youth whose spirit cannot be broken. Ida Lupino gives a dramatic interpretation to her role as a fugitive from the law.

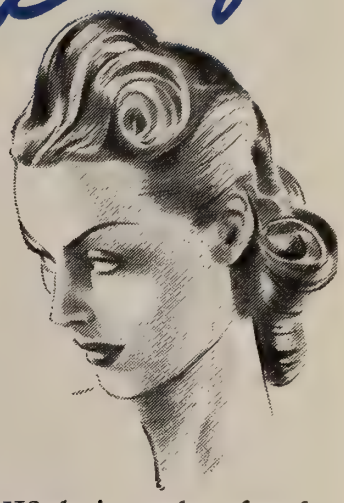
Convincing salty atmosphere pervades the entire film.

[*Continued on page* 70]



A glamour girl in the making is Jane Withers as she demonstrates to her chum Jean Howlett how to walk downstairs gracefully. The trick is to do it with a glass of water in each hand. Jane will display her new glamour in 20th's *A Very Young Lady*

Grecian Beauty



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Important Pictures

[*Continued from page 69*]

THE GREAT LIE ★★★

Warner Brothers

Again, it's woman-against-woman. And in this capacity, no one holds a candle to Bette Davis. *The Great Lie* pits her against Mary Astor and they're fighting over George Brent, who's been the cause of the squabble in some of Bette's best films. This is another of those now-we're-married-now-we're-not films. (We feel a cycle of these coming on.)

Mary Astor is *Sandra*, the other woman, and in this case, a superb pianist. It is refreshing to see a star's hand really touch the keyboard, and Miss Astor, herself a talented musician, really plays.

When George Brent (*Peter Van Allen*), discovers he isn't really married to *Sandra*, he is willing enough to repeat the performance, but she puts more importance on a concert appearance in Philadelphia. So that leaves George conscience-clear to marry the woman he really loves—Bette.

Both women are shocked, a short time later, to learn of his death. Bette because of her love for him; Mary because she is to become the mother of his child. Bette persuades her—readily enough—to allow her to stay with her until the child is born, and then adopt it. When Brent returns, very much alive, Bette is afraid to tell him the truth, fearing he will return to the real mother. The climax is reached when the mother comes to claim her offspring, in hopes of rewinning George. Put to the choice, he sacrifices the child for the woman he loves. Seeing she has no hold on him, Sandra relinquishes the child to the two who love him most.

This is what is sometimes called a four-handkerchief picture. So don't say we didn't warn you, in case you're planning to go with the man of your heart.

Miniature Reviews

★★★★

THE GREAT DICTATOR (United Artists) Cast: *Charles Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, Jack Oakie.* Entertaining satire on Hitler and Mussolini. Chaplin is at his best in the old Chaplinesque comic antics, but is less effective in the serious scenes. Jack Oakie also proves his artistry as a comedian. Excellent supporting cast.

NIGHT TRAIN (20th Century-Fox, British) Cast: *Margaret Lockwood, Rex Harrison.* Melodrama of Nazi intrigue in England and Europe, played by an excellent cast. Instead of having a strong story, there is a string of exciting incidents leading to a terrific climax.

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) Cast: *Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, James Stewart, Ruth Hussey, John Howard, Virginia Weidler, Roland Young, John Halliday, Mary Nash.* In the riotous 24 hours before her second marriage, a Philadelphia society girl (Miss Hepburn) finds herself involved with three men and some amazing situations. She learns a lot about herself and provides you with some of the best entertainment of the year.

★★★½

ADAM HAD FOUR SONS (United Artists) Cast: *Warner Baxter, Ingrid Bergman, Susan Hayward.* When Adam Stoddard's gentle wife died, she left him a legacy—four sons. Drama weaves itself in the lives of the family as they become involved in the tense years of the first World War. Ingrid Bergman makes her first appearance since *Intermezzo.*

ANDY HARDY'S PRIVATE SECRETARY (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) Cast: *Mickey Rooney, Ann Rutherford, Lewis Stone,* and *Hardy cast.* These visits with the *Hardy* family are always refreshing. In this one Andy graduates from high school and again becomes involved in triangle trouble. You'll like newcomer *Kathryn Grayson,* who displays remarkable talent and possesses a rich, vibrant voice.

KITTY FOYLE (RKO) Cast: *Ginger Rogers, Dennis Morgan, James Craig, Ernest Cossart, Odette Myrtle.* This is a psychological story of a young "white-collar" girl who loved a man who was tied to his wealthy family's purse strings. Christopher Morley wrote the best-selling novel, and it is now an excellent moving picture.

STRAWBERRY BLONDE (Warner Brothers) Cast: *James Cagney, Olivia de Havilland, Rita Hayworth, Alan Hale, Jack Carson, George Tobias.* A fine dramatic tale of "the good old days," with clothes and barber-shop ballads of the early 1900's. A fine role for Cagney and magnificently done.

THAT UNCERTAIN FEELING (United Artists) *Merle Oberon, Melvyn Douglas, Burgess Meredith.* This sparkles with Donald Ogden Stewart's whimsical humor and Lubitsch's sophistication. A sustained case of hiccups leads Merle Oberon to a psychoanalyst who finds her ailment due to the monotony of her marital life. All sorts of rollicking situations and saucy dialogue ensue.

VICTORY (Paramount) Cast: *Fredric March, Betty Field, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Jerome Cowan, Lionel Royce.* A gripping presentation of Joseph Conrad's novel, full of emotion, drama and suspense. The plot is centered around a handful of characters so colorful that each individual characterization is awe-inspiring.

★★★

ARIZONA (Columbia) Cast: *Jean Arthur, William Holden, Warren William, Porter Hall.* Jean Arthur, tomboy, swaggers through the film with verve and gusto. Otherwise, it is slow-moving and too long, and exciting scenes are few and far between.

BUCK PRIVATES (Universal) Cast: *Lee Bowman, Alan Curtis, Abbott and Costello, Andrews Sisters.* An employer and his chauffeur are drafted and sent to camp together, where they become rivals over the camp hostess. Full of comic situations and gags, and good music.

CHEERS FOR MISS BISHOP (United Artists) Cast: *Martha Scott, William Gargan, Edmund Gwenn, Sterling Holloway, Sidney Blackmer.* Sentimental story of fifty years of the life of a schoolteacher in the pioneer days of the Middle West. Martha Scott gives an excellent interpretation of Miss Bishop's professional problems and those of her personal life.

COME LIVE WITH ME (M-G-M) Cast: *Hedy Lamarr, James Stewart, Ian Hunter.* Hedy plays an Austrian girl over here who proposes marriage to Jimmy Stewart, on a business basis only, for their mutual advantage. The whole thing is rather weak, but the photography of Hedy is enticing.

FLIGHT COMMAND (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) Cast: *Robert Taylor, Walter Pidgeon, Ruth Hussey, Paul Kelly.* This is a moving story of life in the Navy Air Corps. There is action, suspense, heroism. The sky photography is excellent.

HARD-BOILED CANARY (Paramount) Cast: *Susanna Foster, Allan Jones, Margaret Lindsay.* A music-school camp provides background for some good musical numbers by youngsters. Little Miss Foster has improved in both her acting and her singing.

LADY EVE (Paramount) Cast: *Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda, Charles Coburn.* Another of the written-and-directed by Preston Sturges series. Barbara Stanwyck is amusing and clever as a lady crook, and Henry Fonda gets away from his homespun roles of recent years. Slapstick, but highly amusing.

MR. AND MRS. SMITH (RKO) Cast: *Robert Montgomery, Carole Lombard, Gene Raymond.* Hilarity is rampant in this mad comedy of domestic love. It has risque banter and intimate intrigue and is directed by Alfred Hitchcock.

NICE GIRL? (Universal) Cast: *Deanna Durbin, Franchot Tone, Robert Stack, Robert Benchley.* Deanna tries ever so hard to be naughty in her latest film, but remains, through it all, a nice girl. The Danas are a family to rival the *Hardys* in charm, and Robert Benchley is now firmly instated as our favorite film father. The grand supporting cast and the delightful music cinch one of the season's most buoyant comedies.

ROAD TO ZANZIBAR (Paramount) Cast: *Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour, Una Merkel.* Second teaming of the delightful Crosby, Hope, Lamour combination. The plot, which is again laid in South Africa, is thin but provides adequate excuse for the series of comedy and thrill situations. Rapid-fire dialogue and Crosby's songs shine through the inconsequential tale.

SO ENDS OUR NIGHT (United Artists) Cast: *Margaret Sullavan, Fredric March, Glenn Ford.* Three German refugees search for a place to live but are ousted from each European country they go to, until they finally reach Paris. The film is repetitious and lengthy, but the acting is of a high quality. Glenn Ford seems destined to go far.

TALL, DARK AND HANDSOME (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Cesar Romero, Virginia Gilmore, Charlotte Greenwood, Milton Berle.* A racketeer (Romero) pretends to be tough and sinister, but really has a heart of gold. The film is done with zest and rich humor, and although the plot is not new, the novel treatment results in a highly entertaining picture.

THIS THING CALLED LOVE (Columbia) Cast: *Rosalind Russell, Melvyn Douglas, Allyn Joslyn, Gloria Dickson.* A riotous comedy, full of intrigue and risque banter. The hilarity never once lets down, and although the picture is a long one, it seems short because of the speed of action, fine suspense and daring dialogue.

VIRGINIA (Paramount) Cast: *Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray, Stirling Hayden, Carolyn Lee.* An entertaining story of a modern Virginian, a northern-bred Virginia girl, and a very attractive and wealthy young Yankee! Little Carolyn Lee steals the show.

WESTERN UNION (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Randolph Scott, Virginia Gilmore, Barton MacLane, Dean Jagger.* A Western in Technicolor, it is beautifully and expensively produced, magnificently directed. Romance and adventure.

★★½

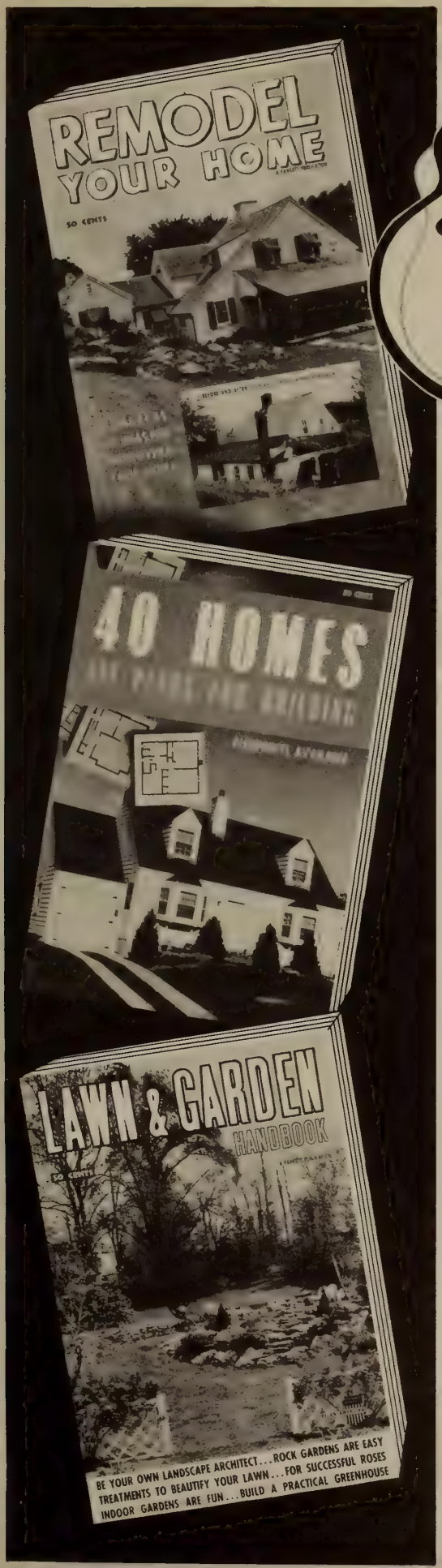
TOBACCO ROAD (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Gene Tierney, Charles Grapewin, Elizabeth Patterson.* The record-breaking Broadway play has been purified for its screen presentation emerging as a rather thin comedy about shiftless, Georgia hill-folk. The cast acquit themselves well as the dirty, lazy characters, and the settings are most effective.

★★

TOPPER RETURNS (United Artists) Cast: *Joan Blondell, Charles Ruggles, Carole Landis.* Third of the Thorne Smith films about spirits of the dead. This time Joan Blondell is the gay ghost who has to hang around meddling in the lives of mortals until she finds her murderer. Falls short of the ingenuity of its predecessor.

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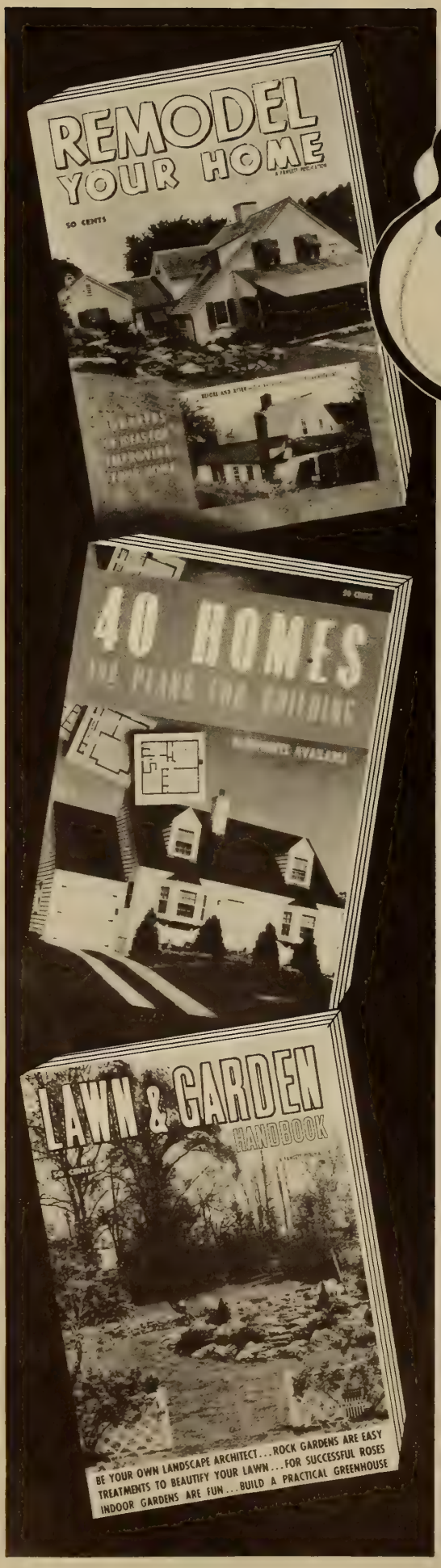
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★ ★ ★ ★

No time for elaboration, but would just like to toss a sprig to author Gene Fowler for the way he does it.

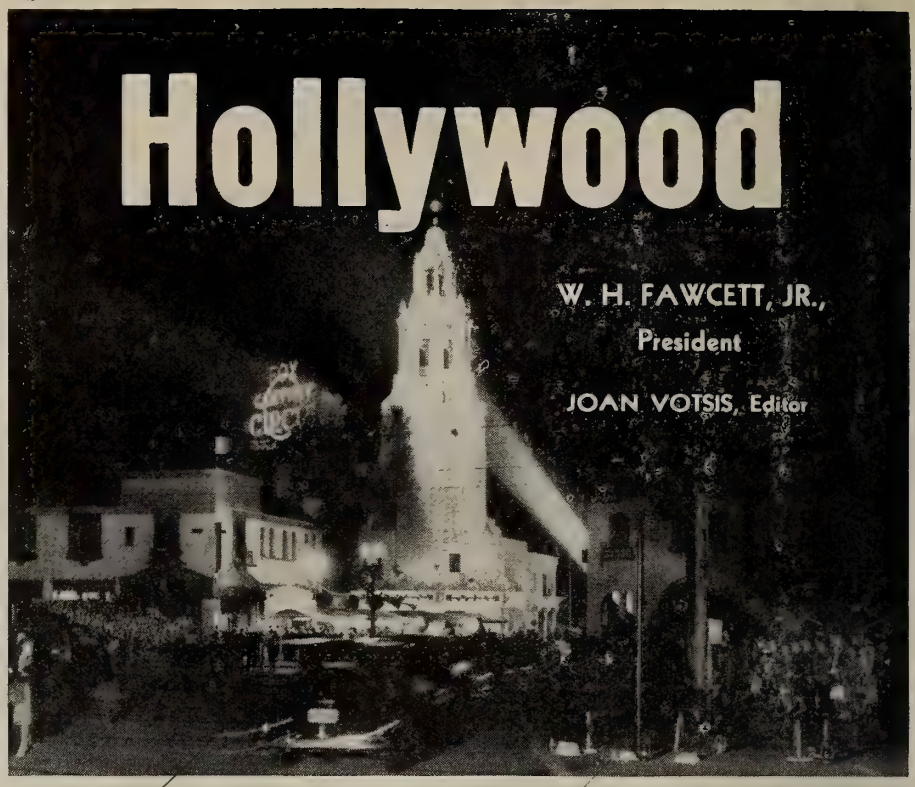
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It's another big hit from

Leo The Kid



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HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ERSKINE JOHNSON

■ Blond Veronica Lake is a new Hollywood star who doesn't want to be a star and I'm surprised that Ripley hasn't caught up with her. She just doesn't care. Paramount is building her up as another Jean Harlow after her work in *I Wanted Wings*. But Veronica says: "I don't want wings. I want family life and a family." Veronica has told the big bosses that she has one year to spend in pictures with no options. After that her life is going to be her own. And if you know Veronica Lake, a gal who has everything the screen needs in the way of S.A., you know that she means what she says. And I admire her for it. Usually in Hollywood when stardom comes in the window the family goes out the door with someone making sure the door is locked.

■ It could only happen in Hollywood. And it did. Priscilla Lane and Jeffrey Lynn got paid for drinking real champagne on the set of *Million Dollar Baby*. Most of the time champagne on the screen is ginger-ale and charged water. But Director Curt Bernhardt, a realist at heart, insisted on the genuine article for this one shot. It's the key scene of the picture and Bernhardt wanted them to look drunk. Champagne was ordered and practically forced down their throats. Three bottles later the director got the effect he wanted, and Warner Brothers got the bill for the giggle soup.

■ Funny that Paulette Goddard, who has been telling fibs for years about her relationship with Charlie Chaplin, would be cast in a picture titled *Nothing but the Truth*.

■ John Barrymore, the scene stealer, was a victim of grand larceny himself on the set of *World Premiere*. And the thief wagged his tail, not to mention his fingers, while the Great Profile was being victimized. It seems a trained monkey shares a spot with Barrymore in one scene of the picture. John was busy reading his lines from the blackboard when the monkey yawned and then put his thumb to his simian nose. Barrymore hiccoughed, the crew guffawed and a retake was ordered along with a new monkey.

■ It'll be a honeymoon for three if and when Barbara Hutton, the five and ten heiress and Cary Grant say the fatal words. Her family has hired a bodyguard to go with her everywhere, including her honeymoon.

■ Movietown Closeups: Don Ameche once stuffed mattresses for a living . . . Gracie Allen Burns' initials spell what she's noted for—GAB . . . Dick Powell is a better cook than his wife, Joan Blondell . . . Screen tough guy Jimmy Cagney always softens his toast in hot milk . . . Randolph Scott made his film debut as a sound effects man—imitating a lion's roar . . . Oliver Hardy puts applesauce on baked beans . . . Spencer Tracy's idea of a full course dinner is a three-inch steak and a cup of coffee . . . And Adolphe Menjou has 60 suits and has them

[*Continued on page* 8]



By the time they got through rehearsing for this scene in *Adventures in Washington*, Gene Reynolds, Herbert Marshall and Virginia Bruce were Hollywood's champion peanut tosser-uppers. Here they are scoring three perfect catches for the camera

BLONDE BOMBER

...(America's newest glamour girl, VERONICA LAKE) raids the hearts of four flying aces...



Paramount Producer **ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Jr.** and Paramount Director **MITCHELL LEISEN** who created "Arise, My Love," set this daring story of tangled loves against the roaring background of America's great flying legion to give you the biggest and the best of all air pictures.

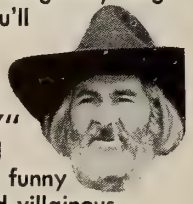
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STARRING popular **ROY ROGERS.** You'll cheer Roy as **HE** brings the law to lawless **TOMBSTONE**...You'll thrill to his **ROMANCE** with lovely **ELYSE KNOX**...You'll love every **ONE** of the grand songs Roy sings **FOR** you...And you'll **ROAR** with **LAUGHTER** at the **ANTICS** of co-star **GEORGE "GABBY" HAYES!** The grand **CAST** also includes funny **SALLY PAYNE** and villainous **ADDISON RICHARDS**...Of all the **GRAND** action hits that **ROY ROGERS** has **BROUGHT** you so far... **"SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE"** is the **MOST** exciting, the most crowded **WITH** breathtaking moments, **THE** most vivid in its love story and





MAGNIFICENT outdoor settings... **NO WONDER** the popularity of **HANDSOME,** singing **ROY ROGERS** is increasing by **LEAPS** and bounds...You'll know **WHY,** too, when you see **"SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE"!** It's

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

pressed every day whether he wears them or not.

■ Carole Landis and Cedric Gibbons are helping each other forget their ex-mates, Willis Hunt and Dolores del Rio.

■ Dennis Morgan, Jr., who is four years old, visited the Warner studio to watch his father work. He saw them shoot a scene several times in which Morgan, Sr., had to kiss Shirley Ross and Jane Wyatt. As the boy was about to leave, someone asked him, "Well, sonny, how did you like it?" "Aw, shucks," the boy replied. "I've been telling the fellers that Dad's a real actor, like Gene Autry, and heck—all he does is kiss girls."

■ Robert Taylor was blind for half an hour. And I don't mean he was acting the part of a blind man. He *was* blind.



One sequence in *A Woman's Face* features an old Swedish folk dance which intrigued Joan Crawford so much that she learned all the intricate steps. Here Joan is practising one of the routines

In the last scene of *Billy the Kid,* Taylor is supposed to go crazy and is shot by his pal, played by Brian Donlevy. Well, Taylor wanted to look like he was crazy, so he had some belladonna dropped in his eyes to give them the appearance of a mad man. The effect wouldn't have been serious with ordinary lights. But it's a Technicolor picture and the lights have to be so hot they sizzle. Taylor nearly collapsed and had to be removed to the studio hospital after the shot. He couldn't distinguish anything for 30 minutes.

■ Take a bow, Joan Crawford, the gal who never forgets. When you were a little girl, a man named William Farnum was one of the big stars of motion pictures, and he was your hero. Especially when you saw him in that blood curdler, *The Man Who Fights Alone.* And it's because of you that William Farnum, white-haired and almost forgotten, gets his biggest chance of recent years in your latest picture, *A Woman's Face.* You talked the director into building up a scene for him in which he plays opposite you. No longer the forgotten man, William Farnum becomes a leading man for one scene at least—all because of you.

[*Continued on page* 10]



Priscilla Lane would like to call your attention to her archery prowess, and we'd like to call your attention to Priscilla's fetching yellow and green striped playsuit. Her new film is *Million Dollar Baby.* Watch for the startling picture of Pat on the August HOLLYWOOD cover



No wonder Rita Hayworth looks elated. She's Fred Astaire's leading lady in Columbia's *You'll Never Get Rich,* which gives her an opportunity to perform a sensational rumba, a specialty with Rita. Husband Edward Judson smiles approvingly. Place: *Ciro's* theatre-restaurant

GREAT NEWS!

"MILLION DOLLAR BABY"

will be shown *immediately!*



Hollywood fell head over heels for this wonderful story of a girl who falls into a million dollars!
(You should read those preview raves!)
It's so good, and so gay, and so lovable that theatres wouldn't wait a single moment to play it for you! Watch for it and don't dare miss it!

It stars, in their very best roles ever . . .

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JEFFREY LYNN
RONALD REAGAN
MAY ROBSON · LEE PATRICK
Directed by CURTIS BERNHARDT
Screen Play by Casey Robinson, Richard Macaulay and Jerry Wald • From a Story by Leonard Spigelgass
A NEW WARNER BROS. HIT



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One of those awkward moments that just will happen took place at the Hollywood Ball Park when Greg Bautzer and Dorothy Lamour happened to have seats directly in front of Lana Turner and Tony Martin. Greg, young man-about-town of Hollywood, was engaged to Lana before her elopement with Artie Shaw. She's divorced now

■ Sign on David Niven's old dressing room at United Artists' Studio: *Out to lunch—in London. Back in a couple of years—I hope.*

■ Jack Haley consumed potato chips from 9 o'clock in the morning until 6 p. m. for a sequence in *Miami.* As Haley was leaving the set to go home, everyone in the company chorused, "Good-bye, Mr. Chips."

■ Real reason behind Bruce Cabot's dash to Mexico City was to see the sights with Elizabeth Whitney, who was vacationing there.

■ Hollywood movie-makers finally are getting even with movie audiences. In one scene of the new Eleanor Powell picture, *Lady Be Good,* a dog turns around and yawns at the *audience.*

■ More deglamorizing for Marlene Dietrich. First time you see her in *Manpower,* in which she's co-starred with George Raft and Edward G. Robinson, she's being released from a penitentiary—minus fancy hair-do and make-up.

■ Bette Davis is telling friends she's anxious to return to the stage, preferably in a road company of one of her film hits.

■ Scene of Groucho Marx' attempts to stamp his name on the seat of a baby's diaper in the last film of the Marx

[*Continued on page* 14]



Good news! Gloria Swanson is back in the movies! The most famous of all glamour girls was lured back to Hollywood for a part in RKO's *Father Takes a Wife.* Fittingly enough, she'll portray a glamorous actress in the film. Here's Gloria relaxing while a member of the studio crew checks lighting



TYRONE POWER

...as Juan, the matador of Vicente Blasco Ibanez' immortal novel...

BLOOD *and* SAND

IN TECHNICOLOR!

with

LINDA DARNELL • RITA HAYWORTH

Nazimova • Anthony Quinn • J. Carrol Naish • John Carradine • Lynn Bari • Laird Cregar • Vicente Gomez

Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK • *Directed by* ROUBEN MAMOULIAN

Associate Producer Robert T. Kane • Screen Play by Jo Swerling • A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

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MOVIE MEMOS

FROM: The Editors

TO: The Readers

The suspense is over. We can now breathe a little freer.

We frankly admit that we've been on pins and needles waiting for the reaction to HOLLYWOOD's new short-story policy. But we can relax once more, for our readers have informed us in glowing terms that they're completely sold on the improved HOLLYWOOD.

To tell the truth, we're pretty keen about the present editorial policy, ourselves. But it is gratifying to know that our enthusiasm is shared. The new policy is rather revolutionary. We have streamlined the magazine in an effort to meet the current demands of our fashionable readers. As you know, we've abolished the usage of lengthier stories. We have long felt that the drawn-out stories weren't always read by everyone; that fans naturally have their own favorite personalities and were wont to pass up a lengthy story on a player they did not particularly favor. As a result, the new HOLLYWOOD gives you shorter, more compact stories of many more stars, and in their present concise, sparkling form, are proving irresistible to all movie fans.

The nicest part of this transformation is that the price remains the same. Yes, HOLLYWOOD still sells for only a nickel!

Now a nickel has always represented a pretty substantial sum in our lives. When you stop to think of it, it's positively amazing what one shiny five-cent piece will do. Let's see now . . .

It will make a telephone call for you.

It will buy a bottle of cooling soda-pop.

It will let you ride miles and miles on the subway.

It will even buy a long black cigar.

All well and good. BUT, we modestly believe that at last we've topped them all. We have something extra special to offer for a nickel. Something exciting and enduring and informative and entertaining in the big, new improved HOLLYWOOD. Each issue now contains TWENTY exclusive stories about new and old Hollywood personalities. Think of it—twenty complete articles on your movie favorites in one issue! Not to mention our up-to-the-minute gossip department, especially selected fashions to fit the smallest purse, favorite recipes of the stars, a bigger and better crossword puzzle, film reviews and exclusive pictorial features—all for just five cents.

The thousands of complimentary letters which have been pouring onto our desks ever since the May HOLLYWOOD went on sale are indeed heartwarming and deeply appreciated.

Our readers enthusiastically inform us that they are delighted with the greater scope of film coverage HOLLYWOOD now offers them. But, best of all, they heartily approve of the fact that no raise in price was made.

Which is exactly what we wanted them to say.



Nancy Kelly, bride of actor Edmond O'Brien, keeps informed on the activities in the movie world by reading HOLLYWOOD from cover to cover. Did you read the story of the O'Brien's strange marriage pact in the June issue of HOLLYWOOD

Here's ALICE FAYE behind the Scenes —with a Beauty Tip for YOU!



Star of
20th Century-Fox's
"The Great American Broadcast"

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If his voice inflection was downward, then look to your legs, lady!

True, there may only be a hair separating his compliment or disapproval; but, if it's there you had better get NEET, today!

This cosmetic cream hair remover will in a few minutes literally wash away unsightly hair from legs, arm pits, and forearms. Leaves the skin smooth, white, and pleasantly scented. No sharp edges or razor stubble when NEET is used. Nor will NEET encourage hair growth. Buy a tube of NEET at your favorite department, drug, or ten cent store.

Better Get neet today



Broderick Crawford felt pretty smart when he won a wager from his pretty bride Kay Griffith. However, Mrs. C. had the last laugh after all by paying off with a double handful of shining new copper pennies. Broderick's next film is *Tight Shoes*

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 10]

brothers was a little too much for the Canadian film censors. They snipped the scene from the picture.

■ An all-star cast right in your living room! That sounds like a movie fan's dream, but it's actually possible through a brand-new set of phonograph records recently released. The records include such excellent performances as Luise Rainer's big moment from *The Great Ziegfeld,* and outstanding performances by John Barrymore, Joe E. Brown and Ilka Chase.

■ Hedy Lamarr's bathroom is a solid mass of mirrors—walls, ceiling, tub and even floor. When she looks into any one of the mirrors, Hedy Lamarr sees twenty-eight Hedy Lamarrs. Imagine, twenty-eight Hedy Lamarrs. Wow!

■ Boots Mallory brought home one of those new off-the-face-hats and tried it on for the inspection of husband Bill Cagney and their Negro maid. Cagney remained silent but the maid viewed it from all angles and finally said, "Well, Miss Mallory, it sure makes your face public."



An innocent little game known as Gin Rummy is the latest craze to seize Hollywood. Over on the Warner lot, Director Lloyd Bacon, Alan Hale and Errol Flynn get together at every chance for a round. Errol's hard at work on *Dive Bomber*

■ Funny about Fox basing its publicity on Tyrone Power's ability as an amateur pilot for his role as a flier in *A Yank in the R.A.F.* A few years ago the studio refused him permission to fly and raised the roof when they discovered he was taking secret lessons.

■ As Gary Cooper's Tennessee mountain belle in *Sergeant York*, Joan Leslie goes barefoot throughout most of the picture. But they took no chances of Joan acquiring a nice case of pneumonia while running around minus her shoes. She wore invisible soles, made of flesh colored rubber, thinly stripped with felt, which escaped detection of the camera.

■ Since start of the war, three to five days delay in long distance telephone calls to London are not uncommon. But Laurence Olivier's Hollywood agent did



Hollywood's number one jitterbug tempered his rug-cutting to dance with Hollywood's number one lady. Norma Shearer and Mickey Rooney were the focus of all eyes at a ball for the stars

the trick in two hours. Maybe subject of their discussion—income tax—had something to do with it.

■ Walter Pidgeon, the big he-man, tough guy of the screen, wore 25 pounds of beauty clay for his role in *Man Hunt*. Nazi troopers chase him just as he is ready to shoot Hitler. The chase leads through swamps and plain mud. The studio created the effect of mud by plastering him with beauty clay.

■ The Hays office censors and big shots at 20th Century-Fox settled a vital question this month. They huddled for hours and finally came up with this announcement. When wearing a two-piece

[*Continued on page* 16]

TANGEE *Red-Red*

THE STARTLING NEW LIPSTICK SHADE

CLEAR and brilliant, Tangee RED-RED is, we believe, the most outstanding make-up development of the past 20 years.

This breath-taking shade, keyed to the season's fresh fashion colors, accents the loveliness of your lips and the whiteness of your teeth. Tangee RED-RED goes on smoothly and stays *smooth* for hours. And the famous cream base helps to prevent chapping and that dry, "drawn" feeling. Ask for RED-RED... its matching rouge and your own shade of Tangee Face Powder.



You'll find a Thrilling Promise of Loveliness in the Camay

"MILD-SOAP" DIET!



Photograph by David Berns

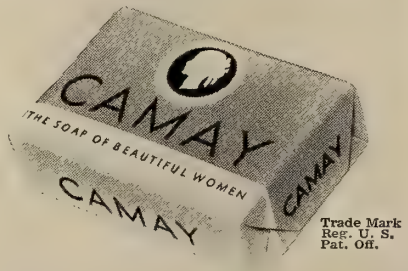
This lovely bride is Mrs. George J. Langley, Jr., Bronxville, N. Y. "The Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet has done so much for my skin," says Mrs. Langley. "I know it has helped me to look more beautiful. I advise every woman who wants a lovelier skin to try it."

Even girls with sensitive skin can profit by exciting beauty idea—developed from advice of skin specialists, praised by lovely brides!

SO MANY WOMEN cloud their beauty through improper cleansing . . . use a soap not as mild as a beauty soap should be. "My skin is so responsive to the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet," says this lovely bride. "It seems so much fresher-looking."

Mrs. Langley is so right. Skin specialists recommend a regular cleansing routine with a fine mild soap. And Camay is milder by actual test than 10 other popular beauty soaps. That's why we say —"Go on the 'Mild-Soap' Diet."

Every single day, twice a day, give your skin Camay's gentle cleansing care. Be constant—put your entire confidence in Camay. And in a few short weeks you may hope to see a lovelier you.



Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

✓ Camay is milder by actual recorded test—in tests against ten other popular beauty soaps Camay was milder than any of them!

Go on the **CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!**



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of the nostrils and chin. Rinse and then sixty seconds of cold splashings.



Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay.

bathing suit, an actress may show three inches of her stomach. Apparently the censors have never been to Ciro's where you're not supposed to show more than three inches of dress.

■ Most misunderstood gal in Hollywood is Jean Arthur. She's been called temperamental, high hat and downright rude. She's none of these. She's just afraid of people, especially strangers. Jean broke down on the set during the shooting of a beach scene where extras had to trample and jostle her. The actress fled to her dressing room in tears and later returned to apologize to everyone from the lowliest extra to the director. She explained crowds make her hysterical and always have. It's a complex since childhood.

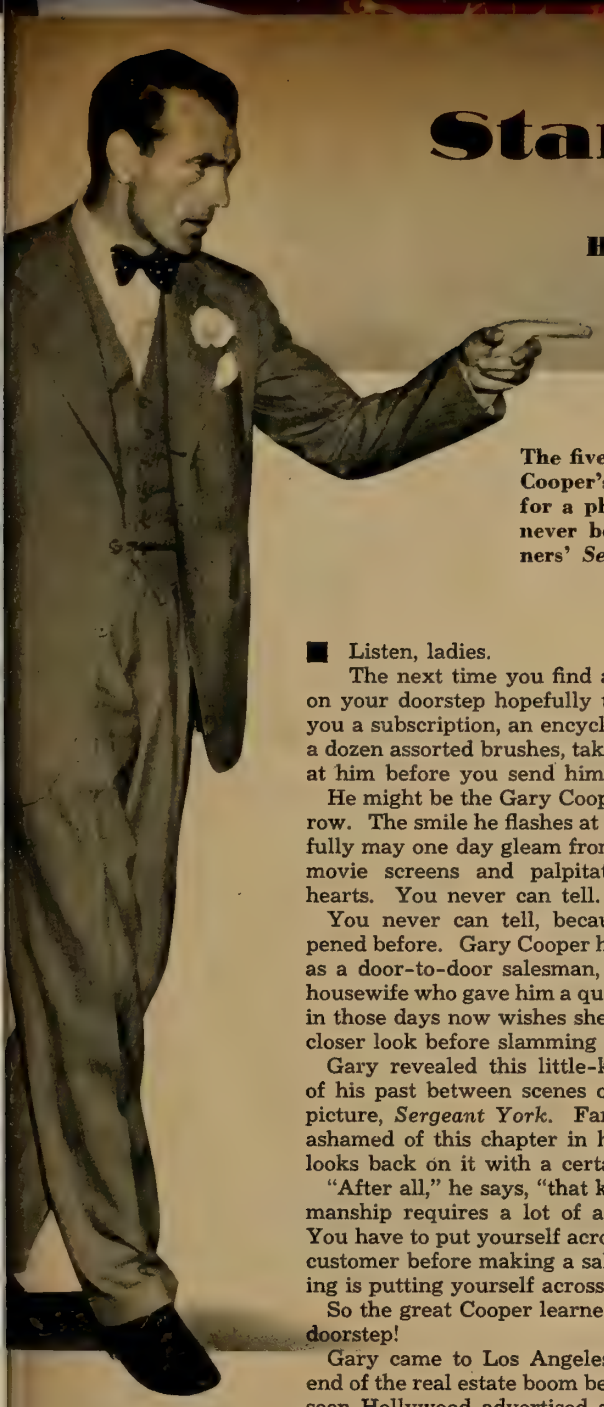
■ A bright young man hopes to make a fortune in Hollywood—selling air raid shelters. They're complete even to a bar and they retail for $3,900. It's the highest cover charge ever known, even in Hollywood.

■ Here's one on Jimmy Stewart that happened the night he won the Academy Award for the best performance of the year. He got home at 5 a. m. with his gold statue under his arm. His roommate, Burgess Meredith, was sleeping soundly. Jimmy yelled, "I got it! I got it!" and shoved his trophy under Meredith's nose. Meredith opened one eye and looked at the Oscar. "Where did you get it?" he asked. "Ringing canes on the Ocean Park pier?"

■ An enthusiastic extra interrupted Anna Neagle and Helen Westley, veteran character actress, as they chatted between scenes. "Why, Miss Westley," she gushed, "what are *you* doing in this picture?" "My dear," replied Miss Westley, "haven't you heard? I furnish the sexagenarian appeal."



It takes the younger set to deal with the delicate problem of a buffet plate. This is how Marcia Mae Jones, Joe Brown, Jr., and Bobby Jordan handled the situation at Jane Withers' circus party



Star Salesman

By MARGARET CHUTE

The five o'clock whistle never blew back in the days of Gary Cooper's struggles to get along. His door-to-door canvassing for a photographic firm is one phase of his life which has never before been published. His next film will be Warners' *Sergeant York* with young Joan Leslie as his co-star

■ Listen, ladies.

The next time you find a young man on your doorstep hopefully trying to sell you a subscription, an encyclopedia set or a dozen assorted brushes, take a good look at him before you send him on his way.

He might be the Gary Cooper of tomorrow. The smile he flashes at you so hopefully may one day gleam from a thousand movie screens and palpitate a million hearts. You never can tell.

You never can tell, because it's happened before. Gary Cooper himself began as a door-to-door salesman, and many a housewife who gave him a quick brush-off in those days now wishes she had taken a closer look before slamming the door.

Gary revealed this little-known phase of his past between scenes of his newest picture, *Sergeant York*. Far from being ashamed of this chapter in his life, Gary looks back on it with a certain fondness.

"After all," he says, "that kind of salesmanship requires a lot of acting ability. You have to put yourself across with your customer before making a sale. And acting is putting yourself across, isn't it?"

So the great Cooper learned acting on a doorstep!

Gary came to Los Angeles toward the end of the real estate boom because he had seen Hollywood advertised so much that he felt it *must* be a good place for a keen young man to work. He knew he wanted to do newspaper work, and felt the best way to approach it was to break into advertising and study art on the side. His ideas were sound enough; but pretty soon he found he had almost run out of funds. Eating being a necessity, Gary studied advertisements in newspapers, and watched for notices of "Help Wanted" as he wandered along the streets of the busy city.

He found a firm of photographers who were starting a house-to-house canvassing campaign, with coupons, to draw attention to their business. Gary went in, and was told he could be a canvasser, if he would put down a deposit the firm required before they gave him a portfolio containing samples of their work. The deposit would be returned, if all the pictures came back, undamaged.

Gary parted with his last bill, took his portfolio and a bunch of coupons, rehearsed the line of sales-talk he was supposed to hand to the customers, and set out on his travels. Nobody told him which part of the city to try, but he knew he must find a residential section. So he boarded a street car, and rode as far as it would take him for a nickel. Then he strode down street after street, trying to find likely housewives who might be pining to have their portrait taken at bargain prices.

This was the routine, according to Gary. Approaching the chosen house, he would ring the bell; and at first he says he stood there praying that it would *not* be opened, so that he could hasten away quickly. But it always *was* opened.

"Well? . . . What is it?" the lady of the house would ask.

Smiling, Gary would start in. "How do you do? . . . I am representing the Blank Photographic Company. They are starting a big advertising drive, and they hope you will share in the remarkable bargain they are offering. All you do is to pay me two dollars—that's all. I give you this coupon. You take it to the Studio, and on payment of another dollar you get a portrait taken that will be just as good as this sample I have here. Look at it! Isn't it a beautiful piece of work? One coupon—thanks; that will be two dollars."

That, roughly, was what Gary *wanted* to say to the lady of the house. He had worked his speech out so that the offer sounded magnanimous and distinctive; he had a shrewd idea of what good salesmanship should be. But . . . Gary found that a long string of housewives did not even let him get as far as the second sentence of his little speech. They would bark, "Not today. Not interested! Johnny, stop that screaming this minute!" Then the door would be slammed, and Gary would turn disconsolately away, to find his next victim.

It was quite extraordinary, he told me, how many of the good ladies he tried to sell appeared armed with a broom, or were struggling with some unruly child who yelled the place down, or who had a drunken husband hidden in the kitchen, to whom the mere mention of a photograph was the signal for a verbal storm. After his first half dozen rebuffs he realized there was one vital piece of technique he must master without delay if his prospective customers were to listen to him. That technique consisted of getting his foot in the door.

No sooner did a door open than Gary thrust his left foot into the crevice. With that foot firmly implanted the housewife had to listen for a couple of minutes—unless she intended crushing Mr. Cooper's foot to pulp. "My first day's work, exhausting and nerve-racking though it was, brought me in five or six dollars," said Gary. "I was given a dollar for every two I turned in at the end of the day; and the result encouraged me to continue tramping from house to house."

For a week or so Gary walked the shoes off his feet, and earned just enough to keep going. It was discouraging, tiring work, but even then Gary knew that he was getting a lot more from the job than his commission. All the time he was learning—learning the art of personal salesmanship, which he was convinced provided the surest road to success. From a man he had met in the East he had grasped that the best, the only way, to study Personal Salesmanship was to go right out and sell—sell anything and everything, from shoe-strings to automobiles. The fine points of human nature that he learned first-hand in these early days have stood him in good stead ever since.

When he got a chance to go to work at the Scenic Art Studio, which was originally the old Bill Hart Studio, Gary said goodbye to his job as a canvasser. On the morning he reported at the Scenic Art Studio for his first day's work, although he did not know it at the time, he was leaving behind forever Gary Cooper, salesman, and shaking hands with Gary Cooper, film star. ■



ANNA NEAGLE *in*

Songs that stole the heart of America .... in America's favorite musical romance, now filmed in splendor with a host of stars and eye-widening novelties! .... No wonder Hollywood's saying—"Sunny's a Honey!"



SUNNY

With

RAY BOLGER • JOHN CARROLL
Edw. Everett HORTON • Frieda INESCORT
Helen WESTLEY • And The HARTMANS
Produced & Directed by HERBERT WILCOX

1941's Greatest Dancing Show, Featuring Famous
JEROME KERN
Hits, Including "Who", "Sunny", "D'You Love Me"

Screen Play by Sig Herzig • From the Musical Comedy "Sunny" Book and Lyrics by Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein II

RKO RADIO PICTURE

Next Year's Academy Award Winner!

By LUPTON WILKINSON

■ You think I'm a little premature? It's too early, you say, to guess who will be the honored player when, in February, 1942, the Academy poll names the best actress for 1941?

Well, you answer me a question. How is anybody going to stop Joan Fontaine? As this is written Joan is doing a top job opposite Cary Grant in *Before the Fact,* a true Hitchcock thriller. I sat several afternoons in Hitch's dining-room while around the table the script for that movie took form and shape. Even *talking about it* made my hair stand up. The man who directed *Rebecca,* for work in which Joan was nominated this year, is going to town in *Before the Fact.*

Incidentally, here's an odd one. *Rebecca* was named the finest picture of the year. But Hitch didn't get the nod for direction, Joan lost out to Ginger Rogers (and I've no quarrel with the choice); Larry Olivier lost out to Jimmie Stewart (again, no quarrel), and even the writers of *Rebecca* didn't receive an award.

What do you suppose *made Rebecca* the best picture of the year? Perhaps some of its participants are overdue. Academy awards often come a year late.

Still I'm rash, you think, to gamble on Joan against the field? And on one picture?

What do you mean, one picture?

It's an open secret in Hollywood that David Selznick has dreamed for years of doing the great old classic, *Jane Eyre.* I've no inside stuff, but Selznick's back at work. *Jane Eyre* could be electrified into a hair-stander-upper by emphasizing its eerie suspense. Now—watch closely! Mr. Selznick holds the contract for Alfred Hitchcock's services. Will he keep lending Hitch out, now that Selznick International is set to roll again? Watch the dealer! Mr. Selznick holds the contract on Joan Fontaine. Who could better play the young, frightened, sincere, naive heroine of *Jane Eyre?*

There's a poetic reason, a warm, human reason, why Fate ought to present Joan with that *Jane Eyre* lead. We'll retrieve the yarn in a minute, out of her strange, wistful childhood.

But, meanwhile, we're not gambling on Joan as an Academy winner on *just two pictures.* This girl may be set for the biggest, most important year that any actress has ever had in Hollywood.

You doubtless read that Mr. Selznick bought Rose Franken's smash hit, *Claudia.* I don't know. Maybe Selznick will wait the two years the play seems sure to run, and then cast in the picture the newcomer, Dorothy Mcguire, who's performing so brilliantly in *Claudia* on Broadway. But why should he? He's ready to roll, this David Selznick, and he's got Joan Fontaine!

Claudia is the tremendously sincere story of a young bride—gay, merry and unsophisticated, who suddenly becomes mature under the shock of a double emotional crisis in her life. Who could play it better than young, fresh, delightful Joan? You remember, of course, that character change — that waking — that made audiences want to cheer during *Rebecca.*

It's a mighty good bet that Joan will add to *Before the Fact,* either *Jane Eyre* or *Claudia.* She might land them both—and this year! If she does, she'll not only be an out-in-front candidate for the Academy Award, but seems a good bet to enter the magic "Box-office Ten."

Pretty nice!

Most followers of Joan's career know she was very frail as a child. In fact, there were five times when doctors told Mrs. Fontaine: "You might as well know. We won't be able to save her." This on-the-brink-and-pull-me-back life began at birth. Joan's digestion was outrageous; it resulted in a skin rash, and she was wrapped in cotton batting the first two years of her life, with only the inquisitive Fontaine nose showing. Later, as Joan says, "I was the sort of girl who couldn't have pneumonia without adding pleurisy. Greedy!"

This made for a rather bookish child; it wasn't until late high school that she was able to swim, play tennis and generally take part in outdoor life. Meanwhile, she did a lot of dreaming—always imagining herself strong and beautiful and mixed up in strange and mysterious adventures.

Near the house where Joan lived, in Northern California, was a field-and-woodsy place with a very high fence. "No Trespassing" signs abounded. The gate was always locked. Children of the neighborhood regarded virtually as witches the two grim-looking old maids who owned the forbidden retreat.

Joan went over the fence. Exploring through the grass she came, in another hundred yards, to the "sylvan bower" one reads about in fairy tales. The grass was greener there; wild-flowers starred it; light and shade flecked back and forth from the leaves

[*Continued on page* 37]



The leading candidate for the 1941 *Oscar* is Joan Fontaine. The versatile actress seems destined for the outstanding role of the year—*Jane Eyre,* a part as ready-made for her talents as *Rebecca.* Under the guiding hand of David Selznick, this promises to be a production to outshine all other 1941 contenders

What Deanna Durbin Expects of Marriage

By
GEORGE HOWARD

Although young in years, Deanna Durbin, now Mrs. Vaughn Paul, is prepared to cope with the pitfalls every successful marriage must face. Below: Deanna and Vaughn after they became Mr. and Mrs. The bride's in *Almost an Angel*



■ Deanna Durbin, as Mrs. Vaughn Paul, has a rosy future ahead. There will be no squashed dreams, no crumpled castles, and any astrologist who predicts otherwise is a rank amateur who couldn't tell a phase of the zodiac from a crepe suzette.

The marriage couldn't fail if it tried, not this one. How come? Well, for one good reason at least. And that reason is Mrs. Vaughn Paul, lately Deanna Durbin.

You could have read the portents yourself if you had been standing outside the Wilshire Boulevard Methodist Episcopal Church on the morning of April 18th, when the erstwhile fairy princess appeared on the steps with her newly-acquired Prince Charming. There was a radiance to the Durbin features that you never saw in any of her pictures. Or on any of the impromptu Hollywood brides who stroll out of the office of a Las Vegas justice of the peace after an elopement. It was a look of hope and confidence and wonder and great expectations. A young woman, idolized by the whole country, was having her girlhood dream come true. That she was of Hollywood and famous had nothing to do with it. You would have known that if you had watched the electricians, the grips, and the gaffers who had worked in the Durbin pictures file into the church in their Sunday best. You could have clinched your conclusion by observing that there wasn't a single cinema glamour girl in the crowded church, except for the bridesmaids (Anne Shirley, Helen Parrish and Anne Gwynne), who are friends of long standing.

That the wedding of Deanna Durbin to Vaughn Paul took place in a church on the 33rd anniversary of the marriage of her parents is a good omen for the new marriage. Another, and by far the more important, has to do with the character of the bride and her attitude toward marriage.

To some maidens of 19, marriage may represent an emotional lark, a romantic adventure, or even a perpetual carnival during which a doting husband is always within calling distance to shower attentions on the lady.

Not to Deanna Durbin. She has a clear and definite view on marriage. It is a view not compounded of illusions nor based on selfishness.

At lunch in the Universal commissary, between scenes of *Almost an Angel*, Deanna talked freely and happily to this reporter.

"What do I expect of marriage?" Deanna repeated the question. "Only a man would ask a question like that."

"And only a woman could tell him," the reporter came back.

"Touche!" said Miss Durbin. "Shall I begin?"

"Please."

"What I expect from my marriage is a little more than the familiar species of happiness, which is another form of contentment. I'm not so sure that that's the purpose of marriage, this eternal business of being catered to and pampered. Real marriage goes much deeper than that. I intend to receive, yes. But I also intend to give. The giving, I think, is the big thing. It's knowing that you're contributing, being useful—that gives you the comfortable feeling inside, the realization that there is a purpose to one's existence after all.

"From marriage I expect to learn a good deal. I expect to learn, for instance, that two and two aren't always four, but, maybe, some other number, depending on who's doing the arithmetic. I expect to learn that a thing isn't black or white but that there's an in-between stage called gray. From marriage, above all, I hope to learn about my true self. Marriage is a perfect backdrop for this. It's sort of an adventure into personality. To watch what happens when the ego that's been pampered up to a particular point must suddenly give way to a consideration of the best interests of two people and not one is certain to be a whole library of information and knowledge.

"Heaven forbid that I shall ever settle back and say: 'Well, you're married now, Mrs. Paul. And what with Emily Post having thoughtfully catalogued all the do's and don't's for becoming a happy young matron, you're all set.'

"As it happens, I'm not a gadabout. I don't think I'll ever make an ideal club woman. I don't like bridge. I'm not overly fond of meetings. I don't care a lot for gossip. Besides, I'll be busy every minute trying to acquire some true tolerance and understanding. There won't be time for criticism or story-relating."

The reporter wanted to know what it was about Vaughn Paul that had impressed her most, that had endeared to her the only person she has ever known romantically.

"I think it was his unquestionable sincerity and his unwillingness to accept compromise," she answered. "I liked, too, his insistence on being himself. He'll always be that way. In the company of an instrumentalist, whose forte is classical music, he has courage enough to speak up and say he's mad about boogie woogie. I wish I were more like him in that respect. I'm the tactful one, too tactful, maybe.

[*Continued on page* 60]

Perils of a Tough Guy

by TOM CASEY

■ It's tough to be a cinema tough guy, and no one is a better object lesson than James Cagney.

Depicted in a score of movies as a lethal, gun-toting, fist-swinging hellion, he finds his screen personality tripping him up wherever he goes. Which is one of the two reasons why he keeps his public appearances down to a minimum and always will. The other reason is his shyness.

Until he learned that the best he could do was lose, he used to like to drop by night clubs occasionally to catch the show when he and his wife were in the mood for a little gayety.

Well, count that night non-existent when Cagney wasn't accosted by some emboldened drunk anxious to administer a pratt fall to the wiry little redhead whose deeds he had gasped at in pure awe only a night or two ago at a local theater.

"You're not so tough," this Grade A dope would volunteer, ambling over to Cagney's table.

"I guess not," Cagney would come back, hell-bent on keeping the peace.

"I can lick you," the oaf would follow up, flushed with winning the first round.

Cagney would sit there counting, counting ten over and over again, his face taut and his feet tingling, glancing every now and then at his wife. Her presence was a stop-light for the Cagney temper. He didn't really want to slug the guy. And there was Mrs. Cagney to think of.

"Why don't you get up?" the dauntless drunk would wind up sneering.

Cagney would leap up, his eyes darting murder. But there his wife was, calm and unruffled. She deserved better than this, a night club brawl.

"Look, chum," Cagney would finally say. "Why don't you go away. You're right. In a real fight I wouldn't know from nothing."

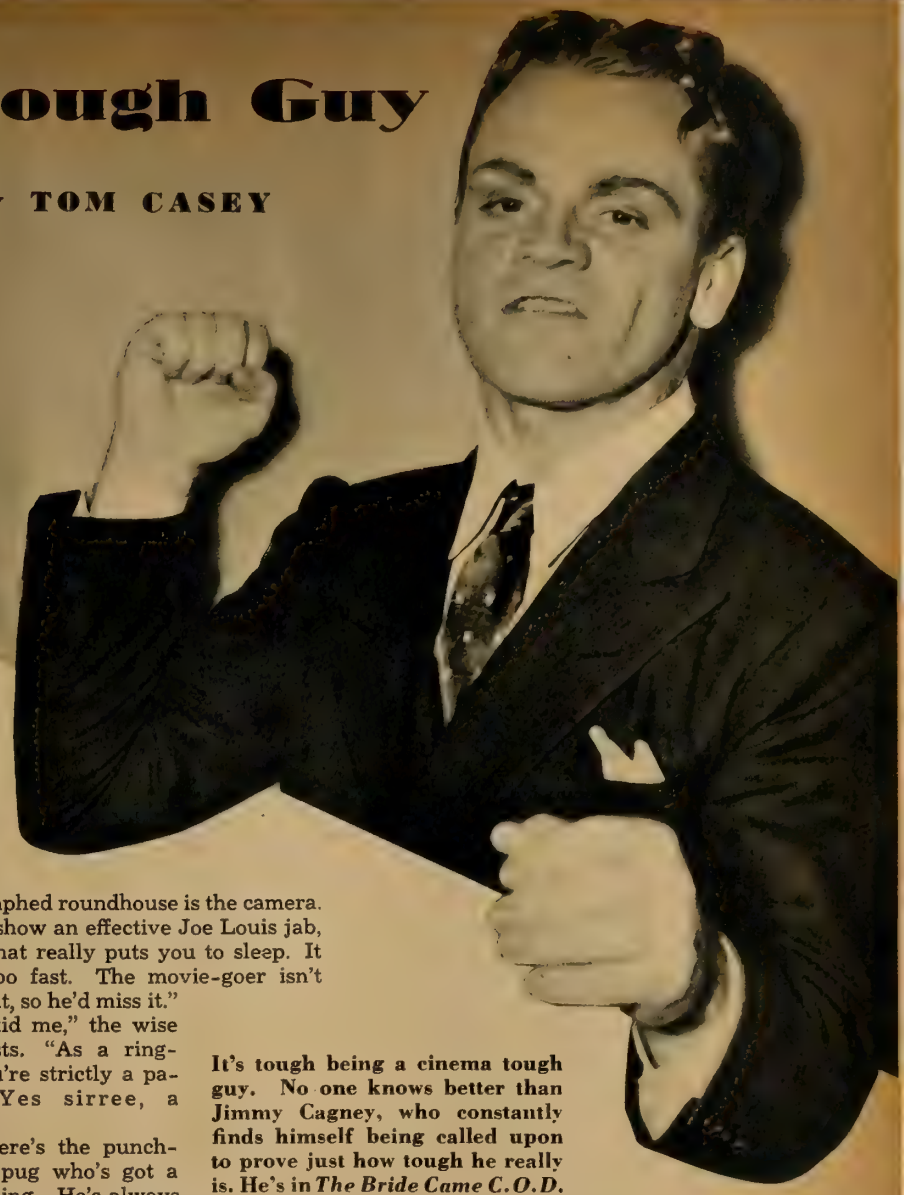
The Cagney psychology always worked. The magnificent heel would amble off swaggering. After that the Cagneys would depart, Mrs. Cagney serene and prideful. Jimmy had come through for her once more. But for Jimmy the evening would be a dead loss. If only he could have taken a punch at that guy! Hereafter—he vows silently—he'll stay home.

Don't dismiss this as an isolated incident. It has happened Heaven knows how many times. It appears in several variations.

For instance, there's always the blight—he once did a preliminary bout at Madison Square Garden twenty years ago—who's constantly collaring Cagney and sounding off:

"What do you mean trying to make the public think you're a real fighter? Any sap knows that those roundhouse swings are no good in the ring. It's the short quick punch that does the damage."

Maybe Jimmy will feel like talking (which isn't too often) and will say: "You're right, of course. The reason for that telegraphed roundhouse is the camera. You can't show an effective Joe Louis jab, the kind that really puts you to sleep. It happens too fast. The movie-goer isn't expecting it, so he'd miss it."



It's tough being a cinema tough guy. No one knows better than Jimmy Cagney, who constantly finds himself being called upon to prove just how tough he really is. He's in *The Bride Came C.O.D.*

"Don't kid me," the wise one persists. "As a ring-fighter you're strictly a palooka. Yes sirree, a palooka."

Then there's the punch-drunk ex-pug who's got a kindly feeling. He's always taking Cagney aside with a sincere desire to be of help.

And of course there's always the pie-eyed Southern Gentleman who wants to give Jimmy a pasting because he's kicked a lady or planted a grapefruit across her pretty face.

"Ah'll teach you how to behave toward ladies," this ilk always threatens.

That's how it was, and that's how come Jimmy is living the simple life these days. As this is written, he's encamped on his farm at Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, occupying a picturesque farmhouse from whose windows he can see the blue Atlantic.

The truth of the matter is that Jimmy Cagney, the man who's plagued by counterfeit tough guys and admired by gangsters, actually is a tough guy *par excellence* and a gun fancier of note. In a street fight he'd be a holy terror, this smallish-redheaded Irishman.

At forty, he is in his prime. Physically he is sounder, more sinewy, and swifter than many professional athletes ten years his junior. Get a glimpse of Cagney close up and you'll see a miniature Hercules. His legs are as leanly muscled as they were in the days when he did four shows a day as a vaudeville hoofer. He keeps them in trim by doing a long stretch of tap. He plans to do a picture with Fred Astaire one day. They'll both dance.

His arms are so rigidly muscled that he has been stymied in his life-long ambition to play the guitar. His fingers have been curled inside a boxing glove too long.

He keeps his fighting weight of 165 pounds by enduring a diet. "Pony food" he calls the green salads allowed him for lunch. He stays in trim by doing morning road work, rain or shine, and then going a few rounds with his trainer, Harvey Perry, who says he's "the neatest mitt-man in town."

Cagney knows guns. He has an amazing collection of Spanish muskets of fabulous antiquity, arquebuses, flintlocks, derringers, and the snub-nosed .32's of gangster calibre. He doesn't kill bears like Gary Cooper and William Holden who also have fancy gun collections.

He can't bear the thought of killing any kind of an animal.

No more than he could bear the thought of dispatching in one sudden jab the part-time he-men who are always showing up to remind him that he isn't as tough as he pretends to be on the screen.

He isn't. ■

Ginger Gets Her Men

By JACK DALLAS

■ It was good to see Burgess Meredith again. The last time was out Harlem way where Burgess was engaged in disproving the canard that he's the worst dancer this side of a trained elephant. And here he was acting as end man in the RKO little epic, *Tom, Dick and Harry*.

He was playing vis-a-vis to George Murphy (*Tom* in the picture), a very enterprising motor car salesman, who was trying to sell the boy Burgess a sport job with a pull-down top. What he didn't know was that Meredith, at least as *Harry*, didn't own a buck in this world.

It looked like a mighty fine scene to us, as we watched the lively rehearsal.

Says Murphy (as per script): "I didn't catch the name."

Says Meredith: "I don't think I threw it."

"Cut!"

Everybody laughs.

"Very funny," piped up Director Garson Kanin, giving Meredith the eye. "Let's do it again—this time with your mouth open. You win the Academy Award for incoherence on that last take."

Mention of the Academy Award brought a snicker from Ginger Rogers, who's playing the part of *Janie*, a romantic telephone operator, in the picture. The day before when we had dropped by the set the entire crew was working in evening clothes.

"How come?" we demanded.

"Don't you read the papers?" a hard-bitten electrician came back at us. "Miss Rogers went out and snagged the Academy Award last night. We're only paying her the respect that is due her."

We sidled up to Ginger, very respectfully, and asked how she felt, now that she was collecting gold statuettes.

"Respiration normal, pulse normal, and ceiling zero," Miss R. said, inviting us to have a popsicle. "I hope they don't drag me off to the wars like they did the other winner, even though Jimmy was simply dying to go."

"What's this picture about?" we inquired.

Miss Rogers, dressed in a light blue cotton dress, was obviously not a member of cafe society in the picture.

"This *Janie*," Miss Rogers began, "is quite a person. She has figured it out that it's just as easy for a poor girl to marry a rich man as it is for her to nab a man in her own financial class. It's an idea she got from the movies, I guess. Anyhow, she ends up by falling in love with three boys, all at once."

"May we have details, please," we insisted.

"*Tom* (George Murphy) is the high-powered automobile salesman who's wooed me for three years. In a weak moment I let myself become engaged to him. My mother (Jane Seymour) and my father (Joe Cunningham) are tickled pink. *Tom* is the go-getter who is certain to boot the president of the company out of his job and annex it for himself someday.

"Well, that night I have a vision. I see myself married to *Tom*. There are four kids who look like him—go-getters from the word 'Go.' They look as if they'll spend their lives impressing the boss and





Ginger Rogers has no less than three leading men in the new RKO romantic comedy, *Tom, Dick and Harry*, played by George Murphy (top circle), Alan Marshall (left) and Burgess Meredith. Ginger complicates story plot by simultaneously becoming engaged to all three

going places, just like *Tom*. It's not too pleasant a thought.

"Especially because I feel I'd like to be romanced by *Dick Hamilton*, the local young Mr. Moneybags, whom I've never met. All I know is that he drives a Hispano Suiza car, which is nice indeed. I conclude that he'd make a fine husband, provided I could learn to love him. Thanks to handling a long distance call at my switchboard, I learn he's carrying on with a Big Town debbie. But I don't give up.

"As luck would have it, the very next day I meet up with the Hispano Suiza (and a casual, but charming, young man at the wheel) at a traffic signal. I climb into the car without being asked. He's intrigued and asks for a date—for that night. I accept. Imagine my consternation when this very casual person shows up without the Hispano Suiza. It develops that he's only *Harry*, a garage mechanic, who was testing *Dick Hamilton's* car. Anyhow, we go out and spend the evening at a penny arcade and he blows $1.80 on me—the spender! By the time we say good night I begin to appreciate his wonderful attitude toward life. He doesn't figure success is worth the headache. We become engaged.

"I dream again and it's wonderful. My future with *Harry* is love in a shanty. Our kids are strange-looking urchins, anything but go-getters. *Harry* is so romantic and money-indifferent that he makes love to me in a haystack while we listen to the radio. When the 'Pile of Dough' program announces that *Harry* is to win $10,000 if he'll answer his phone, Harry goes right on making love and the devil take the $10,000.

"In time I actually meet *Dick* (Alan Marshall). He's very handsome and rich. He takes me to Chicago in his plane. We have a marvelous time. On the way home I maneuver a proposal from him and I accept. I'm now engaged to all three; the go-getter, the romantic nobody, and the rich man's son."

"Quite a situation, isn't it?" we remarked.

"Especially when I find *Tom* and *Harry* waiting for us on the front stoop. Well, what I do about it is to invite all three to breakfast the next morning and promise to tell them which of them I'll marry."

"Who's the lucky man?" we queried.

"Heaven only knows," Miss R. said. "Or rather only Garson Kanin. We won't know until the last scene is shot. In fact, one of the favorite forms of wagering money around the set is to lay a bet on which lad I annex for the fade-out."

Over in the northwest corner of the set we bumped into a moppet of serious mien. She must have been twelve.

"Haven't we met somewhere?" we led off, the usual way.

"I'm Lenore Lonergan. The Broadway play, *Philadelphia Story*—remember?"

"Oh yes," we remembered. "You were Katie's sister. And a mighty good one, too."

"Do you have any pennies?" Miss Lonergan asked, ignoring our comment.

"What for?"

"We can go over to the Penny Arcade set where Burgess Meredith entertained Ginger Rogers for $1.80—it was really much less than that—and see all those old-fashioned penny movies." And she led the way.

We gave her two cents and she made her first plunge. She dropped it down the slot and turned the crank like mad. Picture finished, she looked disgusted.

"Very amateurish," she said.

We examined the miniature marquee, sporting a photograph of a lady in the process of disrobing herself. The production was called *What the House Detective Saw*.

Miss Lonergan used up the other penny in the fortune-telling machine. She read the little card and handed it over.

"Beware of a tall stranger who professes friendship."

"That must be you," she said, turning on her heel.

We ambled over to where Meredith, Murphy and Kanin were in a huddle. Mr. Kanin had the floor. By the time you read this, gentle readers, Mr. Kanin will be all through having the floor for quite a while. He's going into the army (directly the picture is over), where there will be gentlemen from sergeants to major generals who will be having the floor all around him. They tagged him just after he had begun the picture.

"The moment this wonderwork is in the can, boys," is what he is said to have said to Uncle Sam. But to get back to his story.

"Funny that I should be telling Buzz here what to do," Mr. Kanin, dressed in slacks and pull-over, sleeveless, red sweater, was saying. "Back in 1933 when I was trying to lick Broadway I was all set to land a very choice part as a reform school alumnus in a something called *Little Ol' Boy* when who should arrive at the try-outs but this guy Meredith, who, mind you, was playing in a lulu called *Three Penny Opera* at that very instant. He read the lines better than the rest of the contestants and was given the part above my protests, all of them silent. I managed to wind up with a glorified walk-on. All during rehearsals I glowered at this interloper who had moved right from *Three Penny Opera* into a part that the good Lord had designed for me.

"Well, the play went off well—despite Meredith, who happened to be playing the lead. There was cheering and shouting. All of us, of course, went out to celebrate—and you know how.

"It must have been four in the morning when I ran into a little guy sitting on the curbstone of Christopher Street down in the Village and philosophizing about spring. I was feeling that way myself, so I sat down beside him. It was Buzz Meredith.

" 'What are you doing here?' " I asked him.

" 'Waiting for the papers.' "

"At that stage of things, nothing really mattered, not even the company I was in. We sat there on the sidewalk saying nothing until a truck driver almost conked us with a bundle of papers. We were sitting in front of a stationery store, it seems. We got up. Buzz had a knife and he opened up the bundle. We read the reviews by lamplight, right there on the sidewalk."

" 'Look!' " Buzz pointed out, even before I saw it, " 'the guy says you did a good job.' " I looked. There was a line of six words. Above it were three paragraphs telling about 'the triumph of a young man named Meredith.' I gave up hating him and we took off for a near-by cafeteria for coffee and doughnuts."

Murphy chuckled. Miss Rogers was looking very soulful.

"Cute story, Kanin, very cute, as a matter of fact," Meredith said.

"Mister Kanin to you," the little dynamo came back. "Shall we do the next scene?"

"Righto, Private Kanin," all three chorused. ■



Director Garson Kanin talks to Ginger about a scene, while assistant cameraman Haddow Ledge lines up for a shot. See story for amusing explanation of men's formal attire



Between scenes, Ginger gives her famous dancing feet a workout by performing a fancy rumba with Director Kanin

Hollywood's New Bogey-Man



Spencer Tracy is the third of Hollywood's top-flight personalities to star in Robert Louis Stevenson's mystery classic, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Above: "Spence" is shown in his kindly *Dr. Jekyll* role. It will be necessary to wait for the release of the film to get a glimpse of Tracy as *Mr. Hyde*, the foul creature who causes terror. How Spence looks as *Mr. Hyde* is M-G-M's own dark secret

By TOM DE VANE

■ Much to everyone's surprise, including his own, Spencer Tracy suddenly found himself more unapproachable than Garbo.

It was none of his doing, mind you. The amiable "Spence" is one cinema top-flighter who welcomes visitors to his sets. So it was a novel experience to have his new picture, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, filmed in the best Garbo tradition, behind closely guarded set doors bearing huge signs that said "No Visitors!"

Director Victor Fleming and other M-G-M biggies had decided that they were going to make a "mystery" picture of the famous Robert Louis Stevenson classic, which is familiar "required reading" to most schoolchildren. *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, too, has been played thousands of times in practically every country in the world during the fifty-four years since the great Richard Mansfield first brought it to the stage.

The mystery, as far as the press was concerned, was: What's mysterious?

You can't very well change the plot of the famous story; *Dr. Jekyll*, upstanding young medico of Victorian London days, discovers a formula for separating the good and evil in a man's soul. When his theories are laughed down, *Jekyll* slips the potion to himself, and becomes just as bad as he can be. His evil self he calls *Mr. Hyde*, and in this garb he causes death, heartbreak and general confusion.

Furthermore, a lot of movie fans will remember two previous filmings of the Stevenson thriller—John Barrymore's silent day version, which was hailed with loud cheers, and Fredric March's early-talkie portrayal.

First real mystery the press could discover was caused by the announcement of Tracy's two leading ladies, Ingrid Bergman and Lana Turner. It was assumed that Miss Bergman, who has been admirably noble in her three American films, would play *Lady Beatrix*, the beloved of *Dr. Jekyll*, and Miss Turner would be *Ivy Pearson*, a girl of the streets who flees from the sadistic advances of the evil *Hyde*.

But it's the other way around. Ingrid has the highly dramatic role of *Ivy*, and Lana plays the English aristocrat.

Curioser and curioser, muttered the press. Director Fleming was having himself a field day—casting against type that way. Casting against type is frowned upon in certain Hollywood circles.

Then, remembering the bogey-man make-ups affected by both Barrymore and March in the previous filmings, the press wondered if Tracy's make-up was what caused all the mystery. Someone said smugly that Spence's *Mr. Hyde* disguise would be the most horrifying yet.

But that proved to be just another rumor. Mr. Tracy, always allergic to make-up, will make his *Hyde* characterization just as shuddery without the aid of complicated concoctions of putty and grease-paint.

Then the "mystery" came out. *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is getting a modern streamlining in its new form—and Director Fleming and Star Tracy would just as soon have the criticism, if any, come when the picture is released, instead of before.

Furthermore, it was discovered, the set wasn't so hard to crash, as long as Tracy was in his *Dr. Jekyll* character. I crashed it myself one day and found one of the picture's biggest scenes in progress.

Dr. Jekyll is a guest at a dinner party given by *Sir Charles Emery* (Donald Crisp), whom he hopes to make his father-in-law. The lovely *Lady Beatrix* (Lana Turner) is present, of course, and the twenty-odd guests seated around the elaborate dining room table represent the cream of English society.

Judging from the lavishness of the set, *Jekyll* would be lucky indeed to land *Beatrix*, because the ornate furniture,

hangings, Sheffield silver and hand-carved mahogany wine-coolers all indicate that *Sir Charles* has plenty of potatoes, as Damon Runyon would say. But *Jekyll* is an idealist, and wouldn't think of such things.

Right now he's busy shocking all of the aristocratic dinner guests with his advanced theories. They're still being shocked, after four days on this one set, and *Sir Charles* is getting more indignant by the minute. Obviously he is never going to allow such a crackpot to marry his daughter.

Lady Beatrix is the only one who isn't offended. What her sugar-pie says goes for her, doubled in spades. You can tell it by the adoring way in which Lana Turner gazes at Spencer Tracy.

When the director says cut and the actors become themselves again, we make a bee-line for Lana, whose period gowns are just as eye-filling as the sweaters she once wore. She was just starting the picture, she told us, and hadn't spoken a line of dialogue so far—although she had her entire part memorized!

Miss Turner is very serious about her role in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. She is still a bit jittery over being in a picture with Mr. Tracy, whom she considers the greatest actor of all. Her one recent night club visit, to Ciro's with the devoted Tony Martin, found her with her hair still piled high in the Victorian hairdress of *Beatrix*. And she didn't stay late.

Lana has decided to build her own home, and is up to her ears in real estate salesmen and architects. At this writing she declares that a simple little one-story house in Brentwood Heights is all she wants. But no one will be surprised if it turns out to be a twenty room mansion in Bel Air.

There was the usual amount of ribbing on the set. Tracy takes his acting seriously—but never himself. He had been taking a lot of teasing from Donald Crisp. Earlier in the day Spence had received (as a gift) a fancy nickel-plated modern chair, to replace his old canvas model. Mr. Crisp looked at the fancy new chair, then at Tracy, and announced loudly that the gift looked exactly like something you might use to grill ham!

Tracy told an amusing story about a distinguished visitor of the day before, novelist W. Somerset Maugham. He felt very debonair in his *Dr. Jekyll* dress suit (Spence never gets a chance to dress up on the screen) until the writer's arrival. Maugham merely turned a cold eye on the Academy Award winning Mr. Tracy, looked him over for a moment, and then inquired distinctly which role he was made up for—*Jekyll* or *Hyde*. It was a bitter moment for Tracy.

The star is loud in his praise of Ingrid Bergman, whom he considers one of the finest actresses of all. In fact, he would think of Helen Hayes, then of Bergman, and then have to think carefully. He considers her *Ivy* the most important role in the picture, because if you don't believe *Ivy*, you don't believe *Hyde*.

Miss Bergman, who later appeared on the set, though naturally she wasn't in these scenes, doesn't look at all like a great star. She had just visited Joan Crawford on the stage of *A Woman's Face*, the Hollywood version of one of her greatest Swedish film triumphs. Miss Crawford thinks Miss Bergman wonderful, too, and so does Ernest Hemingway, who has issued a sort of royal command that she play *Maria* in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.

Ingrid had just caused a minor sensation by remarking casually that she expected to go back to Sweden some time this year to do a picture. Since she is the favorite star, and they still intend to make pictures, Miss Bergman wants to make them—even with conditions what they are abroad. She doesn't like Hollywood very much, anyhow, except when she's working.

There are other headliners in the cast of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, including Ian Hunter, C. Aubrey Smith, Barton MacLane, Sara Allgood and Peter Godfrey. But Spencer Tracy and his screen lights o' love are bound to be sensational.

That's no mystery! ■





Left: Blond Lana Turner who plays the role of *Beatrix, Dr. Jekyll's* sweetheart, is awakened by a premonition. Right: The other woman in the film is Ingrid Bergman, who portrays the tragic *Ivy Pearson*. She is shown in this scene with Rita Carlyle. Bottom left: John Barrymore in his garb for *Mr. Hyde* in the silent day version which was produced by Paramount in 1920. Right: Fredric March as the spine-tingling *Mr. Hyde* in the second version of the mystery thriller which was a "talkie." Metro released this one in 1932





At Home On the Range

By CANDIDA

Mary Howard, who is playing opposite Robert Taylor in a shootin' and ridin' picture, M-G-M's *Billy the Kid,* posed for us in her Wild West-inspired play clothes. Mary likes the dude ranch touch even in her fringed bathing suit, and says she's never found anything more comfortable for country vacations than the blue jeans worn with plaid shirt or the denim outfit with a vestee like a rodeo rider's. If you're going to get out into the wide open spaces this summer—try spicing up your wardrobe with these very items. They're all extremely practical because they wear like iron, and they're really inexpensive, too.



No mustang would dare to throw you if you ride in this Dude Ranch slack suit from Paddle and Saddle. The navy blue jeans fasten with studded buttons and are belted with a wide leather brass-studded belt. That "loud" plaid shirt is a riot of yellow and red. The outfit is under $3 at leading stores in the country



The fringed edge on Kleinert's Rodeo Swim suit is flattering and authentically Western. The rubber dressmaker suit has snug panties to match and comes in white, royal, yellow, dusty blue and emerald green. Under $4. You can buy this beach peach for your very own at Mitchell & Co., Haverhill, Massachusetts



Mary combines some of Louis Tabak's blue denims in effective fashion. She's chosen Long Boy shorts, vestee and sombrero and added a flaming red pique shirt for accent. The outfit of shorts, vestee and shirt costs under $7 and you can buy it at D. H. Holmes, New Orleans. For suitable and comfortable footgear, Mary wears Dundeer Mohawk Moccasins, on sale everywhere











Dancing Demon

By FREDERICK McFEE

■ Ray Bolger will always be grateful to an old miner who could spit tobacco juice with deadly accuracy.

This particular miner was one of the many who were literally perched in the rafters of a small town community hall, where the Bob Ott Company, repertoire troupe extraordinary, was playing to sell-out business. And he had decided that Ray, novice dancer with the outfit, was terrific.

"Bring the kid back," he yelled after Bolger had finished his number. Ray obliged with an encore, but the old miner wouldn't stop yelling for more. When other members of the cast tried to resume the show, he would let loose a stream of tobacco juice. The audience egged him on by applauding lustily, and the kid dancer was obliged to return again and again.

"I was almost ready to drop," admitted Ray, during a Brown Derby luncheon chat, "after giving ten encores. The old tobacco squirter finally stopped when I signalled that I was all in, and the show went on. But for the first time since I had been dancing I felt like a big star. I decided then and there that if I could knock 'em cold in a Pennsylvania mining town, I could do it on Broadway!"

And he did. Not right away, however. The lanky stage-struck kid from Boston still had lots to learn.

"The Ott company did both musical comedy and straight drama," Bolger continued. "We alternated from one to the other, and gave a different show every night. Not only did I dance in the musicals, but I played roles in the dramas. Sometimes I was a middle-aged butler, sometimes a straight juvenile. And in one play I was an octogenarian, made up fit to kill.

"It was great experience. I feel sorry for the theatrically-minded youngsters of today who don't have those opportunities. Such companies as Ott's have vanished, and with them a chance for new players to get the experience they need."

Bolger, the memorable *Scarecrow* of *The Wizard of Oz*, told us of his new role as one of Anna Neagle's leading men in the new RKO-Radio musical, *Sunny*. He grinned when we asked him about gossip column reports that had executives building up his part to bigger proportions after seeing the first few days' "rushes."

"Well," he said, "they did add another dance for me to do with Miss Neagle. A sailor's hornpipe number, and I think it'll be fun. Miss Neagle is a splendid dancing partner."

Bolger has always been crazy about dancing, he admits. He even lost a job as a bank messenger because he danced while doing his errand. He learned to tap from a night watchman friend who was a former song and dance man. Later, after varied excursions into the world of industry he tried selling everything from peanuts to vacuum cleaners) Ray learned ballet from a Boston ballet master named Russakoff. In return for his lessons, he did odd jobs, such as sweeping out the studio, and slept on a cot in a back room. And he was an earnest pupil.

With a working knowledge of both classic and modern dancing, young Bolger began to create his own dances, combining ballet technique with a more popular style—and emerged with a distinctive style all his own. He then landed the job with the Ott company, and remained with them two years.

After a spell in vaudeville in an act known as "Sanford and Bolger—a Pair of Nifties," Ray got his first real break. He was signed for one week at the Rialto, big Broadway movie stage-show house. He stayed seven, leaving only when he signed to appear in *The Passing Show of 1926* for the Shuberts. He made an instant hit with his unique eccentric dances and his wry comedy. After that he starred in numerous other Broadway hits.

Ray's favorite show was *On Your Toes*, smash Rogers and Hart hit of several seasons back. It was the first musical to introduce a ballet sequence —a burlesque ballet, to be sure, but it started a trend.

"I'm crazy about the ballet," Bolger told us. "The one thing I dream of is doing a play built around the life of Nijinski—so that I could tackle some of his famous roles. I'd like to do *Spectre de la Rose*, for instance. Several people have tried to write the play, but it's a difficult subject."

Ray's movie career actually began years ago, when he made a number of 2-reel silent comedies. And later, after he became a Broadway star, he was hired by a Hollywood studio at a fancy salary to come to the coast. Once there, he sat around for a year. It wasn't a happy experience. He returned to New York, bank account bulging but self-confidence shattered—after having appeared in only one picture, a Western!

It wasn't until *The Great Ziegfeld* that Bolger could be lured back to Hollywood. The spectacular movie presented his distinctive dancing in superb style, and movie audiences acclaimed a great dancing star. Later appearances in *Rosalie*, *Sweethearts* and *The Wizard of Oz* made him even more popular.

"It's exciting to think of the chances for extreme perfection in movie dancing," he said. "At the same time it's possible to transfer the spontaneity of the stage to celluloid. I think we're doing it in *Sunny!*"

When "composing" his dances, Ray goes on a liquid diet, drinks quarts of fruit juices each day. His capacity for work constantly amazes studio employees.

Ray is happily married—to another composer. Only Mrs. Bolger, she was Gwen Richards, writes music that her husband claims is big-time stuff. She wrote the ballet in the play *Keep Off the Grass*. Ray goes over all his dances with Mrs. B., too; calls her a pretty astute critic, and trusts her judgment implicitly. Luckily she likes to dance, too—and often you'll find them, even after Ray has spent an arduous day in work, at a night club—out dancing! ■

Ray Bolger, the memorable *Scarecrow* of *The Wizard of Oz*, performs some of his inimitable dances in his new RKO picture, *Sunny*, in which he appears with Anna Neagle. Bolger combines his knowledge of both classic and modern dancing in his own distinctive style. While "composing" he goes on a liquid diet and drinks quarts of fruit juices each day

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"I'm a Lemp No Longer"

By ERNEST BELL

■ Miss Rosemary Lane's mouth tightened, and her eyes narrowed ominously. "Oh bother the Lemps," she said with emphasis.

Her interrogator registered both horror and consternation. Miss Rosemary, by all that's fitting and proper, should be grateful to the very name of *Lemp*. Along with her real life sisters, Priscilla and Lola, she had been a *Lemp* for several years in a highly popular series of family type movies begun with *Four Daughters*. They later became *Four Wives* and *Four Mothers*, with a bonus picture, *Daughters Courageous*, thrown in for good measure.

It sounded like mutiny. But, as Rosemary explained—

"I was always the dullest one of the *Lemp* girls, with the least to do. They were always sending me off to music school where I had little chance to figure in the plot. Priscilla, of course, lived and loved, and was a widow and a mother—all very dramatically.



Lola and Gail Page, the fourth *Lemp* sister, had much fuller screen lives than I.

"But now that I'm not under contract to a studio, I'm having an opportunity to get some real roles for a change. This little *Lemp* doesn't have to hide her light under a bushel any more!"

Rosemary was in the midst of a heavenly vacation, she informed us. After finishing her new picture, Columbia's *Time Out for Rhythm*, which gives her one of the "real roles" she wants, she departed for the desert sunshine. That explained the sunburned nose.

Palm Springs, Miss Lane?

"Nothing so fashionable," she grinned. "Priscilla and I go to Victorville, to a wonderful guest ranch called Rancho Yucca Loma. There are no night clubs, or photographers, and the only reporter to speak of is the editor of the town newspaper, our friend John Barry."

The interviewer knew, of course, that Mr. Barry is rumored to be practically at the altar with sister Priscilla. *Our* friend, indeed.

"I love the desert," said Rosemary. "It's so quiet and peaceful at Yucca Loma, with no telephones, and nothing to do but relax. I always lose my Hollywood jitters when I arrive. The desert helped me get a clear perspective on my whole career, past, present and future. I had a chance to think things over."

Rosemary had wanted to leave Warner Brothers, the studio which brought her to films, for a good year before she did, but executives urged her to stay.

"Goodness knows I didn't resent them giving Priscilla such splendid breaks, because Pat is a fine actress. But I finally decided that I was not only neglected as a *Lemp*, but as a Lane sister. And I asked to be released from my contract."

Then she fled to the desert and began to take stock of herself. Perhaps she needed a new, more exciting personality. A personal appearance tour was in the offing, and Rosemary was determined to make the fans realize that she had every bit as much sparkle and charm as any of the Oomph girls.

She changed the color of her hair from its natural dark brown to a light auburn, and she bought a big wardrobe of spectacular gowns before starting on her tour.

"It was wonderful," said Rosemary, "to find out that people liked me so much. It did my ego a lot of good to discover that I had 'box-office' on my own. I hadn't been on the stage since Pat and I were with Fred Waring's orchestra—and wasn't used to singing alone. But they liked me!

"I'm back with a band leader again, only this time it's Rudy Vallee, in *Time Out for Rhythm*. I don't play a gingham girl, but a stage star who deserts her career for a marriage that turns out badly. It's the story of her struggle to make a comeback that makes a lot of the drama—and I only sing one song. The main thing is—it isn't a *Lemp* role. I'm a *Lemp* no longer!"

While on her personal appearance tour, she played three weeks at the New York Paramount Theater, and found herself getting bids from Broadway producers.

"It was then I realized the theater is more of a gamble than the movies. For instance, one of the plays, which I read and adored, was *My Sister Eileen*—but my Broadway advisors turned thumbs down. Of course if I'd have taken it, I would probably be playing *Eileen* for the next two years, because it's such a big hit.

"And another play—" Rosemary sighed reminiscently, "was *Claudia*. I read for Miss Franken, the author, and the producer, and *loved* it. Such a wonderful part—but *Claudia* is off the stage only ten minutes during the entire play. We all agreed that I wasn't experienced enough to tackle such a big stage role. But how I'd like to do it in the movies!"

A third—and musical—play Rosemary was advised to do. Her other commitments prevented. It was a costly flop.

Rosemary hopes that she'll get some nice human comedy roles like Jean Arthur's and wants to tackle screwball comedy like Carole Lombard. She looked dreamily into space and paused. "Suppose I'll ever get a wonderful part like Joan Fontaine's in *Rebecca?*"

Just keep pitching, Rosemary. ■

For years Rosemary Lane has rebelled at her dull roles as one of the *Lemp* family in the *Four Daughters* series. Now she has broken away, and is rapidly establishing herself as an actress and an individual. Rosemary's in Columbia's musical, *Time Out for Rhythm*

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LADY ESTHER FACE POWDER

How To Be a Perennial Juvenile

By John Barrymore
As Told to
Duncan Underhill

How does Barrymore do it? What is his magic secret? For years we've entertained a burning curiosity about the Barrymore Legend, until finally we could stand it no longer. We tracked down the illusive John, asked him point-blank for a confession. The following is an unadulterated explanation received from the Great Lover himself. The Editors.

■ *Lineage*: It is important to get born into the right family. My father was a great traveler in far countries. All his life he kept sending home stuffed animals which were duly placed on exhibition. This was a great object lesson to us children. As we grew up in that atmosphere we all made up our minds not to become stuffed animals.

Matrimony: A bachelor is a man who doesn't make the same mistake once. Wary and light-footed as I am, I made the same mistake four times, once in duplicate. My first and second wives were born within an hour of each other, in the same town, on the same street, with the same doctor in attendance. The doctor died a natural death. This proves that I am a long-suffering man.

Holy wedlock was not designed for me, although I am still rattling around in it. Perhaps the sheer adventurousness of martimony keeps me springy. Each of my wives tried to domesticate me via the law courts. One of them tried to break my spirit by calling in a lunacy commission. I made an appointment to meet the learned skull-doctors and then thoughtlessly took a boat to India.

Education: The only things I ever learned for sure were Shakespeare and the Ten Commandments. Everything else is so much milkweed fluff. The long-standing gag about my inability to memorize the lines of a movie is explained by the fact that I do not care to clutter up my mind with contemporary literary rubbish.

My formal education came to an end on the campus of Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., on Washington's birthday. I committed an indiscretion on the campus in the presence of some hundreds of witnesses. At once I felt the cold breath of expulsion on my cheek. I went to my room, packed, and telephoned the railroad station.

The university marshal, a grand old gentleman, summoned me to his quarters and fixed me with a penetrating stare.

"Young man," he said, "You are going to purgatory."

"Correct, sir," I agreed. "I have a ticket on the 3 o'clock train for Philadelphia."

Possessions: If you want to remain perennially young, don't get smothered under a lot of possessions. They have warehouses for possessions. I have fifty rooms that I designed during a concrete jag. I live in two of them. The rest are empty.

To be happy, all a man needs are a bed, a cupboard and some running water.

Money: By hearsay, I am a great expert on this subject. Money is never a problem; it's the lack of it that makes life occasionally irksome. During my years on Park Row I had a friend who knew the nature of money. He had a gold tooth with a hock value of eighty-five cents which he stored in his face every week until the day before pay day.

Since Roosevelt's revaluation of gold I am never without resources in removable bridgework. Elaine is holding two of my gold molars as a keepsake.

Actors and Actresses: There are only six of these left in the world. Fortunately I don't have to tell their names.

Marlene Dietrich I regard as a modern martyr. I played with her once on a radio program. I had a raging fever and all the beastly symptons of influenza. Miss Dietrich was truly sympathetic. She volunteered to bandage her leg and pretend that she had injured it, thus providing an excuse for her, but especially for me, to remain seated during the broadcast.

Thrilled by her proffered sacrifice—imagine the classic Dietrich knee-line marred by surgical dressing!— I rallied like a true Rover Boy and remained perpendicular until the sign-off. Then I toppled over on what has been termed my profile, and remained horizontal for four days.

Food: A greatly over-rated institution. Food for eating purposes consists of roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, and ripe limburger bathed in stout. Anything else is heresy. Vegetables build a sturdy peasantry. Sturdy peasants are dopes.

Sports: The section in your newspaper just before the want ads.

Economics: America is the country where you can buy a lifetime supply of aspirin for a dollar and use it up in two weeks.

Tonics: Any time I feel decrepitude creeping on me, I look about me at the celebrated actors who have impersonated me from time to time, and reflect that I *still* look more like Barrymore than they do. That's a real tonic.

Love: The delightful interval between meeting a beautiful girl and discovering that she looks like a haddock. ■



"A bachelor is a man who doesn't make the same mistake once. I made the same mistake four times before I discovered ladies in lot assortments more diverting and helpful in retaining the boyish outlook on life"



Get your vitamins the *natural* way...from foods! Plan them into your meals with the help of delicious oranges.

Nature put *all* the vitamins *in foods*. So the best way to get them is to *plan them into your family menus.*

This way you obtain the known vitamins, and doubtless others as yet undiscovered.

These healthful meals can also be delicious. Oranges will help you see to that.

An eight-ounce glass of the fresh juice provides all the vitamin C you normally need each day — for the *best* of



health. And C is a "difficult" vitamin — cannot be stored in the body and is easily lost in open cooking. But oranges are an excellent and *natural* source, and you eat or drink them fresh.

Oranges also supply valuable amounts of vitamins A, B1 and G as well as calcium and other essential minerals. Additional amounts may be obtained from appetizing dairy products, eggs, meats, whole grain cereals, fruits and vegetables.



Start now — by having eight-ounce glasses of fresh Sunkist Orange juice for all the family every morning. Or serve the daily equivalent in orange salads and desserts.

Send for the free booklet of over 100 orange recipes. You'll find it a big help in planning vitamin-rich, delicious menus throughout the year!

Be sure of finest oranges every time, order those stamped "Sunkist." The trademark on the skin identifies the top-quality fruit of 14,000 cooperating growers in California and Arizona. *Best for Juice — and Every use!*

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He's a Junior Character Actor



Young Bill Holden today is the spittin' image of Gary Cooper a decade ago—tall, lean and mild-mannered. Cooper is his ideal, especially since his great performance in *Meet John Doe*. "That's what I'm hitting at," says Bill. Following his nice work in *I Wanted Wings*, Bill steps into the lead in *Texas*

By JOHN FRANCHEY

■ In the face of disapproval by young America of his homespun, down-to-earth roles, William Holden would like to make one point crystal-clear: he's "a junior character actor" and wishes Tyrone Power nothing but terrific fan mail. His burning ambition is to grow up into a "lesser" Gary Cooper, lesser because he admires Mr. Cooper no end and never hopes to touch him as an actor.

If Mr. Cooper is a senior character actor (of which fact young Holden is certain), then the lad is certainly on the right track. They are incredibly alike, as you will have an opportunity to discover for yourself.

Both Cooper and Holden are shy, although in a somewhat different fashion. The former stays pretty much to himself. Holden, being more interested in people, traipses hither and yon, eternally on the alert for rare human specimens.

Cooper, when he does talk, speaks straight from the shoulder. So does Holden, whether it be to the bosses of the two studios who share his contract or to women reporters trying to pry deep into his love life. Both love to listen, speak with their eyes focused on almost anything but their vis-a-vis, and have a genius for saying much in little.

They are fabulously modest. Cooper describes his status like this: "I happen to be an actor, which is no more remarkable than the fact that you happen to be a writer."

Holden goes him one better. "I was lucky," he says, by way of explaining his astonishing success.

Slim Talbot, the lanky Montana cowboy who is a stand-in for Cooper as well as his confidant, once sat with Cooper from eight o'clock until noon in the star's tent during the filming of *Beau Geste*. Outside on the California desert a sirocco was blowing. Sand swirled up through the cracks in the tent floor to work its way into everything from lungs to sheets.

About ten o'clock Slim strolled to the door, peeked out and observed:

"Tough weather."

"Uh-huh," replied Cooper.

And that was the sum total of their four-hour talk.

One night while Holden was sitting alone and watching the quaint dancing in a night club at Tucson, Arizona, three gushing gals swooped down on him. For five hours, too polite to get up and leave, he listened to their prattle, blushed without let-up, spoke not a word, watched them toss eighteen coca-colas down the hatch, and finally said "Good night."

Neither has the vaguest idea of the meaning of publicity. Consequently, both are the top problem boys on their lots. Reporters have to stuff their interviews with atmosphere. The Cooper quotes are few.

Holden will see people but refuses to believe that anyone gives a whoop in Walla Walla about his personal life. What he lacks in inventiveness, he makes up in sincerity and straightforwardness. He never parries a question, never lays down a verbal smoke screen, not even on the subject of his coming "marriage" with Brenda Marshall.

"Brenda and I don't happen to be engaged. We are very good friends. We have much in common. We love acting and the theater. She's an extremely good critic. She has a quiet excitement about her that I like. We enjoy many things in common. Does that help?"

There you have it, neat and compact.

Both men live in the same state of perpetual self-astonishment.

Fifteen years in pictures and Cooper still looks up at every marquee that carries his name and grins. Holden was once caught by a candid camera addict surveying his name in lights and shaking his head dubiously.

Accepted stars, neither has had dramatic training.

At Grinnell College, Cooper tried to make the campus drama society and was blackballed. They said he lacked "style."

Holden did a one-play apprenticeship at Pasadena Junior College in a something called *Manya*, wherein he delineated an eighty-year-old gentleman. A Columbia scout caught the show. He was tested and awarded the role of *Golden Boy* which made him.

In their acting techniques, Cooper and Holden are one.

Gary's style is natural, naive almost. Since he is naturally quiet-spoken and reserved, his characters are generally underplayed. Although the public likes Cooper's sure, understanding portrayals, one man who doesn't admire Cooper's acting is Cooper himself. To this very day he watches with fascinated awe the dramatic high-jinks of what he regards as his "more gifted colleagues." Holden has that same simplicity and forthrightness. He understates with all his might. Part of this he learned from watching Cooper. The other he acquired by observing Jean Arthur whom he admires no end. Like Cooper, he has a somewhat twangy voice. Unlike Cooper, he can get lyric if the script demands it.

Both are outdoor men. Cooper is a frustrated cowhand. He makes up for it by going on bear hunts during which he practices the primitive life with a vengeance.

Holden hunts for weeks at a time when he's free. He can ride like a Sioux Indian, with or without saddle.

Cooper collects guns. So does Holden. Cooper is a dead shot. Holden is a phenomenal marksman and could probably plug a dime in mid-air. Cooper's chum is writer Ernest Hemingway. Holden's pal is writer Claude Binyon.

There are, of course, differences other than the fact that the older man is married. Gary is fabulously rich, earns something like $5,000 a week. By comparison young Holden works for coffee and doughnuts, the last report listing him at $250 the week.

The Cooper chateau is a landmark in Southern California. A low-rambling white affair, it has imposing gates, flagged courtyard, marble floors, etc. Cooper's favorite haunt is the room where he houses his gun collection. The elegance is for his wife and guests.

Holden House is a rented cottage in North Hollywood for which he pays $50 the month. When this writer last glimpsed the place, it was more than barren and less than cozy.

"Need a few things yet and then I'll be all set," he said blandly.

Few things?

The living room furniture consisted of a divan, a gew-gaw or two on the mantel, and a saddle tossed nonchalantly in the corner of the room. You could hardly call the place crowded.

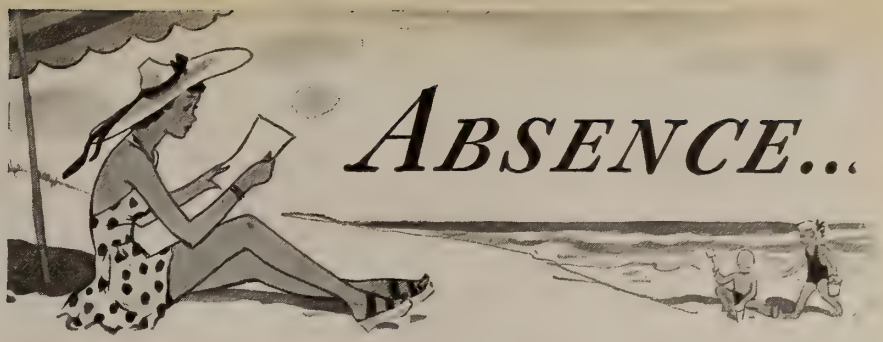
Bill Holden has no use for luxuries. He gets by on a $20 a week allowance doled out by a wise business manager who has his eye on a nice annuity for his client. On locations he supplements this income by renting out his Ford at $1 a night.

That's how it is with " a junior character actor." As for the sweet young things who protested when Bill Holden played down-to-earth *Peter Muncie* in *Arizona,* wait until they see the rawboned galoot he will interpret in his next picture, *Texas.*

It's a spittin' image of Gary Cooper a decade or two back. ■



Bill Holden places a protective arm around Brenda Marshall upon arrival in Mexico. Members of a spectacular good-will tour, Brenda and Bill, though newcomers, were welcomed by the crowds. Brenda's in Warners' *Highway West*



ABSENCE...

Dear Mary:—Your swell letter was here when I got home from work tonight. Glad you're enjoying the beach so much. It must be doing the kids a world of good to be out of this heat . . .



...makes the Husband Wiser...

—This sister of yours knows a trick or two about washing you could use. You know how I crab about the way our laundress does my shirts. They never look clean. Well, since I've been over at Anne's, you wouldn't think they were the same shirts. Honest, they're so white they make me blink!

There's something about a clean shirt—I mean *really* clean. I come home completely fagged out, shower, slide into a crisp shirt, stow away some of Anne's gorgeous grub—and darned if I don't feel like stepping out and doing the town. (Relax, baby, I only said I *feel* like it.)

Just three weeks till my vacation starts and I can join you. Take it easy and don't worry about me. I'm doing fine—Love, Bob.

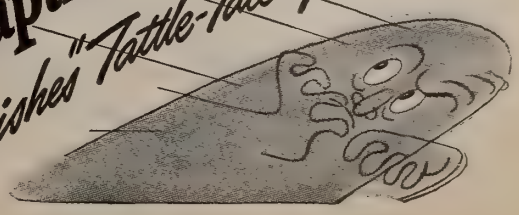
P. S.—Asked Anne about the shirts. She just looked wise and said 'Fels-Naptha Soap'. Does that mean anything to you?



Golden bar or Golden chips—

Fels-Naptha

—Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"





MICKEY ROONEY

Mickey Rooney, No. 1 box-office attraction and leader of Hollywood's sprightly teen-age set, will next be seen in *Life Begins for Andy Hardy*

Next Year's Academy Award Winner!

[*Continued from page* 19]

of a giant oak. Tiny white flowers even rooted themselves in the lichened bark of the old tree.

Joan made this private dell her own, reading there by the hour, or lying on her back, dreaming of herself as a tiny Irish fairy, dancing along the grass-tops, or a beautiful lady, girdled in white and very stately, bidding some armored knight good-bye.

Inevitably the Dragon, in the form of one of the maiden ladies (and no dream!), invaded this Paradise.

Joan remembers: "I didn't hear her come. I didn't see her. I *felt* her."

She looked up from her book, gulping, terror-stricken.

"You bad child!" said the Dragon. "Can't you read signs? Get up and leave, at once. And don't come back!"

The Dragon shook Joan, whose book tumbled from her lap. The Dragon picked it up. "And what are you reading? Trash, I'll wager."

A swift, bony hand picked up the book. "Ah!" The Dragon's face and voice softened; she looked curiously into hazel eyes. "Ah! *Jane Eyre . . . Jane Eyre.*"

Tears welled in Joan, who thought she would be barred forever.

But the Dragon said, "Come here and read, child. Come here whenever you like."

Joan came. She never again saw "Miss Jerusha," who didn't intrude on a child's world that she must have guessed.

Nevertheless, Joan played safe. She always brought with her *Jane Eyre,* regarding it as a sort of passport to Paradise. That summer she read it fourteen times.

So, if she gets to play *Jane Eyre,* it will mean that the particular, most intense dream of her childhood will attain "reality."

Few human beings have that happen to them.

Joan's imagination and intensity are both assets and liabilities. She feels everything too much and, being one of the shyest people in Hollywood, often ties herself in knots of nervous excitement, suspense or over-eagerness. Your reporter went to see her on the set of *Before the Fact,* just after lunch.

"Do I look all right?" Joan asked. "Do I look cool? Am I self-possessed?" (She was about to be called for a scene.)

Your reporter reassured her.

"I'm glad I look all right," said Joan. "I just had the same thing happen to my lunch that happened to a certain African empire."

"You don't mean it!"

Joan made a little face. "Not a single lunch has stayed with me in the three weeks since *Before the Fact* started shooting."

"But *why?*"

"Oh—a new job. New people to work with. It always gets me that way."

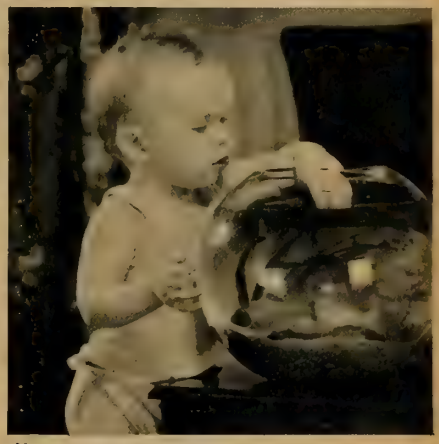
Maybe the Academy will have to design a triple Oscar and give it to Joan for all three of her pictures this year.

Even if they do, it won't change Joan. Quite a gal—Mrs. Brian Aherne! ■





"Here's where I find out how they work those tails! Lucky fish! Just think —they're splashing around in a bath *all* the time!"



"But of course they *do* miss the best part—rubdowns with soft, satiny-smooth Johnson's Baby Powder! Wonder how they'd like it?"



"What, Mommy? Not for goldfish?... Oh well—I guess they're sort of slippery to begin with. Thank goodness *I'm* not! I can always use a sprinkle of velvety-smooth Johnson's to help chase away chafes and prickles. How about one now, Mommy —while we're on the subject?"



"Hot days can be happy days for babies who get sprinkles of Johnson's Baby Powder! It's so downy-cool and soothing for prickly heat—grownups are crazy about it, too! Johnson's doesn't cost much, either."

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Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

Why I switched to Meds



—by a dancer

Like lots of girls who are plenty active, I'm keen about *internal* sanitary protection and I'm always on the lookout for any improvements. So the minute I heard Modess had brought out Meds —a new and improved tampon—I got some quick. And am I glad! Meds give me *wonderful* protection for they're the *only* tampons with the "Safety Center." As for comfort, I hardly know I'm wearing Meds. And imagine! Meds cost only 20¢ a box of ten—they're the *only* tampons in individual applicators that cost so little!





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The Man Who Came Back

By JANE PORTER







Nils Asther, tall, dark and handsome screen idol of yesteryear, who disappeared from sight, has returned to the movies, his strange exile ended. You'll see him soon in Paramount's *The Night of January 16th* with Ellen Drew (far left) and in Universal's *The Man Who Lost Himself*, with Kay Francis

■ The tall, distinguished man hesitated at the register of a Beverly Hills hotel, fingered the pen nervously, then wrote "Jon Denham."

Later that evening, walking through the hotel lobby, a young woman rushed up to him excitedly. "Oh, Mr. Asther," she cooed. "I'm so glad to see you're back. You've always been my favorite star. May I have your autograph?"

The frown dissolved, and a slow smile broke over the man's face. Then gravely, he wrote: *"Thank you, madame, for having helped me make a decision. Gratefully, Nils Asther."*

The woman is probably still puzzling over the cryptic message, but Nils Asther wasn't kidding. Behind that strange inscription lies the story of a screen idol who disappeared from sight at the height of his career, and returned after a long voyage home, to find that he wasn't forgotten after all.

There isn't a movie-goer with a memory dating back five years, who doesn't remember the tall, dark and devastating Nils Asther. His fan mail bent the backs of the postmen, high school girls clamored for a lock of his hair, and along with John Gilbert he was a top star and pulse-hopper. He had earned his spurs in such pictures as *Sorrel and Son, Dancing Daughters* and *The Bitter Tea of General Yen.*

And then one day he boarded a ship for England and disappeared almost as though the ocean had swallowed him up.

What had happened to Nils Asther? Why did he leave at the height of his career? Why did he wait so long to return? These are the questions that people are asking now that Asther is back in the Hollywood fold, shining perhaps not as brilliantly as before, but shining nonetheless, this time as the romantic menace of the Paramount lot in *Night of January 16th* and *Forced Landing.*

Today, Asther still retains his old wicked handsomeness, and the peppering of gray at the temples and the fine lines around his insinuating eyes give him even more male "oomph." In a voice low and resonant, tinged with only a slight accent, he brought back the past.

"In 1936 a British producer cabled me one of those fabulous offers to make a picture in England. I had plenty of pictures lined up in Hollywood, and a radio program besides, but the story sounded like just the thing I wanted so I sailed for Europe.

"Once there, everything went wrong. The story wasn't ready, and by the time it was finished it was as much like the one I had as *Snow White* is like *Gone With the Wind.* Shooting went weeks beyond schedule, the rainy season set in and for months I sat around in my hotel room playing solitaire. I was collecting a salary every week, but that wasn't the point. My agent in Hollywood was wiring me frantically to come back. Other studios had several pictures for me, a radio sponsor wanted me for his show, there was a Broadway play I could step into. All of these offers were wonderful, but I couldn't return. The producer held me to the terms of the contract: I couldn't leave until the picture was finished.

"It was finally completed. It was supposed to have taken five weeks. Instead it took almost six months! And when it was released . . . the critics damned it. I could still have gone back to Hollywood, but I was challenged now. I felt that I had to do one good picture in England to prove myself. So I signed up for another picture, and my Hollywood roles were

given to another actor. By this time my agent washed his hands of me and I was on my own.

"The second film turned out worse than the first. Delays, wrangling and lack of cooperation ruined it. Again I felt that driving obsession pressing me to remain in England until I had made a good film and had satisfied my actor's ego. The third picture was just as bad. I knew it would be a flop even before it was finished.

"By this time, I had been away a long time. I was out of contact with Hollywood and didn't know what was going on in Hollywood. Besides, I was ashamed to return. I felt I was a fizzle as an actor. How could I return to Hollywood a failure? I had left when I was popular and well-thought of; I didn't dare come back in disgrace. All my roles had been given to other actors, and a new crop of leading men had sprung up. Who would remember me?

"And so, to justify myself, I decided to produce a picture which I knew would be good. But Mr. Hitler came along and things in London were topsy-turvy, so that ended that.

"I was tired and disgusted by this time; didn't know what to do, so I got into my car and drove to forget my troubles. That auto trip, starting so casually, lasted over two years! I drove to Paris, and then to the south of France to see the wine festivals. From Marseilles I crossed the border to Germany, and then to Lake Como, Switzerland. I found myself touring India and Egypt and then loafing in Sweden, my birthplace. It was fun, but even the wanderlust wore off and I wanted to get back into harness again. But I was sure I was through in the movies. I would never have had the nerve to go back to Hollywood again and try to resurrect the film career I had tossed away, if I hadn't had to make a hurried trip there to settle up some personal matters.

"When I checked in at a hotel in Beverly Hills the first night, I felt like a ghost come back to lost glories. But I was so sure that I was a fallen star that instead of signing my own name to the register, I used a phony name. I didn't want news to get out that I was back in town. I wasn't even going to contact my old friends. Just settle my affairs, and get out.

"And then, walking through the lobby that night, that woman stopped me and asked me for my autograph. Five years ago, I had given my autograph to thousands of fans. But that lone request this particular evening changed my life. If this woman had remembered me, I thought, maybe I wasn't the failure I had imagined myself to be. Maybe a few others remembered. My confidence flowed back, and the sense of failure left me. I immediately changed the name on the register to my own, and I phoned some of my old friends.

"That started the ball rolling. I was back again. To my great surprise, several studios wanted to sign me up. They hadn't forgotten, after all. I've made two pictures already, and Paramount has me up for a long-termed contract. There's no place like home. And after having been away so long, I know now that home is—America!" ■

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Second Chance

By GLORIA BRENT

The ovations Mary Astor received for her dynamic performance in *The Great Lie* will not go unheeded. Pleased at being back in "stride" again, the charming actress will shortly appear in another picture

■ Will you take one look at Mary Astor?

Out of an eclipse so complete that even the second string insurance agents had quit pestering her the reluctant lady-in-retirement has come zooming back, thanks to her portrait of a Steinway siren in *The Great Lie*.

No one is more delightfully surprised or charmingly candid about it than Mary Astor.

"There is no point in denying it," the Astor lady plunged right in. "Just before *The Great Lie* happened along I was on the verge of writing my screen career off the books. In fifteen months I had contributed, only faintly, to a single picture, called *Turnabout*. It must have been a lulu. A New York critic outdid himself: 'Also in the cast,' he wrote, 'was Mary Astor. (Remember?) She sports a double chin.'"

Miss Astor, who most emphatically was not sporting a double chin, let out a merry giggle.

"This wag of a critic may have ruined my day but I refused to let him wind up my picture career a little prematurely. There was, I felt, definitely room for me in character parts, or so I tried to console myself. But, come to think of it, I wasn't exactly being besieged by offers. You can describe my mood as being, at the very least, depressed.

"I might have been grim but for two reasons. First, I had just had my youngest, Tono, who at this moment is crowding 2. Secondly, I seemed to remember another dark moment—not quite so dark as this one—in my career. It was right after the Warner Brothers had introduced sound and Al Jolson had made 'Mammy' a national lullaby. For a while there it operated like a law of crime and punishment: anyone who had been good in the silents was automatically considered inadequate for sound pictures. The producers suddenly became diction-conscious and they began to milk the stage dry.

"The area of devotion to diction-specialists from the Broadway stage found the Astor talents going begging. All of a sudden producers discovered that silent names were still a draw. Some kind-hearted soul bethought himself of me. I was offered a part in *Dear Brutus* and then a role in *Holiday*. The *Holiday* picture had the boys writing 'the-new-Astor' stories all over the place.

"But, as I was saying, this intermission between the time I had Tono and the time I did *Turnabout* for Hal Roach and got the New York double-chin expert on my trail was dismal and no two ways about it. As a teaser, apparently, a bit in the Zanuck super super, *Brigham Young, Frontiersman*, came my way. I put in valiant efforts to snuff the life out of a horde of locusts. But nothing happened as a result of my labors, at least nothing like a contract.

"A few months after the *Brigham Young* saga, precisely when life, even as a character woman, looked very uninteresting I received a script from my agent. Why keep you in suspense. It was *The Great Lie* little number. I read it and liked it, especially the part of *Sandra*, the preda-

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tory pianist, which my agent meant for me to like. A few days later I was given a test.

"The test, lackaday, was pretty awful. I was wearing one of those little models from wardrobe which didn't photograph any too well. I knew I had botched the job as I walked out, right into the arms of a messenger boy who handed me a note. It was from Bette Davis and it read: *'I know you will be swell as Sandra. I'm pulling for you.'*

"After reading Bette's note, nothing mattered much. I was flabbergasted—but pleasantly. I had known Bette only casually. We had met originally at the Lakeside Country Club when she was doing *Marked Woman.* She had come over to my table to tell me that she had liked my work in *Dodsworth,* which, of course, made me a Davis fan, life membership. After that we had met at parties a few times and that was about all. Yet here was Bette taking the trouble to write me a note and wish me well, the same Bette who had tried (I later learned) to get me into *All This, and Heaven Too,* the part that Barbara O'Neil did so well.

"The Gods were good. Although I had busted the first test with flying colors, I got a crack at a second. This time I had on a little nothing of a frock that did right by me. Too, I played a little piano, which didn't do me any harm, considering that *Sandra* in the script was a concert pianist. Anyhow, I got the part, which is hardly a secret, and with it a reprieve from character roles."

So much for the tale of how the lady Astor made what is known in the ring as a comeback and what we are calling her "second chance." Except for one little matter on which theme Mary is very determined. It has to do with her "swiping" the picture, bag and baggage.

"I most emphatically did not steal *The Great Lie.* Anyone can look flashy in a flashy part. The real acting was done by the Davis lady if anyone will take the trouble to look.

"I happen to be a ham at heart. Bette Davis is an expert at underplaying and restraint. There were any number of times during the picture when she could have backed me into the script girl's lap. She was nothing if not square. In fact, she was generous."

Married in 1937 to Manuel del Campo in a ceremony which her critics felt would be as short-lived as it was sudden, she is "deliriously happy."

Daughter Marylyn, nine and in the third grade, shows indications of turning out to be a beauty, sings in the choir Sundays, takes piano lessons (from her teacher and from her mother) and is nuts about the ballet, as is her mother.

Although Mary Astor is a noted beauty, she is positive that neither make-up, hairdress, nor clothes have anything to do with glamour. She believes that a woman of ninety can be just as glamorous as a youngster of sixteen. She notes that there's a horrible tendency of our young maidens to look alike. For her money there's glamour in Gertrude Lawrence, Maria Ouspenskaya and Joan Crawford.

Toward life she's a fatalist but a "helper of Fate," which means that she doesn't sit around and wait. But yes. ■

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Rochester—
The Good Humor Man

By NORD RILEY



Rochester, the "raspy tenor" of the airways, is rapidly becoming America's number one good humor man. In the movies, as on the radio, he steals the show from bigger stars. His next film is Paramount's *Kiss the Boys Good-bye*

■ After hearing an audience's reaction to his picture, *Love Thy Neighbor*, Jack Benny remarked that his next picture would be The Life of Booker T. Washington, the famed Negro educator. A dark gentleman going by the name of Rochester was stealing Mr. Benny's picture and Mr. Benny was acknowledging the larceny. It is also an acknowledged fact that the dark party's burglary extends into Mr. Benny's radio program. It requires an extremely outstanding bandit to steal laughs from Jack Benny, for Mr. Benny is the most popular and handsomely paid radio comic, and his pictures are Grade A.

Right now Rochester is gathering in the succulent rewards of his big league looting. Except for Joseph Louis, the scholarly Ethiopian pugilist, Rochester is the most widely known Negro alive, and possibly dead, for that matter. Millions hear him every Sunday on Benny's show; week nights other millions see him in such pictures as *Love Thy Neighbor, Topper Returns* and *Kiss the Boys Good-bye*. On some theater marquees he is billed equally with stars like Benny and Fred Allen; in Negro districts the names of Allen and Benny have a tendency to disappear entirely from the billing. When Benny's show takes its summer lay-off thousands flock to hear Rochester's "scrap-iron tenor" and to take a gander at his uncommon dances when he makes his personal appearances. And with his popularity grows his roll. A current inventory includes four race horses, one light-heavyweight prizefighter, one free-style butler, a new house with swimming pool, a hobby requiring a roomful of electric trains, a Buick station-wagon and such sundries as befit the most popular Negro comedian that ever lived.

Rochester's accomplishments are on the awesome side. That he remains modest and self-effacing about his conquests is more astonishing. It naturally puts a couple of questions: What kind of a guy is Rochester actually? And how did he get where he is?

Back of Rochester's triumphal storming of the citadels of entertainment—radio and pictures—is a talent for comedy. He knows what makes people laugh and how to make them laugh. He is funny with or without a script; on the Paramount lot only Bob Hope is as off-handedly hilarious with wanton wit as Rochester. On the set of *Kiss the Boys Good-bye* he bantered wondrously with Oscar Levant, who is no slouch with the *bon mots*. "How about my appearing on your whiz program, Mr. Levant?" Rochester asked him one day.

"Not whiz program, Rochester, *quiz* program."

"Whiz, quiz, what's the difference? You quiz the questions, I'll whiz the answers."

During the filming of the same flicker, people entering the Paramount commissary were awed at the sight of Rochester and a robust chocolate gentleman running like mad around and around the building. The burly party was Mr. William Metcalf, Rochester's prizefighter. It is Rochester's sorrow that under his patronage Mr. Metcalf became horribly energetic in his first fight, cooling a brittle character named Chief White with appalling promptness. This was a dismal error, for now Rochester can't find another fighter brave enough to do battle with Mr. Metcalf. What the Paramount diners were beholding was Mr. Metcalf in training; Rochester was running with him because Mr. Metcalf is incurably addicted to languor and he won't run unless Rochester runs with him. After the exercise Rochester moaned that he was going to turn Mr. Metcalf into an actor, because prizefighters eat entirely too much. Actors, he said, generally don't eat at all. Until he gets a fight, Mr. Metcalf is going to be fed as an actor.

But with wit or without it Rochester wouldn't have cut much ice in show business if he hadn't been a prodigious worker at his craft. He's in the saddle now and he can afford to smoke corpulent cigars, loll beside his swimming pool and toss away sheckels on the racing beasts of the turf, but even now he works incredibly hard when he works. In *Kiss the Boys Good-bye*, he originated a dance which he does around a swimming pool and with sand-

paper glued to his shoes. He had just gotten over the flu and was moaning piteously of being too puny for the ordeal. On the day the dance was to be shot he appeared at 8 a. m. with a stooge laden with towels. Whilst Rochester danced the stooge stood by with the towels to stem the tide of Rochester's perspiration. People who saw Rochester that day insist they have never seen a man work so hard for so long. When Rochester finished dancing it was 6 p. m.

Behind Rochester is a lot of work like that. He was born in Oakland, California, in 1905, into a family with the glare of footlights in its eyes. His father was a trouper and bass soloist, and he used to trot the kid out for a song or a dance from the time he was 2½ years old. In those days Rochester was Eddie Andersen and as Eddie Andersen he went through grammar school and high school. When he was 17 he and his brother, Cornie, started out as a song and dance team. From 1923 to 1929 they played the major vaudeville circuits. In 1929 they switched to nightclubs. Sometimes they were known as the "Black Aces," other times as "Julius Caesar, Mark Antony and Cleopatra"—Cleopatra being Lillian Randolph. "The going got pretty tough after 1929," Rochester admits. "We went broke lots. But I always knew what I wanted and I knew I had to stick at it to get it."

Along in the early thirties he started getting bits in pictures, still as Eddie Andersen. In *Green Pastures* he was Noah; and he did so well as the Biblical zoo keeper that he did several old man roles later. But it was in 1937 that Rochester really rang the bell. He auditioned for a bit part on Benny's program and got it. His first appearance was on Easter Sunday of that year and he's been on ever since as Benny's valet and keeper of Mr. Benny's polar bear, Carmichael. His raspy voice and masterful timing have made him so popular that many people tune in just for him. But for Jack Benny who invented both the name and character of Rochester, the comedian has complete respect and gratitude. Rochester's delivery, however, is his own. "It's a funny thing about my voice," he explains. "I pitch her low into the microphone and she comes out high. Doan know why, but she does."

The Benny program put him on top, he declares. Then when Benny made a picture he inserted Rochester and Rochester stole the picture. Benny made two more and Rochester lifted both of them. Now Rochester is making pictures without Benny, getting bigger roles, and the stealing continues.

Between pictures Rochester lives in a brand new home in Los Angeles with his charming wife and a butler. The house is replete with gadgets like bars, pools, and patios and done in as good taste as you find in Hollywood. When he isn't worrying about fishing, hunting or watching races he does research on Herb Williams, the famous comic. "I'd like to do the part of Herb Williams in a picture about him," he says. "I'm writing a book on him. When I get it done I'm going to try to get producers interested in it."

Quite a guy, Mr. Benny's man Rochester. ■

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The prop man is one of the unsung workers whose important work is always done out of camera range. Often he is entrusted with valuable material, such as the properties above which were brought from India. Right, checking the western props—guns, holsters, and Gene Autry's guitar

Hollywood Prop Man

By ANONYMOUS

■ I'm a prop man. I'm the guy who handles the tables, chairs, b o o k s, dishes, rugs, ash trays, clocks, and all the rest of the mutiple items that help create "atmosphere" in motion pictures. Sometime when you're not too fascinated by the engrossing action on the screen, take a look at my handiwork. Notice the various objects in the room, or tent, or aeroplane cabin, or wherever the scene happens to be—and you'll begin to get a faint idea of what my job is like.

There are many strange jobs in the world. But the movie prop man has one which is particularly quaint. For instance, did you ever hear of anyone *filling* ash trays. Or deliberately and maliciously smearing mud on a person's face or immaculate white suit without getting smacked into trouble?

It's droll little chores like this that earn for me my daily bread.

There is really no end to my duties. I provide an armful of empty packages for the leading lady who is to be pictured coming home from a shopping tour. I arrange the Christmas tree and choo choo train and doll house for the dimpled darling who is everyone's delight. I stick a machine gun into the hands of the big, bad gangster a few seconds before he starts blasting away at the G Men.

Of all the great army of studio workers, the prop man is one of the most unspectacular. One never knows where to look for him on the sound stage. He can be found hanging from the rafters, getting in the director's way, or lurking in the shadows outside the line of fire.

Lurking—a prop man always seems to be lurking somewhere. No one attempts to avoid him. He's just taken for granted—like the furnishings. In front of dogs, cats and prop men, film folk never bother to be secretive about anything. If they want to scratch a bit, they go right ahead.

Doing the sort of work that is my business, I am in constant contact with the players. I see them in their "off moments." I see the little mannerisms and peculiarities which mark them as individuals, and which become evident during the informality of everyday life on the set.

Joan Crawford, for example, has a particular problem. She has what might be termed a "haughtiness complex." She is constantly bothered by the thought that people may think she is high-hat.

In reality she is a warm, sensitive person whose key-note is naturalness, and her disposition wouldn't allow her to be haughty if she tried. The first time I encountered her in the hallway outside



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one of the sound stages settled that question for me. She passed me going in the opposite direction, and, instead of "giving the freeze" like some stars do, she nodded and smiled quietly as she went by.

On the set, though, she is different. Her bearing is tinged with an air of uncertainty. She usually remains reserved, especially when there are many people about, and this is what causes the casual observer to regard her as being what is commonly termed "stuck up."

Once in a while something grand happens to someone in the movie industry that brings a warm glow of pleasure to many who stand on the sidelines, like the prop man. That's the way I felt a few months ago when I heard Ginger Rogers had won the Academy Award for her performance in *Kitty Foyle*. Ginger has been a favorite of mine since that day long ago when she came to my defense when a foreman was starting to bawl me out. A scene was being filmed near-by and I was paying more attention to that than I was to my job of placing the cups and saucers to be used in the following shot. Glaring at me threateningly, the foreman was just starting to get up steam, when all of a sudden Ginger walked right up and tweaked his ear! I don't know why. She just did. Slowly a smile replaced the glare on the foreman's face, and in no time at all he was *helping* me arrange the dishes!

Would you believe it, I've actually seen that big he-man Clark Gable halt production on a picture while he was allowed to leisurely indulge in a bottle of pop.

At M-G-M, I was filling the bookshelves on one of the adjoining sets and from this vantage point was watching a scene being filmed which called for some fast talk on the part of Clark. One of the sentences had turned out to be a tongue twister, and he stumbled on it over and over becoming more annoyed at himself each time. Finally he went over and said something to the director. I saw him nod his head in the direction of the "candy man" who was just coming on the set with his little rubber-wheeled cart.

The director pondered a moment, and then turned and announced to the company that there woud be a short recess.

What followed was comical. It was as though school had been let out. As the electricians scampered to switch off the big lights, the script girl put down her pad and pencil, the sound men abandoned their posts, and everyone flocked around the "candy man" like a bunch of kids. And Mr. Gable had his bottle of pop.

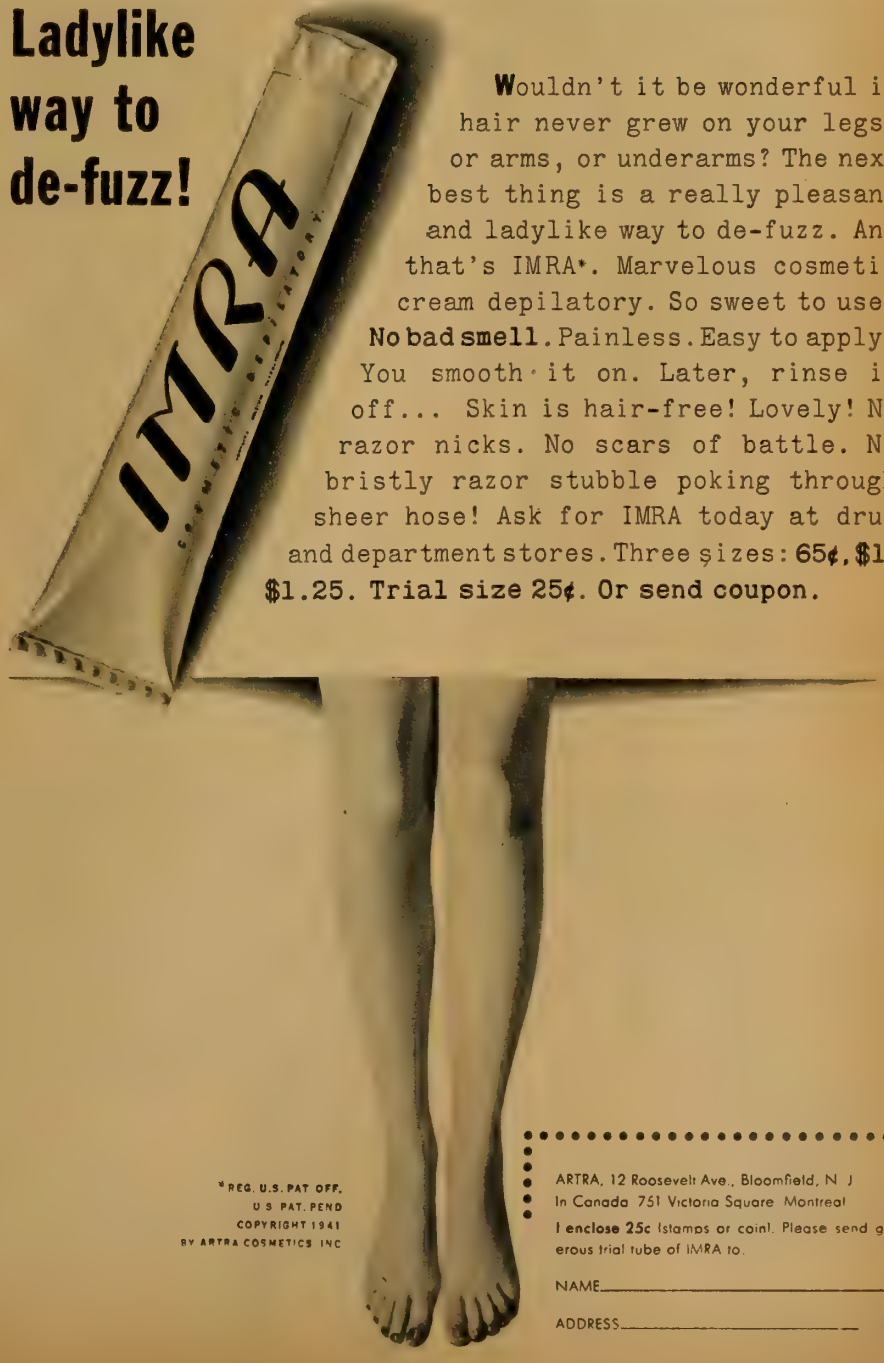
Then, in a short while, they were ready to go back to work. In a few minutes the camera was rolling again, the "mike" was cocking its sensitive ear at the players as they spoke—and the scene was recorded without a hitch.

Such is the life of the prop man, one of the unsung workers in the maelstrom called the movies. One of the thousands whose part in the world's most glamorous industry is always behind the camera range.

But if you really want to know, I consider myself darn lucky to have an inside seat on what I think is the greatest show on earth! ■



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A Dutch Treat

By GENE SCHROTT

■ "I don't want to be a star!"

The words fell like a bombshell in the studio dining room. Directors, producers and stars were sitting stunned at their tables. To hear such a statement from an actor was incredible.

"You see," Philip Dorn went on to explain, a mischievous twinkle playing in his blue eyes as he casually ignored the interested silence, "when a picture turns out badly, they blame the star. If it's good, they give the producer credit. So why should I take a chance? I want to act. Character parts. Second parts. I don't care if they insist on long hair and give me a violin—if they make up my face as if it were slashed by Nazi whips. That's all right.

"Until I was fifteen, I never saw a theatrical performance. But during the war, a number of Irish soldiers were interned in Scheveningen, the little Holland town where I was born. They put on a play. The first play I ever saw. And from that time on, I knew what I wanted. I wanted to be an actor."

After that, he was never the same. His determined Dutch mind was made up. Nothing could change it. But when his family got wind of his ambition, they threw up their pious hands in horror. His mother took him aside and explained that if it was beauty he wanted to give the world, there were other ways. Painting, music, sculpture, writing—anything. Anything but acting. An actor, she insisted, could never give the world anything.

It was this little off-the-record talk that made Dorn think twice. To satisfy his mother, he went to the Academy of Fine Arts and Architecture at The Hague and took a chance at becoming an architect. But he failed in his studies. His mind wasn't on floor plans and building materials. It was still on the stage. And when someone offered him a small part in a provincial production, *The Pastor of Narviete,* he chucked everything overboard and made his initial stab at acting. He appeased his conscience by saying that it was a religious play and would not offend his family. But after performing very laudably for a week, he was able to step in and take the place of the leading man who was called to Rotterdam to fill in there. That chance made him.

From there, it was an easy step to fame. And when companies were organized to tour Holland's far-flung colonies, Dorn was selected as the star. He played in the East Indies, in Africa and in the Dutch possessions of the new world. During one two-year stay in the East Indies, he gathered the greatest collection of Indies antiques ever assembled by an amateur collector. But when he returned to his native shore, it was just in time to see his treasures going up in smoke and flame on the docks.

Once, just before beginning a performance of *Men in White* for a group of amusement-starved plantation owners in central Java, he was handed a note. "Give us a good performance," it read. "We have come 350 miles to see you." Dorn's answer was— "Keep your eyes open. We have come 16,000 miles to show it to you."

"There were times," he told me, "when our stage consisted of four billiard tables covered by floor-planking. There were times when we played in tiny, make-shift shacks. One



He doesn't want to be a star. Dutch-born Philip Dorn prefers character roles, real parts. From the time he was fifteen, he has wanted to be an actor, and today in Hollywood his dream has come true

time, we waded through flood waters and muddy red clay to reach Sumatra. We were due there at eight in the morning. The performance was scheduled at seven in the evening. But we arrived, dirty, wet and covered with clay from head to foot at three o'clock in the morning. We started straight for the hotel. We never dreamed the audience was waiting. But as we neared the theater, we heard hardy voices singing a Dutch refrain— "We won't go home, we won't go home. Mother isn't there!" Suddenly some one spied us. And up went a thunderous cheer. Dirty, hungry and tired, we had to go on. We finished that performance at six in the morning. But we were happy—happy that an audience would wait until almost dawn for us to appear."

Philip Dorn was induced to come to America by Henry Koster who directed him in the Dutch film, *De Kribbebyter*. At first, he didn't want to accept the contract Universal offered him. He could speak no English. "And English," he explained, "was my chief tool if I came to America. It would be the only thing I had to work with." But after some persuasion, he changed his mind. First, he went to England and during his seven weeks' stay there, he saw 200 motion pictures and 30 plays. It was only then, that he was confident he could learn the language.

"When I got to Universal, the picture in which I was to appear was shelved. I hung around there doing *Ski Patrol* and *Enemy Agent*. I didn't want to do the drawing-room lover type of picture. And when M-G-M offered to test me for the role of *Doctor Ditten* in *Escape*, I was as glad to go as they were to have me leave. But there were 36 others trying for the part. And even when 33 were eliminated and only three of us left, I didn't think I'd get it. When the final test came and I delivered my speech quietly instead of with excitement, that cinched it."

The one great problem that is bothering this handsome, blue-eyed, brown-haired young man today is his difficulty with the English tongue. He knows that it is not easy to rid himself of his accent. But he doesn't realize his accent adds to his own interest and charm.

Before coming to this country, Dorn married a Dutch girl. And together with her, they constitute the most avid pair of picture fans in the country. He confesses that at an average, he spends five nights a week at the movies. And he loves it. Even though his excuse is that it helps him perfect his speech.

To this very day, he told me, his mother still disapproves of his career. And although she never mentions anything about it, she has never seen a single performance in which her son appeared. When Dorn used to walk into his parents' home, there wasn't a single reference to his work. It was ignored—not as anything sinful or shameful—but merely as something which simply did not exist. Perhaps, deep down in those Dutch hearts was a sense of pride and joy for having made a worthy contribution to an art which heritage does not permit them to accept right now. But America at least is grateful for having Philip Dorn step in among the finest in Hollywood. ■



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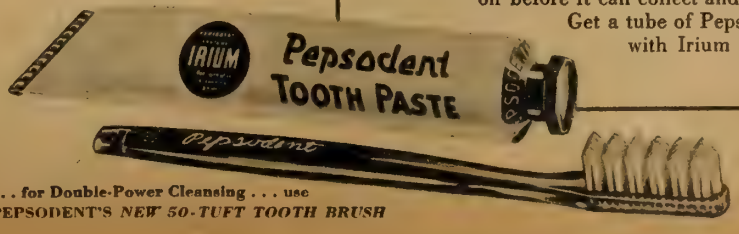
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Carolyn Lee, Paramount's amazing five-year-old moppet, remains indifferent to her promising movie career. Asked what she wanted most in life, the youngster remarked: "I want to be a waitress." Her third movie finds her working with Bing Crosby in *Birth of the Blues*, in which film she demanded—and received—a salary boost of five cents a day. Her daily income has now jumped to a dime!

Acting for Lollypops

By KAY PROCTOR

■ Now that I have talked to the child, I feel like the baffled farmer who said, "There just ain't no sich animal," when he saw his first giraffe.

I'm referring to that amazing moppet, Carolyn Lee.

I have had plenty of fast curves tossed at me by experts in my time, but that five-year-old, who is Hollywood's newest starlet, floored me for the full count. One moment we would be coasting along quite comfortably and the next moment, wham! I was back on my heels!

Take that crack about Mrs. Roosevelt, for instance. Plans had been made for Carolyn to attend the President's Ball in Washington, D. C., along with other Hollywood celebrities, but she caught a bad case of bronchitis and went to the hospital. So Mrs. Roosevelt came to call on her.

"And what did you talk about?" I asked Carolyn, expecting the usual answer about dolls or pets. Carolyn gave me a long, steady look.

"To tell you the truth," she said seriously, "we had quite a time. Neither of us knew what to talk about." This she followed up with the sage observation that if a great lady like the President's wife wasn't stuck-up, as Mrs. Roosevelt wasn't, she, Carolyn, didn't see where a lot of movie stars got off being so high and mighty!

The first temptation is to peg Carolyn as a poisonously precocious brat, too big for her britches. The longer you are around her, however, the more the real truth becomes evident: that inside that little head with its long brown curls is an *adult* mind, accustomed to meeting other adult minds on a give-and-take basis. That's what floors you!

Why an adult mind in a five-year-old body? There's a logical answer for that too.

Carolyn is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Copp of Martins Ferry, Ohio. Mr. Copp is a ceramics engineer with a steel company, and his business required constant traveling. From the time she was four weeks old, Carolyn accompanied her parents on those business trips, learning from infancy to adapt herself to ever-changing conditions, grown-up surroundings, and adult companions. Thus her amazing poise and comprehension is a direct result of environment.

Far from angling to get their child into the movies, Mr. and Mrs. Copp fought against it. A family friend, who is a

theater executive in Ohio, nagged them until they agreed to a screen test for Carolyn. Even after Paramount had signed her for the child role in *Honeymoon in Bali,* Mr. Copp flew to Hollywood and insisted on personally meeting the head of Paramount, the producer, the director, the stars and the publicity men who were assigned to the picture.

"I wanted to see for myself what kind of people Carolyn would be associating with," Mr. Copp said. If he hadn't liked what he saw, Carolyn was going straight home to Ohio, movie career or no career.

Extraordinary precautions are still taken by the Copps to guard against their young daughter becoming spoiled by the movies. Under orders, no one is allowed to flatter her, make a fuss over her, or compliment her for anything on the set. Immediately her scene is finished, she is whisked to her dressing room off the stage where no one is admitted but her mother. And upon the conclusion of each picture, Mrs. Copp and Carolyn return to Martins Ferry and remain there for a minimum of six weeks of normal family life.

Speaking of deals, Carolyn finagled a couple of smarties on her own during the filming of *Honeymoon in Bali.* One day she approached Director E. H. Griffith and suggested they go "into a puddle."

"I just heard Helen Broderick gets paid for acting," she told him. "Is that true?" Griffith said it was. "Well," Carolyn said, "I am an actress and I think I should be paid too." Again Griffith agreed with her and asked how much "salary" she expected. "I think five cents a day would be about right," she told him.

For a week Griffith shelled out a nickel every day, only to discover that meantime she had bearded the general manager of the studio in his office and wangled a similar deal with the ante raised to 6 cents per day! For *Birth of the Blues,* her next in which she will play Bing Crosby's daughter, I understand she is holding out for a dime! Asked what she does with her money, Carolyn informed, "I buy lollypops!"

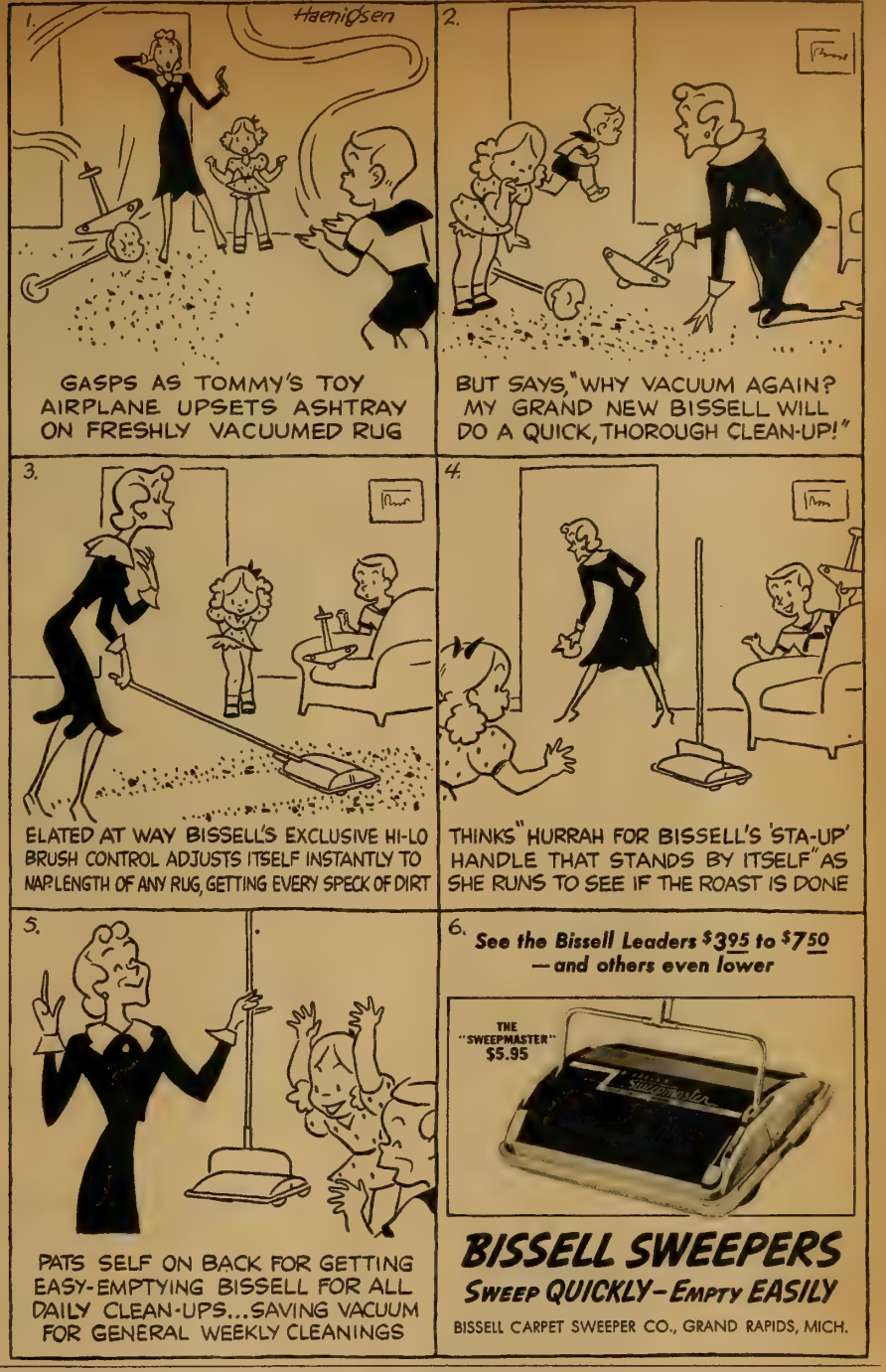
As natural as her talent for acting is Carolyn's uncanny ability to handle lines far advanced for a child of her age. Again it is that adult mind working, together with a remarkable memory.

Apparently she has only to hear her mother read the lines once or twice (naturally she cannot yet read them herself) and they fasten themselves indelibly in her consciousness. The director later tells her the shading he wants.

Carolyn is full of surprises. On location for *Virginia* there was a little difficulty about her drinking her milk. A newswriter was sitting nearby and Mrs. Copp said "Carolyn, you would not want this nice man to write that you don't drink your milk as you should, would you?"

Turning her big brown eyes straight on him, Carolyn hesitated and then said: "You're not going to write about my *private life,* are you?"

Crisis in her life right now is her teeth; two are missing from the front, necessitating a temporary plate while her permanent ones come through. Her pet hate is being so small, she walks on tiptoes to fool you. And her ambition is to be a waitress; she thinks that's the most fun of all! ■



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Possessing one of the most perfect figures in Hollywood has helped Joan Blondell win the title of America's Most Glamorous Mother for two consecutive years. Joan retains her youth and bubbling spirit by romping with her two lovely children, Norman, 7, and Ellen 2½ (above). Top photo: Joan and hubby, Dick Powell, enjoy a night out after tucking the youngsters in

America's Most Glamorous Mother

By MAY DRISCOLL

■ "And now may I have my lipstick, please . . .?"

Joan Blondell was lying in bed in the hospital, pale and weary. Some hours earlier she had undergone the travail of giving birth to her second baby and now consciousness was coming on her. She had asked for the baby. And now her second request, of all things, was for her lipstick!

"You can't begin too soon," Joan said firmly. "A new mother must start in immediately taking care of her looks, otherwise she will find it so easy to get fat and frumpy."

For two successive years, Joan has been named the most glamorous mother in America by the American Mothers' Society of New York. To most women, harassed by the rigors of having borne a child and assuming the duties, the worries and coping with the psychological reaction that sets in, Joan seems to be some Miss Ponce de Leon. She seems to have some magic secret for looking so gloriously healthy and radiant in spite of (1) Normie, a little Indian going-on-seven and (2) Ellen, a 2½-year-old little princess. Cameramen still clamor for a shot of Joan in a bathing suit, college boys still write her mash notes and she is always the bright and sparkling guest at any party. How Joan keeps her figure, her health and her glamour in spite of motherhood is not a matter of money or Hollywood beauty magic, but a formula that can be adopted by any young mother who has the will to be beautiful.

"For it's largely a matter of will," Joan told me. "As soon as a woman knows the stork is on its way, a group of reactions set in: fear, joy and a lingering sense of martyrdom. It's that last that is destructive. When an expectant mother begins to excuse her sloppiness and listlessness on her condition, then she's headed for trouble. The time to start to rebuild your slim, rounded girlish figure is the very moment you are sure you are going to have a baby.

"A prospective mother must make up her mind to devote a year and a half to her

baby and herself. She must determine never to let up, but to turn every single moment to use. For instance, during the latter months when my activities were more confined, I passed the time by trying to beautify my hair which I never thought was thick or glossy enough. I brushed it for long periods, tried new tonics, experimented with new hairstyles that I never had the time to do before. After the baby was born my hair was actually lovelier than it had ever been, instead of falling out as happens to many new mothers. If other women would do the same—select a feature they don't like and try to improve it, instead of whining about their confinement—they would find a definite beauty reward in the end.

"I went by the rule that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Just because Nature was about to distort my figure was no reason for me to sit back and do nothing about it. I wouldn't let a corset do the work of my stomach muscles. I always made a conscious effort to stand straight and pull in my abdomen during and after the period. This strengthened the stomach muscles so that after my babies were born, I was just as slim and supple as a high school co-ed. Such continued diligence can give any woman an even better figure than she had before her baby was born.

"I held on to my vanity as though it were the most precious trait I had, for that prodded me into making a Spartan effort to keep my looks. I wouldn't let myself get fat. True, my figure looked like the devil after a while, but there was no reason to make matters worse by eating candy and putting on excess weight. When I had a craving for food—and how often that was!—I was a good girl and munched vegetables, or sipped meat broth and the like. I didn't stuff myself. I ate for strength, not for fat.

"I wore pretty, clever dresses, not any old thing, and I continued to fuss with my hair and my make-up as I had done before. Once you get out of the habit of looking your best, you may lose the desire completely.

"My activities were limited, but not eliminated. I went out and enjoyed myself as much as I could. It's good to socialize and keep busy, because happiness is a great beauty tonic in itself.

"So then I had my baby. I was so thrilled and happy! Dick was beaming but I wanted him to be proud of me too, as well as that pink and white baby. Several times I began to feel sorry for myself. It was a natural nervous reaction, but I snapped right out of it. I determined not to let myself go. Millions of women have had babies—what I wanted to do was to have my baby and my looks too. I kept up my diet, and as soon as I was able to I went in for a regime of exercises to strengthen the muscles that had been stretched.

"There are so many ways to turn so-called liabilities into assets. It all depends upon knowing how. Even though your babies are wild little Indians who tear about the house, you can let them make you younger, instead of a nervous wreck. Don't ever let your children get on your nerves or wear you out. As soon as you find yourself getting irritable around them, leave them until you're relaxed again. Learn how to play with them. Relax with them. Laugh with them.

"Instead of bringing up my two hopefuls to think of me as a frowning adult who is forever saying 'Don't', I am a playmate of theirs, growing up with them. Have you ever watched a child? Ever notice how often he laughs, the unbounded enjoyment he gets out of new discoveries? In order to be a playmate of my children, I must meet them on their level. I must laugh with them, be alert to new discoveries just as they are. A child's laugh is contagious, and my children have given me a young, bubbling spirit. I joke with them, make funny faces with them, play in the open with them, and I'm growing younger all the time. Because of association with them, I have retained my enthusiasm, I have developed a great fund for enjoying myself. Small joys are wonderful youth preservers, and young mothers have an opportunity to get them.

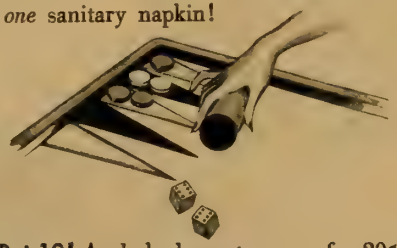
"Once, when Normie saw me dressed up to go out, he looked at me proudly and said, 'You're so pretty, Mother.' That delighted me. I want my children always to be proud of me. Ellen imitates me and my fastidiousness is an example to her. She keeps her nails clean, her hair brushed because I do. So, you see, a mother just *must* be attractive. Her children force her to look her best.

"And that's the difference between being just a mother—and being a glamour mother." ■

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Summer School for Make-Up

By ANN VERNON

■ Summer school sessions are often necessary to complete an important course or to make double quick time in getting that diploma. And what's good for your brain is also good for your face. So let's have a special session in the proper application of all cosmetics for warm weather.

Stars and starlets, like Joan Leslie, who live most of the time in California, where they get longer spells of warm weather and sizzling sun realize the importance of a summer school for make-up. They know, for instance, that heat waves melt make-up unless it's put on to stay. And that any girl must overcome the temptation to laziness that languorous warm weather causes. You know, the kind of laziness that prompts you to say—"Oh, nobody expects me to look perfect in this kind of heat!"

Now don't let the movie stars out-do you in good grooming. Listen carefully while I tell you how to make the most of your make-up during the heat wave. First of all, you must realize that heat makes the skin glands work overtime to throw off moisture and oil. The skin is not just an envelope for bones, fat and muscles—it's a real organ, and must be allowed to go about its body functions the same as liver or heart. So don't hamper it by applying thick layers of cosmetics. At the same time, don't go around sans make-up, no matter how hot the weather.

Your best cue is to put your faith in a good tinted powder base. Why? Because it will provide a light water-resistant film that your face powder can cling to, and at the same time, it will give your skin a rosy, creamy glow. It is no longer considered smart to look pale or sallow-tan, nor to use powder that gives this appearance. You've *got* to have a rosier, deeper quality to your skin tone—whether it's natural or no. And the most satisfactory way of achieving it is to smooth on a rosily tinted powder base, then pat rosily tinted face powder and rouge on top.

Whatever you do, don't use a heavy hand in applying cosmetics in the summertime. If you do, the moisture and oil from your skin will mix with the heavy layers of cosmetics and form a gummy mass. Spread just a smidgin of powder base on forehead, chin, nose and cheeks, smooth it out evenly (and don't forget your throat). Remove any excess of paste by gently blotting with tissues. Then dust your face powder on in perfect clouds. Let it set and then brush off the excess with cotton or a powder brush. And don't be too liberal in your use of rouge. It's true that you want to get a rosy effect—but remember that summer heat will heighten your natural color, and if you get splotches of rouge on your cheeks, you'll look florid and over-heated.

Please don't make the mistake of using the same shades of cosmetics and nail polishes in summer that you swear by in winter. The rays of the sun shine brighter in summer, have a tendency to fade out colors in clothes and make-up. So see that your nail polish picks up the brighter rosier hues of your lipstick and other cosmetics. And take into account the fact that polish shades for tanned hands must be different in depth than shades for winter-white hands.

TO TUTOR YOU . . .

in Beauty—Ann Vernon will send information on cosmetics, care of skin, hands and hair. And she'll send make-up and coiffure charts and exercises too. Simply address your letter to Ann Vernon, Beauty Editor, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Be sure to enclose a stamped, (U. S. postage), self-addressed envelope for your reply.



To keep your beauty routine from getting monotonous follow the example of Joan Leslie and enjoy the sun's rays while brushing your hair. Joan's next is Warners' *Sergeant York*

And for goodness sake, don't let me catch you without your eye make-up! Even if your lashes are dark—the bright sunlight bleaches them slightly and, of course, makes them seem two or three shades paler. And with your bright, rosy make-up, your scarlet-hued lips and fingertips, your eyes will fade into nothingness unless they are picked up with a touch of mascara, pencil and shadow.

Many a neatly made-up face is spoiled, come summer, by the wrong kind of hairstyle. Hair, you know, can be most unpleasantly hot and messy looking unless it's controlled. Always have a good permanent wave, so that your ends won't fall limply and stickily around your neck. And *do* adopt a simple hairstyle. Just sweep your hair back off the face, for coolness sake, and see that every curl and wave is crisply burnished and clean, and held securely in place.

Now to tell you about some of the necessary supplies to make your summer school course in make-up a success. First there's a spanking new paste type of foundation film. Your make-up troubles will be non-existent, you'll find, after you've acquired a jar of this paste. It's the soft, creamy kind that slithers on like a dream—and even before you've applied your face powder over it, you'll notice how much finer-textured and more alive your skin looks. While I wouldn't be without it any hour of the day—I've found it a particularly helpful friend and ally when my skin is sort of shop-worn after a hard day. A quick cleansing, an application of this foundation film—and the old face looks fresh and perky as a daisy for a big evening. Stays that way, too, without redoing! The manufacturer made it expressly in one all-flattering shade, just about perfect for any coloring. It goes beautifully with the smooth, romantically scented face powder of the same famous name. And there's a grand lipstick to complete the trio. It's a jumbo stick, with a feature that I think you'll appreciate. The case has a lock that prevents the lipstick from accidentally sliding up and down in the case and getting the metal all gooey. The three items are $1 each. Interested?

Have you ever skipped your eye make-up, in steamy weather, for fear it might run and betray you? Well, you can forget that possibility if you use eye cosmetics that I have tested under all conditions and found perfect. There is a grand cream mascara that is water-resistant and ever so clinging. And a smooth marking eyebrow pencil that won't smudge, plus some creamy shadows that never melt into creases on your eyelids. The mascara comes in black, brown and midnight blue (blue is especially good on all types at night); the pencil in black and brown. The shadows are blue, gray, blue-gray, brown, green and violet. Try mixing the blue with the violet if you are wearing one of the so-popular purple or lilac hats or frocks. While there is a large zipper case size of the mascara, priced at 75 cents, you can buy a smaller tube of the mascara and the shadows and pencil for a dime each.

One of my favorite nail polishes is out in three new shades, geared to the Army,

[*Continued on page* 55]



They went to 670 waitresses

...and 3 out of 5

preferred the flavor of Beech-Nut Gum

In a recent test, 424 out of 670 waitresses said that they preferred the fine, distinctive flavor of Beech-Nut Gum.

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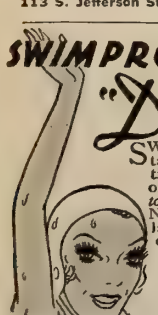


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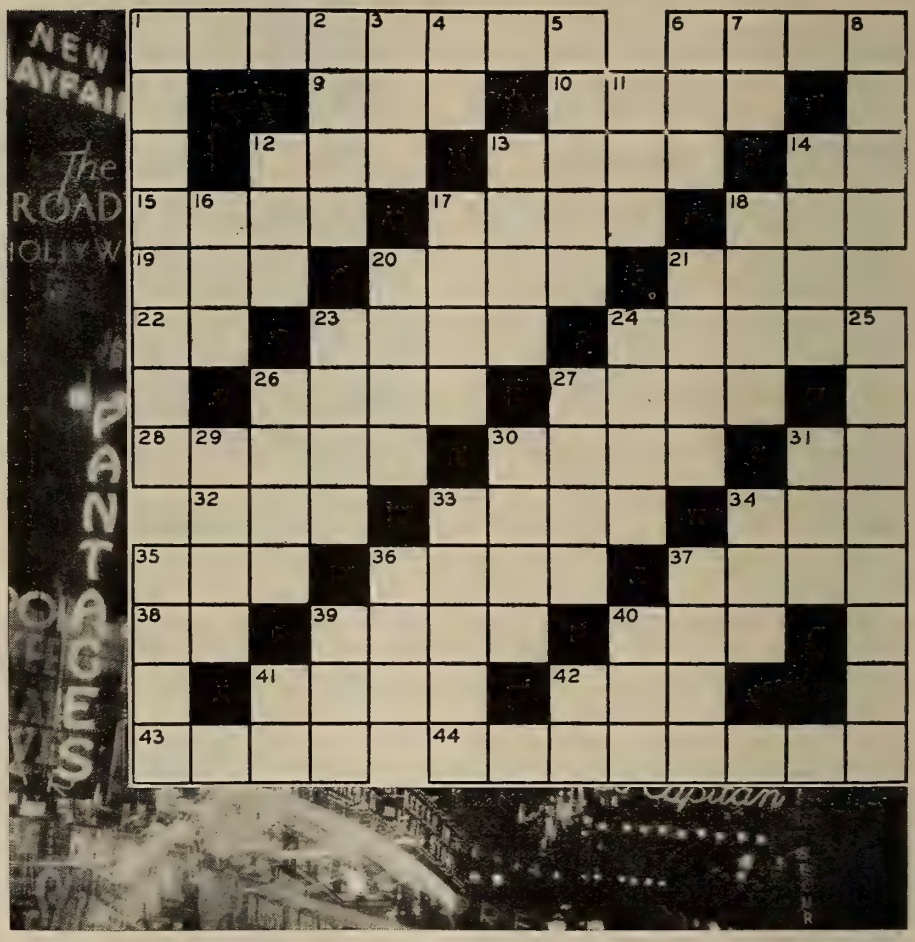
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MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. She's oomphatically beautiful.
6. Lucille's following.
9. It came between the Smiths in recent billing.
10. They said something in this kind of film.
12. This may mean that you've bought something.
13. It starts at scratch but is always a jump ahead of Asta.
14. He burns slowly and is often put out over something (init.).
15. Time for movie openings.
17. Name of several Okies with no jack.
18. West-ern gal, very inviting.
19. Something sad scenarios make one do.
20. It's over their heads in many love scenes.
21. One third of *A Girl, a Guy and a Gob.*
22. What women shriek when mouse isn't Mickey.
23. It keeps 21 across above water.
24. It's generally followed by a second.
26. Harpo's tooter.
27. End of a *Long Voyage* in recent film.
28. He's always sober as a judge.
30. A line about *Western Union.*
31. Abbreviated form of "oomph."
32. It lends color to a drab film.
33. Precede it with a fe and get a she.
34. Garland, but no relation to Judy.
35. It works in shifts and is always tired.
36. Clarabelle's boy friend, according to Disney.
37. It applauds its own performance.
38. Clara Bow asset.
39. What stars seek at Palm Springs.
40. Walk-on part for M-G-M's Leo.
41. Biggest splash in *Hudson's Bay.*
42. When heroes do this, it's villains' loss.
43. Mickey's monicker off screen.
44. They'll give you a laugh.

DOWN

1. What Tracy and Charles Chaplin have in common (poss.).
2. It sounds all wet but Joan Crawford starred in it.
3. Locale of Lombard's first house which had no Gable (abbr.).
4. Deanna's initial appearance.
5. He didn't blow up in his lines as *Mr. Dynamite.*
6. This greeting would make any actor feel sheepish.
7. Mammy's boy.
8. When Dagwood gets tired, he can always jump into this.
11. What Don Barry makes you see.
12. Little shaver, generally a cut-up.
13. Cowboy star is sure to boot this.
14. Gable's are outstanding.
16. Ona Munson was milk-fed when she lived here (abbr.).
17. She had spirited role in *Topper Returns.*
18. Not what she used to be, but mother of a Champion.
20. What fans cry for when Crosby sings.
21. You're sure to spend this at any show.
23. Even when not a meaty part, Pluto loves to get his teeth in it.
24. Time to duck at any tee party.
25. Parts of next week's features shown this wee .
26. About time for a five-reeler.
27. Maybe not a villain, but not on the level.
29. It came before a *Night in Rio.*
30. He created a ducky hero.
31. It has more permanent waves than the heroine.
33. What you get if you call the right Cab.
34. Laraine Day's boy friend in doctored films.
35. Where yokel boy makes good.
36. First name of lilting leader of lads.
37. Bathing beauties left footprints here before Grauman made 'em permanent.
39. Not Shangri-La, but Jack La.
40. It's thrown in comedies.
41. Initials of *Thin Man's* screen spouse.
42. *Golden Boy* with no need for brass knuckles (abbr.).

(Solution on Page 66)

Summer School for Make-Up

[*Continued from page* 53]

the Navy and the Air Force. If you're wearing beige to match your beau's khaki, try the gay, warm red shade for a definite accent. If your heart interest is in the Air Force, here's a hot tip. Paint your nails with the new subtle shade that looks like the gold of the setting sun. And when you're garbed in navy, to suit your gob, try the pert Cheerio shade. It's lovely with navy or white. And if you play no favorites, and are determined to keep up the morale of all three branches of the service, there's no problem. For each polish costs only a dime apiece, and you can invest in all three!

To graduate with honors from your summer school course in beauty, don't overlook some plu-perfect hair retainers that grip like crazy. The split teeth perform this miracle, but you'll just have to see for yourself how they work. There are small ones for fastening side curls, and larger ones for your back hair or your over-size pompadour. A quarter for a pair of small ones or one large one. And, of course, they come in several shades to match your hair.

Write to me before July 15th, if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped (U. S. postage, please) self-addressed envelope for my reply, and send your letter to Ann Vernon, Beauty Editor, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



Judy Garland's possessive air seems to win high favor with escort Dave Rose. Judy is currently hard at work in another of the popular *Hardy* series



You — and the moon and the music

YOU...in a *dream* of a dress...floating over the polished floor, with the entire stag line at your heels!

It was wonderful . . . *all* of it. So now you rush upstairs to wake up Sis and give her your confidential report . . . share your triumph.

After all, it's her triumph, too. She's taught you a lot of things . . . put you wise to some glamour hints that made all the difference.



Doesn't she get the credit for suggesting that camellia for your hair—and then producing nail polish that exactly matched?

Wasn't it Sis who taught you how to make your eyes look bigger with a touch of eyebrow pencil in the corners?

Remember that time you had the little personal talk about Kotex Sanitary Napkins?

She pointed out that your secret is safe with Kotex, because those flat, pressed ends can't make telltale outlines, even under the most clinging dress. The wonderful, carefree confidence it gave you to learn about the "Safety Shield" in each Kotex was worth a fortune in itself.

Incidentally—it might be a *very* sound idea to take her advice about trying the three sizes of Kotex: Junior—Regular—Super. Certainly, you're the *only* one who can tell which size is exactly right for you.

All in all, you're a pretty lucky girl to have a sister like that . . . she's on your side. Let her know you appreciate her . . . and her help.

If you and Sis want to brush up on your facts together . . . send for the free booklet *"As One Girl To Another."* It gives you lots of good, useful tips.

Just send your name and address to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. FW-7, Chicago, Illinois.

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10¢ *for package of 2 rinses at 10¢ stores.*



25¢ *for 5 rinses at drug and department stores.*

Starred in His Own Life Story



It could happen only in Hollywood. Young George Montgomery is the star of a film based on his own life story. Discouraged at getting nowhere in Hollywood, George unburdened himself to a director one day, who saw in his troubles the possibilities for a swell movie. Result: *The Cowboy and the Blonde*, in which George Montgomery gets paid for portraying George Montgomery

By HELEN WELLER

■ It was during the filming of a scene in *The Cowboy and the Blonde* and the cameras were whirring furiously. All eyes were on the young actor before the camera. It was the scene in which the hero—a cowboy—had come to Hollywood to crash the movies and now he was trying to persuade a casting director to give him a job. Right in the middle of shooting, the leading man did something that was unscheduled and broke up the scene. He turned toward the director with a hazy smile, twisted his wad of chewing gum to the other cheek, and drawled, "Heck, I'm doing just what I did a year ago. Only then it was real and now I'm gettin' paid for it. *Great coyotes!*"

When *The Cowboy and the Blonde* went into production there were no frantic tests to find an actor to play the cowboy. A tall, shy cowboy from Montana, name of George Montgomery, had the part tied up in his huge, horny hands. This picture was not only made to order for George—it *is* George and it never would have been conceived if it had not been for handsome young Montgomery. It's his story, and a right interesting one, as he tells it in his slow drawl.

"I grew up on a ranch near Brady, Montana, the youngest of 15 kids. Never was an actor in the family—we're all self-respectin' cowhands and ranchers—but when I started going to school I got a hankering to be an actor. I thought it was a kind of easy way to earn a living. Only trouble was, when I tried out for dramatic plays in school, I'd get so scared and tongue-tied, all I could do was gulp. So the farthest I got was painting scenery for the plays.

"I gave up the acting bug and worked around the ranch—herded the sheep and cattle, helped raise draft horses and roamed the range. Then I went to the University of Montana for a spell but Pa hit hard times and I went back to the ranch. Never would have thought of trying to get into movies if I hadn't visited my brother, Mike, who was a construction engineer in Los Angeles.

"Well, being so near the movie studios, I was bit by the bug again, so I wrote the folks I was going to stay on and try to crash the movies. They were against it. Said that if I were going to stay in Hollywood, I'd have to pay my own way.

"That was okay by me. I went around to some of the casting offices and pushed my mug in their faces, but they looked right past me. My funds were getting low, so I got a job on a WPA shovel gang.

"That ended, too, so I haunted the casting offices again. But every time the head man spoke to me, I'd get scared and gulp. Mike went around with me once and at the end of the day he looked at me, mad-like, and said, 'No wonder you can't get into pictures. You stand there like a big lummox when they talk to you.'

"My funds were running low again, so I got another job—tending a bar. I never did that before, but I faked it by reading

the recipes off the bottles. I slept in the rear, worked at nights, and in the afternoons I'd push off to the studios.

"By this time, I was getting pretty burned up at not having scored anything. I was so sore, that one day when I was being interviewed at Republic studios, I told the casting director about a cowboy picture I had seen the other night. 'If I can't act better than that guy, I'll eat my hat.' That did it. He gave me a couple pages of script and told me to come back next week with it all learned. When I came around again, I thought I had the script memorized perfectly, but the minute I got up before him my voice cramped up in my throat and wouldn't come out. The fellow gave me a job anyway. I rode a horse in a serial picture, wore a mask and never had a word of dialogue. I was killed off in the third serial, and out of work again.

"So back to the rounds again, working in rodeos here and there to give me spending money. One day I met up with an agent name of Benny Medford. This Medford says to me, 'Listen, fellow, you better lay low awhile until Hollywood forgets you. You've done everything the wrong way.'

"I went back to Montana, and in a couple of days Benny calls me back. 'They've forgotten all about you, kid,' he says. 'It didn't take long at all.' I still don't know what he meant by that crack, but back to Hollywood I went.

"Benny is a smart fellow. He knew I was no great shakes as an actor, so he didn't try to push me. What he did was take me around to the studios and leave me alone. He didn't ask anybody to get me a job. He'd just go up to casting directors and producers and point me out and say, 'Do you think I've been a dope to sign up that big lummox standing there.' Soon they'd look me over to see if Benny had been a dope, and his problem—which was me—became their problem. Smart fellow, Benny.

"That's the way 20th Century-Fox signed me up a year ago. Benny started knocking me, and before you knew it, the casting director started defending me until he talked himself into thinking I was good enough for a contract."

The studio didn't quite know what to do with George Montgomery. He is a lanky cowboy whose hands seem to be forever getting in his way. They tested him in a full dress suit, and he squirmed like a fish in a net. They tested him in a dinner scene, and the big fellow broke a cup. He kissed a girl as though he were afraid she would bite him. The only thing to do was to put him in bit roles and forget all about him—which they did.

George realized it, and was pretty unhappy about the whole thing. He was playing a minor role in *Young People* and hated it. For two cents he would have packed up and gone back to the ranch. Grousing around unhappily on the set, he fell into conversation with Producer Ralph Dietrich and told him his troubles. As he spoke, Dietrich's face broke into a grin. It seemed to George that the more tragic his story became, the funnier Dietrich thought it was.

"That's a helluva story," roared Dietrich when George finished his tale of woe. "And it gives me an idea for a whopping good story about a cowboy—a big goof of a cowboy who comes to Hollywood and tries to crash pictures. Stick around, son, and the role is yours."

Montgomery thought he was kidding, and was just about to head for Montana when the call came to report for work in *The Cowboy and the Blonde*. Mary Beth Hughes is the blonde, and she's the McCoy too. It was only when the picture was half over that George realized the big, handsome cluck cowboy in the picture was really he!

And it was when the picture was half over, too, that the studio realized they have a natural in George. He may not be a smoothie like Colman, or an actor like Muni, but he packs his own brand of sex appeal in a bashful, rugged, he-man sort of way. He's a Jimmy Stewart in the rough. And the studio intends to make full use of his virile charms.

So it looks as though George will stay in Hollywood for a spell and become a real moving-picture actor. On hearing this, his parents came down from the ranch to live with George in Hollywood. "We gotta take care of George," explains his pa, "and see that he doesn't turn into a glamour boy. He's a cowboy first and always, and if we catch him turnin' fancy, we're gonna take him back to the ranch where he belongs." ■

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IMPORTANT PICTURES

By SARA CORPENING

CITIZEN KANE ★★★★

RKO-Radio

Here it is—the picture that's caused more talk, speculation, debate and controversy than anything out of Hollywood since *Gone With the Wind.* Orson Welles—the same wonder boy who startled the nation out of its wits a short time ago with his radio presentation of a Mars invasion—has written, directed, produced and acted in a movie of tremendous scope and power. It was released under a spotlight the like of which has never been equalled. By the time the question of whether or not RKO would release it had been settled, public interest had reached a new all-time high. The fact that it is supposed to closely parallel the life of an eminent living newspaper publisher was the source of the turmoil. Be that as it may, it emerges a cynical, ironic, and intensely absorbing story you can't afford to miss. It makes the average movie seem tame and flighty by comparison.

The underlying theme of the film is "For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul." The picture opens with *Charles Foster Kane,* multi-millionaire publisher, dying in his fabulous castle, *Xanadu.* As he dies, his heavy lips murmur one last word, "Rosebud." The editor of a news feature is determined to find what lies behind this strange enigma, believing that if he can decipher its meaning, he will have the secret to the strange nature of *Kane.* A reporter is assigned to seek out every person who has been associated with *Kane* in his colorful past. In this way the story unfolds in absorbing manner. At the end, the mystery remains unsolved. The final identification of "Rosebud" sheds little light on the strange man named *Kane.*

Cameraman Gregg Toland has done amazing things with his medium. The picture is technically perfect.

The supporting cast is composed of players hitherto unknown to movie-goers. All are excellent in their roles, particularly outstanding being Dorothy Comingore, Joseph Cotten, Everett Sloan and Ruth Warrick.

ZIEGFELD GIRL ★★★

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

If you've always longed for a chance to see behind the scenes of a famous musical stage show, here's your opportunity. *Ziegfeld Girl* gives you that chance for exactly two hours and fifteen minutes.

Girls, girls—and still more lovely girls—parade across the screen in mass numbers in this glorification of those who were touched by the magic Ziegfeld wand. The story, which is really three stories interwoven, follows the adventures of three of the Ziegfeld beauties who found themselves tagged by the master showman. Most strongly emphasized is the tale of the little redhead from Flatbush who couldn't take fame in her stride, who chose the easy way to comfort and luxury, and to a final tragic end. Lana Turner has this role, and while she is exquisitely beautiful, she moves through her part petulantly and blankly. Hedy Lamarr is the wife of a concert violinist who becomes temporarily separated from her husband when Ziegfeld makes her a star. Of the trio, only little Judy Garland manages to keep her feet on the ground.

This picture marks Jimmy Stewart's last appearance on the screen for a year, now that he has gone into service for Uncle Sam. It is regrettable that he appears in so few sequences. Outstanding in a small part is Philip Dorn as the husband of Hedy. This Holland-born actor brings a charming restraint and interpretation to his role that mark him for great things to come. Paul Kelly, Ian Keith, Charles Winninger, Edward Everett Horton and Jackie Cooper are all exceptionally good in their supporting roles.

Tony Martin sings a beautiful new tune you'll find yourself humming for days after—*You Stepped Out of a Dream.*

Gorgeous show numbers are staged at intervals throughout the picture, featuring Metro's much publicized and beautiful Ziegfeld Girls.

THE DEVIL AND MISS JONES ★★★

RKO-Radio

The "richest man in the world" (Charles Coburn) discovers with horror that the employees of one of his many department stores have hanged him in effigy. He determines to get to the root of the trouble, so he poses as a shoe salesman. The adventures that befall the rich old gent in his sly spying cost him much of his dignity, but eventually change him from a stern financial tycoon to an understanding old fellow. Romance comes his way, too, in the form of Spring Byington, who portrays a warm-hearted saleslady.

Jean Arthur is the *Miss Jones* of the title, who befriends Coburn. She is in love with Robert Cummings, young labor agitator, who delivers his best work to date. Miss Arthur brings to her role a loveliness and ability hard to match and her dramatic scenes are handled in the capable Arthur manner. However, it is Coburn who romps away with the picture. His characterization of the richest man is a delight to behold.

The labor-versus-capital theme has been handled delicately. A novel opening is used to placate the rich—watch for it—and some inoffensive fun-poking is employed against the laboring factions.

PENNY SERENADE ★★★

Columbia

This marks a radical departure for Cary Grant from all those sophisticated, screwball parts he has enacted so happily in the past few years. In *Penny Serenade* his role is one of heavy, dramatic tragedy (in one scene he cries). As always, he comes through with a winning performance.

[*Continued on page* 61]



Dark, handsome Francis Lederer has long been Hollywood's most avid press agent for love. "Everyone should fall in love," he insists. Francis will next be seen in the Republic picture *Puddin' Head*

Press Agent for Love

By CHARLES DAGGETT

■ "Love is the most wonderful magic in the world. Love is really being alive. It is the supreme point of living."

It was dark, handsome Francis Lederer speaking between scenes on the Republic lot where he is busy at work on *Puddin' Head,* the picture that will mark his welcome return to the screen after a too-long absence.

The intense, European-born young actor has long been known as Hollywood's most avid press agent for love. "Fall in love," he advises earnestly, "and life will take on new meaning. You'll be a better person, a greater person."

Out of his own experience, his colorful years on the stage and screen, and from a life lived both abroad and in America, Lederer has developed a simple set of rules of behavior in this magic transformation called love. "Love is a career in itself," he says, "and as such should have its own special chart and guiding rules to make it a success."

Francis shares with you his ten basic "musts" that are necessary in making a success of the most important of all relationships. Here they are:

1. *Love must be built on faith.* Faith in your love for one another. If two people have faith in each other, in the fundamental rightness of their feelings, they will succeed.

2. *Consideration is the second essential quality.* Consideration of the other's feelings, and pride, or vanity, in some cases. You must learn to deal with the other's inferiority complex—which everyone has to a certain extent, and to revive wounded feelings. A man must always remember that a woman is an emotional, highstrung creature who must "fly off the handle" now and then or something will snap inside her. At these times he must know when to soothe, [*Continued on page* 61]



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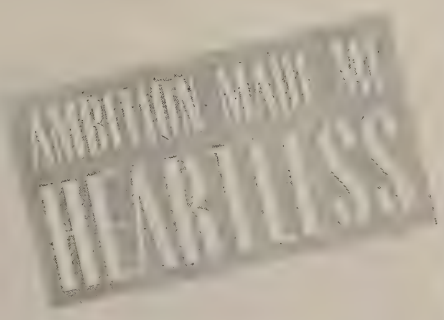
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What Deanna Durbin Expects of Marriage

[*Continued from page 20*]

"Again, I admired the way he would take a situation in hand. When he felt I was wrong, he'd say so. And generally I'd discover he was right. Another trait I liked was his readiness to accept a suggestion. He was always willing to look at both sides of a question. If I remarked that the tie he was wearing was wrong, he'd look at it in the mirror real hard. If he decided it went with the outfit, it stayed there. If not, he never wore the tie with that suit again.

"But it was his making allowances that really impressed me. We had our petty quarrels, of course. Thank heaven we did. But we never got miffed. Vaughn would always see that the discussion ended on a bright note. Which accounts, I suppose, for the fact that once I had said yes there was never any doubt in my mind as to whether I had made a wise choice."

"What about children?" we asked. Would the lady care to say?

"I love children—both types," she said. "However, there is lots of time for that. I don't think that will happen for a few years—maybe when I'm around 24 or so."

And what about her career?

Universal's wonderful chanteuse smiled.

"There will most emphatically be a career. After *Almost An Angel* there is a picture with Franchot Tone coming up."

Which makes everyone happy. ■



Something new in political campaign regalia is the costume sported by Binnie Barnes in Universal's *Tight Shoes*

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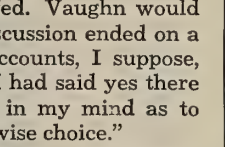
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Press Agent for Love

[Continued from page 59]

when to scold, when to bully, and when to take her seriously—even though his inclinations might be to rush out of the house and never return.

3. *There must be mutual respect.* Respect for the opinions of the other. If a mutual appreciation of the thoughts and the feelings of the other person can be attained, and kept basically nourished from the start, each gains confidence. And with confidence each becomes a better person.

4. *You must learn to laugh together.* You can't expect to maintain the high peak of emotion all the time. That's impossible. Love in the grand manner is quite possible without an overtone of tragedy creeping in all the time. There are thousands of things to laugh about. The more you can find, the better. Laugh at each other, too, but be careful that there is no sarcasm.

5. *You must learn to forgive—and forget.* If you can't bring yourself to forgiveness of some real or fancied wrong done you by your partner, then call in science. Go to a psychiatrist. The trouble may be just some organic thing that an examination would discover and correct. It is possible that in the near future science will prove of immense help in clearing up the problems between men and women. Husband and wife should be given mental and physical examinations before divorcing or separating.

6. *Treasure and guard your love.* Be willing and prepared to fight for it, just as you would your other precious possessions. Love must be cherished. It requires skill and tenderness. Fight when it becomes necessary, but fight intelligently and fairly.

7. *Develop a community of interests.* When the first emotional uplift of falling in love has passed, then is the time to start building common interests. None of the original glow and radiance of being in love will be lost that way. You won't lose it if you are building something together. Don't let courtship stop with marriage, just let it be different. Let it be the building of mutual interests and of mutual respect.

8. *Guard against false possessiveness and false hyper-sensitiveness.* Don't put love behind bars. Some fine day when you open the door of the jail to have a look, your love will be gone. And a hyper-sensitiveness to imagined wrongs or neglects is a sure way to destroy love. Be reasonable.

9. *Guard against jealousy of the other's career, when there is one.* An actor, for instance, must of necessity spend a lot of his time on his art. It would be calamitous to fall in love with someone who would be jealous of his career. The feeling of being stifled, the demands of self-preservation, would be detrimental to any career.

10. *Above all, a man must be a man, and a woman must be a woman.* ■

Important Pictures

[Continued from page 58]

Penny Serenade is a heart-tugger, from start to finish. We'll wager there'll be few dry eyes when it's finished. Parts are unabashed hokum, but with stars of the magnitude and ability of Grant and Irene Dunne, it manages to maintain its merit throughout.

The opening scene discloses *Julie* (Irene Dunne) packing to leave her husband. She can't resist one last playing of the phonograph selections in an old album, and with each tune a burning memory returns. The film unfolds in this retrospective manner. Her meeting with *Roger*, their marriage, the loss of their unborn child in a Japanese earthquake, the adoption of an infant, her untimely death, their emotional and spiritual separation, and finally the end of their marriage. A series of coincidences reunite them in the end.

Every scene is not as good as the one in which Irene attempts to bathe the adopted baby for the first time, when the stalwart foreman of the printing shop, Edgar Buchanan, takes over in masterly style. Director George Stevens has employed most effective and original means of portraying a scene, such as using close-ups of tip-toeing feet to accent a story point.

One of the nicest things about the picture is the winsome, appealing smile of little nine-year-old Ann Doran, who plays the part of the adopted child.

FLAME OF NEW ORLEANS ★★★

Universal

This is a fluffy little bit of nonsense about a not-too-nice lady in the early days of New Orleans. Marlene Dietrich is the glamorous lady who poses as a fake countess and is determined to marry wealthy Roland Young, a middle-aged skirt chaser. Just as she seems to have him snagged, her past catches up with her, thanks to garrulous Mischa Auer. Eventually true love triumphs, and she throws up her chance at wealth for sailor Bruce Cabot, who really had her heart all the time.

Miss Dietrich manages to bring life and energy into a rather time-worn story. However, the more bawdy roles she has had of late (like *Destry*) are better vehicles for her earthy beauty than the more restrained characterization of this type. Bruce Cabot is dashing and romantic as the sailor, and will undoubtedly find himself walking into hero roles after this.

SIS HOPKINS ★★★

Republic

Republic Pictures take a great step forward with *Sis Hopkins*, into which they've put a lot of time, effort and money. The choice of Judy Canova for the star

[Continued on page 66]



the big bad Wolf says "Goody"

The Wolf met Little Red Riding Hood going to Grandma's with a basket of food and a package of Dentyne (that delicious chewy gum that helps keep teeth bright).

The Wolf could have gobbled up R. R. H. right then but he thought he could eat Grandma first. So when R. R. H. arrived, there was the Wolf pretending to be Grandma herself.

"Hello, Grandma!" said R. R. H., pretending she didn't recognize him. "How *do* you keep your teeth so bright and sparkling?"

"By eating raw meat!" snarled the Wolf.

"How old-fashioned! You should chew Dentyne. Its extra firmness helps your teeth keep healthy and lustrous white. And that spicy flavor—mm!" And she offered the Wolf some Dentyne.

"My! My! How delicious!" purred the Wolf. "From now on I exercise my teeth only on Dentyne!"

(*Moral:* Help *your* teeth keep bright and sparkling this pleasant way—chew Dentyne! You'll enjoy its smart flat package, too.)

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Start the Day Right

By

BETTY CROCKER



Gay, informal breakfast parties are Una Merkel's specialty. She serves her guests crisp, golden waffles. Her recipe is given below. Other grand breakfast suggestions are in our free leaflet.



■ Attractive Una Merkel's advice to all housewives is, "Never use a new recipe when you are entertaining. Always try it out on the family first or on friend husband, and be sure your test shows it's a success before you risk your reputation by serving it to your guests.

"I believe that brides or bachelor girls are often misled by the belief that guests should be served unusual or even bizarre dishes.

"The first risk you run is that most people are set in their likes and dislikes for food and if you have something too elaborate, your guests—and particularly the men—will eat it more out of a sense of social duty than out of enjoyment. I know that men shy away from 'party food'."

Miss Merkel's true southern hospitality involves her in considerable entertaining. And informal breakfasts are her favorite device for bringing together her friends. Not only that, but her favorite menu is as simple as possible for these breakfasts—waffles, little pork sausages, scrambled eggs, fruit juices and, of course, plenty of coffee.

No sooner had she finished Universal's comedy *Cracked Nuts* than she was mixing up a batter for a waffle party. This is her recipe:

GOLDEN BROWN WAFFLES

2 eggs
2 cups sour milk
1 tsp. soda
2 cups sifted all-purpose flour or cake flour
2 tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
6 tbsp. melted shortening

Beat the eggs until light and add sour milk and soda. Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together. Beat the flour mixture into the egg and milk mixture. Add the melted shortening, beating until smooth with a rotary egg beater. Bake on hot waffle iron. This will make 8 to 10 waffles.

For warm weather luncheons, Miss Merkel has a number of pet recipes. Tuna Loaf is one of her favorites.

TUNA LOAF

1½-lb. loaf day-old bread (preferably a sandwich loaf)
Soft butter (for spreading)
Special Tuna Filling
Lettuce leaves
Mayonnaise
Cucumber or radishes, thinly sliced
Tomatoes, thinly sliced
Garnishes (hard-cooked eggs and chives or watercress and radishes)

Remove crust from loaf of bread. Slice bread lengthwise into 4 long slices . . . not more than ⅓ inch thick. Keep slices in original order. Spread the bottom slice with softened butter and then with Special Tuna Filling. Cover with lettuce leaves. Spread underside of second slice lightly with mayonnaise . . . and lay on top.

Spread Special Tuna Filling on second slice of buttered bread. Cover with thin slices of cucumber or radishes. Cover with third slice (spread with mayonnaise on underside). Spread remainder of Special Tuna Filling. Lay thin slices of tomato over the filling. Cover with lettuce leaves. Cover with fourth slice of bread (spread

with mayonnaise on underside). Press whole loaf together gently. Place on serving platter.

Cover the top and sides of loaf with thin coating of mayonnaise. Decorate with hard-cooked eggs (pressed through a sieve) and minced green chives or with chopped radishes and tiny watercress leaves to resemble flowers. Serve garnished with lettuce leaves and tomato sections or sprigs of watercress and radish roses.

Chill for at least ½ hour, so loaf will cut easily into 2-inch slices. This will make about 8 servings.

Special Tuna Filling

Mix together finely flaked tuna (from one 7-oz. can), 6 diced, hard-cooked eggs, ½ cup sliced stuffed olives, 1 tbsp. minced chives, 1 tsp. salt, ½ cup mayonnaise, and 2 tbsp. lemon juice.

Another hot weather dish that is popular with Miss Merkel's guests is Mint Applesauce Salad, a beautiful sea green gelatin ring filled with well-seasoned cottage cheese. Here is the recipe:

MINT APPLESAUCE SALAD

½ cup water
1½ cups thick, slightly sweetened applesauce (put through a sieve)
1 pkg. mint-flavored jelly powder
Lettuce
1 cup well-seasoned cottage cheese

Add water to applesauce, and bring to a boil. Remove from heat. Add jelly powder, and stir until dissolved. Pour into six individual ring molds (which have been lightly greased or rinsed with cold water). Chill until firm. You'll need to double this recipe to serve it in one big 10-inch ring mold. When ready to serve, unmold on lettuce leaves and mound the cottage cheese in the center of each ring. Serve with mayonnaise which has been thinned with lemon juice or with a sweet cooked dressing.

With refreshing summer salads of this sort Miss Merkel serves hot corn sticks in true southern style. Here is the recipe for Canary Corn Sticks:

CANARY CORN STICKS

1 egg
1½ cups buttermilk or sour milk
½ tsp. soda
½ cup sifted all-purpose flour
1½ cups white or yellow cornmeal
3 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. sugar
¼ cup shortening (part butter) melted

Beat the egg well. Add the buttermilk or sour milk and soda. Sift the flour, cornmeal, baking powder, salt and sugar together, and add to egg-and-buttermilk (or sour milk) mixture. Mix well. Blend in the melted shortening. Pour into hot buttered corn stick or muffin pans, filling each ⅔ full. Bake 10 to 15 minutes (depending on size), in a hot oven, 450° F. Remove from oven, and brush tops with soft butter. Place under broiler or in very hot oven for 3 or 4 minutes or until golden brown. This will make 1 dozen corn sticks or medium-sized muffins.

Note: Be careful not to over-bake!

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Most colossal of all movie junkets to date was the Pan-American good-will expedition to Mexico City. Dignity was the keynote, and the exploitation was tempered to conservative lines. The guests were selected with meticulous care, among them being Norma Shearer, Joe E. Brown, Johnny Weissmuller, Mickey Rooney, Kay Francis, Patricia Morison, Brenda Joyce and Louella Parsons. The trip lasted ten days, and a high spot was the world premiere of James Roosevelt's first picture, *Pot o' Gold*





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WHAT'S THE NEWEST IN SUMMER PLAY CLOTHES?

For the answer to this all-important vacation question, turn to page 26 in this issue of HOLLYWOOD. To keep posted on the newest styles, look for the authentic fashion articles, illustrated with photographs of movie stars, prepared for you each month by Candida, Fashion Editor of

HOLLYWOOD

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Veda Ann Borg's story is one of great courage. An automobile accident almost proved fatal to the lovely girl who bravely faced several operations to gain back her original beauty. Left: She is shown with Edward Arnold in *The Penalty*

Courageous Comeback

By HELEN HOVER

■ Over on Stage 14 of the M-G-M lot, a short time ago, a grim story was being filmed. A tragic, moving story of how a woman's face and her life and her very soul were molded by her scarred, distorted face.

Not far off on another set, another film was being made called *The Penalty*, and the leading role was being enacted by one Veda Ann Borg. No one gave much thought to the matter, but Miss Borg, a few lots removed, was in many ways the living counterpart of the *Anna Holm* portrayed by Joan Crawford in *A Woman's Face*.

A childhood burn left *Anna Holm* with a scarred face that swayed her destiny and blackened her soul. When the affliction was finally remedied—after numerous painful operations—she emerged a wiser, greater and more compassionate woman.

Veda Ann Borg was born with an exquisitely beautiful face. It was an automobile accident that scarred and mutilated that beauty and placed her in a hospital for a year of painful, torturous operations. Like *Anna Holm*, she emerged from the pain and tragedy of that year into a wiser, more understanding, more tolerant person.

Five years ago, Veda came to Hollywood, a curvesome model from Boston with a trunk full of beauty cups. She was placed under a Warner Brothers' contract, and producers, noting her vivid beauty, hailed her as "the most thrilling beauty since Clara Bow." She appeared in several pictures, was taken to all the night clubs and premieres, she was given beautiful clothes, the finest dramatic grooming and a big publicity buildup was in store for her. The buildup, incidentally, was eventually switched to Ann Sheridan when Veda met with her misfortune.

"Life was a song then," Veda recalled, talking coolly and precisely. "I had a wonderful screen future, I was fussed over, I

was earning a big salary and I went from one party to another, from one boy friend to another.

"And then one awful night all that was changed. I was on a date. On the way home we had a head-on collision with another car. My face went through the windshield. It was the old-fashioned breakable glass, and then I fell against something.

"When I came to, I was in the receiving room of the hospital. My face felt strange. As though I didn't have one. It was numb. I asked the nurse for a mirror. I can't tell you what I saw; that deathly, greenish feeling I had when I saw that bloody, mutilated mess stare back at me.

"I lay back, heartsick. I was through, not only as an actress. but as a woman. How could any doctor take that slashed broken thing that was my face and put it together into something that was normal again. I wanted to die. I thought, 'Why couldn't the accident have taken my life as well as my face. There is nothing to live for anyway. A woman without a face is better off dead.'

"And then suddenly—I can't explain it—I found courage. People have told me I was brave to carry on for two years, undergoing one plastic operation after another in order to make my face whole and lovely. But it wasn't bravery. It's—well, it's a matter of facing a cruel but unalterable fate. I think that none of us know how much we can take until we are called upon to prove ourselves. After the first shock wore off, I steeled myself to the ordeal that was ahead and I determined that I wouldn't let up until my face was as it had been.

"A famous Hollywood plastic surgeon was summoned. There was one chance in a thousand that my face could be restored. I was told it would take time and one operation after another."

She spent almost a full year in the hospital. Friends had forgotten her by this time, and she was a slight, lonely figure listening to her radio, reading her paper to keep up with the world. Evenings, the radio taunted her with dance music reminding her of gay times she could not have.

The gashes in her face were eventually ironed out, scar tissue around one eye was removed which restored it to its normal size, but ten operations were required to rebuild her nose. It was a long, tedious process. Pieces of her earlobes and rib were removed to build up her nose. After each operation, the bandages would come off so that she could see her face gradually growing back.

"It was almost like being a piece of clay and watching the sculptor make you a face," Veda recalls with a shudder.

And then, six months ago, the last bandage came off. When she saw herself, she wept out of happiness. Her face was perfect, with only a little scar here or there that would eventually heal. Her skin was pink and clear and her nose was slim, short and brand new.

But the battle wasn't over. She found that Hollywood casting directors had forgotten her, others who remembered her were afraid to take a chance on her. "You photographed well before the accident, but your face is a little different now. You can't fool the cameras," they told her.

Occasionally, she got bit parts in pictures and accepted them gratefully and gamely. This girl who could have been a star herself, now worked as one of the extra players in the mob watching others receive all the attention.

Things were going so badly that she applied for a job in a Hollywood shop. The day she was to report for work, she received a phone call from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to report immediately for a screen test. Virginia Grey, scheduled for *The Penalty* had become suddenly ill, and an agent friend of Veda's had convinced the studio that Veda should have a chance at the role. Virginia's clothes fit Veda perfectly, and she stepped before the cameras in a tryout. Skeptically, the studio crew hung around to watch her fail. But Veda had known what it was to lose an opportunity, and she put her heart and soul into the test. She got the part, and when the picture was released, studio executives and critics did a tailspin over Veda's portrayal of the blond gun moll friend of Edward Arnold's. She was signed to a long-term contract.

So now Veda Ann Borg is picking up where she left off when that tragic accident interrupted her life. She is as pretty now as she was before—prettier, in fact, for her nose is a trifle shorter. But there are other changes the accident has wrought. "Inside" changes that are due to no plastic surgeon's skill. She has become more serious, has a more farsighted perspective. She is not the gay glamour girl she used to be.

"I don't care," she says quietly, "if I never go to a party again. It's funny, but pain teaches you so much. Those little things that used to be so important to me then—a new dress, the right shade of nail polish, getting my picture in the papers, even money—mean nothing to me now. I guess when you come so close to having yourself destroyed, you learn what is important and what is not."

Her studio bosses agree. Before this, they say, she was just another beauty contest winner, a pretty girl who might have ended as just another glamorous face. But suffering has given her a depth she never had before; familiarity with pain has given her an emotional quality that makes for greatness in acting, and that may make Veda Ann Borg a greater and more successful woman than she would have been before.

Odd, isn't it, how tragedy may be the very fabric of which triumph is fashioned? ■

Haven't you often wished you could preview the exciting new movies before they are nationally released? Well, you can have your wish come true. MOVIE STORY Magazine gives you the opportunity to enjoy not one, but many, thrilling previews each month, long before they are shown at your local theater. Each issue of MOVIE STORY is filled with full-length stories, lavishly illustrated with pictures from the films themselves. All yours, every month—for exclusive preview in your own home!



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Blonde hair is so lovely when it shines with cleanliness. That's why I want you to go to your nearest 10c store and get the new shampoo made specially for you. It is a fragrant powder that whips up into lavish cleansing suds. Instantly removes the dull, dust and oil-laden film that makes blonde hair drab-looking. Called Blondex, it helps keep light hair from darkening and brightens faded blonde hair. Takes but 11 minutes and you do it yourself at home. Blondex is absolutely safe, costs but a few pennies to use. May be had at 10c or drug stores. Get a package today.

Important Pictures

[*Continued from page 61*]

in the remake of the 40-year-old play is a happy one. This film will do much to advance her popularity and box-office rating everywhere. The combination of Miss Canova's twangy singing and Jerry Colonna's out-of-this-world antics is worth anybody's price of admission.

Judy is a rural hayseed who drifts to the big city and to college. Her flat-footed innocence gets her wealthy relatives into assorted dithers before an understanding is reached by all.

Bob Crosby's band renders some pleasing tunes, among them a patriotic finish number, *It Ain't Hay.*

MODEL WIFE ★★

Universal

This little domestic comedy is right down your alley for the next evening you are in the mood for a bit of bright nonsense.

Joan Blondell—lovelier than ever—is a model who works in the same firm as hubby Dick Powell, but in order to maintain their jobs they must keep their marriage secret. They're particularly eager to remain employed, for they hope to soon have enough in the piggy bank to afford a long-planned-for blessed event. Things go along well enough until Lee Bowman, irresponsible son of shop-owner Lucille Watson, begins to shower Joan with attentions she can't very well ignore. A lot of fast fun ensues before everything comes to a happy climax.

Dick Powell is making rapid strides as a comedian of exceptional ability, proving again that he is not dependent upon musical comedies for a telling presentation of his talents. You'll especially enjoy Lee Bowman's hilarious drunk scene.

Of particular interest in regard to this film is the fact that it was made on a profit-sharing basis. Neither stars, writer nor director got any immediate payment for their work, but all will share in percentage of the return from the film.

Miniature Reviews

★★★★

I WANTED WINGS (Paramount) Cast: *Ray Milland, William Holden, Wayne Morris, Veronica Lake, Constance Moore.* The most exciting aviation picture to date. This is Paramount's big special on which they put a year of effort and expense. Watch for the startling newcomer, Veronica Lake.

MEET JOHN DOE (Warners) Cast: *Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck, Edward Arnold.* Another outstanding Capra picture based on the subject he handles so expertly—the cause of the Little Man. Cooper and Stanwyck are excellent in the leading roles.

NIGHT TRAIN (20th Century-Fox, British) Cast: *Margaret Lockwood, Rex Harrison.* Melodrama of Nazi intrigue in England and Europe, played by an excellent cast. Instead of having a strong story, there is a string of exciting incidents leading to a terrific climax.

THAT HAMILTON WOMAN (United Artists) Cast: *Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier.* Historical drama of the scandalous romance between the wife of a British ambassador and the great Lord Nelson. First co-starring picture of Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier since their marriage.

THE GREAT DICTATOR (United Artists) Cast: *Charles Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, Jack Oakie.* Entertaining satire on Hitler and Mussolini. Chaplin is at his best in the old Chaplinesque comic antics, but is less effective in the serious scenes. Jack Oakie also proves his artistry as a comedian. Excellent supporting cast.

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) Cast: *Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, James Stewart, Ruth Hussey, John Howard, Virginia Weidler, Roland Young, John Halliday, Mary Nash.* In the riotous 24 hours before her second marriage, a Philadelphia society girl (Miss Hepburn) finds herself involved with three men and some amazing situations. She learns a lot about herself and provides you with some of the best entertainment of the year.

★★★½

ADAM HAD FOUR SONS (United Artists) Cast: *Warner Baxter, Ingrid Bergman, Susan Hayward.* When *Adam Stoddard's* gentle wife died, she left him a legacy—four sons. Drama weaves itself in the lives of the family as they become involved in the tense years of the first World War. Ingrid Bergman makes her first appearance since *Intermezzo.*

ANDY HARDY'S PRIVATE SECRETARY (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) Cast: *Mickey Rooney, Ann Rutherford, Lewis Stone,* and *Hardy cast.* These visits with the *Hardy* family are always refreshing. In this one *Andy* graduates from high school and again becomes involved in triangle trouble. You'll like newcomer Kathryn Grayson, who displays remarkable talent and possesses a rich, vibrant voice.

KITTY FOYLE (RKO) Cast: *Ginger Rogers, Dennis Morgan, James Craig, Ernest Cossart, Odette Myrtle.* This is a psychological story of a young "white-collar" girl who loved a man who was tied to his wealthy family's purse strings. Christopher Morley wrote the best-selling novel, and it is now an excellent moving picture.

STRAWBERRY BLONDE (Warner Brothers) Cast: *James Cagney, Olivia de Havilland, Rita Hayworth, Alan Hale, Jack Carson, George Tobias.* A fine dramatic tale of "the good old days," with clothes and barber-shop ballads of the early 1900's. A fine role for Cagney and magnificently done.

THAT UNCERTAIN FEELING (United Artists) *Merle Oberon, Melvyn Douglas, Burgess Meredith.* This sparkles with Donald Ogden Stewart's whimsical humor and Lubitsch's sophistication. A sustained case of hiccups leads Merle Oberon to a psychoanalyst who finds her ailment due to the monotony of her marital life. All sorts of rollicking situations and saucy dialogue ensue.

THE GREAT LIE (Warners) Cast: *Bette Davis, Mary Astor, George Brent.* Emotional drama in which Bette and Mary fight it out for George Brent.

★★★

BUCK PRIVATES (Universal) Cast: *Lee Bowman, Alan Curtis, Abbott and Costello, Andrews Sisters.* An employer and his chauffeur are drafted and sent to camp together, where they become rivals over the camp hostess. Full of comic situations and gags, and good music.

CHEERS FOR MISS BISHOP (United Artists) Cast: *Martha Scott, William Gargan, Edmund Gwenn, Sterling Holloway, Sidney Blackmer.* Sentimental story of fifty years of the life of a schoolteacher in the pioneer days of the Middle West. Martha Scott gives an excellent interpretation of Miss Bishop's professional problems and those of her personal life.

FLIGHT COMMAND (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) Cast: *Robert Taylor, Walter Pidgeon, Ruth Hussey, Paul Kelly.* This is a moving story of life in the Navy Air Corps. There is action, suspense, heroism. The sky photography is excellent.

LADY EVE (Paramount) Cast: *Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda, Charles Coburn.* Another of the written-and-directed by Preston Sturges series. Barbara Stanwyck is amusing and clever as a lady crook, and Henry Fonda gets away from his homespun roles of recent years. Slapstick, but highly amusing.

MEN OF BOYS TOWN (M-G-M) Cast: *Mickey Rooney, Spencer Tracy, Bobs Watson, Larry Nunn.* Second in the heart-warming *Father Flanagan* series.

MR. AND MRS. SMITH (RKO) Cast: *Robert Montgomery, Carole Lombard, Gene Raymond.* Hilarity is rampant in this mad comedy of domestic love. It has risque banter and intimate intrigue and is directed by Alfred Hitchcock.

NICE GIRL? (Universal) Cast: *Deanna Durbin, Franchot Tone, Robert Stack, Robert Benchley.* Deanna tries ever so hard to be naughty in her latest film, but remains, through it all, a nice girl. The *Danas* are a family to rival the *Hardys* in charm, and Robert Benchley is now firmly installed as our favorite film father. The grand supporting cast and the delightful music cinch one of the season's most buoyant comedies

ROAD TO ZANZIBAR (Paramount) Cast: *Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour, Una Merkel.* Second teaming of the delightful Crosby, Hope, Lamour combination. The plot, which is again laid in South Africa, is thin but provides adequate excuse for the series of comedy and thrill situations. Rapid-fire dialogue and Crosby's songs shine through the inconsequential tale

SO ENDS OUR NIGHT (United Artists) Cast: *Margaret Sullavan, Fredric March, Glenn Ford.* Three German refugees search for a place to live but are ousted from each European country they go to, until they finally reach Paris. The film is repetitious and lengthy, but the acting is of a high quality. Glenn Ford seems destined to go far.

VIRGINIA (Paramount) Cast: *Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray, Stirling Hayden, Carolyn Lee.* An entertaining story of a modern Virginian, a northern-bred Virginia girl, and a very attractive and wealthy young Yankee! Little Carolyn Lee steals the show

★★½

FOOTSTEPS IN THE DARK (Warners) Cast: *Errol Flynn, Brenda Marshall, Allen Jenkins* Errol runs into many complications when he tries to lead a double life as a business man and detective story writer.

LADY FROM CHEYENNE (Universal) Cast: *Loretta Young, Robert Preston, Gladys George.* Airy little story about a prim and proper schoolmarm from the East who comes West, gets her dander up at the crooked state of local politics, bounces off to the legislature to secure the franchise for women and straighten things up. Amusing and fast moving.

ONE NIGHT IN LISBON (Paramount) Cast: *Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray, Patricia Morison.* Another gay little comedy with a background of contemporary events. The locale is war-torn London, with a later sequence in Lisbon. Fast dialogue delivered in telling MacMurray fashion, and plenty of British propaganda.

RAGE IN HEAVEN (M-G-M) Cast: *Robert Montgomery, Ingrid Bergman, George Sanders.* Another of the psychological characters Bob Montgomery likes so much to do. Ingrid Bergman is outstanding as his wife

THE GREAT AMERICAN BROADCAST (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Alice Faye, Jack Oakie, John Payne.* Rotund Jack Oakie walks away with this gay, entertaining musical. Some excellent tunes are sung ably by Miss Faye, and a gripping broadcast of the Dempsey-Willard fight is included on the bill of fare.

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MARY SHANNON

MY BABY IS MADE OF PAPER



I'M an unmarried mother—and proud of it! But my baby isn't the usual kind. My baby is made of paper, and tens of thousands of eager American women welcome it into their homes every month. They know it as LIFE STORY, one of the most vital and absorbing magazines being published today.

Like all mothers, I like to brag about my baby. I want to tell you what a lively, thriving youngster LIFE STORY is. I want you to get acquainted.

This magazine of mine gives you the stories of men and women who have lived and loved deeply, and who tell you their stories without adornment and without false reticence.

These stories are *real*—not invented. They deal frankly and honestly with emotional and marital problems which we all must face. I know from my mail that thousands of women have found in LIFE STORY the inspiration and guidance needed to avert disaster in their own lives.

From its first issue LIFE STORY has been a great magazine. Today it is a greater magazine than ever before. Every issue now contains *more than twenty-two stories and features.* Every story is complete.

Included in each issue are a true book-length novel, a short true novel, and a host of fascinating and useful features. I'd like to ask you to make a little experiment. Pick up a copy of LIFE STORY at any newsstand and start reading it at random. I'm sure that once you start, you won't put the magazine down until you have read everything in it.

Get a copy of the big, new issue of LIFE STORY today and see if I'm not right!

Mary Shannon

Editor, LIFE STORY



● *Actual color photograph—Andrew Wright shows a fine, light tobacco leaf, before aging.*

"I keep track of who pays what—

"—and I know Luckies pay higher prices to get the lighter, milder tobaccos!" says Andrew Wright, independent leaf buyer of Kernersville, N. C.

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PRISCILLA LANE

SEE PAGE 21

~~BOY MEETS GIRL~~

WOMAN MEETS MAN!



AT the risk of my editorial neck, I junked the boy-meets-girl formula. I substituted a formula of my own—woman meets man!

I think I know something about the modern woman, and one of the things I know is that she is no longer content with romantic fluff and trumped-up fiction plots in her reading matter. She wants truth and reality and all the thrilling satisfaction that comes from reading about life itself—not an imitation of it.

Life is the greatest author of all. That is why my magazine goes to life itself for its stories, not to fiction writers. That is why tens of thousands of women are discovering in LIFE STORY the one magazine that gives them deep and complete satisfaction.

LIFE STORY every month prints the truly great stories of real men and women caught up in the tremendous surge and flow of modern living. In the pages of LIFE STORY woman meets man—**real** men and **real** women—and their stories are told with all the power and vitality of life itself.

There is a marvelous example of the kind of story I mean in the August issue. It is called "I Broke the Seventh Commandment," and it is a story you will never forget. In addition, the same magazine gives you fourteen complete stories from life, including a book-length true novel, a short novel, and many additional stories and features—**more than twenty-two in all.**

I'd like to have you make a little experiment. Get a copy of LIFE STORY today and begin reading at random. I honestly believe that you won't be able to lay down the magazine until you have read every story in it!

If you have read LIFE STORY in the past you will agree with me when I say it is a great magazine. If you haven't—then a magnificent reading thrill awaits you!

Mary Rhannon

Editor, **LIFE STORY**





Even if you never lead a Beauty Parade . . .

YOU CAN WIN..If your Smile is Right!



"A LOVELY SMILE IS YOUR MOST IMPORTANT BEAUTY ASSET!"

say well-known beauty editors of 23 out of 24 leading magazines

In a recent poll made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines all but one of these beauty experts agreed that a lovely smile is a woman's most precious asset. They went on to say that "Even a plain girl has charm and personality if she keeps her smile bright, attractive and sparkling."

Smiles gain sparkle when gums are firm and healthy. Help to keep your gums firmer with daily Ipana and Massage.

YOU CAN HAVE dates and dances—admiration and romance. Charm counts as much as beauty. Even the plainest girl has an appealing charm if she keeps her smile at its sparkling best.

Make your smile the real, attractive YOU. But remember, bright teeth and sparkling smiles depend largely upon healthy gums. So help keep your gums firm and your smile more attractive with the aid of Ipana and massage.

If you ever see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist immediately.* He may say your gums are only lazy—that they need the work denied them by today's soft and creamy foods. And like many dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans your teeth but, with massage, is specially designed to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth.

That special invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue—helping gums to new firmness. Make your smile your most important beauty asset with the help of Ipana and massage. Get a tube of Ipana today.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

JUL 10 1941

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

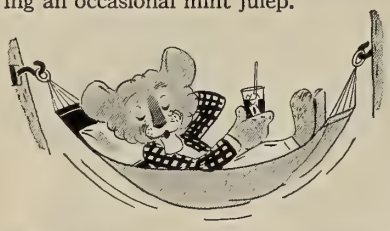
Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Boy, we're tired of the old high-pressure salesmanship. None of this hurry hurry hurry stuff for us.

★ ★ ★ ★

We're relaxing during the dog days. Swinging in our old hammock and taking an occasional mint julep.



Yes, we're willing to talk but campaigning is out. Our voice is soft, cooing, mellow.

★ ★ ★ ★

Especially since we're just going to drop a hint about two great films that are getting their final editing at those streamlined M-G-M studios.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "Lady Be Good." One is an unusually gripping drama, the other an unusually rippling musical. Opposite, but twin, poles.

★ ★ ★ ★

Victor (GWTW) Fleming produced "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," the famed Stevenson yarn. Of course, he had no talent to work with—only Spencer Tracy, Ingrid Bergman and Lana Turner.



Director Fleming

★ ★ ★ ★

It is something to write home about, this Spencer Tracy interpretation. Or if you *are* at home, it's something to write away about. Mark our words.

★ ★ ★ ★

And "Lady Be Good." Nobody in that one either. Only Eleanor Powell, Ann Sothern, Robert Young, Lionel Barrymore, John Carroll, Red Skelton, and Virginia O'Brien.



Norman (Comedy) McLeod has directed.

★ ★ ★ ★

We told you to mark our words about "Dr. Jekyll." Mark 'em as well about "Lady Be Good."

★ ★ ★ ★

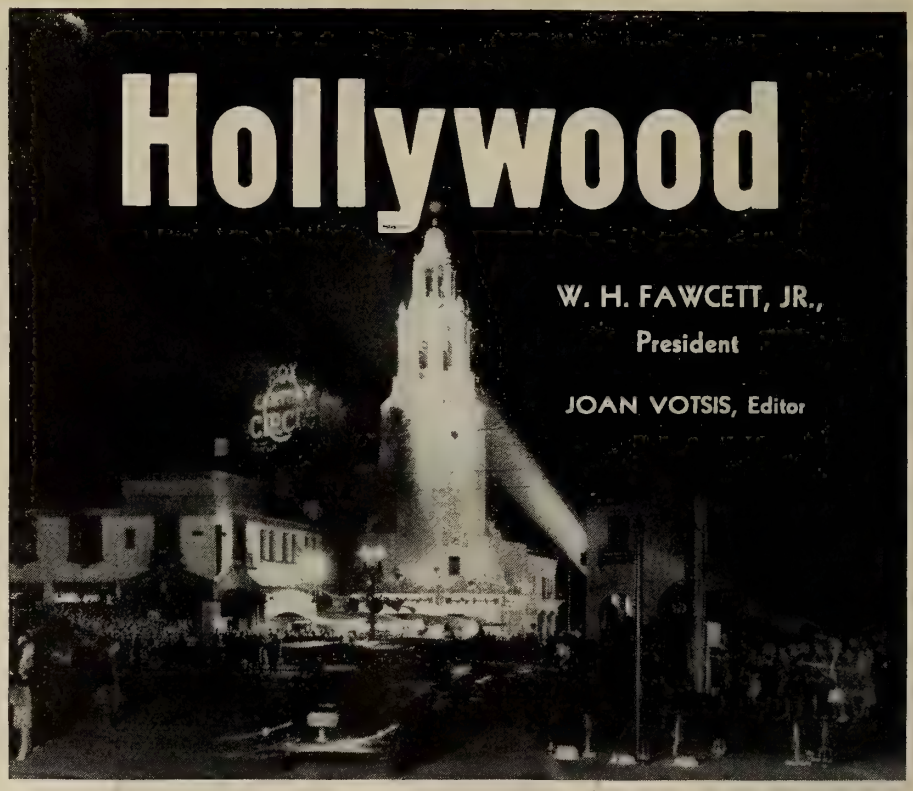
We won't have to eat them.

★ ★ ★ ★

Even though we like alphabet soup.

—*Leo*

Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*



Hollywood

W. H. FAWCETT, JR., President

JOAN VOTSIS, Editor

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"HURRAH FOR TODAY"
"KINDERGARDEN CONGA"
"LOVELINESS and LOVE"
"YOU STARTED SOMETHING"
"SOLITARY SEMINOLE"
"IS THAT GOOD?"
"MIAMI"

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USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ERSKINE JOHNSON

■ Bob Hope will do practically everything the script calls for but he balked when they tried to get him to wear one of Paulette Goddard's black lace nightgowns for a scene in *Nothing But the Truth*. He said fun is fun but the nightgown stunt wasn't. Bob compromised, however, and wore one of Paulette's dressing gowns instead.

■ Charles Boyer did his own casting on a movie set this month. The casting office sent a young Adonis down to the set to play a scene with the French star. Boyer gave one look and waved him away. "Too handsome," he told the director. Now it's a standing rule in Hollywood that women stars will not tolerate beautiful girls in the supporting casts. But it isn't often that a man exercises the same rights.

■ If the nation's defense program continues at the same pace, movie theaters will be giving away guns instead of dishes. And playing bang-bang instead of bingo.

■ It was 30 below zero in the Warner hairdressing department. Marlene Dietrich and Ann Sheridan, who can get along without each other very well, were getting new hair-do's and Ann laid down a comb. La Dietrich picked it up and ran it through her hair. "Do you mind, darling?" she asked the oomph girl. "Not at all," said Miss Sheridan, with a yawn. "If anyone objects it will be Fifi. It's her comb." "Who's Fifi?" asked the curious Dietrich, still combing her hair. "She's the French poodle George Brent gave me," Ann replied.

■ Here's a press agent stunt that should end all press agent stunts. Several big manufacturers have been approached by Paramount asking them to build a glass house in Hollywood. Veronica Lake would be asked to spend a week in the house with her husband. Hollywood stars have always claimed they have no more privacy than goldfish and this press agent wants someone to prove it.

■ Charles Ray wandered into the R-K-O studio cafe during the lunch hour, looked around for a familiar face. Once in the days when he was a glittering star, many would have greeted him. Now, only unrecognizing stares. Then he saw one familiar face, slid into a seat beside George Melford, the once famous director of Valentino in *The Sheik* and other hits. They greeted each other, then it came out. Ray was playing a one-day bit in a picture, Melford another. Director Eddie Killy passed by and Melford told Ray, "He's directing my picture. He used to be my prop boy!" That's Hollywood.

■ Ginger Rogers and Joan Crawford will remain bachelor girls for at least three more years, despite reports that either or both contemplate matrimony. Of course, they can get married, but it will

[*Continued on page* 8]



Anne Gwynne, Universal's TNT girl (trim, neat and terrific), relaxes beside her swimming pool after completing her role in *Tight Shoes*. Anne, one of Hollywood's up-and-coming young glamour girls, will be the subject of a HOLLYWOOD interview soon



ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING



Charles Rhodes, staff photographer for Fawcett's movie magazines, won most of the prizes at Warners' Hollywood Still Photographers' Contest. Rhodes took first prize in the Idea Contest, first prize in the Fashion Class, and second prize in the Informals—the only photographer who won two first prizes. Errol Flynn, acting as master of ceremonies, presented Rhodes with his three trophies

cost them a tidy sum if they do—and I don't mean a sum spent for support of a husband. I've learned that Ginger has bet $5,000 against Joan Crawford's offer of a vacation costing that amount—the loser to be the first one married. The bet expires in April, 1944.

■ Here's a story showing the trend of the times. Martha Raye was interviewing an English refugee, a young woman seeking employment in the Raye household. Martha said, "Can you cook?" "No." "Can you sew?" "No." "Can you type?" "No." "What can you do?" asked Martha. "I can handle a machine gun," the English woman said.

■ Leo Carrillo is doing his own Americanization program. On location at Los Angeles' Fish Harbor, Japanese school children were excused from classes so they could see the movie stars. Carrillo bought them ice cream and candy and then led them in singing "God Bless America."

■ Movietown Closeups: Greta Garbo often rolls on the floor to limber up her muscles for a big scene . . . Carole Lombard bites off the edges of stationery when writing letters . . . William Powell has a long narrow scar on his nose which is covered with make-up . . . Franchot Tone wears make-up on his hands because they're too white . . . Guy Kibbee has to wear make-up on his bald head so it won't reflect light into the camera . . . Dorothy Lamour always wears something else under her sarongs.

■ Brian Donlevy won his battle before he even got in the ring with Mary Martin. The studio wanted Brian to slap Mary for a scene in *Birth of the Blues*, and Donlevy said, "I won't do it. I used to be a bad man but in the last few pictures I was one of God's noblemen. I won't slap Mary." He was insistent and so was Mary.

■ The Month's Boo: To the studio executives who employ Jimmy Stewart. The young man who fattened himself up just so he could get in the army has been pestered repeatedly by the studio that wants to capitalize on his experiences. They sent a cameraman and a sound truck to the army camp where he is stationed and tried to make a short subject built around him and his army career. He 'urned it down and said, "For Pete's sake, will you guys leave me alone."

■ The Month's Bow: To Jimmy Stewart, of course, for remaining just another soldier and not a glamour boy in uniform.

■ Shirley Temple is growing up so fast the studio is having trouble casting her in a picture. She's as tall as Mickey Rooney and that's why you won't see her with Mickey on the screen. Tests showed that Shirley and Mickey are the same height, a fact that would spoil the script. The studio was afraid that by the time the picture was finished she would be taller than Mickey.

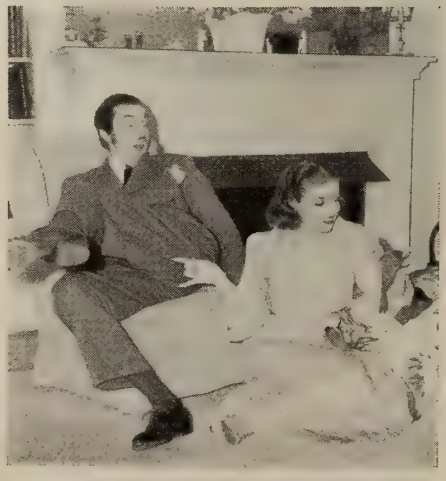
■ The Hays office has adopted pool room regulations for Hollywood love scenes. Gentlemen making love in bedroom scenes must keep one foot on the floor. It's fast making contortionists out of guys like Gable and Power.

■ Jack Benny is going to be the best dressed "woman" in Hollywood. Travis Banton designed his gowns for his female impersonator role in *Charley's Aunt*. Banton has designed clothes for Alice Faye, Marlene Dietrich, Myrna Loy and half a dozen other Hollywood glamour girls.

■ In *Blood and Sand*, a Mexican matador doubles for Tyrone Power in some of the bull fight scenes. He wears a rubber mask to make him look like Power. One night he went home and started to remove the mask. Mrs. Matador said, "Look, darling, do me one favor. Leave it on just for tonight. It's our anniversary."

■ How a half-empty bottle of wine saved David Niven's life in a London air raid was revealed in a letter from the actor to Robert Montgomery. Niven wrote he and two officer friends were bending their elbows in a little cafe near Hyde Park. When his pals decided to go to

[*Continued on page* 10]



Here's the picture that Warners judged best of all the entries in the Idea Contest. Remember it in the May, 1940 HOLLYWOOD in an amusing little feature called "How to Fascinate a Guest"?

..."Kitty Foyle"...
..Academy Award...
..and now...The Picture of Her Dreams!

GINGER ROGERS



"TOM, DICK and HARRY"

with

Geo. Murphy
Alan Marshal
Burgess Meredith

RKO RADIO PICTURES

WE GUARANTEE
YOU'VE NEVER SEEN
A LOVE STORY LIKE IT!

Meet The Wife!

Directed by GARSON KANIN
Produced by ROBERT SISK
Story and Screen Play by Paul Jarrico



GLORIOUS FREEDOM NOW with Tampax!

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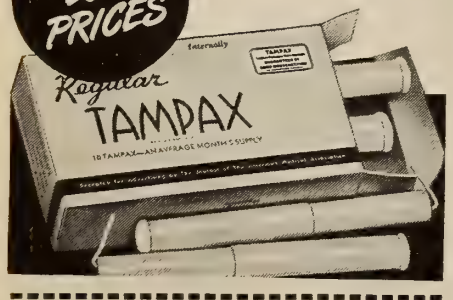
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A doctor has perfected Tampax so ingeniously it can be inserted and removed quickly and easily. Your hands *need not even touch* the Tampax, which comes in dainty applicator. You can dance, play games . . . use tub or shower. No odor can form; no deodorant needed—and it's easy to dispose of Tampax.

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Corporal James Stewart received a rousing welcome when he returned to Hollywood for a week-end leave from Army life. Franchot Tone, Lorraine Gettman, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fonda, Betty Field and Burgess Meredith, Jim's former room-mate, staged an enthusiastic celebration at Mocambo for Hollywood's number one soldier

another cafe, Niven said he'd join them after finishing off the half bottle of wine which remained on the table. A bomb raid followed and when Niven reached the other cafe, several hours later, he found it demolished with the bodies of his two buddies being removed from the wreckage.

■ Casting note from a Paramount call-sheet: "Thirty boys and girls of school age. Must be able to eat ice cream."

■ On The Set: Two hundred and fifty native extras were working in a scene for *Aloma of the South Seas.* It was a welcome home celebration for Jon Hall and Lynne Overman, and the entire village was on hand for the affair. Director Al Santell, through a half dozen rehearsals, asked his extras to keep pelting Hall and Overman with flowers.

"Keep throwing those flowers," he roared through a loudspeaker. "Keep your arms waving. Keep throwing things. Keep it exciting."

They went for a take. Bowing and smiling, Hall and Overman walked between rows of cheering, flower-throwing natives. But right in the middle of it they stopped, and covered their heads with their hands. "Cut," said Santell. "What's the matter?



Producer Joe Pasternak greets Gloria Jean with a kiss on the occasion of her 13th birthday. It was Pasternak who guided Deanna Durbin so brilliantly through the difficult transitional stage of adolescence, and it will be interesting to watch developments in the career of Universal's second young singing starlet

"Someone," replied Hall, wiping his eyes, "is throwing sand at us."

"It's me," confessed an eight year old native. "You said to keep throwing things —and I ran out of flowers."

■ Guy Kibbee filled out a publicity department questionnaire and one of the questions was, "How do you handle weekend guests?" After chewing on the pencil for a while, Kibbee wrote: "Make them feel at home without letting them know I wish they were."

■ Gregory LaCava, who shoots much of his film off the cuff and who writes his dialogue from day to day, prompted Robert Montgomery's observation: "Gregory LaCava is one director who can always feel the hot breath of the camera on the back of his neck."



Carol Bruce, who leaped to fame overnight in the Broadway musical *Louisiana Purchase*, is shown leaving New York for Universal City to begin work in the only feminine role in *This Girl Is Mine*

■ Just before paying a $100 bill for food and drink for a party of friends at a Hollywood night spot, a Hollywoodsman burned his fingers when a match book accidentally burst into flames. He asked the waiter for some butter to ease the pain and it did. But the pain was greater when, before leaving, the waiter added 20 cents to the bill for the butter.

■ Once Upon A Time: Norma Shearer and Fredric March were posing together as advertising models . . . Lewis Stone was giving commands as an officer in the Spanish-American war . . . Charles Grapewin was doing back flips as a circus

[*Continued on page* 12]



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SAVES TIME • CLOTHES • CHARM!



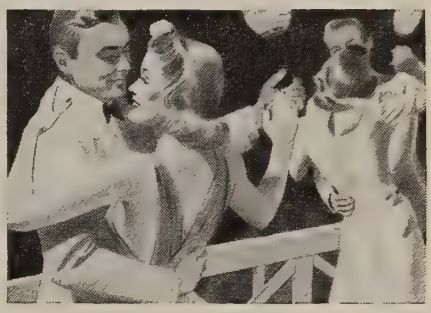
DAY-LONG DAINTINESS starts with a touch of Mum under each arm, for bath freshness vanishes quickly unless you prevent the formation of future odor. Mum is sure, dependable . . . preferred by millions of women.



SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS GIRLS have this red letter rule..."Be a pleasant office companion, never let daintiness down!" Gentle, creamy Mum protects you for hours, yet Mum won't hurt skin or clothes. Mum is safe!



DINNER DATE TONIGHT? Surprise invitations are fun! Carry a purse-size jar of Mum for your "five o'clock freshener" and go straight from shopping or business, confident that Mum protects your charm!



HELP ROMANCE ALONG! Romance . . . how precious to find, how easy to lose through one careless fault! Popular girls, girls who dance every dance, never risk offending. Let Mum be the safeguard of your charm, too!

Mum prevents underarm odor all day!

A DOZEN AIDS to charm may crowd your bathroom shelves. But not one is more important than the underarm deodorant you use.

And today, with so many deodorants to choose from, isn't it significant that more women in offices, in hospitals, in schools and at home prefer Mum. Mum is pleasant to use—prevents odor instantly and does it *without stopping perspiration.*

Smart women never trust a bath alone to bring them lasting daintiness. Underarms need special care to prevent the formation of future odor . . . that's why so many women use Mum every single day. A quick dab under each arm and underarms are safe all day or all evening long.

Safe, dependable Mum makes you safe from the risk of ever offending. It's a favorite with thousands of men, too.

MUM IS SAFE. A gentle, soothing cream that won't harm clothes or even tender skin. Safe even after underarm shaving.

MUM IS SURE. Without attempting to stop perspiration, Mum makes the formation of underarm odor impossible for hours.

MUM IS SPEEDY. Takes only 30 seconds to smooth on Mum. You can use it even *after* you're dressed!

• • •

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Thousands of women use Mum for this important purpose. Try safe, dependable Mum this way, too!

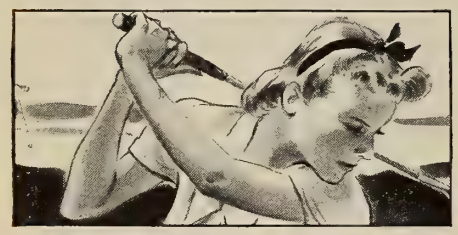
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TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

"Is There Really
SWIM-PROOF, RUN-PROOF,
SMEAR-PROOF
Make-Up?"



"My Dear, that Tangee Natural just stays on like mad! You can swim all day and it lasts and lasts. Besides Tangee Natural gives the lads a new slant on you. All Winter you've been a glamour girl...overnight Tangee Natural makes you the gal of the great outdoors."



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"Remember how perspiration used to smear your make-up? Well, not anymore! Tangee Natural Lipstick and that wonderful Creme Rouge have the Indian sign on that too—and both have the famous Tangee color change principle."



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Natural
"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co., Dist., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City. Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)
Check Shade of Powder Desired:
☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
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Quite handy around the house is Universal's mechanical man, Ivan. He obligingly acts as safety stop for Dorothy Darrell's bannister slide. The young starlet and Ivan appear in *Cracked Nuts*

acrobat . . . Frances Farmer was ushering in a Seattle theater . . . Fred MacMurray was working in a stove factory . . . And Lana Turner ran home to mother because a schoolmate dipped her pigtails in an inkwell.

■ Bing Crosby showed up on the set wearing a disreputable old hat. "Not bad for a dime," cracked Bob Hope, "but what did you do with the crackerjacks?"

■ You'll see an almost unearthly looking Simone Simon in *The Devil and Daniel Webster*. Cast as a confederate of the devil she wears unconventional over-



Meet the screen's newest romantic team —Marjorie Main and Wallace Beery, soon to be seen in M-G-M's *Barnacle Bill*

tones of make-up coloring and is lighted throughout the picture by a magenta spotlight.

■ Favorite movie at Hollywood private parties is hilarious entertainment but it could never be shown in public. It's a test Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy once made in different kinds of underwear!!

■ It was a sunny California day but icicles formed on the camera when Wallace Beery's ex-wife, his bride-to-be and a former girl friend all arrived at the same time to visit him on location.

■ Rosalind Russell arrived on the set of *They Met in Bombay* wearing a new hat topped by a red bird. Director Clarence Brown took one look, yelled, "Get that bird!" and a prop boy whipped out a



According to reports, all moments on the *Manpower* set were not so peaceful as this one in which Marlene Dietrich and Edward G. Robinson have a cup of tea. Rivalry between Robinson and George Raft, who also appears in the picture, caused many a tense moment before the film was completed

revolver and started firing blank cartridges. Rosalind all but fainted.

■ Adolphe Menjou, the immaculate dresser, and fashion authority, was in a belligerent mood. He'd just seen an extra on the set wearing tan shoes with a blue suit. "Disgusting," said Mr. Menjou, "Positively disgusting." So while he was in the mood I asked him to name some other capital offenses against the art of manly well dressing. He listed 16 of them, including the tan shoes with a blue suit. They were the wearing of:

Sleeves too long. Cuffs too large. No suspenders. No garters. Colored shirts. Gold chain with evening dress. Colored ties, handkerchiefs with dinner jacket. Light colored top coat with dinner jacket. Run down heels. Cuffless sport trousers. Slacks in any pattern but gray. Diamond

rings. White silk scarves. Tightly fitting suits.

■ Sir Cedric Hardwicke received a cable from a friend in bomb-torn London. The message read: "Am Terribly Worried About You. No Reply Last Two Letters."

■ Bette Davis had a narrow escape on the set of *The Little Foxes*. The lights on her portable make-up table short circuited and threw sparks all over the flimsy gown she was wearing. A property man smothered the sparks before they could start a blaze.

■ And speaking of escapes, here's one Nelson Eddy is telling about. He was motoring near Gettysburg Battlefield during a concert tour when his driver dozed off and the car ploughed off the road into a vacant lot. The driver apologized and said: "Mr. Eddy, you're safe from now on. That was the third time I've done that and the third time is the charm."



In his new picture, *Hello Sucker*, Hugh Herbert has a number of absent-minded moments, one of which is shown above

■ A medal to Harry Sherman who has been producing successful pictures, especially the *Hopalong Cassidy* epics, since Hollywood boulevard was a cowpath. The other day a former star down on his luck went to Sherman with a silver-embossed saddle given him by the late Tom Mix. He asked Sherman if he would buy it for $500. Sherman said sure and wrote out a check. When the ex-star got to the bank he found the check made out for $1500, a characteristic Sherman gesture. He's taken care of many old favorites that others have forgotten.

[*Continued on page* 17]

Linda Darnell CHARMING STAR OF 20th CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION "BLOOD AND SAND", FINDS JOY IN THE COMPANIONSHIP OF HER PET CANARY "OSCAR"



Canaries

HOLLYWOOD'S NEWEST HOBBY SENSATION



...And in Hollywood

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Canaries for companionship . . . canaries for cheer . . . canaries for sunshine and song! Canaries in the home—in studio dressing rooms—on movie sets! Canaries! Canaries! Hollywood's newest and most fascinating pet hobby—one that you, too, can enjoy!

Another Hollywood choice is French's Bird Seed and Biscuit—the song-tested, proven recipe of *eleven* aids to song and health: Canary, Poppy, Rape, Sesame and Millet Seeds; Soy Bean Grits, Yeast, Wheat Germ (B_1), Corn Syrup, Cuttlebone and Charcoal. In every package of French's Bird Seed is a French's Bird Biscuit (in itself worth 10c). It gives the diet an extra *lift* and combines with French's Bird Seed to supply your Canary an 11-course balanced meal—all in one package!

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IMPORTANT PICTURES

By SARA CORPENING

A WOMAN'S FACE ★★★★

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

■ In *A Woman's Face,* Joan Crawford gives what will undoubtedly be the best performance of her career, without benefit of glamour or the striking clothes that have been her forte in the past.

The story is a grim one, taken from an old Swedish play in which Ingrid Bergman once starred. *Anna Holm,* embittered because of an accident which has left one half of her face tragically scarred, turns to blackmail for expressing her contempt for society. She becomes the accomplice of a penniless nobleman. Because he shows no revulsion for her disfigurement, she falls under his diabolical spell and agrees to help him in a blackmail plot. The plot fails, but *Anna* meets a young doctor who restores her beauty. With the new face comes a new soul, and a new life.

The much publicized Crawford scar is a masterpiece of make-up, and outstanding characterizations are offered by supporting players.

MAJOR BARBARA ★★★★

United Artists

■ The new Bernard Shaw picture appeals chiefly to the intellect rather than the emotions, and talk, rather than action, is stressed throughout. For the thoughtful, it will offer delightful diversion.

The play has to do with the state of the soul, and the conflicting viewpoints —personal, moral, national, and philosophical — of a munitions maker, his daughter, a Salvation army major, and her suitor, a young scholar in Greek.

Filmed under all the hazards of war, *Major Barbara* still emerges as a distinctive movie.

THE RELUCTANT DRAGON ★★★★

R-K-O-Radio

■ Walt Disney's latest enchanting full-length production contains a story within a story. Robert Benchley is the leading player, a bemused visitor to the unique Disney plant. Through his eyes the audience is introduced to the various steps in the making of a Disney picture. *Baby Weems,* a delightful little tot, is shown in a complete animated cartoon, so distracting that for a moment you forget this is a show-within-a-show. A picturization of *The Reluctant Dragon* is part of the film, also. Benchley's rambling path also leads him into the department where work is going on for a sequence in *Dumbo,* the full-length feature with a circus locale which will be released during the summer. And of course your old favorite, *Donald Duck,* bobs up for a sprightly word.

You'll enjoy this colorful behind-the-scenes panorama.

LOVE CRAZY ★★★

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

■ William Powell and Myrna Loy step down from their pinnacle of sophisticated comedy and go completely slapstick in their latest effort. They romp merrily through one of the gayest affairs of the summer season.

The story is light but provides many amusing situations and bright dialogue. Powell, endeavoring to bring about a reconciliation with his wife, simulates insanity and lands in a sanitarium. Escaping, he returns home to masquerade as his sister until his mother-in-law discloses that his association with the old flame who caused all the trouble really was an innocent one.

A scene in an elevator shaft is great slapstick, and Powell is tops in farce. Miss Loy provides her usual sparkling performance.

IN THE NAVY ★★★

Universal

■ Here is the running mate to *Buck Privates.* This time those inimitable comics, Abbott and Costello, are sailors—and what sailors. Their zany entry in the national defense pictures will be hard to top.

The story concerns a crooner (Dick Powell) who joins the Navy to get away from women. He meets the comics, who make things even more lively than the female adulation did. The singing Andrews Sisters are in this one too.

Guaranteed to ease the strain of the times.

BLOOD AND SAND ★★★

Twentieth Century-Fox

■ This melodrama of the bull ring made history back in 1922 when it starred Rudolph Valentino. The new version is in Technicolor, which makes it even more vivid pictorially, but the film does not pack the wallop the first version did.

The story traces the life of a bull fighter from childhood through his struggles to fame and married happiness until he succumbs to the temptations of a wealthy seductress (Rita Hayworth). Dissipation and despair follow and eventual death in the bull ring.

The essential cruelty of the theme is lost in the breathless colors and rhetorical speeches. Tyrone Power makes a very dashing matador, and Linda Darnell is lovely to gaze upon.

SUNNY ★★★

R-K-O-Radio

■ The successful team of producer Herbert Wilcox and star Anna Neagle combine their talents to produce a pleasing Cinderella operetta based on the stage play which made Marilyn Miller famous in the '20's.

The scene is in gay New Orleans at the Mardi Gras festivities. Miss Neagle is the star of a streamlined circus, who becomes engaged to dashing John Carroll, auto heir. She leaves the circus for the family manse only to encounter dire difficulties with the wealthy relatives.



The chiefs of the Naval General Staff of Latin American Republics were entertained royally in Hollywood by the film colony. Among the outstanding screen personalities at a lunch for the visitors were Deanna Durbin and Edward G. Robinson. Companions were Lt. Colonel Cortes of Colombia and Commander Picardi of Venezuela

The dance routines of Ray Bolger are delightful, and John Carroll—in the romantic lead—sings in pleasing fashion and turns in a good performance. He shows promise of better things to come.

The Jerome Kern songs which dominate the show include the ever-popular "Who?" and "Do You Love Me?"

BILLY THE KID ★★★

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

■ The saga of *Billy the Kid* has been used for movie thrillers time after time. The newest version boasts of Robert Taylor in the title role, and Technicolor. Taylor acquits himself well in the part of the rugged outlaw, making a striking picture in his black garb, seated on a black horse, against the colorful prairie panorama. The supporting players—Brian Donlevy, Mary Howard, Ian Keith, and Gene Lockhart—are excellent.

Billy is an independent young outlaw until he meets an Englishman (Ian Hunter) who has come to the West. He shows *Billy* the value of a peaceful life. *Billy* is at first resentful, but he tries the Englishman's philosophy, becomes convinced it is the true one, is happy for a while, then goes on a shooting rampage when the Englishman is killed.

MILLION DOLLAR BABY ★★★

Warner Brothers

■ An elderly millionairess who has lived abroad for 31 years learns that her father's fortune was made by defrauding a partner. She determines to return to America, seek the partner's offspring, and restore the million dollars to the rightful heirs. She finds a granddaughter (Priscilla Lane) working in a department store. The old lady moves into a boarding house to learn more about the girl, and before the money is rightfully and happily

[*Continued on page* 18]



The exhilaration of Martha O'Driscoll is due to the glorious California sunshine, plus her nice role in Columbia's *Her First Beau*, which co-stars Jane Withers and Jackie Cooper



So you look smart—EH?

AND SO YOU DO! But you're not at your best unless you're *comfortable!* Not even with that smooth new outfit and squiff hair-do that's the envy of every other girl in the block.

Shoes or girdle that are too tight might ruin your day, whether you're going out for new dance step or a breezy ride in an old jallopy.

Feel as good as you look!

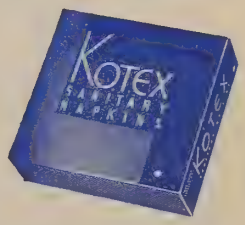
That's it . . . go in for comfort, and then even times of the month won't spoil your fun! For you'll discover that "difficult days" become *less* difficult when you do as most girls do and choose Kotex Sanitary Napkins.

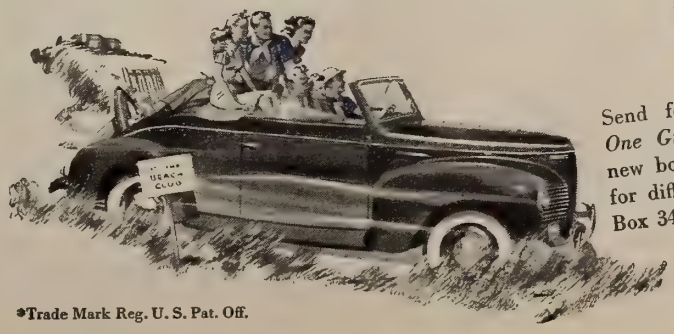
It's easy to understand why. Because Kotex is *less bulky*. Everyone knows less bulk means *more comfort*.

Another thing — you'll find Kotex is designed to start soft — *stay soft* . . . that's why you needn't worry about chafing. And that's why it's the choice of more women than all other brands put together!

You'll take Kotex for *mental comfort*, too. There's real peace-of-mind in the flat, tapered ends that never cause revealing outlines . . . and in the new "Safety Shield" that gives added absorption to every Kotex pad.

Kotex* means Comfort when you need it most!





Send for FREE booklet, "*As One Girl To Another*". . . A new book of do's and don't's for difficult days. Write P. O. Box 3434, Dept. FW-8, Chicago.

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Burning Question

By ANN VERNON

■ Summer sun, wind and salt water can cause you more discomfort and ruin your looks quicker than mosquito bites or poison ivy.

Skin dried out like a potato chip isn't the only sun hazard. It is always preceded by that So Red the Rose look. Then come the blisters and then the peeling process. And if you think there's no such thing as a windburn, just drive all day in a rumble seat! You'll find that a windburn is longer lasting than a sunburn and just as painful. Besides making hair dry as corn husks, Old Sol bleaches it in disfiguring streaks. And if you want to know beforehand what ocean bathing will do to your locks—just douse them in a salt solution for a few days!

Grandmother realized all these dangers and just stayed indoors or in the shade, thereby robbing herself of h e a l t h f u l vitamins. But *you* can have your cake and eat it too.

Start with five minutes of toasting the first day, add three minutes each of the following five days. And after that, don't tempt fate by exposing your skin longer than twenty minutes. Of course, even that carefully regulated amount of sunning will cause trouble unless you are protected by a good anti-burn preparation. These creams, lotions and oils are chemically blended to filter out the burning sun rays and to give beneficial rays a chance to work. They permit you to acquire a smooth, luscious tan more quickly and to skip the unpleasant prelude.

You might like to know about one of these that saw me through my vacation last year, in the driest, hottest section of Kansas. It's a creamy preparation that slithers on the skin easily, and does not leave a heavy, greasy film. Comes in a tube, so you can tuck it in the pocket of your beach coat, or in your golf bag and whip it out at the proper moment. Before this preparation was finally perfected and marketed, nearly 2,000 chemical combinations were tested in different climates and altitudes. When it was found 100 per cent effective, a delicate perfume and an insect repellent were added—and you simply can't beat *that* combination! There's a two ounce tube priced at 65 cents and a larger one at a dollar.

Don't think you've given your *all* toward skin beauty when you use a sunburn preventive. Hot sun and wind dry your skin even when you aren't deliberately out to tan. And if you fail to do something about this, you'll find yourself, by the end of summer, with dry, scaly skin. The remedy is to use plenty of cream to cleanse and soften the skin, a cooling skin freshener to stimulate it, and a fine protective foundation under your make-up. Perhaps these steps are just a regular part of your beauty routine, but if so, try doubling up on them for extra beauty insurance.



Lovely Diana Lewis romps in the sun with no worries of parched skin because she wisely applies a sunburn protective. Her next film is *People vs. Dr. Kildare*

There's a whole family of moderately priced but couldn't-be-better preparations that I wish you'd try this summer. The smooth white cold cream has a rich, fluffy texture that makes it feel cooling and satiny—and it's just as good at softening and lubricating as it is at cleansing. Spread on a generous coating, work it into all the crevices around the nose, chin and forehead and spank it briskly for three minutes—for tingling freshness. And don't neglect your throat, please! Now for tissueing off. Use a clean piece of tissue for each "wipe," to prevent a half-way job of dirt-removal. Repeat this procedure once more for that clean-as-a-flower look.

Fold a tissue into a little pad, soak it with the skin freshener and pat this over your skin. It will cool and refresh your face, make the pores seem finer. To write finis to that dry, roughened skin try this easy facial pick-up: Apply a thick mask of the slick vanishing cream all over your face and throat. Leave this mask on for one minute. Then wipe it off—and you'll find that it has removed little flakes of dead skin, revealing a complexion glowingly alive and soft. A thin film of this cream will also provide a wonderfully adherent foundation for make-up—and help to protect your skin from the ordinary wear and tear of sun and wind. You can buy small sizes of the cold cream, skin freshener and vanishing cream for ten cents each, and there are several other sizes up to $1.38. And don't forget to invest 23 pennies in a big box of those soft, sturdy tissues, either!

Hair reacts badly to extreme treatment. It gets dead-looking and dry when you wear a tight hat constantly or stay indoors all the time—but a constant diet of sun and wind will make it look that way, too. So give your hair *mild* doses of sunshine and fresh air, but keep it covered in strong sunlight, with a turban or hat. Some women with dry hair mistakenly skimp on shampoos, because they feel that cleansing makes the hair drier. This isn't at all true, provided you use a mild preparation. A weekly shampoo, followed by a thorough rinsing will keep the scalp clean as a whistle, so that [*Continued on page* 61]

WHEEDLE THE WEATHER . . .

out of branding you this summer. Ann Vernon has lined up proper preparations that will help you. Body, face, hair and nails will remain intact—become even more beautiful—through using them. Write her today and address your letter to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Be sure to enclose a stamped (U. S. postage, please) self-addressed envelope for reply.

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 13]

■ Talk of the Month: John Mason Brown's lecture crack that "Orson Welles has the most unhousebroken talent in the United States." . . . Ginger Rogers' refusal to co-dance with Fred Astaire in another musical because she says she has put away her dancing shoes forever.

■ Otto Brower, the Fox location manager, went down to Pineville, Mo., to film some background scenes for *Belle Starr*. Pineville is where *Jesse James* was filmed two years ago. Watching Brower at work puzzled one of the local hicks, who wanted to know what was going on. "Just making some shots for a new film," explained Brower. "Well I'll be," said the hick, shifting a jawful of tobacco, "Did that other picture wear out already?"

■ Short Takes: Brian Donlevy wasn't born with that classic nose. It's the work of two plastic surgeons. He broke it twice . . . Mickey Rooney is now wearing glasses off the screen . . . Cobina Wright, Jr., and her mama are still blushing. They inherited a racetrack bookie's telephone number when they moved into a new apartment and found themselves being "investigated" by a brace of deputy sheriffs.

Haven't you often wished you could preview the exciting new movies before they are nationally released? Well, you can have your wish come true. MOVIE STORY Magazine gives you the opportunity to enjoy not one, but many, thrilling previews each month, long before they are shown at your local theater. Each issue of MOVIE STORY is filled with full-length stories, lavishly illustrated with pictures from the films themselves. All yours, every month—for exclusive preview in your own home!



Hedda Hopper, who is equally famous as a columnist and an exponent of unusual hats, holds hands with Bob Montgomery at the Jack Benny party

Accent All Your Loveliness With This

EXTRA LUSTRE IN YOUR HAIR



Dull . . . Drab . . . Color-Dimmed By Dulling Film Illustrates soap-washed hair. Soap forms clouding film ("bathtub ring") . . . which covers highlights, color, loveliness.



Sparkling Highlights . . . Glowing Color . . . Up to 33% More Lustre Illustrates hair shampooed with Drene. No dulling film—so hidden lustrous loveliness is revealed.

Added Highlights in Your Hair Set Off The Sparkle In Your Eyes, The Smoothness Of Your Complexion

YES . . . we know it's hard to believe that the *kind* of shampoo you use can make such a difference in the loveliness of your hair, in your whole personality.

Hard to believe . . . until you actually see the difference with your own eyes! That's why we *urge* you to try Drene for your very next shampoo!

We're sure one trial will *convince* you . . . because scientific lustre-meter tests in our laboratories proved hair shampooed with Drene reveals up to 33% *more* lustre and color-brilliance than when washed with even finest soap.

That's because Drene's different patented cleansing agent does not combine with minerals in water—as *all* soaps do—to form a dulling film that hides the color and sparkle of your hair.

Drene gently super-cleanses, removing grime, dirt, loose dandruff . . . brings out natural glowing color and hidden loveliness.

So men will notice, women envy your lustrous, lovely, silky-smooth hair, use Drene for your next shampoo. Get a bottle from any cosmetic counter.

COIFFURE ABOVE STYLED BY JOSÉ, Master Stylist, Charmode Salons, New York, Chicago, who says:



"LOOK AT THESE TWO PHOTOS! DRENE CAN MAKE AS MUCH DIFFERENCE FOR YOU!"

Drene is used and recommended by many leading hairstylists from coast to coast. Ask your beauty operator to use Drene for your next shampoo.

Procter & Gamble Co. *Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*



REFUSE SUBSTITUTES: No other shampoo today uses Drene's super-cleansing, beauty-revealing agent. It has been *patented* for Drene!

SPECIAL, for normal or dry hair. REGULAR, for oily hair.

Important Pictures

[*Continued from page* 15]

distributed, she learns a cross-section of America that warms her old heart.

Parts are very funny, and good jobs are handled by Jeffrey Lynn, May Robson, Priscilla Lane, Lee Patrick, and the supporting players. The music is excellent.

Miniature Reviews

★★★★

CITIZEN KANE (R-K-O-Radio) Cast: *Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore.* Orson Welles' controversial film is one of the grandest bits of entertainment ever offered by Hollywood. The story relates in engrossing manner the highlights in the life of a notoriously wealthy publisher. Don't miss it.

I WANTED WINGS (Paramount) Cast: *Ray Milland, William Holden, Wayne Morris, Veronica Lake, Constance Moore.* The most exciting aviation picture to date. This is Paramount's big special on which they put a year of effort and expense. Watch for the startling newcomer, Veronica Lake.

MEET JOHN DOE (Warners) Cast: *Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck, Edward Arnold.* Another outstanding Capra picture based on the subject he handles so expertly—the cause of the Little Man. Cooper and Stanwyck are excellent in the leading roles.

THAT HAMILTON WOMAN (United Artists) Cast: *Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier.* Historical drama of the scandalous romance between the wife of a British ambassador and the great Lord Nelson. First co-starring picture of Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier since their marriage.

THE GREAT DICTATOR (United Artists) Cast: *Charles Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, Jack Oakie.* Entertaining satire on Hitler and Mussolini. Chaplin is at his best in the old Chaplinesque comic antics, but is less effective in the serious scenes. Jack Oakie also proves his artistry as a comedian. Excellent supporting cast.

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) Cast: *Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, James Stewart, Ruth Hussey, John Howard, Virginia Weidler, Roland Young, John Halliday, Mary Nash.* In the riotous 24 hours before her second marriage, a Philadelphia society girl (Miss Hepburn) finds herself involved with three men and some amazing situations. She learns a lot about herself and provides you with some of the best entertainment of the year.

★★★½

ANDY HARDY'S PRIVATE SECRETARY (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) Cast: *Mickey Rooney, Ann Rutherford, Lewis Stone.* These visits with the *Hardy* family are always refreshing. In this one *Andy* graduates from high school and again becomes involved in triangle trouble. You'll like newcomer Kathryn Grayson, who displays remarkable talent and possesses a rich, vibrant voice.

STRAWBERRY BLONDE (Warners) Cast: *James Cagney, Olivia de Havilland, Rita Hayworth, Alan Hale, Jack Carson, George Tobias.* A fine dramatic tale of "the good old days," with clothes and barber-shop ballads of the early 1900's. A fine role for Cagney and magnificently done.

THE GREAT LIE (Warners) Cast: *Bette Davis, Mary Astor, George Brent.* Emotional drama in which Bette and Mary fight it out for George Brent.

★★★

BUCK PRIVATES (Universal) Cast: *Lee Bowman, Alan Curtis, Abbott and Costello, Andrews Sisters.* An employer and his chauffeur are drafted and sent to camp together, where they become rivals over the camp hostess. Full of comic situations and gags, and good music.

LADY EVE (Paramount) Cast: *Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda, Charles Coburn.* Another of the written-and-directed by Preston Sturges series. Barbara Stanwyck is amusing and clever as a lady crook, and Henry Fonda gets away from his homespun roles of recent years. Slapstick, but highly amusing.

MR. AND MRS. SMITH (R-K-O) Cast: *Robert Montgomery, Carole Lombard, Gene Raymond.* Hilarity is rampant in this mad comedy of domestic love. It has risque banter and intimate intrigue and is directed by Alfred Hitchcock.

NICE GIRL? (Universal) Cast: *Deanna Durbin, Franchot Tone, Robert Stack, Robert Benchley.* Deanna tries ever so hard to be naughty in her latest film, but remains, through it all, a nice girl. The *Danas* are a family to rival the *Hardys* in charm, and Robert Benchley is now firmly instated as our favorite film father. The grand supporting cast and the delightful music cinch one of the season's most buoyant comedies.

PENNY SERENADE (Columbia) Cast: *Cary Grant, Irene Dunne.* Heartwarming story which provides plenty of opportunity for releasing any pent-up tears.

ROAD TO ZANZIBAR (Paramount) Cast: *Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour, Una Merkel.* Second teaming of the delightful Crosby, Hope, Lamour combination. The plot, which is again laid in South Africa, is thin but provides adequate excuse for the series of comedy and thrill situations. Rapid-fire dialogue and Crosby's songs shine through the inconsequential tale.

SO ENDS OUR NIGHT (United Artists) Cast: *Margaret Sullavan, Fredric March, Glenn Ford.* Three German refugees search for a place to live but are ousted from each European country they go to, until they finally reach Paris. The film is repetitious and lengthy, but the acting is of a high quality. Glenn Ford seems destined to go far.

THE DEVIL AND MISS JONES (R-K-O) Cast: *Jean Arthur, Robert Cummings, Charles Coburn.* Subtle satire on Labor versus Capital. Charles Coburn is delightful as the richest man in the world who poses as a shoe salesman to find out why he is so unpopular.

ZIEGFELD GIRL (M-G-M) Cast: *Lana Turner, Hedy Lamarr, Judy Garland, James Stewart, Tony Martin.* Plenty of beautiful girls and lilting tunes will give you an enjoyable evening. A bit slow in pace, however.

★★½

AFFECTIONATELY YOURS (Warners) Cast: *Merle Oberon, Dennis Morgan, Ralph Bellamy.* Merle Oberon, long-suffering wife of foreign correspondent Dennis Morgan, decides to divorce him for more reliable Ralph Bellamy. Dennis' efforts to win her back make an amusing farce.

FLAME OF NEW ORLEANS (Universal) Cast: *Marlene Dietrich, Bruce Cabot, Roland Young.* Fluffy little bit of nonsense about the early days in New Orleans which you'll find bright enough for an evening's fun.

FOOTSTEPS IN THE DARK (Warners) Cast: *Errol Flynn, Brenda Marshall, Allen Jenkins.* Errol runs into many complications when he tries to lead a double life as a business man and detective story writer.

LADY FROM CHEYENNE (Universal) Cast: *Loretta Young, Robert Preston, Gladys George.* Airy little story about a prim and proper schoolmarm from the East who comes West, gets her dander up at the crooked state of local politics, bounces off to the legislature to secure the franchise for women and straighten things up. Amusing and fast moving.

ONE NIGHT IN LISBON (Paramount) Cast: *Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray, Patricia Morison.* Another gay little comedy with a background of contemporary events. The locale is war-torn London, with a later sequence in Lisbon. Fast dialogue, delivered in telling MacMurray fashion, and plenty of British propaganda.

SHINING VICTORY (Warners) Cast: *Geraldine Fitzgerald, James Stephenson, Barbara O'Neil.* The whole atmosphere is somber and clinical, the action taking place in a sanitarium for the mentally afflicted. For the studious and thoughtful.

SIS HOPKINS (Republic) Cast: *Judy Canova, Jerry Colonna, Susan Hayward.* Republic's most pretentious production to date. Canova and Colonna are a riot.



The singing Andrews trio is soon to become a quartet, if little Patty Costello has her way. Patty, four-year-old daughter of the rotund half of the Abbott and Costello comedy team, visited Maxene, Laverne and Patty on the Universal set where the songbirds are working with the comedians in *Hold That Ghost*



The blond beauty of Madeleine Carroll will shortly be seen against tropical backgrounds in Paramount's *Bahama Passage*



Handsome young Robert Cummings is striding ahead magnificently in his screen career. Bob's appearing in 20th's *Miami*

Priscilla Lane Turns Chorus Girl



By HELEN HOVER

A few weeks ago, the customers at Earl Carroll's—where you get a revue with your steak—stared admiringly at the unconcealed charms of the dimpled-kneed chorus girls kicking away on the stage. Among those in the front line was an unadvertised special—Priscilla Lane, a $1,500 a week movie star prancing completely incognito with the $40 a week ladies of the chorus.

Priscilla wasn't paying off an election bet. She was, believe it or not, dissolving an impending lawsuit, and incidentally proving herself one of the best sports in pictures.

All this started because the title of a picture was being changed.

Now changing titles in midstream is no rare Hollywood custom. But when Warner Brothers decided to change the title of Priscilla's new picture from the prim and lengthy *Miss Wheelwright Discovers America* to *Million Dollar Baby*, something like international complications set in. Immediately, a loud soprano howl was heard from the neighborhood of the girls' dressing room backstage at the Earl Carroll Theater.

"That's the title of our club," screamed a tall brunette show girl.

"Why, it's like taking the caviar out of our mouths," wailed a blond darling.

"We'll have to stop it," a red-haired torso flinger said most emphatically.

Priscilla Lane slept peacefully in her North Hollywood home, not even dreaming of the havoc going on. A few days later, it popped in her face in the form of a legal injunction refraining Warner Brothers from using the title *Million Dollar Baby* because its star, Priscilla Lane, wasn't a "Million Dollar Baby" at all.

Curious, and a little worried by now, Priscilla read the complaint submitted by the Earl Carroll girls. It set forth that they had formed a club called the "Million Dollar Baby" club last December "with the purpose of bettering relations with prospective millionaire husbands." The great hubbub was concerned over the fact that Warner Brothers "wrongfully and in utter disregard of the rights of the club and its members, and against their wish, appropriated the name of the club as the title of the picture, with the intent to deceive and confuse the general public to believe that Priscilla Lane is one of the Million Dollar Babies and a member of said organization." The whole thing had been dumped into the lap of the Supreme Court where an injunction had been filed refraining use of the title.

Soon after, Joy Barlow, president of the club, paid a call at the studio and confronted Priscilla and a group of studio representatives. Miss Barlow made her intentions clear. "We are the sole and exclusive owners of the name 'Million Dollar Baby Club'" she pouted. "Glamour is our business and our stock in trade. We are building up good-will and fostering friendly relations with potential husbands —millionaire husbands, of course. Such unfair competition is taking the bread and butter out of our mouths, and the minks off our shoulders."

Priscilla took it all in, then offered innocently, "Well, can't I become a member of the club? Would that fix things up?"

"Only Earl Carroll girls can become members."

"Then I'll become an Earl Carroll girl!"

A few days later Priscilla appeared at a chorus call Mr. Carroll was holding. She wore a white bathing suit and took her place in the line-up of prospective chorines. It was inevitable that she would be recognized by one of the girls.

"I know you," whispered a try-out. "You're a movie star."

"Sssh—" said Priscilla.

"Don't worry. I won't tell a soul, Miss Grable!"

Next, she walked up and down the stage with a dozen other girls, while Carroll scrutinized them carefully for their poise, their figures and their carriage. He called out the numbers of the girls selected, and Priscilla was among them.

Carroll singled her out for a word of criticism. "You're too tanned. If you want to make [*Continued on page* 53]





For one night Priscilla Lane was a bona fide chorus girl. She wore a scanty costume, false eyelashes, and danced with Earl Carroll's show girls. Right, Priscilla chats with the girls in the dressing-room, and shakes a mean maracca on the floor. Priscilla's in *Million Dollar Baby*

Piquant Paulette



She was the little girl who could run faster, jump higher, and play harder than any kid on the block. She was the little girl who wasn't afraid of worms, or mice, or the cop at the corner. That was Paulette Goddard at six, and there is still about her much of the tomboy, the daredevil. She loves fun, and her flashing blue eyes sparkle with a zest for living, for action. She dances as though possessed of a demon, and she plays a driving game of tennis that is a thing of joy to behold. She is an arresting combination of exuberance, sauciness, and childish naivete. There is in her face and figure the elusive, tender quality of the waif that Chaplin captured so superbly in *The Great Dictator*. A group of six famous artists once declared her 110-pound body the most beautiful in the world. And now her sparkling presence will next be seen in the Paramount production *Hold Back the Dawn*.





Garfield Cools Off

By CHARLES SAMUELS

■ "Hollywood is *okay!*" stated John Garfield emphatically. "Hollywood is terrific! Hollywood is the most powerful artistic force in the world today. There are no limits to the potentialities of the camera."

The interviewer couldn't believe his ears. These surprising sentiments were being voiced by the young man who is supposed to be a rebel, the actor who hates Hollywood. This was the young fellow who has walked off the lot so many times that the wags in the Brown Derby chipped in to buy him a bicycle so he could whirl out on his bosses in style.

"Yes, it's all true," admitted the young star whom everyone on the Coast and in New York calls Julie. "Rather, it was all true until about a year ago."

Julie began to walk up and down the room. He was in his shirt-sleeves and he looked happy.

"Sure, I was a rebel," he laughed, "but all guys change, even actors. Sometimes they grow up. Perhaps that's what happened to me. You've got to give and take in pictures. It's a big business and other people besides the actor have tough problems to solve.

"My quarrels with the studio were never about money. All I wanted was good parts. Well, I yelled and I screamed and sometimes I gave in. One trouble was I was being typed. No one likes to be typed.

"Did you see *The Sea Wolf*? I really got a chance in that. And it's a good picture, great entertainment. But my new picture, *Out of the Fog*, is even better. I play a heavy in that to. Why not? It's an important role. If they don't ruin *Out of the Fog* in the cutting room it will be sensational. It's an anti-Nazi picture and it has real guts in it."

Watching Garfield's face and listening to him talk, one understands why this youthful star has always puzzled Hollywood. He neither boasts nor is he embarrassed by a false sense of modesty. When he laughs, his face lights up. He's real, he's different and he's not really tough. Garfield took plenty of kicking around as a kid, but in him there remains a warm, eager friendliness, an exuberance that bubbles out of him whenever he's pleased or amused.

"Let me tell you something," he continued, "I'm not one of the lads who has fancy theories about acting. If an intelligent actor is given good material he'll turn in a Grade-A performance. That's all there is to it.

"Anyway, the actor isn't the most important person in a picture. The real kingpin is the director. A good director can do wonders with only a half-good story but a poor director can ruin a masterpiece. Look at that fellow John Ford. What more could entertainment be than what that big fellow puts into the can when he's through shooting?

"Pictures have changed in the last few years. The one-star feature is something you'll never see again. Today, no actor is big enough to carry a whole picture. They're even co-starring Gable. I like to play with other stars, the more of them and the bigger they are, the better I like it.

"I'll admit I went to Hollywood with my tongue in my cheek. The whole picture business was a laugh to me. But I'm not laughing now.

"You see, what puzzled the picture crowd was the fact that money didn't interest me. On the level. When I was a newsboy in New York my greatest ambition was to make forty dollars a week. When I got into the chips I still only wanted forty a week for myself. The rest I salted away for the future.

"They dropped me into a swell part in *Four Daughters*, my first picture. Then I became a perennial convict. I played in so many prison pictures that I'd feel at home right now in Sing Sing or Alcatraz.

"But things are different now. I've been promoted out of 'B' pictures. My next one is *Hot Nocturne*. I play a band leader in that one, a guy who gets a little bunch of musicians together and they work in a New Jersey roadhouse. The story is swell. It should be a big hit.

"But I'm not the only one that is changing The whole movie colony has changed in the last couple of years. You don't find many of those gingerbread palaces any more. Stars live intelligently these days, mostly in simple, comfortable homes. The film industry is turning out better pictures all of the time. Hollywood has the greatest possibilities of any art medium anywhere. Some of them aren't realized at times, but out on the Coast we're in there trying."

"So you're contented now in Hollywood?" we asked.

"Hell, no. Anybody who is ambitious is never contented. That's the end of you, that contentment. I'm not at the end of my career, I'm only at the beginning. I want to do bigger and bigger things as I go along.

"I'd do a play right now if the right part for me was in it. I love the stage and I miss the audience. But I would never give Broadway a tumble again if I could get the right kind of pictures and directors.

"If you think I've grown up and settled down, you're wrong," he laughed. "I can still fight if I'm not treated right. I've been through the mill too much and I know the score too well to let anyone put anything over on me. But everything looks swell now and I got a hunch it's going to stay that way." ■



The rebel has ceased to yell. The young actor who once hated Hollywood has cooled off. At last he is getting the good parts he fought for such as his role in *Out of the Fog*

Naughty-But Nice

BY JOHN FRANCHEY

The main ingredients of this success story are:

A. An attack of boredom (violent)

B. A hair-do (accidental)

The first drove a would-be surgeon into a dramatic school just to kill some time. The second transformed a nonchalant nobody into an overnight cinema sensation. The lady's name, by the way, is Veronica Lake.

Toward the middle of summer, 1939, there arrived in Hollywood H. A. Keane, New York commercial artist, his wife, and his daughter, Constance. Mr. Keane came because his health was poor and he liked the climate. Mrs. Keane came to be near her husband. And Constance came for the ride.

To be truthful about the whole business, young Connie wasn't any too excited over California. She had given it the once-over the previous summer when the family had made a two-week visit. She had, like all good tourists, visited the Brown Derby, danced at the Cocoanut Grove, and gone out to Santa Monica to watch the surf pound against the sands.

Naturally, to Connie Keane, Trip Number Two was no bargain. Hollywood doesn't change much in a single year. Besides, she had something more important on her mind: her interrupted medical course at McGill University, for instance.

She reasoned it all out carefully and decided to be philosophic. Come fall and she would be heading back to Montreal and McGill. Meanwhile, why not try to make the summer as pleasant as possible?

It took just about three days to convince her that she was harboring false hopes. She was in the midst of chalking that entire summer up to experience on the morning of the fourth day when she walked by the Bliss-Hayden Dramatic School, located a few blocks from where the Keanes were staying. She noticed a placard advising passers-by that the school was interested in "serious students of the drama who have serious aspirations."

She didn't know about the serious aspirations business. She did know she was horribly bored. She marched in, engaged in a little chit-chat with the business office, and walked out a drama student.

Connie did some minor chores in connection with five plays and never came even close to getting stage-struck. In fact, she would have wound up the summer and kissed the school good-bye were it not for a play called *The Colonel's Lady.*

The director assigned her the part of a demure somebody. She thought he was dippy and promptly told him so.

"Why, that part is a total wash-out," she protested.

"It's the only part in the play that fits you, Miss Keane," the director came back.

"I could play the part of the street-walker," she said calmly.

"You're not the type," he said. "Meanwhile, shall we consider the matter closed?"

Not by a long shot.

Miss Keane battled for her rights one solid week, at the end of which, the director, worn to a frazzle, elected to compromise. He gave Connie the part of the shady lady for the second week of the two-week run. It was a pretty harmless concession. No one much bothered to come to see the Bliss-Hayden plays the second week, anyhow.

The director's reluctance to let her play the tramp had a curious effect on Connie. She regarded it as a challenge. And it made her mad. So mad, in fact, that she cast off that innocent exterior of hers and played the part to a fare-thee-well, even if most of the seats were empty. This triumph of hers—it gave her a curious lift. It dawned on her as she was walking home after the last performance of the play that her early passion for surgery had vanished completely: she wanted to become an actress.

She was out strolling one morning, when she bumped into a chum who was bound for R-K-O and an interview with Casting. She invited Connie to accompany her.

The man from Casting wasn't very gallant. He concentrated on the lackadaisical Miss Keane who didn't particularly care. He asked her what experience she had had in pictures and when she didn't even take the trouble to manufacture any for him, he was flabbergasted. Also, charmed. He hired Connie on the spot and gave her a bit part in *Sorority House.*

Her film career at R-K-O (at $66.50 with five-minute options) lasted two weeks. R-K-O let her go, and she went over to Paramount. Her work in *All Women Have Secrets* endured two weeks. Next she was hired by M-G-M and flourished for a month or so in connection with a picture called *Forty Little Mothers.* This film was the backdrop for the accidental hair-do.

It seems that one particular morning the right side of Miss Keane's simple hair-do which is parted on the left, happened to tumble down and fall in a cascade over her right eye. Being by nature nonchalant, she didn't bother to rearrange her coiffure. She just let it hang there, creating, as it did, a sort-of sheep dog effect. At that precise moment, there hove-to one Freddie Wilcox, then test director at M-G-M. He took one look, blinked, and surrounded the girl.

Mr. Wilcox came to the point quickly. How would the young lady like to have a test made? With no particular object in mind. Just for laughs. Maybe something would come of it. Maybe something wouldn't. The Keane girl needed no coaxing.

For five months Mr. Wilcox and Lillian Burns, the Metro drama coach, hunted around for the right script. Finally, they ran across *Springtide,* an English version of *Stage Door.* They made the test.

For some strange reason, Louis B. Mayer never did see that test. But a gentleman from the William Morris Agency did. He must have liked the test because he ended up by reporting to the office that Constance Keane rated being represented by their agency.

Well, you know how it is with big agencies. They've got lots of clients. The William Morris man was out trying to sell Arthur Hornblow, about to produce *I Wanted Wings,* a bill of goods concerning a young juvenile the very next morning when Mr. Hornblow said: "Your juvenile I can get along without, but do you have a girl on your list who can play a 100-percent tramp?" The William Morris man wracked his brain. Suddenly he remembered Constance Keane's test.

"I've got her, Arthur," he said. "I've got her."

She was washing that wonderful coiffure when the telephone message came. She could have the part of the flying field floozy, Mr. Hornblow said, if she could be over at the Paramount lot in fifteen minutes. She was—wet hair and all.

I Wanted Wings changed Constance Keane to Veronica Lake and transformed a would-be surgeon into an actress. Her etching of *Sally,* the trollop without scruple or sympathy, turned an actress into a star, a picture into a smash hit, and put a too-trusting Hays office on its mettle after a flurry of letters from spinsters who felt *Sally* had revealed too much of her svelte scenery. Writers, quick to champion the cause of beauty, leaped to their typewriters and began writing more-or-less poetical essays on the subject of Veronica Lake. They dubbed her the Blond Bomber.

While all the fuss was going on, little Miss Lake quietly eloped with John Detlie, young M-G-M art director, taking Hollywood totally by surprise.

She is currently at work on Preston Sturges' new film, *Sullivan's Travels.* This will be the fourth written-and-directed picture by the amazing Mr. Sturges. The story is about a young Hollywood director who turns hobo to gather material for a great screen epic. He meets a young girl and together they have numerous exciting adventures.

Miss Lake is pretty happy over her lot in life, as of this date. The only thing that bothers her is that people may get to thinking she's really like the slinking sirens she portrays on the screen.

"I only hope I'm around long enough to prove I'm just an everyday, normal person," is Miss Lake's most earnest wish.



Veronica Lake wanted to be a doctor, but instead became Hollywood's newest sensation. Her role of *Sally*, the shady lady in *I Wanted Wings*, won her the title of Blond Bomber. She's now hard at work on Paramount's *Sullivan's Travels*

Sheridan's Shack



Ann Sheridan, one of Hollywood's most charming hostesses, greets all guests at the gate of her Mexican type farmhouse



Ann's bar features Mexican-patterned scatter rugs, gourds for the walls, and bar stools covered in Hereford steer hide



Early each day Ann can be found picking fresh flowers in her garden for the large centerpiece of her dining room table



Ann settles comfortably on her specially-built wide bed for a game of solitaire. Note George Brent photo on cabinet

The rural type living room features an old wagon wheel and candle chandelier. Fireplace holds Mexican pottery dishes

The rustic style kitchen is small but compact. Ann is shown pouring tea for HOLLYWOOD'S cameraman, Charles Rhodes





Eleanor Powell's Narrow Escape From Death

By JACK HOLLAND



A dramatic, untold story lies behind Eleanor Powell's return to the screen in M-G-M's musical, *Lady Be Good.* It is the story of a courageous battle for life and for the career that is her life, told exclusively for HOLLYWOOD readers

■ For ten ominous days Eleanor Powell's life hung in the balance as she lay almost lifeless on a hospital cot. Her temperature was 106 degrees. Her friend, Alice Faye, came to see her, but the slender, dark-haired girl on the bed did not recognize her, so close was she to death's door. Doctors wondered if her famous dancing feet would ever again tap out their symphony of rhythm and joy.

At the end of the tenth day, the crisis came. The doctors watched, waiting. Finally the fever abated, the blue eyes opened, and she smiled weakly. The crisis was passed, and she would recover. She would dance again.

Eleanor Powell had defeated death.

A few weeks later Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer issued a terse announcement that Eleanor Powell had returned to the screen in *Lady Be Good.* Back of that brief, official statement lies a dramatic, untold story. The story of a girl's fight for her life, and for the career that is her life.

For about five years, Eleanor hasn't been in exactly the pink of health. After every picture, she would be completely worn out. Her energy would be gone. Not only did she do strenuous dance routines on the screen, but she originated her numbers, herself. And when she was not working, she was worrying herself into a frenzy over her friends' problems. Not to mention her outside work in maintaining a regular correspondence with the thousands of young dancers in the country who write to her at her home and who idolize her for her encouraging help and suggestions.

"After I finished *Broadway Melody of 1940,*" Eleanor told me, "I really felt like the wreck of the Hesperus. All during the picture I had semi-fainting spells. The smallest effort would leave me limp.

"One night I attended the Jeanette MacDonald concert at the Philharmonic here in Los Angeles. I felt fine when I started to the theater, but just before the concert began, I looked up on the stage and suddenly saw three pianos instead of one. I thought I was going to faint. I slumped down in my seat to avoid attracting any attention.

"I wanted to go right home, but because the auditorium was so crowded, I didn't dare for fear of offending Miss MacDonald. I remained until the concert was over—how, I'll never know."

The next day, Eleanor went to the doctor. She confronted him determinedly.

"I want every kind of test you have. I know there is something wrong with me, and I want to find out what it is."

The doctor smiled and proceeded to take every kind of test. At least, every kind that might give him a clue. But he would always say to Eleanor, "Well, that test turned out fine. I told you you were in perfect health."

Finally, a little old doctor in the same office who had been in on the Powell diagnosis, said to her one day, "Eleanor, you have diamonds."

She looked at him peculiarly. "Diamonds?"

"Yes," he answered. "You're much too nice to have gallstones." He became serious as he said, "I advise you to have an operation at once, because if you don't, you're going to have some very dangerous consequences."

"I wasn't in the least concerned about the operation idea at first," Eleanor said to me on the set of *Lady Be Good.* "I thought it would be a simple one and that within a few days, I'd be out and back dancing again.

"Two days before the operation was to be performed, I was told I would have to spend the day preceding in the hospital resting up. I was feeling all right again, however, so the doctor let me go home to attend to a few things."

And here's the amusing side of the story. Picture a girl who was going to have an operation that might ruin her career rushing home, having her hair done, eating a good-sized dinner, and then going to the movies. That's what Eleanor did, and she had a wonderful time.

After this lark, Eleanor pounced back to the hospital, greeted the doctor with a cheery hello, and was then promptly dispatched to bed.

Then came her operation—and those long and ominous ten days.

Later she learned that if she hadn't been as vital and as healthy as she otherwise was, she never would have lived.

While she was recovering, she kept saying to her doctor, "I know I'll never dance again. I just know it." He repeated again and again, "You've enough resistance for ten people. Of course you'll be dancing again—and soon."

The first day that she left her room and went up on the roof, Eleanor understood why she had defeated death. She told me, "When I saw the trees, the sunshine, and the mountains in the distance, I made up my mind I would never ask for another thing except to be alive and to be free. Guess I thought that all of the time while I was so ill."

Then she laughed gaily. "I've always disliked women who talk about their operations, and here I am giving what is probably the world's most minute and detailed explanation of mine!" ■



Pygmalion of the Permanent

By GENE SCHROTT

It is to Joan Crawford that Sidney Guilaroff owes his success. On one of her visits to New York he designed a hair style for her which delighted Joan. In short order Guilaroff found himself in Hollywood where his rare art has made him an outstanding personality

■ There are times in the life of every woman when she wants to change her type, either temporarily or for good. "That is fine," says Sidney Guilaroff, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Pygmalion of the Permanent," the dark, amazing little man who can do things to a woman's coiffure that will bring a soulful, faraway look into feminine eyes, and create an unmistakable response in the eyes of the masculine beholders. "A change in type imbues a woman with a fresh outlook on life, with renewed vigor and energy. And more often than not, a change in the way of doing her hair can bring about this miracle.

"There are times, for instance, when a woman must have an exciting hair style. That is when she wants to make an entrance. When she wants to be the focus of attention. And when the occasion demands that she look exciting. That's when she should go all the way—when she should dramatize herself from head to feet."

The name of Guilaroff brings a hushed, almost reverential, awe in Hollywood. We felt very fortunate indeed in being able to talk with Mr. Guilaroff and obtain from him first-hand for HOLLYWOOD readers some of his invaluable suggestions on lovelier hair styles.

When asked how he made such lovely women as Norma Shearer, Greer Garson, Jeanette MacDonald, Lana Turner and Katharine Hepburn exciting by a mere twist of the comb, his answer was equally surprising. Certainly, unexpected.

"You can't make them more exciting. They're beautiful to begin with. They're beautiful despite their hair styles. That's why they're stars!"

I relayed a remark I had overheard about Ruth Hussey's haircomb stealing *The Philadelphia Story*. Guilaroff came to the point very determinedly. "A hair style can't steal a picture," he insisted. "It shouldn't. It should add to an actress' appearance. It may even determine her personality. But it can not and should not be so outstanding that the attention is detracted from the wearer herself.

"When I was a youngster, my mother always told me that the character of a person could be determined by looking at his or her hair. And when you've been working on hair as long as I have, you'll realize the truth of this.

"All women are not alike," Guilaroff continued when asked about some of the secrets of his unique art. "And because every woman wants to be an individualist, she requires an individual hair style."

He then went on to explain the intricacies of his art. Joan Crawford, I learned, has what is called by make-up experts a plastic face. In other words, her face adapts itself readily and easily to almost any kind of hair dress. And it lends itself to whatever personality she is required to assume. She can be hard or soft—feminine or clinging or glamorous—as the occasion requires.

"It's merely a matter of luck," Guilaroff went on, "that some of us are born better looking than others. But that's nothing of our own making or in which we should place too much pride, since we had no part in the making. It is really the beauty within us that counts. The beauty of charm and manners and habits. These are the permanent and unchanging qualities."

Delving into his particular technique, I asked Guilaroff just how he goes about designing his interesting coiffures. Like everyone else connected with the picture, he receives a script. This he studies very carefully, making notes of the number of changes, the time of the filming and the type of clothes to be worn as well as the details concerning the action of the story itself.

With these details firmly fixed, he begins by making various sketches on paper. And when he finds the ones most suitable, he tries them out on the stars. When it comes to the actual working out of his designs, sometimes as many as twenty different hair styles are tried out. This was true while he was creating a hair-do for Greer Garson for her new film, *Blossoms in the Dust*. The texture of Miss Garson's hair is so lovely that Technicolor was used in this film to reveal its red-gold beauty.

Ideas come to Sidney Guilaroff from everywhere. And if his gaze rests on your hair the first time you meet him, the straying ends may be giving him an idea for a radically new type of coiffure. He pointed out the photograph of a baby hanging on the wall. It was this haircut that gave him the idea for the famous baby bob he originated for Joan Crawford in *Susan and God* and that swept the country after she was seen in it.

"Norma Shearer," he told me, "is one of the few actresses in Hollywood who has never made an attempt at being a glamour girl. Ten years ago, in *Strange Interlude*, she wore her hair almost as she does today—simply and unpretentiously. But because of this simplicity, the ensuing years have made no difference in her appearance. She is still regarded as one of the most beautiful women in films.

"Even today, she goes in for simplicity. In *Escape*, she wore three different hair styles. One with the braid as a coronet; the other with the coiled buns at the nape of her neck and the third, almost the same as the second, but minus the curls and slightly fluffed out at the sides. And in all three, Miss Shearer had a center part. Which in itself was a departure from her former hair style. Yet all three were of the very simplest type."

Guilaroff insists that if more girls realized the value of simplicity, they would be doing themselves a favor. The trouble is that they all want to be glamour girls. Instead, he advises them to emphasize their best features and to wear hair styles that harmonize with their types and personalities, rather than indulge in the ones that happen to be the rage of the moment. ■



"Norma Shearer has a classic face. Her features are so fine and delicately chiselled that she requires only the simplest hair styles. She doesn't need anything elaborate. Anything too ornate would distract from her own lovely features. In *Escape* she wore a braid as a coronet, particularly effective with her classic beauty"



"Greer Garson represents the Victorian type. She is so thoroughly feminine and so consistently charming that her entire personality blends itself with her character. Of all the stars whose hair I have worked upon, hers is the most beautiful. Its golden redness enhances her hair styles, making them even more lovely"



"In *The Philadelphia Story*, Katharine Hepburn wore her hair in a very simple, flowing style consisting largely of big loose waves rather than curls. Since she portrayed a rich girl in the film, she could wear an informal hair dress, as heiresses can get away with almost anything—especially if the type is as individualistic as Katharine Hepburn"

"Myrna Loy represents the modern type of beauty. There is a crystal-like quality about her—the brittle elegance of the well-turned woman. She can wear extreme hair stylés without looking silly or ridiculous because she has the poise and adaptability they require"

"On the other hand, Ruth Hussey, who was a working girl in *The Philadelphia Story*, wore an elaborate hair-do. There was a definite reason for this. Working girls have to be far more meticulous than heiresses. They must always appear well-dressed and neatly groomed. Miss Hepburn's long flowing hair would be unfitting for a working girl"





Ann Rutherford's Tips to Army Sweethearts

By KOLMA FLAKE

■ The inexorable Draft Board has moved right into the life of Hollywood's sweater set. Instead of wondering what kind of corsage or candy a fellow is going to bring, the girls are puzzling their pretty heads about what to send the fellows who've gone into the army.

Ann Rutherford is one of those girls. The dark-eyed beauty of the *Hardy* series has felt the impact of the 1-A rating mark in her gang.

Time was not so long ago that Sunday morning breakfasts at the Rutherford house were almost a ritual with her friends. Then wham! Bill Stelling, who had just started his career as an M-G-M actor, was inducted into the service.

No sooner had the farewell confetti been cleared away from his departure when Charles Isaacs, a well-to-do young man about Hollywood, was tapped by Uncle Sam. Right on his heels followed Bob Ross, who was one of Vaughn Paul's attendants at his marriage to Deanna Durbin, and Rand Brooks, another promising young actor. Bob Ross is the only one who isn't in the $21.00 a month, buck private class. His flying experience made him eligible for the flying corps.

Four men out of the crowd make quite a dent in a girl's life and naturally she puts some thought into the situation.

In Ann's case, she feels she ought to do what she can to make the fellows' lives happier. She has decided that sincere evidence of how much they're missed is important. In this, a variety of thoughtful gifts is a good bet.

You, who are sharing Ann's experience, will probably welcome the ideas. Money doesn't enter into what the men can use. It's the dimes and nickels that buy the most effective gifts.

Ann found a grand button polishing fork for Charles Isaacs. It's a wooden, forked gadget which lifts a button away from the cloth so that the brass polish doesn't smear the uniform fabric when the tarnished brass is shined. Ann also included a bottle of colorless nail polish with information that a coat of it over the freshly polished buttons would keep them from tarnishing again so quickly.

Ann sent Bill Stelling a small but very complete darning and mending kit. One of the important items was a comprehensive set of instructions on darning, written in her own hand.

"Just think of all the things that the fellows have to do for themselves now which they haven't had to do before," she explained, "and you'll get a dozen ideas of something they need. A compact shoe-shining kit, a good spot-remover, an electric trouser-creaser, a practical pocketknife, a small pencil sharpener, a corkscrew, a 'My Year In Service' book, a bottle-opener, or a compass are good ideas, too.

"In the line of food, of course, a girl can go to town on cakes, cookies and candy. If it's feasible, send a box of fried chicken for an unforgettable gift. A box of salted nuts goes well, too. Or you might tuck in a bottle of special tomato juice or a jar of pickles which you know he likes. And don't forget home-made jams and jellies.

"If he's the one and only, and a girl wants to send something on the magnificent side, she might consider a portable radio or that amazing wrist-watch which includes, besides its timekeeping function, a split second stop-watch, a tachometer (speed indicator) and a telemeter (which indicates distance travelled). You can buy this watch from $15.00 up.

"Or the gang might chip in and get something like that as a farewell gift from the whole group. Subscriptions to his favorite newspapers and magazines wouldn't go unappreciated, either.

"But from what they tell me, letters are really about the nicest things you can send any of them. Gossipy, newsy letters which keep them informed of what's happening around their friends. Of course, I don't think it's very kind to tell them too enthusiastically about the extra good times you have. But I do believe we ought to keep them posted on the crowd's activities.

"And include stamps and penny postal cards if you want to be sure of getting a prompt reply. Stamps are a bit hard to get in camp, I hear.

"For those relaxed moments, he'll welcome smokes. Be smart and send him a carton of his favorite cigarettes, or some tobacco if he's the pipe type.

"Music plays an important part in camp life, so send him an harmonica or a ukelele if he has any leaning along musical lines.

"If you're a whiz with your knitting needles, you might knit him a light or medium weight sweater—in regulation khaki color, of course. Regulation black silk ties and bathrobes, gloves, slippers and such are always welcome, too.

"Our gang—is going to make a super event out of each one of the fellow's birthdays. We're going to send a birthday cake and all the trimmings.

"In between times, I'm trying to keep up a running fire of little gags . . . things from the magic or fun shops . . . puzzles . . . the daily comic strips clipped from the papers . . . cartoons which they might have missed . . . even a lollypop enclosed in a letter brings a smile. . . .

"And I hope I can convey to them how much they are missed . . . how very glad we'll be to have them back again. I'm looking forward to the time when we'll all gather around for Sunday breakfast at my house. I hope they are too." ■





The Draft Board has taken its toll of Ann Rutherford's beaus. To keep up the spirits of the boys away at camp, pretty Ann has some original ideas. Here are two of them. Left, Ann wraps a leather notebook which can be used for a diary; and right, she prepares to package a bent-pin puzzle and copies of *Whiz Comics*. Ann's next film is *Life Begins for Andy Hardy*



Suave Walter Pidgeon does his finest work to date in 20th Century's *Man Hunt*, the story of a man who tries to shoot Hitler

Defy the



If you can not find these styles in your favorite store turn to page 64 for a list of other stores where you may buy them. For additional information or fashion advice write to Catherine Roberts, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Dog Days

Dark Sheers Do the Trick

By CATHERINE ROBERTS

Come mid-summer and the subject of the weather becomes a tiresome topic of conversation. Tiresome or not, what to wear during the dog days is an ever present problem that business girls have to face. So let's face it now when trying on clothes is less like a turkish-bath-steam-room operation than it will be later on. M-G-M's Virginia Grey, currently playing in *The Big Store,* has a few hot weather tricks that are effective and well worth trying.

First of all, Virginia's pet theory about cool dressing for business is that sheer fabrics in dark colors are the best bet for all-day-freshness. Then, she invests in two pairs of white washable gloves and an extra detachable white collar to go with her dark green sheer. That means that she always has fresh white accents. For summer handbags Virginia selects straw, real or synthetic, because it is practically impervious to fingerprints and ordinary soiling. And as a final note she selects an open crowned, wide brimmed hat to match her handbag.

Opposite Page: Left—Cool, dark green and white Bemberg sheer is used for this fly front, grosgrain bound dress. Soft fullness of skirt and bodice is flattering to all figures. Sizes 14-20. Also black or royal blue. $3.95 at Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.

Opposite Page: Right—Romaine crepe sheer with the new dolman sleeve is a cool solution. The detachable white vestee is ice frosting on dark green, or brown or black, as you prefer. Sizes 9-17, 10-18. Under $8 at James McCreery & Co., New York City





Above: Virginia's red and white straw bag matches her open-crowned, large brimmed hat. Red grosgrain trims hat and forms crown. Hat $4, bag $3, A. & S. Brooklyn. Washable 8-button fabric gloves by Wear Right, $1 a pair

Left: Persian green and white Bemberg sheer print has a wide two-tone grosgrain belt to accentuate a tiny waist. Virginia finds it cool and charming for mid-summer afternoons. Sizes 14-20. In black or beet root. $3.95 at Bloomingdale's, N. Y. C. Pompa-wrap turban, $1, Altman's, N. Y.

The Girl Without a Country

By DUNCAN UNDERHILL



Pity poor Ilona Massey, the girl without a country. She wants to become an American citizen but can't because her nationality is uncertain, due to changing European boundaries. Appropriately enough, Ilona is in *International Lady*

■ Despite all his supposed Yankee shrewdness, Uncle Sam is a sucker.

This is easily proved by his treatment of Ilona Massey, the delectable dish from Hungary who would not be rejected by any of the 65,000,000 males in the United States except the Old Man with the Whiskers himself, who is making it unbearably tough for her to become an American citizen.

The ostensible reason is that Ilona's nationality is uncertain, one of the silliest excuses ever invented. If an angel glided down out of the skies and asked you for lodging, would you ask her to show her flying license?

To be sure, the lady has spread sweetness and light in various countries under various regimes, but for this she should receive medals rather than rebukes. One foreign government insisted that she become an honorary citizen, at the same time awarding her one of the most coveted theatrical jobs in the land.

America has kicked her around both officially and professionally. It's about time an Ilona Massey Defense Legion was formed to square things up with the kid.

Her troubles started at birth. There was a war on and she had the ill luck to be born on the losing side, in a town near Budapest, then part of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. When she was still an infant the terrorist Bela Kun seized power in Hungary and turned it into a Communist state. Thus, technically, although she recognized it only as a pretty color, the kid was a Red before she was old enough for kindergarten.

To save her from dangers at home, Ilona's family, impoverished by the twin reverses of war and revolution, sent her to friends in Holland. There, to avoid jurisdictional difficulties, she was adopted and became a nominal subject of Queen Wilhelmina.

When her family's fortunes improved somewhat she returned to Budapest and became a Hungarian under the regency of Admiral Horthy. Her remarkable voice and beauty having earmarked her for the stage, she was summoned by talent scouts to Vienna, where she was engaged by the State Opera as a prima donna.

In pre-Hitler Austria this automatically entitled her to Austrian citizenship as an employee of the government. Thus far the only two motives she had had in changing nationality were to escape starvation and to earn an honest dollar.

On arrival in Hollywood under contract to M-G-M, which had hired her while inspecting a fellow-performer in Vienna, Ilona registered as an alien under a labor permit. As soon as she had an opportunity to look around she applied for a Hungarian quota number so that she could leave and re-enter the country as an immigrant and thus be eligible for citizenship.

That was back in the era when *Balalaika* was being made. The studio treated her like a royal princess, the oranges were in bloom and Paradise was right in her lap.

Balalaika, in which she appeared opposite Nelson Eddy under the direction of Reinhold Schunzel, was a resounding success; Hollywood was wonderful, the immigration officials were smotheringly polite, and the Budapest blonde was the happiest girl this side of Shirley Temple.

Right there everything went black.

M-G-M forgot she was alive, tossing all the prima donna roles to Jeanette MacDonald, who had already won a long series of service stripes at the box office.

The United States government and the jolly old Hungarian government forgot she was alive.

For nearly three years nothing happened to Ilona except that Hitler gobbled up Hungary and the plight of a blond soprano became a matter of small importance to officialdom there.

Affairs were infuriatingly dull for the blond charmer until two men came along to brighten up 1941. One was that same Reinhold Schunzel who directed *Balalaika* and retained an abiding faith in her eventual stardom. He rescued her from enforced retirement and pushed her almost bodily into the cast of his picture *New Wine,* the life story, with music, of Franz Schubert.

The other bright light turned up in the person of Alan Curtis, who was engaged to play Franz Schubert at the same time he was engaged to Ilona, whom he has since married.

Currently the girl Uncle Sam rejected is giving Dietrich a run for her money as a big-time glamour girl in a picture appropriately titled *International Lady.*

Still faintly troubled by the "th" sound in the English language, Ilona describes herself in this opera as "Somesing you have never seen before—a blond spy."

Styles in spies have changed immeasurably for the better if Ilona is to be taken seriously as a sample of the 1941 variety. Compared with her Mata Hari looked like a tired old washwoman.

As things develop in the story, she isn't wholly sinister, just a little sinister around the edges. The reason for this may be deduced from the fact that she once turned down a meaty role as a Nazi seductress in a Warner Brothers picture because many members of her family are still in Hitler-controlled territory. Her nationality in *International Lady* is no better defined than it is in real life.

Why can't Uncle Sam take a tip and show a little more eagerness about getting permanent possession of Ilona? ■



EVERYWHERE SHE GOES ADMIRING EYES OPEN WIDE AT HER SLIM, YOUNG BEAUTY... HER GLAMOROUS COMPLEXION!

Golden Girl of the Golden West

Give YOUR *skin* HER *Glamour Care*

Swing into the glamour routine lovely Geraldine Spreckels adores! Whisk through this brisk little Pond's Beauty Ritual every night—and for daytime pick-me-ups. Help make your *skin look fresh and sweet as a rain-washed rosebud!*



Lovely clean!

Slather Pond's Cold Cream all over your face. Pat it in for all you're worth! Wipe off with Pond's Tissues. Then "rinse" with *more* Cold Cream, to soften again, and slick off every trace of dirt and old make-up. Happy note! Little "dry" lines show less—pores seem smaller!

A good big splash next, of Pond's cooling, astringent Freshener.

Extra special now—the 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream all over your clean, glowing face. Wipe off after one full minute. A smooth, smooth performance! The mask zips off little roughnesses—gives your skin a caressably soft *feel*—a lovely mat finish! Now—a fluff of your powder puff! You're *glamorous* as a *dream girl!*



Glamorizing 1-Minute Mask



SHE'S infatuated with life, and infinitely lovely—this madcap California heiress, Geraldine Spreckels. Red-gold hair and gold-flecked eyes are precious accents to her *soft, luminous, exquisite skin.*

The care of her lovely, clear complexion is not left to chance. She follows the simple Pond's Beauty Ritual *every* day.

CLIP *this Beauty Coupon*

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I'm keen to start Geraldine Spreckels' glamour care. Please send right off Pond's Beauty Ritual Kit containing Pond's especially soft Cold Cream, Skin Freshener, Tissues and Vanishing Cream for the glamorizing 1-Minute Mask. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

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(Offer good in U.S. only)

"It's a Man's World" Says Ann Sheridan



"It's a Woman's World" Says Ronald Reagan



Ann Sheridan, currently at work on Warners' *Navy Blues*, and Ronald Reagan, whom you'll be seeing soon in *Flight Patrol*, engage in a friendly little verbal battle. Read their arguments and pick your own winner

As Told To ANNE MEYERS

■ Every girl who has sat home alone on New Year's Eve while everywhere else was gaiety and revelry personally knows why this is truly a man's world.

I've sat home on New Year's Eve—because I didn't have a date.

And even in Hollywood, where I've developed a reputation as a gal with independent ideas, I've regretfully stayed away from shows and other events rather than go unescorted. Believe it or not, girls, it's tougher on an actress to go out alone than on you who aren't familiar to the public.

Suppose George Brent or Cesar Romero or any other actor went out alone, would anyone insinuate that they couldn't get a girl friend? Not on your life! But that's what happened to me, the time I went to a rhumba fiesta alone when George was out of town. I was having a good time, too, until I happened to overhear two women talking about me cattily, inferring I couldn't get a beau. Never again will little Annie leave herself open to that by going out unescorted!

We gals miss out on a lot of fun all the way around because we belong to the "gentler" sex. We can't go fishing, or hunting, or camping with a girl friend. It simply isn't done.

The dear boys are forever citing the hardship of shaving. As if a ten-minute workout with a safety razor can be compared to the inquisitional torture of a permanent wave! Or even the discomfort of sitting under a hair dryer for an hour.

I once nearly suffocated through a torturous dinner and premiere—all because of a tight girdle. And the star dating me added insult to injury by wolfing a huge steak while I, too breathless almost to speak, nibbled on a salad. What man would endure such discomfort?

And the first time I wore high heels, at a high school dance back home in Texas, I fell flat on my face. The presence of my current best beau certainly didn't relieve my abject humiliation.

Yet men will complain that trousers are uncomfortable. When they're actually a blessing in disguise. Nothing is so effective for hiding a hole in one's socks. And whoever heard of a man's slip showing?

Seriously, though, the toughest [*Continued on page* 37]

■ Ever since Eve sold Adam a bill of goods on the desirability of apples, she's balanced the world in one pink palm! Even though Adam was created first, and the little lady was a mere afterthought, she got all the breaks from the start.

Any guy who's brought a wife and baby home from the hospital, as I did last winter, suspects that very first week that this is no man's world. The females wither you with looks that say, "What are *you* doing around here?"

After their glares finally drive you out of the house and you take to your car and the open road for escape, then . . . ah, then . . . you definitely discover that it's really a woman's world.

It has been said—and don't stop me if you've heard this before—that when a woman puts her hand out of a car, she may be either giving a traffic signal, waving to a friend, or testing the weather. But you can always depend on her to signal a turn. Definitely. With womanly impulse she thrusts out her mitt and, blissfully looking neither to right nor left, scoots around the corner. That's the time, brothers, we learn how the brakes hold.

The girls are always saying, "You men don't have to worry about a shiny nose all day. But we must always carry around a truckload of cosmetics."

But since when is slapping your face with a disk of fuzz like mowing a stubble of beard every day? And when is powdering a sunburned face comparable to shaving one? Another thing, you girls don't have to worry about getting bald. Or gray. You can change the color of your hair and nobody gives a darn. But let a man darken his locks or, for professional reasons, curl them, and the world will treat him like a wife-beater.

There are a thousand reasons why this is a woman's world. Take golf, for instance. You drive the ball into a trap and you want to express your feelings. But can you? No. There's apt to be a woman within hearing distance.

Take dressing for a party. Jane and I begin at the same time, and while I'm still struggling with my tie, she's all ready, tapping an impatient toe. [*Continued on page* 37]

"It's a Man's World"

hurdles a woman has to jump are concerned with friendship and love. Real, sincere friendships are as rare among women in Hollywood as in Swoose Falls.

Women, somehow, don't have jovial, carefree relationships that men achieve so easily. They're possible, of course, but into the best of feminine friendships a bit of back-knifing is apt to creep. Women are hypercritical, for one thing, and are always striving to out-do each other.

One reason friendships among the fair sex are so infrequent is because some women forget that the commandment against stealing applies to other women's men as well as to hotel towels. I know what it means to have one's beau snatched by another girl, having been a victim once in my 'teens.

Most girls, however, aren't as brazen as that particular beau snatcher. Which is a pity. For there lies men's greatest advantage over women—in their traditional right to do the courting. The average girl will not make overtures toward a man who interests her because of self-respect or dread of being termed a bold hussy. So she sits back patiently for love to discover her. If it passes her by, well . . . that's her hard luck.

So, any way you look at it, it's a man's world. But confidentially, girls . . . I kinda like it this way. ■

"It's a Woman's World"

Take love. If you don't, sooner or later, it takes you. Is a woman ever afraid of being dragged to the altar by the roots of her pretty hair? Not very many of 'em. Is she afraid of romance? She plunges into it. But if she wants to holler quits, it's her privilege to send back the ring with a prettily worded speech. With a man it's different. If he even faintly whispers that he might consider a pair of carpet slippers and a roaring fireplace for a steady diet, just let him try and wriggle out of that one!

It's definitely a woman's world at present-buying time. Buying gifts for a man is a sinecure. Pipes—golf clubs—your choice is endless. But what can you get for the little woman? If you choose a hat, a dress or lingerie, you risk offending either her size, her taste, or both.

So you finally bring her a beautiful—and expensive—purse, and she thanks you sweetly. Then it dawns upon her that she hasn't a thing to go with the purse—and you're stuck for a whole new outfit!

Even this business of having a baby. I remember clearly the night our daughter, Maureen Elizabeth, was born. My agent and his wife, Lou and Edith Wasserman, helped me pace the floor outside the delivery room. Edith had had a baby of her own three months earlier. After fifteen minutes of trying to remain calm, she cried out, "I take it all back—you men have the toughest time of it!"

But for all this being a woman's world, God bless 'em. I wouldn't have it any other way. ■



"Look . . . Fels-Naptha!"

Why, of course! What *could* that creamy cloud be—but a blob of rich Fels-Naptha suds . . . floating in a big blue bowl? What *could* be so wonderfully white . . . except linens washed with Fels-Naptha Soap?

You'll see Nature turn skywriter many times this Summer. Painting this almost-perfect picture of what it's like to wash the Fels-Naptha way.

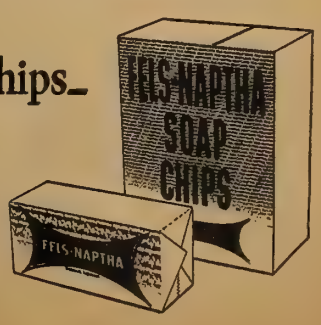
Almost-perfect . . . because no picture can show how Fels-Naptha's *two* cleaners, gentle naptha and richer, *golden* soap, work together *in cool water,* to make your washing easier and quicker.

Lots of women turn to Fels-Naptha Soap in Summer. Why don't you?

Golden bar or Golden chips—

Fels-Naptha

banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



The Marx Brothers' Last Picture



Those delightful maniacs, the Marx Brothers, are disbanding after twenty years in show business together, to go their separate ways professionally. Their last picture together will be *The Big Store*, in which Harpo, Groucho and Chico "carry on" in a large department store. They have worked on this film for more than a year in an effort to make it an unforgettable one

By JANE PORTER

■ The Marx maniacs, Groucho, Chico and Harpo were trying to figure out a title for their latest picture, a zany epic about department stores.

Groucho scratched his head and came out with an idea. "I have it. Let's call it *The Philadelphia Store.*"

"But the customers will think it's *The Philadelphia Story* with Jimmy Stewart," reminded Chico.

"Well," said Groucho brightly. "That's one way to get 'em in."

The Big Store it finally became and it represents more than a year's work. The Marx Brothers put their everything into it. They wanted it to be their best picture because it is their last picture, and expect to be remembered by it. The most prosperous brother team is breaking up after twenty years in show business together, and *The Big Store* will be their swan song.

They're surprisingly honest about their reasons.

"We're just anticipating public demand," explained Groucho, standing on the sidelines of the set while his brothers ogled some blondes before the camera. "I could say we're sick of the movies, but the people are about to get sick of us. We've done the same thing too often. Our stuff is getting stale—so we'll quit while the public still thinks we're funny.

"The trouble is, we've fallen into a groove. I'm the guy with the painted moustache, Harpo chases blondes and Chico is the dope with the little hat. We're limited by these characterizations and our pictures are beginning to look alike. We're in a rut and can't get out of it while we're the Marx Brothers, so we've decided to get out of movies altogether. We'll go our separate ways, doing what we've always wanted to do. Chico has organized his own orchestra. Harpo will go into a play and I'm going to write a play with Norman Krasna. Maybe I'll go back to radio. I'd like to do a picture with John Barrymore and have Mae West as the object of our affections. But no more Marx Brothers."

It's pretty sad watching a team break up, especially a team of brothers, but there was nothing sad about the way the Mad Marxes worked in their last picture. They started planning the picture over a year ago, but that didn't prevent them from changing it and writing it as they worked.

One afternoon at lunch, for instance, Chico's coffee cup toppled into his lap. His pants were ruined, but an idea was born. It gave the boys a gag scene which they put into the picture that day. You'll see it as the scene where Groucho, a private detective without a client, is sitting in his office eating lunch. A customer comes in and Groucho hastily shoves the lunch into a desk drawer. The coffee container overturns and starts to leak through, dripping on his legs.

"You must take this case," pleads the client. "Come with me."

"I'd love to," says Groucho, shaking a wet leg, "but I'm just dripping with offers."

Originally, Groucho was going to have glamorous Marian Martin as his girl friend, but for sentimental reasons he has his old girl friend Margaret Dumont. The stately grande dame who achieved Hollywood fame by being sat on by Groucho Marx in most of their previous films was not in the cast at first, but she was drafted to work again as Groucho's light o' love.

"She's part of us," explains Groucho. "Some people even refer to her as the 'Marx Sister' and she doesn't resent it. Such sacrifice must be rewarded. It's only fitting that she be with us in our last picture together."

Miss Dumont is a wealthy department store heiress who comes to Groucho's detective agency for help. Groucho, with the aid of his brothers, takes over the case and the department store.

He experiences his first trouble on the job when he masquerades as a floorwalker and finds himself in the bed department. The walls are lined with beds that fold into the wall.

An Italian walks in with twelve small children. Groucho blinks, then gasps: "Have you any other hobbies?"

The children sit on a bed while Groucho shows the parent some wares, and Harpo accidentally presses a button that folds the bed with the kids into the wall. Groucho tries to remedy the situation when a Swede enters with six children by substituting these children for the Italian kids. But Harpo is still pressing buttons trying to unfold the bed, when the Swedish tots disappear on a bed they were sitting on.

It was a strenuous scene, and when it was over Groucho picked out a soft bed on which to stretch out. "Ah," he sighed, relaxing, "me for some rest."

"Ah," sighed Joe Riley, Groucho's stand-in, as he pressed the button that slid the

bed back into the wall, "now we can all have some rest!"

The boys wanted to give us something to remember them by and they took the bumps to make this a ripsnorter. Nothing was too fantastic for them to attempt, and they strived for perfection even when it meant practically prostrating themselves.

The Marxes are chased through the store by three killers. The boys find themselves up against a balcony rail, and on the floor beneath is the toy department. They jump and land, as only the Marx Brothers can land, square into some roller skates. From then on, the scene is done on skates with the brothers careening through the crockery department. Rehearsing this scene was no fun because the boys hadn't been on skates for thirty years. Harpo was required to run up and down a flight of steps on skates. The scene was done forty times. Time after time he ran up and down the stairs.

"Let's get one more shot of it," yelled "Chuck" Reisner, the director.

Harpo ran up and came down again; up and down; down and up. Finally, the director called a halt and went into a whispered conference with his assistant. Harpo sat on the top step, mopped the perspiration off his face and gasped, "Was I okay then?"

"You're okay," said Reisner, "but the steps aren't. We're using the wrong stairway. We'll have to do the whole thing over again."

Whereupon Harpo stretched out and lay in a coma for the better part of an hour, refusing to budge for Reisner, Groucho or Leo the Lion. The boys get a lot of money, but they often earn it.

Tony Martin is the handsome hero in *The Big Store*. Lana Turner visited the set every day while Tony was working.

The mad Marxes are really not so mad in private life. Serious and intellectual, their zanyisms are reserved for their work. Between scenes they relaxed by listening to Gilbert and Sullivan recordings in Groucho's dressing room. But they warm up to their film hanky-panks by getting silly on the set. This gets them in the mood.

The last day of the picture, the brothers held a "wake" in memory of the comedy team that would no longer exist. A fire was built while the cast stood around it gloomily, waiting for the boys to toss in the trade-marks they had borne for 20 years as the Marx Brothers. Chico threw in his famous little hat. Harpo flung his blond wig into the flames. Groucho stood over the fire nonplussed. He had achieved fame through his moustache, but it was a pencilled affair. He dug his hand into his pocket, took out a black make-up pencil and hurled it in.

The boys received a floral horseshoe which Harpo wore around his neck.

Everyone was pretty gay until the Marx Brothers took their leave. The brothers stood at the doorway and yelled, "Good-bye—and this really is good-bye."

The mood of the crowd suddenly changed to complete soberness. They knew the brothers meant it. This was movie history being unmade.

The Marx Brothers slowly walked out of the studio as the Marx Brothers—for the last time. ■



Answer to a maiden's prayer
for her skin in summer



YOU know from experience that you can't be *too* carefree about your skin in summer. You can't mercilessly expose it to sun, wind and weather without protective care, and hope to escape such logical results as leather-dry, rough skin, oily shine, blackheads, or enlarged pore openings.

A happy answer to this problem of summer care has been found by thousands of outdoor girls and women. In two unique creams which contain the famous Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA TEXTURE CREAM. Here's a cream you'll really enjoy using as a night cream. It's dainty and pleasant because non-greasy! It softens and neutralizes accumulations often of an acid nature in the external pore openings of your skin. In addition it contains cholesterol which retains moisture in the skin and so helps to keep it softer, more pliant, and to relieve excessive dryness.

An ideal foundation cream. You'll love the smooth, even way powder and rouge go on over Phillips' Texture Cream. It prepares the skin for make-up by removing excess oiliness and softening roughness and dryness. It also acts as a helpful protection against sunburn and windburn.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA CLEANSING CREAM. The way this cream cleanses tells you it's different! In addition to loosening and absorbing the surface dirt and make-up, it penetrates the outer pore openings and floats away the accumulations which daily lodge there. It leaves your skin looking and feeling fresh and clean! Try this special cleansing care.

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Texture Cream 30¢ *and* 60¢ • **Cleansing Cream** 30¢, 60¢ *and* $1.00

Who Will Win The Year's Best Role?







Neck-to-neck contenders for the choice role of *Jane Eyre* are Joan Fontaine, Vivien Leigh and Katharine Hepburn. The English-born Vivien may be detained abroad because of the war; Fontaine, a superb actress, resembles the fictional heroine less closely than her competitors, while Hepburn, who is most like *Jane* in appearance and temperament, has a strike against her at the start —her acknowledged unpopularity in the film colony

By EDWARD MARTIN

His neck still stiff from taking bows for *Rebecca* and *Gone With the Wind,* David O. Selznick is already rehearsing his acceptance speech for the 1941 Academy Award.

This year's entry for the Oscar Sweepstakes will be that perennial nosegay of wistaria and hysteria, *Jane Eyre,* by Charlotte Bronte. *Wuthering Heights* has already demonstrated that Miss Bronte's works can be translated readily to the screen without losing any of their sombre appeal.

The bittersweet history of *Jane,* the orphan child, has every bit as much power. And unless Dynamic Dave has lost his touch or is content to snooze on his laurels of the past two years, the matter of selecting an actress to portray poor pitiful *Jane* will become a national issue within the next few months.

Dave was the gent, you remember, who kept the public on tenterhooks for a whole season while he sifted a *Scarlett O'Hara* out of 10,000 hopeful Cinderellas. This time the process of electing his leading lady will be a trifle less trying on the national nervous system, for at the very outset of the contest Selznick announces that only three actresses are in the running.

Each of the ladies, by no mischance whatever, first attained stardom under the Selznick pennant. And each has won her Academy Award emblem, either for individual performance or as leading lady in an award-winning picture.

The candidates—vote for one—are Katharine Hepburn, Vivien Leigh and Joan Fontaine.

Katie, first presented on a movie screen by Selznick in *A Bill of Divorcement,* got her statuette for her performance in *Morning Glory.* That was back in the days when she was a fledgling full-time movie performer and before she had demonstrated in *The Philadelphia Story* that she was a top-flight stage actress as well as one of the most provocative figures that ever stepped before a camera.

It is freely acknowledged by permanent Hollywood residents that Miss Hepburn is not the most popular gal who ever arrived in town from the East. The independence that goes with red hair and freckles, plus the fact that she is an absentee movie queen, have not endeared her to the rank and file of actors, directors and producers who spend twelve months a year toiling in the movieland gold mines.

There are, in fact, recurrent rumors to the effect that Miss Hepburn can never again win an Academy Award, no matter how superlative her future film performances may be. Many members of the film colony who are entitled to vote for Academy winners admit that in the most recent election they voted for Ginger Rogers on personal grounds rather than because they thought her a better actress than Kate.

The natives' resentment of Miss Hepburn leaves Producer Selznick stuck on a two-horned dilemma in the casting of *Jane Eyre.* If he adheres to the original Bronte text Miss Hepburn, of the three candidates, must be his final choice for the role. Temperamentally and physically she is the closest approach to the harassed Victorian heroine.

Loving care and reverence for the sanctity of good literature have characterized Selznick's approach to such great works as *David Copperfield, Anna Karenina, A Tale of Two Cities* and *Gone With the Wind.* Thus Dave must call on Katharine if he intends to follow his rule of stringing along with the author.

Only people who know the zeal with which he guns for Academy Awards can appreciate his quandary. If he hires Miss Hepburn she will undoubtedly turn in a distinguished performance. This will satisfy the Selznick sense of literary propriety and artistic high-mindedness. But the choice of Miss Hepburn also means almost certainly the loss of the 1941 Academy Award.

This condition, while it does not absolutely disqualify the leading lady of *The Philadelphia Story,* makes Vivien Leigh and Miss Fontaine early favorites in the betting. Each of the latter has a very real and understandable claim on the Selznick affections.

Miss Leigh has one great advantage at the outset. Not only is she acceptable for the part of the browbeaten *Jane* but she is also the wife of a man who is ideally suited for the leading role of *Rochester* (no connection with Jack Benny). Both Miss Leigh and Mr. Olivier are at present in England trying to fit themselves into the civilian war effort. Neither of them has undertaken commitments for long service, however, and they are free to return to Hollywood at any time. The question is, would they quit England in her time of peril, no matter how flattering the professional offer?

Against Miss Fontaine's casting as *Jane Eyre* there are no apparent drawbacks. In appearance and personality she is less closely suited to the part than Miss Hepburn. In acting experience she is much the junior of the other two candidates, despite the Academy Award won by her first pretentious picture. But no moviegoer who saw her in *Rebecca* can doubt her abundant talents.

Jane Eyre, like Miss Fontaine's characterization in *Rebecca,* was an underprivileged girl set down suddenly in a wealthy household. The sort of chilly reception Joan underwent in *Rebecca* was comparable to the treatment Jane Eyre re-

ceived at the hands of her rich relatives.

The chief considerations in Miss Fontaine's favor are that she is undoubtedly immediately available, unlike Miss Leigh, and that she is under exclusive contract to the producer, unlike both Miss Leigh and Miss Hepburn. Miss Leigh is under joint contract to Selznick and Alexander Korda, both of whom have indicated that the lady's war relief services may be continued without interference from them. Miss Hepburn is under exclusive contract to Katharine Hepburn.

Of the three the red-headed Hepburn would probably prove most expensive salary-wise, since she is currently on the crest of the wave financially from her investment in *The Philadelphia Story* and because she bears no particular love for Hollywood.

Miss Leigh ranks next in order on the salary scale, commanding a handsome sum and a huge audience. Miss Fontaine, being still a sort of misses'-size phenomenon, brings up the rear of the procession. From the payroll viewpoint she would appear to be Selznick's best bet. But Selznick has proved again and again that he is willing to spend a dollar to make twenty, and the comparative price-tags on the three stars will probably weigh little with him.

Once he is over the hurdle of casting *Jane,* Selznick will be confronted with other problems. If Laurence Olivier remains unavailable he will have to negotiate with rivals for a suitable *Rochester.* Ronald Colman would fit the role but he is notoriously choosy about his parts. It appears that Selznick may have to rely on his genius as a long-shot picker to come up with a suitable male lead.

Three generations of readers now living are familiar with *Jane Eyre.* In many families, particularly in literary New England, she is practically a member of the household. In the United States alone the book has gone through several hundred editions since its first publication in the middle of the Nineteenth Century and it is constantly being reissued for school and library use.

That Selznick will lavish his usual affectionate care on the screen treatment is testified by his choice of aides. The director, Robert Stevenson, was selected not only because of his recent successes with *Back Street* and *Tom Brown's School Days* but because he is a Cambridge University graduate with a profound knowledge of the classics and of the Victorian era.

As a personal production assistant John Houseman, the brilliant New York producer and co-founder with Orson Welles of the Mercury Theater, has been chosen.

Out of the lavender and old lust of the last century *Jane Eyre* will come to life if money and ingenuity can do the trick. The only catch at the moment is: which of the Selznick Academy Award winners will turn the trick?

Katharine Hepburn, they say, can never again win an Academy Award.

Vivien Leigh is on active service.

So bet the rent on Joan Fontaine, the first entry in the 1941 Oscar Sweepstakes. ■

DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S COLOR PORTRAIT!

BRIGHT YOU ARE, JOAN!



JOAN BLONDELL

Star of Columbia Pictures

says "One of the BIG little things movie life teaches you is to keep your teeth spic and spruce . . . yes, I'm another Calox user!"



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The Golden Dozen



Joan Crawford



Clark Gable



Norma Shearer



Greta Garbo



Gary Cooper



Myrna Loy



Ronald Colman



Carole Lombard



Ginger Rogers



Wallace Beery



Irene Dunne



Charles Chaplin

Why They Stay on Top

By SONIA LEE

■ When a new star emerges in Hollywood, congratulations are usually followed by a sage warning: "You've got five years—make the most of them."

The reason for this lies in very obvious Hollywood history. Stars come and go. The screen is a notoriously fickle medium in which they're up today, down tomorrow, and out the day after.

Fame can be achieved quickly in Hollywood. But to keep it is another thing. Stardom itself may be an accident; the maintenance of it never is.

Look at today's top-reigning stars. Of the current queens and kings, only a dozen are stars who have fooled the five-year limit. And you can bet your bottom dollar that it isn't a matter of luck that Shearer, Gable, Loy, Crawford, Dunne and the others continue to shine brightly year after year. Back of each lie years of hard work, determination, sacrifice, long hours and endless effort concentrated on maintaining that top billing.

Now all of these particular players possess that magic combination of singular talent, personality and vitamins that make a star. But these qualities alone are not sufficient to maintain top rating for ten years or over, as many of this select dozen have done. Some other very essential quality must come from the star himself, and if you look hard enough, you'll find it in every one of these dozen personalities.

There is, for instance, Joan Crawford. For over ten years Joan has been a star. She has set the fashion in clothes, in make-up, in hair-dress, and even in the pattern of thinking.

It is not an accident that this is so.

From the very beginning of her career Joan has been ruthlessly honest with herself. She had made up her lacks in education by courses of study and reading. She dieted to the point of starvation to acquire that world-famous figure.

It isn't a coincidence that periodically stories have appeared on her, titled "The New Joan Crawford." There always will be new Joan Crawfords because she doesn't stand still, either as a person or as an artist.

In 1934 there was a bumper crop of stories all asking the same question: "What's happened to Gable?" What happened was this. Gable was tired. Fame was waning. His roles were all cast in the same mold. Besides, he was far from being well.

Gable realized that he was fast losing the very qualities that had made him a star—that sense of force, sincerity, that engaging genuineness. He was in danger of being dissipated and stifled. He did

two things. He looked to his physical and mental conditions. He went on long hunting and fishing expeditions. He spent days in the mountains watching the drama of sky and sun. He got a perspective not only on himself, but on Hollywood as well.

A strong, clear-eyed Gable came back to Hollywood from that trip. He began fighting for the kind of roles he wanted. It was out of those differences with his studio that his new, solid fame arose.

Several years ago Norma Shearer said to me: "I've fought for good casts, for good productions, for good roles. I've fought for everything I've ever gotten. Nothing has ever been handed me on a silver platter."

Norma had to fight for a chance to play in *The Trial of Mary Dugan,* and she had to fight for the title role in *The Divorcee.* She fought, and won, and her spectacular performances in both pictures proved beyond a doubt the truth of her convictions.

Norma is an indefatigable worker. Every scene must be just right, and she will insist on retakes, a dozen if necessary, if there is the slightest chance that a scene might be improved.

It is this eternal striving for perfection, this minute attention to every detail, that has maintained Norma's prestige year after year.

The most singular example of fame and prolonged stardom is that of Garbo. Granted that her talents place her among the Hollywood immortals, they alone would not have made her the most spectacular figure in film history. Her policy of silence, which began as an accident and later became the best publicity gag in the annals of showmanship, has upheld unparalleled interest in a personality about whom no one knows anything.

Gary Cooper was a handsome leading man back in the old silents. But he was smart enough to know that virile good looks are not enough to keep a star on top. Gary acquired finesse, deftness, assurance, and all the technical tricks which help a good actor to be better. His superb performances in *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* and his more recent *Meet John Doe* prove that the faltering young actor of the silents has learned his lesson well.

The stars who continue as stars believe in themselves and have the courage to fight for their beliefs. Myrna Loy fought, begged, pleaded for a chance to do something other than Oriental sirens. Finally she was cast in *Animal Kingdom,* and from then on her rise has been breath-taking.

When you see Ronald Colman in R-K-O's *My Life With Caroline,* you'll find it hard to believe that the handsome, suave Englishman has been active in films since 1922. Yet he continues to remain in the Golden Dozen. Why? Because he continues to grow as a person, to study, to observe, to increase in personal riches and ability.

Carole Lombard might easily have found her screen career marked *finis* many years ago, if it hadn't been for the Lombard shrewdness. She realized that being beautiful was not enough to attract box-office lines year after year. Carole did a daring thing. She became a screwball. She made slapstick sophisticated. And Carole continues to reign as an outstanding star.

Ginger Rogers, in spite of her tender years, is a screen veteran. She has really had three careers—her first small ingenue parts, the light-footed comedienne of the Astaire films, and finally the triumphant dramatic actress of *The Primrose Path* and the Academy-Award-winning role of *Kitty Foyle.* Through her own diligent work and foresight, Ginger has emerged from the role of golden-haired dancing girl to an acknowledged dramatic actress.

Big, brusque Wallace Beery—number eight on 1940's list of box-office money-makers—was playing lovable bad men back in the days when he used to bounce Jackie Cooper on his knee. The slow-moving Wally works ceaselessly to bring to every role he portrays an unmatchable quality that is his alone. And he remains in the top ranks.

It isn't accident that places Irene Dunne in the forefront of stars today. Up until a few years ago, she was a placid actress who cried beautifully and sang enchantingly. But Miss Dunne knew that to confirm and to glamorize her stardom required something else. To the horror of her producers, she insisted on doing a blackface skit in *Show Boat,* and her merry career was launched. It took courage and shrewdness to depart so definitely from type. Irene Dunne has both—and that is why she remains in the top-notch star division.

The career of Charles Chaplin is a veritable yard-stick of film history. Today, more than a quarter of a century after his first screen appearance, delighted audiences applaud him wherever *The Great Dictator* is permitted to be shown. Chaplin continues to be a box-office magnet because he has never, for a minute, relaxed his vigilance for perfection in his chosen art. When audiences line up for a Chaplin picture, they know they are about to witness a film as nearly perfect as it is possible for a film to be.

It isn't nearly as hard to achieve stardom as it is to keep it. It takes a combination of work, intelligence, development as a person, shrewdness, courage, and plain everyday guts. Only a few have the requisite qualities—so only a charmed dozen have been able to lick the five-year jinx. ■

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Delightful informality predominates at Irene Hervey's summertime luncheons. Chilled vegetables are a specialty

Beat the Heat

By BETTY CROCKER



■ "Simplicity is smartness when you entertain," says Irene Hervey. And Irene should know. As the wife of Allan Jones, her home has become a favorite meeting place not only for motion picture stars but many artists of the musical world. They like good music and conversation . . . and are not much interested in elaborate formality. Anyway, formality is apt to be very uncomfortable during the hot weather.

But even informality—to be successful—must be planned, as Miss Hervey will tell you. Despite her career in pictures, she finds time to personally supervise all the menus and usually plans them a week in advance.

If you want to enjoy your own parties and be able to greet unexpected guests with a smile of assurance, you will be wise to acquire this habit of planning and shopping well ahead. "During hot weather, select foods that don't require a great deal of last-minute preparation," Irene advises.

In summer, Miss Hervey serves lunch to her friends on the terrace or in the lovely gardens of her home. On these occasions she makes a special feature of the hors d'oeuvres which are for the most part simply chilled raw vegetables.

The picture above shows one of these attractive trays of appetizers, including small radishes, tips cut off and sides peeled back like little petals; tiny turnips, sliced fairly thick; carrot strips; small onions; olives; and a bunch of watercress to nibble on.

For luncheon Miss Hervey often serves Ham Mousse with a very tart, thin mayonnaise or Epicurean Sauce, chilled sliced cucumbers followed by an endive and tomato salad and a simple dessert that isn't too sweet.

Irene Hervey also likes to give small dinners at home, say for eight or ten people, and thinks the limit for a really successful dinner party is twelve. When she has more guests than this to entertain, she makes it a buffet supper and even in warm weather includes one or two hot dishes on the menu in deference to those who don't like to make an entire meal of cold food.

One of her most successful supper menus for summer is cold turkey and ham with hot cheese potatoes and spaghetti on the side. This, with an attractive green salad and dessert, makes a delicious buffet supper.

These are recipes for two of Irene Hervey's favorites, Ham Mousse and Epicurean Sauce.

EPICUREAN SAUCE

1 tbsp. Tarragon vinegar
2 tbsp. grated horseradish root
1 tsp. English mustard
½ tsp. salt
½ cup cream
3 tbsp. mayonnaise
Few grains cayenne pepper

Mix the vinegar, horseradish, mustard, salt and cayenne. Add the cream beaten until stiff and the mayonnaise dressing. Serve with Ham Mousse or cold meat. This will make about 10 servings.

HAM MOUSSE

1 tbsp. granulated gelatin
½ cup cold water
3 cups ground cooked ham
½ cup hot water
1 tsp. mustard
1 cup whipping cream
Few drops of pink coloring, if desired
Few grains cayenne pepper

Soak the gelatin in the cold water for 5 minutes. Dissolve in the hot water. Put the ham through a food chopper. Add the mustard and pepper and mix with the gelatin. Fold in the cream which has been beaten until stiff. Turn into molds and chill. Serve with Epicurean Sauce, if desired. Amount: 10 servings.

PEACH BATTER CAKE

Another favorite of Miss Hervey's is Peach Batter Cake.

7 or 8 medium-sized peaches
1½ cups sugar
1 cup water
Emergency Cake Foundation

Peel, stone and slice peaches. Arrange them in bottom of a well-buttered 8-inch square pan, at least 1½ inches deep. Sprinkle with sugar; then add water. Bake or cook on top of stove until peaches are tender. Pour Emergency Cake Batter over the *hot* peaches and bake 45 minutes in a moderate oven, 350°. When cake is done, turn pan upside down on serving plate. Serve hot or cold . . . with or without whipped cream.

Emergency Cake Foundation

1¾ cups sifted cake flour *or*
1⅔ cups sifted all-purpose flour
1 cup sugar
¼ tsp. salt
2½ tsp. baking powder
⅓ cup shortening
⅔ cup milk (at room temperature to make batter easy to beat)
1 egg
1 tsp. flavoring

For ease in measuring, pour milk into measuring cup up to the "⅔ cup" mark. Then add shortening ((keeping it under the milk all the time) until milk reaches the line indicating "1 cup".

Sift flour, sugar, salt and baking powder together in mixing bowl. Add shortening, milk, unbeaten egg, and flavoring all at once. Beat all ingredients together well with a rotary beater for 2 minutes.

FRENCH APPLE PIE

French Apple Pie is also popular during the late summer and early autumn. Here is the recipe:

Pastry for 9-inch pie shell
6 to 8 tart juicy apples
½ to ⅔ cup sugar (depending on sweetness of apples)
1 tsp. cinnamon (or nutmeg)
2 tbsp. all-purpose flour
2 tbsp. butter
½ cup butter
½ cup brown sugar
1 cup sifted all-purpose flour

Line a deep pie pan with plain pastry, and chill while preparing apples. Pare and core apples, and slice thinly. Mix together sugar, cinnamon and the 2 tbsp. flour. Mix with the apples . . . and place in pastry-lined pan. (If the apples are not very juicy, sprinkle with a bit of water.) Dot with the 2 tbsp. butter. Cream together the ½ cup softened butter and the brown sugar. Work the one cup of flour into the creamed butter and brown sugar (using a pastry blender or a spoon) to make a crumb mixture. Sprinkle the crumb mixture over the top of the apples. Bake 35 to 45 minutes in a 450°, hot oven, for first 15 minutes, reducing heat to 350°, moderate oven, to finish baking. Serve with plain or whipped cream, if desired.

Speaking of apples . . . how many different ways do you fix them? Are apple pie, apple sauce and baked apples the only way that this staple American fruit is served at your house?

Each and every one is good of course. But when there are so many interesting and out of the ordinary ways to fix apples, it seems a shame to limit them to the commonplace trio mentioned.

Apple Mint Marlow is a lovely refreshing green dessert . . . while hot red cinnamon apples filled with sizzling little sausages is something to remember. I'll be glad to send you these recipes and many others, if you'll just fill out the coupon and send it at once.

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Hollywood received a resounding shock when Swedish-born Ingrid Bergman came to town. By being completely natural, she created a bigger sensation than a dozen glamour girls. She has an important role in M-G-M's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*

By HELEN WELLER

■ When Hollywood and Ingrid Bergman first collided, it was a shock to both. Ingrid's surprise over Hollywood has since worn off. Calm and imperturbable, her amazement wore off quickly and she is used to the gargantuan stage crews, to autograph-seekers who tug at her coat when she walks on the street, and at the money thrown around.

But Hollywood can't get over its surprise at la Bergman. By being completely natural, Ingrid has managed to achieve what a great many film actresses have grimly strived to do: she is different.

A well-known hostess famous for her parties invited Ingrid, along with several other folks, to tea. Ingrid arrived wearing men's shoes. She noticed the green hills fringing one side of the house, and longing came into her clear blue eyes.

"Please, I will run," she said, and she was off running through the canyon like a colt inflamed by spring fever.

Ingrid thought nothing of it. The other guests did. This was another of the Bergman "naturals" to be added to the book.

The tea-sippers recalled the first glimpse Hollywood had of Ingrid when she arrived two years ago from Stockholm. Having been educated by Garbo, the silent Swede, everyone expected to see a glum gaunt blonde who would lock herself in her home as though it were a fortress protecting her from the nasty people outside. Instead, they saw Ingrid. She had loped gracefully into town, a tall, smiling young woman more intelligent looking than beautiful, with a robust manner and a hearty handshake. She had a curious fur-lined sling over her shoulders, and inside the sling, bundled up like a papoose, peered the blinking face of her baby daughter!

"That's Pia," Ingrid announced calmly, beaming at everyone.

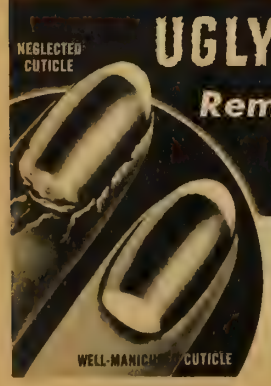
The Gay Swede, she was promptly nicknamed, contrasting with Garbo's Gloomy Swede. When friends offered to arrange a meeting between the two, Ingrid was willing, but Greta suddenly found other things to do.

This didn't bother Miss Bergman at all. For one thing, she was too busy. She loves to be busy, and will keep her finger in whether it means feeding gruel to Pia herself or rehearsing in a Broadway play or changing the furniture around. For another thing, she had discovered the

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public lake in Echo Park, a section of Los Angeles definitely not fashionable. She had burst into the studio with her great discovery.

"You can rent a boat. You can row."

She rented a boat at 25 cents an hour. She rowed. Peace, it was wonderful.

One thing makes her grave: the 6,000 miles between Hollywood and Stockholm. She is a person of intense loyalty, not easily swayed, and success in Hollywood has not made her abruptly renounce her love for her mother country. When David Selznick, her American discoverer, first brought her here, she used to commute quite casually between America and Sweden to see her husband and her friends. She never expected to remain in America for long, but she didn't account for great success and popularity here. With *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* behind her (Spencer Tracy raves about her work in this) and with Ernest Hemingway screaming for her as his *Maria* in *For Whom the Bell Tolls,* there are so many ambitious plans being made for her that she considers it ingratitude to skip out. But her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, has his hospital work in Sweden, and there, as we say in Hollywood, is the conflict. There, too, is the danger, for their attempts to come together become more perilous all the time.

For this last reunion, Dr. Lindstrom had gone to Lisbon from Sweden, to take the Clipper to America last November. At the last minute, passage was restricted only to Americans. He caught a Portuguese freighter and chugged impatiently across the Atlantic for six weeks. He landed in New York on December 24th, and with his valise flopping behind his long legs, dashed toward a plane and reached Hollywood just as the Christmas bells were chiming. Ingrid was waiting for him at the field, shadowed by the dusk. "Merry Christmas, darling," she cried, and it was one of the rare moments when she wept.

She and Peter rented a small house which will never be photographed as a show place. They had one maid, a small car and a sunporch for Pia. A few months ago, Ingrid and the doctor wanted to snatch another honeymoon before his return to Sweden. They decided on a skiing vacation near Reno. This vacation, instigated by their desire to be together, was later construed by several enterprising journalists to mean, of all things, a divorce because of the proximity to the Unhitching Center.

When Ingrid returned, her studio thought she would be through with newspaper reporters for life, because of this. But Ingrid was as calm and obliging as before. "Those divorce reports—pouf! They were trying to be funny."

The security of her marriage leaves her unperturbed by any gossip. What distresses her is the unhappy reality: their inevitable separation. "It wass not so bad last year. This year, there is Hitler and who knows when we shall see each other again."

Her other problem, although minor by comparison, is her accent. She used to be devoted to the phrase "Hokay" until she heard all the newsboys use it. She has made such good strides losing that accent that when she viewed her first rushes in *Adam Had Four Sons* she emerged delighted. "It iss good," she beamed. "Ay myself can understand myself when ay talk."

Although only a faint foreign trace remains, she turns to her English lessons assiduously every day. It's just as well, for if it weren't English lessons, it would be something else. Fencing lessons, or deep-sea diving perhaps, for there is nothing dilettantish about Ingrid. She can't stand idleness. The first day she reported for work, she noticed a tall young girl take her place before the lights.

"That gurrl," demanded Ingrid. "Who iss she? Doss she take my place?"

Ingrid was assured the girl was a stand-in to save her wear and tear.

Ingrid hooted. "What's the matter with me? Ay can stond on my own two feet!"

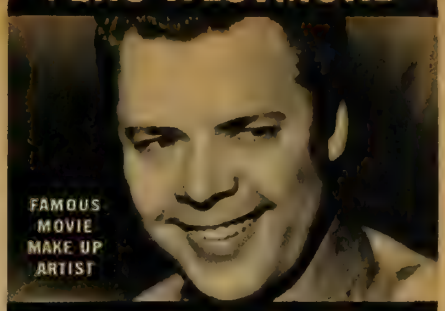
She can, but she must bow to the little luxuries that enfold a star. Still she manages to work harder than anyone else. When she was working in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* she was so thrilled with her role as sidewalk trollop she used to arrive on an empty set at 5:00 a. m., fresh, wide-eyed and impatient to be off. Came 6 o'clock in the evening, and Ingrid could hardly be torn away from the set. There is no languid "Ay tank ay go home" about her.

No, Ingrid, unlike her compatriot, responds to those about her with the same outpouring of affection and cooperation. Obliging, grateful and gracious to everyone, there was only one time that she showed any signs of being difficult. She failed to show up for a fitting one afternoon, and that drove everyone crazy. When she finally appeared, hours late, her excuse was so direct, it never occurred to her that it might sound naive. "Ay wass," she said, "going all ofer town looking for an orange squeezer for Pia." ■



Olympe Bradna was a charming picture in white net when she became the bride of socialite Douglas Wilhoit. Olympe will soon be seen in *Flight Patrol*

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He Earned His Breaks

By TOM DeVANE

Joseph Cotten put aside his movie script, mopped his brow, sank back into his chair, and breathed a startled "Whew-w."

Actor Cotten is a pretty literal-minded young man, and seldom notices coincidences and superstitions and things like that. But there was an amazing coincidence in the script of *Illusions,* in which he plays opposite Merle Oberon.

In the new film, Cotten once more would be faced with the problem of the Disappearing Clergyman.

The first time he had the reverend gentleman to contend with, it wasn't make-believe, nor was the Disappearing Clergyman a character in a movie.

It all happened about a decade ago when Joe Cotten and a beautiful girl named Lenore Kip, both in their early twenties, decided that they could finally marry, after a romance of two years. Joe was playing stock in Boston, very successfully, and for the first time there was money in the bank.

Their friends were delighted, because the youngsters were so much in love, and it was spring and everyone felt romantic. Joe and Lenore must elope to Nashua, New Hampshire, several hours from Boston, and be married in the historic old parsonage. One of the friends promised to arrange everything with the minister.

The appointed day found the sweethearts in Nashua, where they soon discovered the parsonage. As they walked down the path, eyes shining brightly, life seemed very beautiful.

There was no answer to their ring, but the door was ajar. They entered and sat themselves down to await the minister. Precious minutes vanished, with no sign of him. The minutes lengthened into hours, and the newly-weds-to-be began to get frantic. Joseph had an evening show to do in Boston. When the shrill whistle of the returning Boston train made them jump from their seats, Lenore Kip, who wanted to change her name to Cotten, burst into tears.

They made the train and returned to Boston, still unwed. And not until several days later was the mystery solved.

The Disappearing Clergyman had absent-mindedly forgotten the five-day residence law in New Hampshire when he agreed to marry the young folks. And when he saw them coming down the garden path, hand in hand and so much in love—he turned and ran out the back way. He didn't have the heart to face them!

And Mr. Cotten was to be involved in an almost identical situation in *Illusions,* only Merle Oberon would be the disappointed bride this time. In the movie, the heroine refuses to marry the suitor. Not so with Mr. Cotten's Lenore, who is still happily wed to the tall, good-looking actor.

After scoring on the stage as Katharine Hepburn's leading man in *The Philadelphia Story* and making an impressive screen debut with Orson Welles in the provocative *Citizen Kane,* Cotten is in Hollywood to stay a while. He has contracts with both Alexander Korda and R-K-O-Radio, both of whom have great plans for his future.

And, the actor will ruefully admit, he



It looks like Joseph Cotten is in Hollywood to stay for a while, after a year on Broadway and on the road in the successful *Philadelphia Story.* Joe's work in *Citizen Kane* won him a role in *Lydia*

started out as a problem child in his home town of Petersburg, Virginia. He was a problem to his teachers, because he didn't like to study, and a problem to his family, who couldn't understand his inexplicable passion for the stage. Father Cotten, a respected Government employee, had no truck with such nonsense, especially when young Joe would play hooky and find his way to Richmond every time a stage show came to town.

But finally they had to admit that Joe must be a born actor, and sent him to school in Washington where they had a splendid dramatic department. He helped the stage manager and the electricians when he wasn't acting big dramatic parts —at the age of 16.

The following year found young Cotten in Miami, Florida, acting his head off with the Miami Civic Theater, a superior group that was handsomely supported by the wealthy community. In his off moments, he sold insurance and newspaper advertising, and saved his money faithfully. At the end of the Miami "season" he was going to New York to get a job on the professional stage!

Which, as thousands of eager-eyed Broadway aspirants can tell you, is easier said than done. Young Joe's frantic cries of "Let me in!" were unheard by the hard-hearted producers, who didn't think he looked much like an actor. He almost starved to death, he admits, before returning to Miami, where they appreciated him.

For four years Cotten followed the same course. He spent the hot summer months, when managers were supposedly casting for the new season, in New York, meeting one rebuff after another. But finally he determined to cut himself off from Miami and stick in Manhattan, come what may.

One Miami dowager, during his last season, had said, "Young man, you ought to be in pictures!" Mr. Cotten remembered her when he did get into "pictures," but not the kind she meant. He became a photographer's model. Joe Cotten, who yearned for the higher things of the theater, acted as background for beautiful girl models who were advertising everything from lipstick to laundry soap.

It kept the wolf from the door—but Joe still ached for a chance. He expressed himself one night to a Broadway pal—one of those who will do anything for a laugh.

"Tell you what, Joe," said the pal, "Belasco is casting a play over at his theater. This is strictly off the record, see?—but why don't you try him." And then as the youngster thanked him, the pal roared with sardonic laughter.

He didn't laugh the next day when Joe came up to thank him again, almost tearfully, for the "tip." Belasco *had* been casting—and had cocked an inquisitive eye at the tall lad who blurted out with desperation, "I'd like a job, sir."

There was a long silence. Then Belasco said, very nonchalantly, "All right, young man." And Mr. Cotten became understudy, at a small salary, to Lynne Overman in *Dancing Partner*, for a highly successful season. Next year he hung around the sidelines as Melvyn Douglas' understudy in *Tonight or Never*. But both Overman and Douglas were remarkably healthy. Cotten never faced the footlights.

After two years with Belasco, however, Joe wasn't exactly unknown. Even a Belasco understudy had prestige. He got an offer to play stock in Boston—and he played. Forty straight weeks, during which time he and his Lenore made their ineffectual attempt to get married. Three more months in Washington followed, with the actor making some kind of record for continuous performances in stock.

Then he took the air. In a big way, too. Landed a job on a radio "soap opera" called *The Story of Alice Blair*. A struggling young actress named Martha Scott played *Alice*, and suffered something terrible, in the manner of most radio serial heroines.

This led to a meeting with Orson Welles, who was out to revolutionize not only the stage but the airwaves. Mr. Cotten became one of the earliest disciples of the great man, and acted with him in both Federal Theater productions and later in Welles' Mercury Theater ventures. Perhaps his biggest hit was *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, in which he made the critics wonder where he'd been all their lives.

Mr. Cotten had misgivings when asked to play opposite a Hollywood movie actress in a stage play. Of course, the play was by Phillip Barry, who seldom, if ever misses —but the star was Miss Katharine Hepburn, who had missed in spectacular fashion when she brought *The Lake* to Broadway. The other Mercury Theater players laughed fit to kill when they heard that Mr. Cotten had agreed to play in *The Philadelphia Story*—feeling that he'd be back in several weeks.

That was well over two years ago. The triumph of Miss Hepburn and her company is too well known to bear repeating. After a year on Broadway, the company took to the road, with a ten weeks' lay-off for Miss Hepburn to bring her role to the screen. Mr. Cotten had already agreed to play in the first film effort of his comrade, Mr. Welles—*Citizen Kane*. After film duties were over, Hepburn and Cotten returned to the road, finally ending up a two years' run in—Philadelphia!

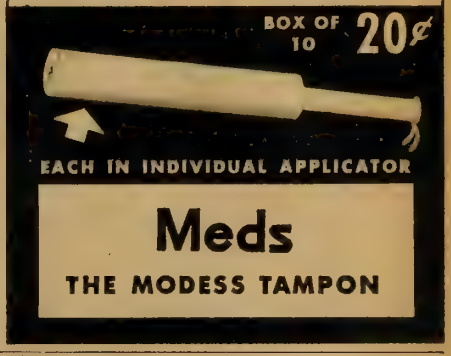
Mr. Cotten is delighted with Hollywood. And vice versa. ■

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Tamed by a Redhead





The screen's meanest "heavy" is really putty in the hands of the girl he loves! It was the redheaded Mrs. Donlevy (at right) who insisted that he accept the leading role in *The Great McGinty*—the part that made him famous. Brian's next picture will be *Birth of the Blues*

By E. J. SMITHSON

■ So he's a great big guy, is he? A bruiser and a toughie from 'way back, eh?

Sure. Why the guy's so tough he uses railroad spikes for toothpicks and shaves with a blow-torch. He can take twenty feet of barbed wire and strip the barbs off with his bare hands.

As he parades across the screen in *I Wanted Wings, The Great Man's Lady* and *Billy the Kid,* Brian Donlevy is first a hard-boiled instructor, next a card sharp, once again a rough-and-tumble son of the old West. Yep, he cows strong men.

Villain, as he was, or hero, as he is today, he dominates.

At home, though, it's different. Tough guy, eh? Well, let me tell you a few things I found out the day I visited Donlevy's home.

In Donlevy's home there's a gal named Marjorie Lane. She's five feet, two inches tall and as pretty as a fresh bunch of spring flowers.

Lift up her thumb and you'll find the screen tough guy underneath!

"And the worst part of it is," Donlevy sighs, "she's right. She's always right."

It's the black Irish in Donlevy pitted against the red-haired Irish in his wife. It's always been that way, these four years since Donlevy started haunting the once great Trocadero to watch that little singer, Marjorie Lane. He came night after night.

"I didn't like him at first," Marjorie says. "He was too bossy. I thought he was conceited. He took things too much for granted. But I married him."

The flicker of a smile lifts the corners of her mouth.

"It's different, now," she says.

So's Donlevy.

The Donlevy who came to Hollywood was quite a guy sure enough. He had the broadest pair of shoulders that ever invaded the film colony. And he wore suits with padded shoulders.

"Out!" exclaimed the new Mrs. Donlevy. She gave the suits away to a couple of guys who hung around, cluttering up Brian's life—and then got rid of them.

"We'll know nice people," she told him.

The marriage itself really started things. Briny said: "Look, honey—it's romantic to elope. We'll bust down to Mexico and have it done without any fuss.

They were married down there by an official who, to Marjorie, didn't seem to have his mind on his business. The surroundings were not too pretty. She didn't think it romantic, at all. That was on December 22, 1936.

"Hooey!" exclaimed Marjorie, now that he'd had his way. "We'll have it done right!"

So they were formally married, on this side of the Mexican border, nine days later. That was much nicer, Marge said. Briny agreed. That was the beginning.

He's been agreeing ever since.

Brian, who is quite subdued both as to dress and locomotion these days, arrived in Hollywood with other ideas. One of his favorite articles of wearing apparel was the scarf in all of its more flamboyant glory. Donlevy snatched from his large collection something that would make early Technicolor look like a foggy backdrop and went merrily to his car.

The car, by the way, was an amazing vehicle. It was so long that Briny had to build an extension onto his garage. It was of unmodestly gay tones and trim, with capital-C chromium. It had been built especially for Walter Chrysler, Jr., the tale went, the motor magnate's son retiring from ownership on advice from saner colleagues.

Scarves are easier to annihilate than whole automobiles, so Marge started on scarves. They began to disappear. Finally, they were all gone.

"I've got to buy some scarves," Briny said one day.

"So we went for a walk instead," Marge explains.

The car went next. A nice, modest, medium-class number replaced it. Briny wiped away a vagrant tear as that long, snaky, low chromium masterpiece went on the block.

"Must've got something in my eye," he declared in a choking voice as he drove away in the calm, sedate model.

Briny says he saw somebody else driving the car about three months later.

"It looked pretty loud," he admitted. "I guess Marge was right."

We now come to the matter of the house. The one Briny rented when they were married.

It was quite a joint, with about twelve rooms, a four-car garage, too-gay furniture, and a very high rent.

"Now that you're married, Mr. Donlevy," said the real estate people, "we'll do you a favor and sell it to you for forty-four thousand dollars. We know you like the view."

"His eyes are bad," replied Marge, leading the real estate people to the door. "The view doesn't mean a thing to him. If he could see, he wouldn't like this wild furniture, the way this place is decked out, and the fact that it isn't too well built would be quite apparent."

Briny eyed his wife sadly, almost accusingly.

"What did you do that for?" he asked. "I think you've hurt their feelings."

"Sucker!" declared Marge, not without devotion in her voice. "In the first place, the house is worth about a fourth of that. It's apt to slide down hill. The neighborhood's not too good. If you walked around

this hillside retreat for a couple of months more you'd find one leg growing longer than the other, the lot's that steep."

Marge added a few choice thoughts. Briny was spending too much money. She was still looking for somebody he didn't owe. They'd take a nice, small house for a while, save their money, and when the debts were all cleared up they'd buy a nice new place.

"But it'll be on a hill," Briny said wistfully.

"Of course," she agreed.

Yes, and the house on the hill can be had for ten thousand dollars now. A quarter of what was asked.

Brian's present four acres, recently purchased, with a beautiful rebuilt home decorated exclusively by his wife—it's a dream to look at, roam through, and live in—is on flat ground.

"I like it!" Brian exclaims proudly. "Can you beat a gal like this?"

Then there's the facts behind that famous role of *McGinty* in *The Great McGinty*. Brian brought the script home, gave it to his ever lovin'.

"Reads pretty well," he said. "But Preston Sturges, who wrote it, is taking his first fling as a director. And he's dug up a lot of new ideas. Maybe they'll go over and maybe they won't. I've got a sort of a hunch maybe I should think it over. You know how good my hunches are."

Mrs. Donlevy read the script.

"No more monkey business," she said. "Play that, and you'll be famous."

So Briny played it. It put him right on top. Prior to that, he was offered the role of *Markoff* in *Beau Geste*. He loved it. Boy, he was going to be a heavy!

Mrs. Donlevy read the script.

"Too heavy!" she remarked.

He made the picture. The critics agreed with his wife. An excellent job by Brian Donlevy, mind you, but *Markoff* was just too tough. A fine portrayal, but . . .

Marjorie got him away from villaining. Why didn't he do the stuff he did on the stage? A good idea. He went and did it. So now he's a sympathetic character with Bob Taylor in *Billy the Kid*, in *I Wanted Wings*, with Joel McCrea and Barbara Stanwyck in *The Great Man's Lady*, and he goes full comic in the next Crosby film, *Birth of the Blues*.

"There's one thing," Donlevy told me, after he'd confessed how brow-beaten he'd been, "that Marge never has anything to say about. That's my work. She never comes to the studio. She seldom comes on location. She has nothing to say . . ."

Marge came in at this point. She eyed her barrel-chested hubby. "Briny," she said as though she'd just happened to think of it, "when you make up tomorrow don't put on too much eye shadow. It makes you look tired. I noticed that yesterday when you came home. You'd better . . ."

"Nerts!" exploded her actor husband—and then laughed.

Bending, he planted a he-man's kiss on the smiling lips of his pint-sized helpmate.

"I'll see to that tomorrow, honey, sure enough."

Then he looked at me.

"Anyway," he offered, "it's all for my own good."

So he's a great, big toughie, is he? Nerts! ■

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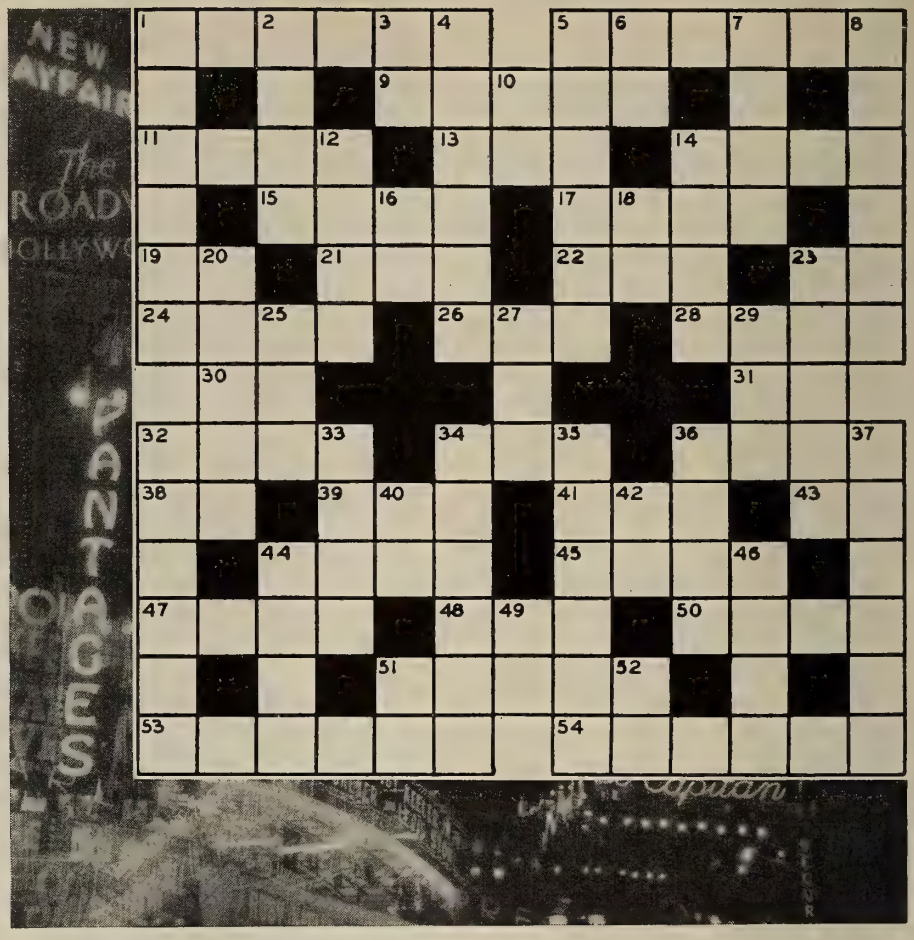
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MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. It's the spirit of the thing that makes him Young.
5. Frog who would a-wooing go (in Autry films).
9. This may be had for a song in musicals.
11. It has more feet than a centipede.
13. Sign of a full house.
14. It's hard to distinguish heel from hero when each is this.
15. What cashier did, with reservations.
17. One who made Steinbeck wrathy.
19. Jackie played *Henry Aldrich* in 1941, he played it B. C. (before Cooper) (init.).
21. He gets lion's share of M-G-M profits.
22. The heavy carries weight here.
23. George Ernest's initials.
24. She was the berries in *Strawberry Blonde.*
26. If Jane Peters follows this, it must be Carole Lombard.
28. Sole purpose of this in a farce may be for a hot foot.
30. He was wed to the haunting *Rebecca* (init.).
31. Exclamation meaning: "What, no Mickey Mouse!"
32. Descriptive of Willie in one of his Best roles.
34. It was very gushy in *Boom Town* (Brooklynese).
36. Not John Alden, but he married Priscilla in certain cinema series.
38. Mr. Power when he's short.
39. One who wouldn't give a hoot for a chance in films.
41. You can put on the dog with this card (it's said to be a wonder).
43. It isn't if villain says it is.
44. The son of Mother McCrea.
45. Junior, who plays toughies, but Wallace Beery can make him say "uncle."
47. Where would John Barrymore be if he couldn't do this?
48. Last word in films.
50. This may be the opening you've been looking for.
51. First Rooney to gain fame.
53. Villain's answer to a maiden's prayer (pl.).
54. Beefy critters that cowboys go for.

DOWN

1. She was the first Sweater Girl.
2. They look pasty under arc lights.
3. The *Wolf* in ship's clothing in Jack London film (short).
4. Rootin' tootin' tutor in *Let's Make Music.*
5. He makes tin as comedian's foil.
6. This appeared right in middle of Milland-Colbert film.
7. He might answer to "Hi!" but he's really this.
8. One who made *Scarlett* see red.
10. Tex's initials.
12. This Lane isn't shady.
14. The reel McCoy (poss.).
16. Charles Boyer might be interested in this article.
18. It has a derby more celebrated than Chaplin's (abbr.).
20. Cinema symphonies are so pronounced.
23. Adrian has designs on them.
25. This is often doubled in Hollywood.
27. Only kind of drum that Krupa can't play.
29. Equine actors like to sleep on this.
32. *Dr. Kildare* is right on heels of this bird (pl.).
33. McCarthy's flesh and blood.
34. She recently was starred in a monst(e)rous movie (poss.).
35. If *Turnabout* was fair play, she was the fair one.
36. You have to have a following to play this.
37. *Oomph* girl's ex.
40. What you and I would be in movies.
42. This is often mentioned in same breath with stars.
44. Mrs. Reagan, or Ronnie's bonnie.
46. Best place to go after the show.
49. Modern movie sirens may be neat, but she was Nita (init.).
51. This *Polly* prefers *Andy Hardy* to a cracker (init.).
52. What Bob Burns did at the Brown Derby.

(Solution on Page 66)

Priscilla Lane Turns Chorus Girl

[*Continued from page* 21]

the show you'll have to keep out of the sun. Will you do it?"

"Yes, sir."

The girls gave their names to Carroll, and with a straight face Pat managed: "Florine la Fleurette."

"All right, Florine." Carroll looked up sharply, and recognition dawned. "Say, what did you say your name is? Aren't you—"

"Shh— that's right, Mr. Carroll. But you just hired me as a Carroll girl. That makes me eligible. Can I go into the show tonight?"

"You're in it right now, honey."

The other girls in the show had expected Priscilla to act quite movie star-ish. They were surprised when she didn't march in with her personal maid or demand a dressing room of her own. She flew in, wearing blue slacks, her hair caught in a ribbon. They liked her immediately.

She slipped into a vacant chair and started cold-creaming her face, like the others. Before she dressed, however, Priscilla rehearsed the dance routines with the girls.

"They'd better tie a rope around my waist so that they can yank me off stage when I forget the steps," she giggled.

Morine Howell, who shared the same mirror with Pat, helped her make up. Because Pat was so tanned, the girls applied a heavy smattering of powder to lighten her body. Miss Beardsall, the wardrobe woman, appeared with some flesh-colored chiffon.

"I'll drape this over you, Miss Lane," she said apologetically, "so that you won't feel too—too—undressed!"

Priscilla looked at the scanty costume and let out a hoot. "I've always wanted to wear one of these things. If they're all right for the girls—they're all right for me."

The stage manager yelled: "Next number—five minutes!" Priscilla slipped into the sheer scanties, and danced out on the stage. Several times she forgot the routine. "When you forget, just smile," hissed Diane Mumby, a blonde at her left.

When the show was over Priscilla rushed to her dressing room. There were three envelopes for her. One contained her official induction into the club. The second was her pay for the night, $6.40. The third contained the crowning triumph to top her evening as a chorus girl. The note was from a customer at a ringside table. Would she, he pleaded, have a late supper with him?

Pat drove two of the girls home. When she got in, she was so exhausted, she went to bed immediately.

So ended Priscilla Lane's night as a bona fide chorus girl. It was a gay adventure, and the picture title was saved.

But what Priscilla prizes is a wire she received: "To our new Million Dollar Baby, who proved herself a million dollar good sport. The Million Dollar Baby Club." ■



One of the pleasant features of Warners' new musical, *Navy Blues*, will be this sextet of lovely young lassies. From bottom to top they are Georgia Carroll, Alexis Smith, Marguerite Chapman, Kay Aldridge, Lorraine Gettman and Peggy Diggins





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Rosa R. Ray

The Queen Is Back

By
TOM CASEY



The return of exciting Gloria Swanson gives Hollywood a shot in the arm. The most fabulous movie queen of them all is making her comeback in R-K-O-Radio's *Father Takes a Wife*, with Adolph Menjou

■ "Gloria is back!"

The news buzzed around Hollywood and Vine and immediately the town perked up. Hollywood has been limping along on milk toast and dullness these past few years. All of our glamour girls have been settling down on de luxe farms with de luxe chickens and cows and doing nothing more exciting than going to night spots. Hollywood was suffering from personality anemia. Comes now Gloria, the Glorious, the first Glamour Queen of Hollywood—to give the cinema town a shot in the arm.

Gloria has always possessed the magic ability to create excitement. Her fabulous clothes, her feuds with Pola Negri and Constance Bennett, her golden plumbing, her glamorous marriages, have always been front-page news. Even after a six-year absence her lush personality has made everyone sit up and take notice.

The first night she returned, she visited Ciro's. Marlene Dietrich, no slump as a glamour girl herself, seated at a table in another corner was asked by a photographer if he could bring Gloria to her table to be photographed with her.

Marlene jumped up. "If it's Swanson—I'll go to *her* table."

Lana Turner, a kid in socks when Gloria was in her heydey, stared at the poised figure in black, with the amazing long eyes resembling green lamps, and was so fascinated by her she whispered: "She makes me feel like a gingham girl."

Fitting tribute. The Queen was back!

She was hornswoggled back into pictures this time, for when Gloria came to Hollywood a few months ago it was to visit her married daughter and her mother, then return to her home in New York. Gloria quit pictures six years ago for a simple reason: there just weren't many roles for her to do.

"I was a type difficult to cast. I was neither the ingenue nor the matron; I wasn't the wholesome outdoor type nor the sinful exotic. I was between types, so I left," she explained in her dressing room, talking through a long cigarette holder while she was being fitted to a sleek black velvet dinner jacket. "Hollywood doesn't hold much fascination for me when I'm not working. I'm not a 'plunge-into-the-pool-let's-play-tennis' sort of person. The 'big city' pace of New York has always appealed to me, so I headed for the East immediately, and forgot about pictures.

"For the past few years, my life has been wrapped up in another world. My little girl, Michele, is in school in the East and she is young enough to need me. At first, I had a good time in New York, loafing, going to parties, sleeping late, taking a trip now and then. But having worked most of my life, that sort of thing grew dull and I decided to do something. I have always been interested in inventing. I guess you would call it long-nosed curiosity. I became interested in some new inventions in plastics and hard metal alloys and started it as a business. Friends thought it was a gag. 'Now she's in the hardware business,' they laughed. 'It's just a whim.' But it wasn't. I worked hard, reported at my office every day, and now have offices in New York and a factory in Queens. The work fascinates me. We are even doing some work for the government in defense materials, but I am pledged not to talk about them."

While she was away, Gloria had received a steady flow of offers from studios, and in 1935 she signed with one company. They kept her on the payroll for a full year without giving her a single acting job. Another time, she was scheduled to make a picture, but that studio lost faith in the story and shelved it. Another studio bought it, put Bette Davis into the role and it turned out to be one of the year's finest pictures. It was *Dark Victory*.

All these Hollywood shenanigans soured Gloria on the idea of doing movie work again, and she concentrated on her own business, which had now become a booming enterprise called "Multiprises, Inc."

A few months ago, Gloria took a boat trip West through the Panama Canal for a brief visit and rest. When she landed in Hollywood she went to a rest home to get away from picture talk. But she was tracked down, and agents and studios

phoned her daily with glowing offers.

"I had to leave the place to give the other guests a chance to rest. But while I was there R-K-O-Radio sent me a movie script to read. I started reading it more to pass time than anything else, but soon became very much interested in it. The woman in the story reminded me very much of myself. She was an ex-star who had always led an exciting life and now she was leaving everything because she wanted peace and quiet. I found myself laughing at the things she said and did, because I had said and done those things before. I had never liked the last picture I made six years ago, *Music in the Air*, and although I didn't particularly care to return to the screen, I wanted to eradicate the bitter taste of that film by making a very good one. I felt that *Father Takes a Wife* was it, so I said I'd do it. I phoned my New York office to try to get along without me for a while and here I am—working hard, still needing a rest, but very happy."

It is difficult to reconcile the picture of Gloria Swanson of the old days with the Gloria Swanson of today. Then, Gloria was a glamorous legend—the most colorful movie star of all times. She received $12,000 a week and was the undisputed Queen of Hollywood. She was supposed to have bathed in a golden bathtub. She was the first movie star to marry a title. Whenever she returned to Hollywood from her trips to New York or Europe, she was greeted with fantastic ovations. Then Gloria Swanson was THE star, and stories of her temperament and her extravagances used to shock and thrill a glamour-hungry populace. No star since—and that includes Harlow, Garbo and Dietrich—has matched her in color.

But today Gloria is so very different that you find yourself wondering how much of the "old" Swanson was fact and how much of it was press-agent fiction. There is nothing high-handed about her. On the contrary, she gives up her lunch-hour to oblige interviewers and hasn't refused any member of the press even though she has to stay late to grant it. She remains hours after the day's work is over to stand patiently for fittings; she is deeply appreciative of everything done for her and was voted by the workers as one of the most considerate stars they ever worked for. That's no blarney. And you must remember, Gloria is not a fallen star trying to get back into the good graces of the studio. She is a wealthy woman, with a thriving business, and doesn't need movie work for money or prestige.

I think the answer is this: Gloria Swanson has always been an intelligent woman of charm and dignity; only today her movements aren't distorted by the poetic frenzy of over-ambitious press agents.

She received an ovation the first day she worked in *Father Takes a Wife*. Her first scene is on a Paris stage. This is to be Gloria's farewell, for she is leaving the theater to become Adolphe Menjou's wife. She is supposed to walk out on the stage and be embraced by her leading man. There were 200 extras in evening clothes, representing the audience. The director yelled "Action" and the scene began. Then something happened which was not in the script. As Gloria walked out, the extras—as one body—rose and cheered her wildly. It was a spontaneous ovation for the first Queen of Hollywood.

Gloria stood in the center of the stage, twisting her handkerchief and trying to control the tears that tumbled down her cheeks. When it had subsided, she said quietly, "You have made me feel as though I belong here. I am so grateful . . ."

Later, she told me, "Ten years ago, Sid Grauman arranged a huge welcome home for me, after one of my trips to France. He had all of his usherettes parade down Hollywood Boulevard riding white horses. It was very spectacular and very thrilling. This welcome is simpler, but it touches me more. It was not prearranged. It was warm. It was real. It came from the heart. It makes me feel very humble."

That's the "new" Gloria Swanson. ■

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Rough and Romantic



The last person you'd suspect of being romantic and sentimental is stalwart Broderick Crawford, who portrays tough guys so convincingly on the screen. But such is the case, Brod's next appearance will be in Universal's *Tight Shoes*

By MITCHELL CRAIG

■ A long, sleek roadster skimmed down the road. Overhead an orange moon perched precipitously on the crest of a mountain. Crickets chirped all around. And the silence was unbroken except for the hum of the tires on the pavement.

Suddenly, there was a screeching of brakes! The car came to a dead stop. The young girl sat bolt upright. She glanced at the young man beside her. There was a bewildered and puzzled look in her eyes. He didn't say a word. Instead, he swung the nose of the car around and raced madly back to town. In and out among the Hollywood hills he deftly manoeuvered his car. Finally, before a tiny vine-covered house, he stopped for a second time. He leaped out and bounded up the narrow path. In a few minutes, he returned with another man. Once more he went back through the mountains and over the winding valley roads.

The same moon still perched on the same mountain. The same crickets were still chirping. The man in the back seat drew forth a violin and began playing. Not swing—not boogie-woogie music. He played Strauss waltzes—"Blue Danube" —"Voices of Spring"—"Tales from the Vienna Woods." On and on he played. The girl's face was radiant. The young man was happy.

The next morning when Broderick Crawford showed up at the studio, the story had been spread far and wide.

The last person in the world you'd ever suspect of being romantic or sentimental—the last person you'd suspect of doing anything like this is Brod. You might just as well picture him dressed in doublet and tights, standing beneath Juliet's balcony in the moonlight whispering impassioned words of love to his trembling lady fair. But on second thought, maybe that's not such a far-fetched idea. Maybe Brod would do that. For he is the most romantic guy in this part of the country. He can't see a moon without becoming sentimental. He can't see a vine-covered cottage without thinking of love. And he can't see a pretty girl without picturing her as an ideal wife.

Beneath his hard and rough exterior, he's a pushover for anything that smacks of sentimentality. He's the kind of a guy who remembers the particular kind of flowers a girl likes. He never overlooks a new hat or a pretty gown that she may be wearing. His compliments are courtly ones. He remembers birthdays and anniversaries. And when it comes to music, you can flatten out this great, big, bluff six-footer with an old-fashioned waltz.

But—there's one thing he absolutely balks at doing. He won't make love to any of the glamour girls on the screen. He absolutely refuses to kiss them before the camera.

"Imagine a great big lug like me making love to some innocent little gal," he explains. "What a sap I'd make of myself. I just can't make love on the screen for all the world to see. No siree! Not me."

That's Brod's explanation. But there may be another side to the story. A side that no one knows. Because at first glance,

you'd never think he was one of the most romantic guys in the entire movie colony. You'd never think he had ideals about womanhood—Victorian ideals. You'd never think he's the sort of guy who in this day and age puts a woman on a pedestal and worships her in the good old-fashioned way.

Sophistication and all those newfangled ideas may be all right for the up-and-coming generations, but not for Brod. He wants the real thing. The way it's done in story books. And that's the way he wooed and won his bride, Kay Griffith.

Brod never was a playboy. He didn't believe in running around with every pretty girl he laid eyes on. But when he met Kay Griffith at a party, it was a case of love at first sight. After dating her several times, he decided to see if she could withstand the acid test. He took her over to meet his mother. Not that he needed his mother's consent or approval. But he respects Helen Broderick's judgment and he knows it's unfailing. He merely wanted to assure himself he was right in his choice.

Helen Broderick had to take just one look at Kay. Then she turned to Brod and said, "Where did you find her? Poor girl, I feel sorry for her. She's much too good for you."

But even then, Brod didn't rush off to Las Vegas. He courted Kay for seven months. He courted her the way every girl dreams a man should court her. He took her to quiet little places, where the lights were dim and where they could sit together at a tiny table for two. He sent her flowers and books. Whenever there was a moon, they drove up atop one of the adjacent hills and watched it together. And then when Kay invited Brod over to try one of her home-cooked meals, that sealed the bargain. Kay was the girl for him. She proved that the way to a man's heart was through his stomach—and she won her man.

The day of his wedding, Brod was as nervous as most bridegrooms are. But he strictly observed all the old time-honored customs. He didn't see his bride until the wedding ceremony began. They were married at Andy Devine's home. The services were held outdoors under a natural bower. And the bride and groom stood in front of an old hitching post.

It wasn't one of those ultra-modern sophisticated weddings. The bride was dressed in the traditional white. Throughout it all, Brod was so nervous he completely forget to notify the draft board when he left for his honeymoon in Hawaii. That was the only hitch in his entire courtship. All the romance of Hawaii had to be crowded into a short stay. But it was romance nevertheless.

Brod says there won't be any children until he and Kay have given their marriage time to prove itself. If at the end of a year they still feel they haven't made a mistake, then they'll raise a family. ■

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Allen Jenkins proved himself a friend (?) in need as he did some fancy needlework for Jerry Colonna backstage at a war relief party. Jerry's in *Sis Hopkins*



Little Jack Horner sat in a corner eating his Christmas pie. He found a package of Dentyne on his plate too, (Dentyne — the warmly delicious chewing gum that helps keep teeth bright).

"What's this?" said little Jack. And since no one answered, he went on: "Hm-m, nice looking package — flat — convenient to carry — easy to open."

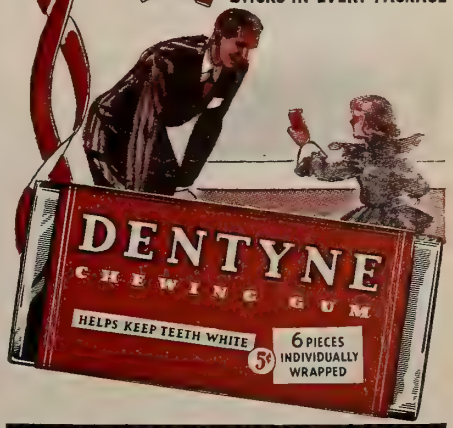
He opened it. "Looky, six sticks — that's generous." Then he tasted. "Say — what a flavor — blended just right—not hot—not sweet—but mighty good and refreshing. That flavor lasts, too, not just a *few* minutes but as long as you'd want it."

Just then in popped his dentist. "Good boy, Jack," said the dentist, "chewing Dentyne is a pleasant, practical way to help keep your teeth clean and sparkling."

And little Jack smiled with satisfaction.

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Actor by Accident

By GEORGE HOWARD



A chance trip to Hollywood set James Craig on the road to screen stardom. He follows his success as the young interne in *Kitty Foyle* with a strong role in *The Devil and Daniel Webster*

■ James Craig isn't certain how he feels toward football: it killed a doctor and begat an actor.

Don't get the idea that James Craig is R-K-O's gleaming comet against his will. He isn't. He's tickled pink that as an humble interne he managed to lure Ginger Rogers away from that Main Liner fellow, Dennis Morgan, in *Kitty Foyle*. Also, that currently he is being tempted by Simone Simon and cherished despite everything by Anne Shirley, his cinematic wife in *The Devil and Daniel Webster*, his next film.

But that hankering to be a doctor—it keeps cropping up at the oddest moments. He'll be teeing off on the golf course, or watching the daily rushes in a dark projection room, or ordering a steak at the Brown Derby when the old feeling moves in on him. James Craig, M.D., with his shingle hung out from a little white cottage on the Texas prairie, is paying a call on James Craig, actor. James Craig, actor, squirms a little.

The Craig mania for medicine goes back to the time when he was a member of the student body of Central High at Goodlettsville, Tennessee. When he enrolled, they shoved a form in front of him that demanded information concerning his life's ambition.

"Doctor," he put down proudly, adding, in parenthesis: "World's noblest profession."

He wasn't the class valedictorian—not by a long shot. He was atrocious in English literature. But in history, civics, mathematics and—above all, science—he was what you might call outstanding.

But what Big Jim shone in was football. Rangy, long-armed and eager, he was the sparkplug of the team, and the number of girls who broke their hearts over him is disgusting.

When he became a member of the freshman class of a junior college, his doctor mania was almost an obsession. So much so that he determined to like Shakespeare, Wordsworth and Tennyson if he choked on them.

There was only one fly in the ointment: going to school costs money. And working your way is fine—if you can get it.

To begin with, the upper classman had all the jobs. At which point desperate Jim remembered that he was a football player and football players are the chosen people on any campus, especially if they play the brand of fullback that is called "super."

He showed up cold for scrimmage practice the first day and wowed the coaches. They made him first-string fullback and arranged for him to be housed, fed, and partially clothed.

It was all very wonderful during football season. But along about Thanksgiving time the gridiron hero discovered that he couldn't practice football four hours an afternoon and go to chemistry laboratory at the same time. In other words, he was a bust in chemistry. He did the smart thing and dropped the course and put off taking this precious science until the following fall.

The following fall, history repeated itself—only worse. At the end of a razzle-dazzle season, he found himself hardly on speaking terms with his professors. At mid-term he chucked everything and went to Houston, Texas, the bailiwick of Rice Institute.

At Rice he slapped back at football, which had blocked his ambition to become a doctor. He turned football into a career. He made the tough Rice team with no trouble at all. A year or so after his arrival, he was doing all right.

The school arranged a set-up which netted him board, room and incidentals. He tied up with a clothing store and got a job (is that what you'd call it?) handing out cards to freshmen asking them to be sure and present the card when they dropped by the haberdashers. He got ten percent of their purchases for this. Next he approached the leading hotel in town and asked them if they'd like their dine-and-dance business trebled on Friday nights. When they said, "Of course," James suggested they drop the price from $1.65 to $1.10 the couple, after which, for

a mere ten percent of the take, he would see to it that the place was jammed. The management agreed. And Craig converted —true to his promise.

It was a wonderful life (or loaf). At the end of four years, after he had played all the football that the Southwest Conference permitted, he found himself out of the swim and a million miles from a degree. He packed up and left.

His first job was that of selling parimutuel tickets at a Dallas race track. Next he acted as a roughneck in a wildcat oil field near Huntsville. He was wondering what to do next when football followed him into oblivion and changed his life. One of his fans wired him and asked if he'd like a job with an automobile company. He showed up for work the next day.

The job was a lulu. It was called "field representative." Actually, it had meant calling on delinquent car-owners and

Don't miss the two exciting production stories in the September HOLLYWOOD—*Sun Valley Serenade*, starring Sonja Henie, and *Lydia*, starring Merle Oberon.

dropping a subtle hint that unless they came across, the company might have to be rude and demand its car back. Jim did so well at this sort of personal-contact business that they made him a credit manager at $250 a month and expenses.

Came the summer of 1936 and he found himself with a two-weeks' vacation and $800 in the bank. He decided to go to California and to see what Hollywood was like, just as an ordinary tourist.

He was in the Brown Derby one night when a trio of actors he had seen on the screen bounced into the place. He looked at them, listened to their talk, watched them order and decided they were plain folks, no better nor worse than he. He decided if they could do it, why couldn't he?

That afternoon he showed up at M-G-M and demanded to see Oliver Hinsdell, then with the talent department. The secretary said he was busy. Whereupon the Texas pilgrim asked for a piece of paper, dashed off a note to Mr. Hinsdell. It read:

"Will you take a look at me? I'm no actor but if I have the right camera qualifications, I can certainly become one."

Hinsdell had him shown in, listened to the thick Southern accent, and groaned when he heard that the would-be actor had never even seen a play, much less appeared in one.

"Go back to Texas and get some experience," Mr. Hinsdell said. It was a brush-off and no two ways about it.

Jim went home and applied at the Houston Little Theater for admission. It so happened that the very next play on the docket was *Petrified Forest*. The director, acting on impulse, gave Craig the part of *Boze*. And Craig delivered the goods. His notices were nifty.

On a serene morning in July, 1937, the blonde who had made the transfer from Metro to Paramount with her boss, Oliver Hinsdell, burst into the latter's sanctum with the message:

"That crazy guy from Texas—he's back."

Mr. Hinsdell, who is also a native Texan, was too familiar with Texans to tell his secretary to inform the caller that he had gone to Patagonia. He asked to have Craig shown in.

Five minutes of conversation was enough to convince Mr. Hinsdell that this fellow Craig was a changed man. His southern accent was almost gone. The man was poised. And looking for all the world like a Beau Brummel in his well-cut lounge model suit.

The talent expert brought out a contract form. Right there on the spot without a screen test, James Craig, the gridiron soldier-of-fortune, was given a movie contract. Nineteen days later he was playing the lead in a glorified Paramount western called *Thunder Trail*.

Thunder Trail was a big mistake. It typed him. He was shoved into western after western, today a hero—tomorrow a heel. A year of getting nowhere and he quit the movies to start at the real beginning, the stage.

He crashed Broadway with a Jesse James play called *Missouri Legend*. Five weeks after the show opened, Harry Cohn of Columbia saw the play and decided "he'd look wonderful in pictures." Mr. Cohn was amazed to discover that there was no necessity of making a test of the lad. Craig had a couple hundred feet of film at his hotel. Mr. Cohn didn't wait to see the entire Craig footage. He signed him for Columbia.

At Columbia he did a serial called *Flying G-Man*, which he wishes everyone would forget.

From there he went to Universal which promised him he could do big things. The biggest thing that happened was a part in an African horror tale called *Zanzibar* that took ten days to make. He was meditating returning to dunning delinquent car owners when Sam Wood asked him how he'd like to do the interne in *Kitty Foyle*.

"An interne, did you say?" Jim fairly bellowed. "Man, this defeated doctor would play it for nothing."

He got the part, rave notices, and a term contract from RKO.

Now, if only James Craig, M.D., would please go away and stay away, perhaps James Craig, actor, would be able to salvage something from what he penitently calls his misspent life. ■



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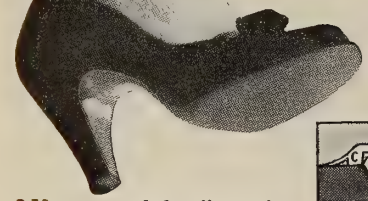
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An Oakie Never Forgets!



Because of his unfailing memory, Jack Oakie has often been called "the human recording machine." There are times when Jack's unique ability for remembering things has been appreciated—and others when it has not! Jack's in Warners' *Navy Blues*

By KAY PROCTOR

■ When he was in New York recently, Jack Oakie went to a broadcast at WOR. As he handed his ticket to the doorman, a wide smile broke on his face.

"Hello, Vince!" he greeted him heartily. "So this is where you're hiding out these days. How's the Runt, and did he get over his measles okay?"

A baffled look on his face, the doorman turned to a friend after Jack had gone. "I'll be damned!" he said. "How in blazes did that guy remember my name? I haven't seen him in ten years, when I was a prop man on one of his pictures out in Hollywood. And imagine him remembering I called my kid 'the Runt' and that he had a bad case of the measles last time we talked about him."

Last week Harry Joe Brown, a producer at 20th Century-Fox, telephoned Jack.

"What was the name of that blond extra who was third from the left in the finale chorus in *King of Burlesque?*" he asked.

"Third from the left," Jack mused. "Oh, that was the Miller kid. June Miller. She used to live with her mother on Sycamore Street. Nice kid, June."

Brown said, "Thanks," and hung up, not the least surprised that Oakie had pegged so promptly an obscure extra girl in a picture made two years ago.

Jack sees nothing extraordinary in his amazing memory for names, faces and events, a memory so unlabored and uncannily accurate as to have become legendary in the show world. He takes it as much for granted as Hollywood now does.

"It's because I'm a Scorpio," he laughs. "You know the astrologers all say we Scorpios are natural born detectives because we're so observing. If we see a pretty girl walk into a room, not only can we tell you she was a blonde with blue eyes and wore a pink dress, but also that the seam of her right stocking was crooked and one button missing from her left glove!"

Seriously, though, Jack believes his unusual memory is due to a photographic mind. He's no great shakes on remembering things if he just hears them, but let him see them, and they're fastened in his noggin for all time. It's one reason why it's no trick for him to learn lines; he just looks at the page, and presto, it's as if he had a mental blackboard in front of him from there on.

Even now, after more years have passed than he likes to think about, he can give you a block by block description of the little Oklahoma town of Muskogee which he hasn't seen since he lived there as a kid of six. He can tell you about the back alley which led off South 12th street

to the schoolhouse; about the caves they used to dig in the street parkways, and about Doc Stout who lived next door, a short, heavy-set gentleman with a mustache, a blue Buick, and a steep driveway leading to his garage.

Jack knows his memory is a valuable social and business asset, since all of us are flattered when someone remembers our names and faces. It was one of the qualities which led to the immense popularity and power of ex-Postmaster Jim Farley, that ability to call Mrs. Jones by name while kissing Mrs. Jones' baby. But Jack swears he practises no tricks or stunts to keep in training.

"Unconsciously, I suppose, I associate events with people," he says. "In other words, I seem to fasten in my mind what that person is doing at the moment and that seems to give me the clue to the name."

One time that association almost got him in a jam. Back in 1927, when he was en route to California from New York by boat, he noticed a chap in the ship's orchestra who played the saxophone. The chap's name was Pender. Years later he was in his dressing room at the Paramount Studio when a newspaperman showed up to do an interview. He took one look at the man and called the front office.

"What's the idea?" he shouted. "This guy in here is an imposter. He's no newspaperman. He plays a saxophone on the *Santa Rosa!*"

His identification of Pender was correct, but in the intervening years, Pender had become an accredited journalist.

Recently the cast of *The Great American Broadcast* sat around discussing the old days. Someone mentioned a group photograph which had been taken in celebration of some event. Instantly Jack reeled off the names of every person in the picture—himself, Eugene Pallette, June Collyer, Stu Erwin, Mitzi Green, Carole Lombard and Skeets Gallagher. Feeling extra confident, he further boasted he could call off the exact seating order. A bet was made and a messenger sent to get the original photograph.

When it arrived, an inspection disclosed every person named was sitting or standing exactly where Jack had said! Almost eleven years had passed in that interim.

Ann Sheridan, too, got quite a surprise on the *Navy Blues* set the other day when she met Jack for the first time in many years and asked if he remembered her.

"Remember you, honey?" Jack said. "Why I remember you when you played Toby Wing's grandmother!"

He was referring to a play staged by the drama class at Paramount when Ann was an unknown newcomer at that studio.

A pet Oakie habit is to bestow descriptive nicknames on his friends and acquaintances, little items like Fishface and Stinker. Amazingly enough, he never gets them mixed up. A "juicer" on *Navy Blues* walked by the other day and Jack caroled: "Well, if it isn't old Crooked Arm Woody himself!"

"Blast you, Oakie!" said Crooked Arm. "It was seven years ago I broke my wing. Won't you ever forget it?"

Every now and then, Jack says, his memory is too darned good. He remembers things other people want to forget. Like the formal dinner party the other night when one of the guests was being very hoity toity about her "veddy social" background. Jack stood half an hour or so of the monologue and then sounded off.

"Come off it!" he snorted. "I remember when you were Queenie LaTouche of the Five Flying LaTouches!"

Darned if he wasn't right again! ■

The Burning Question

[*Continued from page* 16]

the scalp glands can lubricate the hair naturally. And five minutes of brushing each day does the rest. It stimulates the glands, distributes the natural oil along the full length of each hair, and removes dust, lint and loose dandruff flakes that contribute so much to that dry, dusty look. There's an added reason for shampooing frequently in warm weather—to remove perspiration.

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If you remember that the composition of your fingernails is much the same as that of your hair, you won't be surprised to know that too much outdoor activity can harms your nails, too. Here's a ten day program for healthier nails, that you should follow religiously: remove your nail polish each night, wash the hands in soapy water, rinse and dry. Rub each nail with a special fine manicure liquid—very pleasant to use and not at all greasy or sticky. Leave this on overnight. In the morning, before applying more polish, use the preparation again, wipe the nail with a clean dry cloth—and apply your nail polish. You'll find that the lacquer goes on much more smoothly because the grand liquid produces a clean, clear adherent surface. After your ten day program, continue to use the preparation before each manicure—and you'll be well rewarded. There's a ten cent size that fits neatly into your manicure kit. Want the name?

Write to me before August 15th, if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped (U. S. postage, please), self-addressed envelope, and send your letter to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



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The sinister exterior which George Sanders displays on the screen in reality hides a gentle disposition and a generous nature. Be that as it may, the suave George continues to menace in the Twentieth Century-Fox film, *Man Hunt*

■ One of the approved ways of trying a man's mettle is to corner him in a room with a couple of hundred women. Our captive in this case is George Sanders. He is trapped in a tearoom at lunchtime, surrounded by brigades of blondes, brunettes and indescribables. They are all pretending to have lunch but in reality they are making buzz-buzz about Sanders.

As side dishes to the ever-so-dainty food and the drone of giggle-impregnated conversation, there is a fashion show in progress. Debutantes and young matrons are modeling hats and jewels, leering pleasantly at Mr. Sanders as they parade past his table and quoting the prices of their merchandise.

"This confirms my boyhood opinion," Mr. Sanders remarks. "Women should be confined in soundproofed harems."

The circumstance behind his presence in this place is a job of work at the Western Avenue studio of Twentieth Century-Fox in a picture called *Man Hunt*. Western Avenue, once a thriving movie center of Hollywood, is now pretty much abandoned and run-down. The only presentable restaurant left in the neighborhood is the tearoom which is the scene of our little drama.

Before the muscular Mr. Sanders has made much progress on his soup he is accosted by a beaming lady named Wanda who introduces herself as the house fortune-teller and asks whether he prefers to learn his future by palmistry, numerology or card tricks.

"Mix 'em up," the gallant George invites. "Let's have the whole works. But don't disappoint me. I want to hear about the dark woman, the important letter and the voyage across the water."

Mme. Wanda puts the seance in motion by ordering her patient to write his birthdate. It comes up July 3, and we're off.

"You're a very tender-hearted baby despite your austere and sometimes menacing exterior," the clairvoyant announces.

The blush Mr. Sanders summons up seems to confirm this as a bull's-eye.

"A lover of good food, well served in pleasantly appointed surroundings."

Mr. Sanders looks about the tearoom and refuses to commit himself.

"Aha! There is a strong military motif here. Military affairs are bound up somehow with your future."

"Tell me this," George asks. "In my military career shall I ever be anything more than a messboy?"

The lady laughs off his question.

"There is underlying dignity here," she perceives. "Sometimes there comes a slight impulse toward frivolity, but you brush it away and say to yourself, 'I'm going to be dignified if it kills me.'

"Generosity. Almost too much. You are the panhandlers' delight. You can't stand poverty, for yourself or anyone else. You want everyone to be well cared for. You must have a good bed, good clothes, an easy-riding car. You wish everybody could be as well off, although you have made great efforts to achieve these things for yourself while perhaps others have not.

"Now about romance—"

At this point a diversion is created by the arrival of a blond minx wearing a hat like a canoe paddle.

"The hat, $39.50; the jewels, $45," she lisps, smiling coyly at Mr. Sanders.

"Too much upkeep involved in romance," he remarks as the model retreats, pouting.

"Ah, but the romance is there," Mme. Wanda insists as George takes a spoonful of raspberry sherbet. "There has been

a romance in your life that will come back again in a way that will overwhelm you."

"Aha!" George beams. "The dark woman. Now we're getting somewhere."

Mme. Wanda shifts gears now, going over into palmistry.

"A dark woman indeed," she confirms. "Something definite is coming about between you and the dark woman in 1942. You can't avert it. There has been a tragedy in your life of another kind that has temporarily upset your relationship with the dark woman. But you can't escape her. You're doomed."

Mr. Sanders' expression is anything but that of a doomed man.

"Business, now," Mme. Wanda pursues. "You are about to make a small transaction, perhaps the purchase of a car. But another business deal, farther off, is filled with intrigue against you. It won't necessarily be successful intrigue but you must curb your generosity for the rest of the year.

"Now about your personal relationships outside of love—"

"What could be more tiresome?" Mr. Sanders inquires.

"You yourself are strictly on the level," Mme. Wanda assures the patient. "You're sympathetic to friends and strangers alike. If someone near you has a stomach ache, you have a stomach ache out of sympathy.

"You have recently formed friendships with men of three strangely varying types. One is a laughing lover. Another is very staid, but nearly as sympathetic as you are. The third is a revolutionary, bursting with ideas, never idle a moment, never finishing sentences. Do you recognize these men?"

"The Marx Brothers?" Sanders asks hopefully.

Mme. Wanda abandons this approach and switches to cards. After giving them a few mystic gypsy riffles she lays them out in a geometric design.

"New qualities assert themselves here," she announces. "You are secretive. You are moody. Sometimes when things seem unbearable you say to yourself, 'Here is where I go out on a good binge.' But your dignity restrains you and you conquer the impulse.

"You have the secret of eternal youth. If you suppress your fondness for good food you will always be young, always desirable to women."

"How about the dark lady of 1942?" Sanders asks. "How will she like that?"

"The cards say nothing on the subject," the seeress informs him sternly. "They do say that you have tenacity."

"But not as much as the dark lady that inherits me in 1942, evidently," the patient guesses.

"It appears not. I have told you all I can except that when the hurly-burly of your career is over, you will regale yourself with rich and pleasant memories of an active and fruitful life."

Mme. Wanda signals at this point that the clinic is over.

"How can I ever repay you for mapping such an interesting course for my life?" Mr. Sanders asks.

"One dollar, please," the lady informs him. "For charity, you know." ■

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"Summer sun, wind and salt water can ruin your looks quicker than mosquito bites or poison ivy," writes Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD'S Beauty Editor on page 16 in this magazine. Her advice may save you a lot of discomfort this summer. Be sure to read it now, and look for her beauty articles each month in HOLLYWOOD.



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SHOPPING GUIDE

Your fashion editor gives you, below, a partial list of department stores where you can buy the clothes and accessories shown on pages 32 and 33. If a store in your city is not listed, drop Catherine Roberts a penny post card telling her which merchandise you are interested in, and she will send you the name of a store near you. Address Catherine Roberts, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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"Pompa-Wrap" Turban, Page 33

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Washable Fabric Gloves, Page 33

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Straw Hat, Page 33

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Bemberg Sheer, Page 33

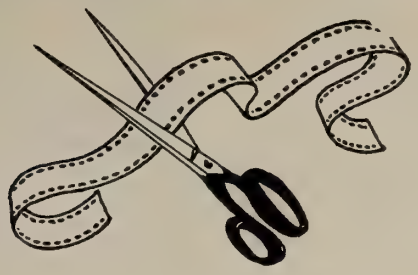
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You will find that prices vary slightly in different parts of the country, especially in the Middle West and Pacific Coast section. Prices as given on pages 32 and 33 are for the specific stores mentioned.



Curvaceous Carole Landis shares a cookie in neighborly fashion with Captain Castro of Cuba at the official naval dinner for Latin countries at Ciro's. Carole will next be seen in 20th Century-Fox's *Dance Hall*, with Cesar Romero

You Can't Screen That!



Screen censors have a very hard time trying to please, protect and pacify all at the same time. Here are a few of the problems that the hard-working gentlemen have to face

By ERSKINE JOHNSON

A certain motion picture was rejected the other day by the film censorship board of a mid-western state. Asked why the board banned the film, the chairman said:

"I don't know exactly. But there must be something wrong. I've seen the picture three times and I want to see it again to find out what they were voting against."

Now it isn't true that all film censors are lame brains or crackpots. They are smart gentlemen who are doing an excellent job of keeping Hollywood films on the correct moral plane.

But despite all you hear about film censoring loosening a little, and more liberal interpretation of censor rules, there are still many strange taboos and amazing restrictions in the celluloid scissoring business.

Next to the movies themselves, it's the daffiest, maddest business in the world. Film censors have added more gray hairs to the heads of Hollywood movie magnates than temperamental actresses, sponging relatives or income tax returns.

While protecting you against shocks, subversive moral ideas, and details of methods of crime, the film censors turn up more amusing notes than you'd find in a gag man's suitcase. Film censorship is a big business, and a strange one, and that's why the amusing is bound to happen.

Take, for instance, bedroom scenes. They pop up almost every day in Hollywood, based on the assumption that people do sleep, and the screen is supposed to reflect life.

In some parts of the country a bed is regarded as a comfortable piece of furniture. In others, it's a hideous monster with all kinds of implications lurking underneath its covers. Some folks object to seeing a lady and gentleman in the same bed on the screen even if they've been married fifty years. Rules have been devised to calm these objecting souls.

There is a censorship rule that the gentleman must keep one foot on the floor. This has worked pretty well up to now, although it is fast making a contortionist out of a number of the screen's leading men.

The bedroom bugaboo even found its way into a Tarzan jungle picture, giving the screen its most ludicrous scene of the year. Censors insisted upon tree-house twin beds for Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan, although they were husband and wife in the picture. And, although there were no twin beds in 1904, time of the story, censors insisted upon them for the Bette Davis picture, *The Sisters.*

Bachelor apartments cause censors an equal amount of fingernail biting. I remember when they would not let Chester Morris' screen girl friend, Lee Patrick, appear without a hat in his bachelor apartment for a scene in *Law of the Underworld.* The hat, said the censors, would insure the correct moral overtone.

Speaking of bachelor apartments reminds us that "Come up and see my etchings" is a phrase much too naughty for the screen. Columbia Pictures neatly sidestepped this ban in the film, *Only Angels Have Wings.* Cary Grant got Jean Arthur into his apartment, you may remember, by asking her to "come up and see my baby pictures."

There are all kinds of kisses, but it is generally agreed that anything over thirty seconds is necking. And ordinary screen kisses, under the rules of an ancient Massachusetts state censorship law, can be only half as long on Sunday as on week days.

Censors are even super-sensitive of dialogue concerning kissing. A line of dialogue, "That's not a kiss. That's a honeymoon," was censored out of the picture, *Dramatic School.* In the picture, *College Swing,* after being kissed by Martha Raye, Bob Hope cracked: "You kiss like a vacuum cleaner." Pennsylvania state censors found this objectionable, eliminated it from the picture.

For months the censors have been approving photographs of Dorothy Lamour in her scanty eight ounce sarong. But they banned three photographs of her in the modern shorts she wore in *Moon Over Burma.*

Censors find all kinds of hidden meanings and demoralizing lines in screen dialogue. One of the best lines in *Winter Carnival* was cut out. While dancing with Ann Sheridan, Richard Carlson pointed to a hip-swinging female also on the floor, saying: "She should be penalized for backfield in motion." And one of Dorothy Parker's lines, from [*Continued on page* 66]

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You Can't Screen That!

[*Continued from page* 65]

the mouth of a disgusted detective chief to his blundering aide—"You couldn't find a dame in a YMCA pool"—was eliminated by the censors from *Trade Winds.*

Why, even parrots must be censor-broken in Hollywood. Film casting calls for talking parrots, invariably carry the notation, "Must Not Curse." And the height of something or other was when Canadian censors eliminated the sound of a man belching from a movie titled *Hooray For Hooligan.* Words on the censors' banned list include referring to women as "dames." But they can be called "babes" without offending anyone!

Scenario writers and even stars frequently have fun at the expense of censors. Remember that scene in the Marx Brothers' comedy, *A Day at the Races,* when Groucho was trying to retrieve a roll of bills which a lady had slipped down the front of her dress? His crack, "There must be a way to get that money without offending the censors," had both the censors and audiences laughing. And when you can make a censor laugh at himself you've really got something.

Writing a scene for Hedy Lamarr in a new film, a scripter commented: "Miss Lamarr enters the room wearing a negligee. The negligee is stunning—as stunning as the censors will permit."

A scene detailing the arrival of a baby and a closeup of the baby in diapers carried this marginal note on the script: "The baby is now ready for the censors."

When M-G-M was considering *Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep* (re-titled *Strange Cargo*) as a motion picture, Studio Censor Al Brock read the book and reported to studio executives: "I'm afraid there isn't much left (after censoring) except eleven men in a boat and a lot of wind."

Censors are quite sensitive to drinking on the screen. It's quite all right for actors to be seen standing around with glasses in their hands, but they're not permitted to take too many sips.

Most amusing anti-drinking censorship rule ever made was contributed by the Bombay, India, censorship board, which frowns on too much drinking on the screen. They permitted release of the picture, *Dawn Patrol,* only after insertion of a note explaining that Errol Flynn and his war buddies were drinking tea, not Scotch.

Feminine scanties take on unlooked for meanings in the eyes of film censors. Set dressers hung a pair of lace panties on a roof-top clothes line for a scene in a movie, but censors ordered them replaced with a pair of stockings. And even then the censors probably thought it might have been nobler to snip the stockings off at the ankle.

During filming of *King of Burlesque,* a Fox fashion designer thought he would give male movie-goers a treat. Chorus girls in the film would wear black silk stockings on one leg, none on the other.

"No, no, no," cried the censors. "Two bare legs are all right. Two stockinged legs are all right. But one of each—no!"

Censors turned down a photograph of Claudette Colbert as the music hall entertainer in *Zaza* because it showed a bit of bare leg between stocking top and the ruffles of her can-can costume. A studio retoucher added a few ruffles and the picture was approved.

Too much gun play, with plain and fancy murders, is never approved by film censors. Which reminds us that censors once complained about a quickie producer killing off too many people in the first scenes of a western thriller.

"It was the only way I could save money," protested the producer. "They were my wife's relatives and I had to get them off the payroll in a hurry."

Recently in a *Hop-Along Cassidy* picture, the villain tried to burn Hero William Boyd alive. Censors approved the actual attempt at murder, but eliminated a view of the villain carelessly throwing away burning matches. Tossing away a lighted match, said the censors, might make children careless with matches.

One of M-G-M's educational short subjects, *The Courtship of a Newt,* caused as much trouble in censorship circles as Hedy Lamarr's nude bathing scene in that foreign-made picture.

A newt, we might explain, is a high sounding name for a salamander. The short first was titled, *The Love Life of a Newt,* which raised vigorous protest and resulted in a new title.

All went well until the short was exhibited to the Ohio censorship board. With great aplomb, the board deleted the following commentation:

"The courting season of the newt opens on the tenth of March and extends on through the following February, leaving about ten days for general overhauling and redecorating."

But if you think film censors are too critical, listen to this letter from a woman who wrote Joseph I. Breen, censorship czar of Hollywood, demanding that a battle be waged against the community seating of sexes in motion picture theaters!

"Every theater in the United States should be divided. The women should sit on one side and the men on the other with a wide aisle between them."

Amusing notes even pop up occasionally in otherwise astute foreign censorship of American films.

Gangster pictures always are banned in British Malaya because the "gun play incites the natives." The Dutch East Indies once eliminated a scene of a girl removing her stockings, and a *Crime Does Not Pay* short was refused showings in South Africa because it "depicted in an offensive manner scenes of murder, racketeering and the technique of crime."

But in defense of the censors we'll have to admit they are willing to shut one eye when a bit of action or certain lines of dialogue are absolutely necessary to the story, and are not deliberately designed to shock or offend. How else could Rosalind Russell have helped Patric Knowles put on his trousers for an important scene in *Four's a Crowd*?

A story we like is about the censor who objected to some photographs of Alice Faye.

"You can't get away with those nightgown pictures," he said. "Why, they're impossible."

"That's no nightgown," was the reply. "It's the latest thing in evening gowns."

"Oh," replied the deflated censor. "Then I guess it's all right."

Oddly enough, the only criticism of Joan Crawford's rather startling crystal tub bathroom scene in *The Women* was from telephone companies. You are in danger of shock while telephoning from a bathtub, they warned. Actually, male torsos are more often eliminated from film scenes than feminine ones. A scene of hefty Victor McLaglen taking a bath in a rain barrel in *Wee Willie Winkie* did not pass the censors. Nor did many state censorship boards approve of Alan Hale's bathtub scene in the picture, *Dodge City.*

The latest intensive scissor-snipping has been evoked by that apparently innocent little garment, the sweater. The Hays office has banned the snugly fitting little garments worn so alluringly by Lana Turner, Rita Hayworth and other lovely young lassies. Producers are now faced with the problem of discovering other means of displaying the womanly charms of the stars—and not offend the Gentlemen with the Scissors.

Producer Howard Hughes' new picture, *The Outlaw,* has met with censorship trouble due to some of the bosom shots of full-figured Jane Russell. The board declared in no uncertain terms that some of the shots revealing too much of the Russell scenery must go before the film could be released. This necessitated retakes, of course, and annoyed Mr. Hughes no end. He was trying desperately to get his picture released before M-G-M's *Billy the Kid,* as both films deal with the life of the famous outlaw.

But give the censors credit. They have a thankless job, but a very useful one. They get few thanks from the public for what they do, and they get blamed by the public for what they don't do, occasionally. And they get no thanks from the studios for what they don't do, but frequently hear wild complaints for what they do cut out. They are the men in the middle, and brave fellows, all! ■

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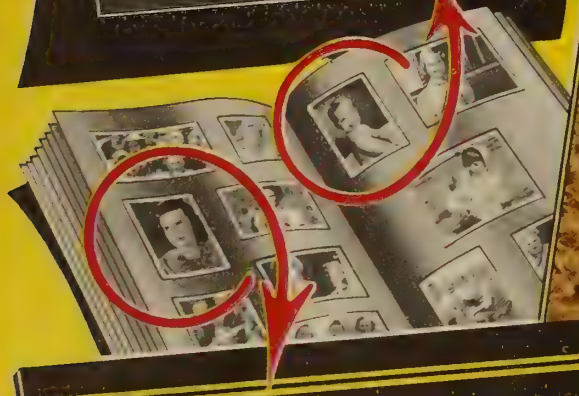
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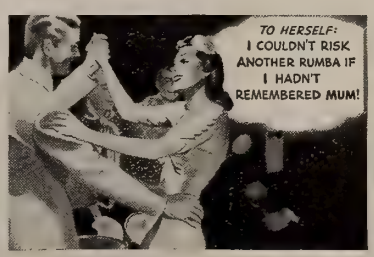
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HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ERSKINE JOHNSON

■ Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond have been happily married for four years. But they don't know how to make love to each other in front of a movie camera. Raymond is playing Miss MacDonald's lover in M-G-M's re-make of the picture, *Smilin' Through.* The other day they were shooting a love scene and Director Frank Borzage shouted "cut" in the middle of a tender kiss. "Hey," Borzage yelled at Raymond, "Don't kiss her like you were *married* to her. Kiss her like you were in *love* with her!"

■ Wallace Beery made his screen debut as a female impersonator in the old Mack Sennett comedies. His first picture showed him wearing a blond wig to make him look like a Swedish maid. Now, at his request, his studio bosses are buying up all available prints of the picture because Wally's face got red when he saw it at a party the other night.

■ Ann Sheridan and Martha Raye aren't going to fight after all. The studio that cooked up a feud between George Raft and Edward G. Robinson for publicity purposes tried to do the same thing with the two girls. But it was no go. Ann and Martha are good friends and when they heard about it they crossed up the bright minds by becoming friendlier than ever.

■ Bob Hope posed for a photograph the other day with a large oil portrait of George Washington. (The patriotic influence in Hollywood publicity.) The photograph went to the studio lab for finishing and then came back to the publicity department bearing a memo: "Please identify." Gnashing his teeth, the press agent wrote on the back: "Bob Hope and friend."

■ One of the screen's lovelier feminine stars is currently playing an off-stage role far more exciting than any she's played before the camera. If it continues according to movie formula, she'll divorce her new husband and rewed her former hubby. Hollywood doesn't know about it, but I know (and the principals know I know) that she and her ex are meeting almost nightly in an out-of-the-way cafe.

■ Victor McLaglen spends most of his time away from the cameras on his Clovis, California, ranch. And when the mayor of Clovis brags about his tiny community, he says: "Just think—we have the Friant Dam, the new bomber training base and Victor McLaglen."

[*Continued on page* 8]



Piano practice isn't so hard to take when you're as ingenious as this attractive young miss. With the aid of the cool sea breezes, Janet Blair relaxes between scenes of Columbia's *You'll Never Get Rich,* in which Fred Astaire and Rita Hayworth co-star



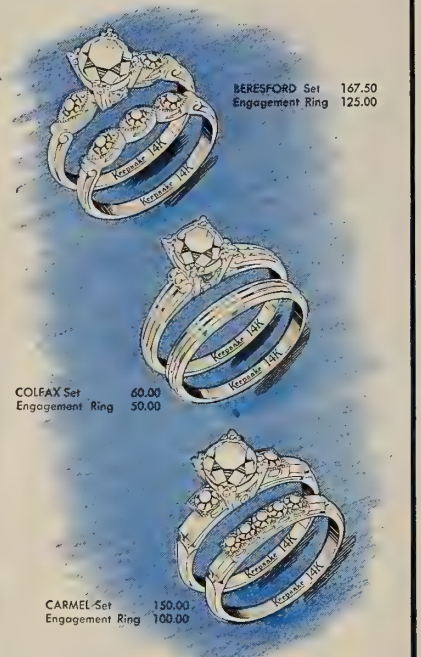
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■ Anthony Quinn was complaining about always being referred to as Cecil B. DeMille's son-in-law (he married Katharine DeMille.) "Why," said Quinn seriously, "do they have to give HIM so much publicity?"

■ In real life, Gloria Swanson wears a size 2 shoe but in pictures she wears size 3½. "My feet are so small that they photograph kind of phony in size 2 shoes," the star explained to me on the set of *Father Takes a Wife*. "Fans used to write in to accuse me of affectation and vanity—for squeezing my feet into such small shoes. So, for screen work, I wear them roomy." Miss Swanson's feet are seen more frequently on the screen than those of other stars because of her small stature, 5 feet, 1 inch. They put the camera near the floor and shoot upward to make Gloria appear taller.

■ Cecil B. DeMille's plans for several underwater scenes in *Reap the Wild Wind* remind me of Hollywood's first attempt at bottom of the sea drama. Someone—I've forgotten who—decided to film a thrilling underwater fight between two deep-sea divers. Their weapons were knives and all went well until one of the knives floated right out of the hero's hand. It was made of wood.

■ Max Factor, Jr. reports a new fad among the young glamour girls—red, white and blue fingernails. May not be attractive, but you can't say they're not patriotic.

■ Preston Sturges expresses the sentiments of just about everyone in Hollywood in a line of dialogue in *Sullivan's Travels*. Veronica Lake, a movie extra, asks Joel McCrea, a famous director, if he thinks Orson Welles is crazy. Replies McCrea: "In a very practical way."

■ Hollywood version: "You take the high road and I'll take the low road and I'll be in Reno before ye."

■ Hollywoodites have fun filling out studio publicity department questionnaires. To the question, "What do you do with your old clothes?" Barbara Stanwyck wrote: "I wear them." Asked if he had any relatives, Edgar Bergen wrote for Charley McCarthy: "Yes, three brothers and two sisters. They're holding up the Santa Monica, California, pier." James Gleason came to the question, "Have you any unusual possessions?" He paused, chewed on the pencil for a minute and then wrote: "Have you seen my family?"

[*Continued on page* 10]



Ann Miller, vivacious dancer, and her partner, Hermes Pan, dance step creator, give an impromptu exhibition to the enjoyment of patrons at the Pirates' Den. Ann's appearing in Columbia's musical, *Time Out for Rhythm*, with Rudy Vallee

WATCH THEM WHEN THEY COME

...WATCH THINGS BEGIN TO HUM!



EDWARD G.
ROBINSON · MARLENE DIETRICH · GEORGE RAFT

(He's mad about Dietrich!) (She's mad about Raft!) (He's mad about the whole thing!)

Filmdom's most dynamic threesome fuse all their force to tell the mighty story of

'MANPOWER'

The Sensational New Warner Bros. Hit

with

ALAN HALE · FRANK McHUGH

Directed by RAOUL WALSH

Original Screen Play by Richard Macaulay and Jerry Wald

See it girls—and see it now... it'll be ages before there'll be another picture this exciting!

COLD FACTS about a BIG PICTURE

HERE is 1941's big screen EXTRAVAGANZA! It's "ICE-CAPADES OF 1941" ...A grand medley of ROMANCE and music and COMEDY... against a SETTING of the most SPECTACULAR ice CARNIVAL ever seen ANYWHERE! The UNUSUAL cast is TOPPED by lovely DOROTHY LEWIS, FAMED skating star OF the Hotel St. Regis SHOW... and the ENTIRE "Ice-Capades" TROUPE of ice-PERFORMERS... the TRICK skaters, the DANCERS, the





COMEDIANS whose BRILLIANT hit thrilled the ENTIRE nation... BELITA ...VERA HRUBA... LOIS DWORSHAK... ROBIN LEE... JOE JACKSON, JR.—they're ALL here! But they're JUST icing for your ENTERTAINMENT cake! In ADDITION, there's a splendid CAST gathered from screen AND radio... there's HILARIOUS JERRY COLONNA — to SET you roaring ...WITH the help of BARBARA JO ALLEN (SHE'S "VERA VAGUE," THE famous network STAR)... and many other FAVORITE players... So WATCH for "ICE-CAPADES OF 1941"... It's that "SOMETHING different" in SCREEN entertainment that YOU'VE been looking for! It's



A REPUBLIC PICTURE

■ Anyone can be marooned on a desert island, but it took Jeanette MacDonald to be marooned in the center of an M-G-M sound stage. The garden which plays an important part in *Smilin' Through* stretches the entire length and width of the studio's largest sound stage. A 75 foot stream runs through one end of the garden. Brian Aherne, Gene Raymond and Director Frank Borzage were at the extreme right of the garden and the star was in her dressing room at the other end of the stage. Opening the door of her room, she started to step out and found herself surrounded by a lake of water. The stream had overflowed without the rest of the company realizing it. Romantic climax would have been Raymond coming to the rescue, but he was doubled up with laughter and it was the crew who "saved" Miss MacDonald.

■ Judy Canova is one star who can take it. Every time she appears in a movie the title insults her. Her recent films are *Scatterbrain, Puddin' Head* and now *Slap Happy.*

■ Mrs. Hormel of the Hormel ham tribe was a sound stage visitor at Paramount. Hearing about it one of the studio wags cracked, "Well, she certainly came to the right place."

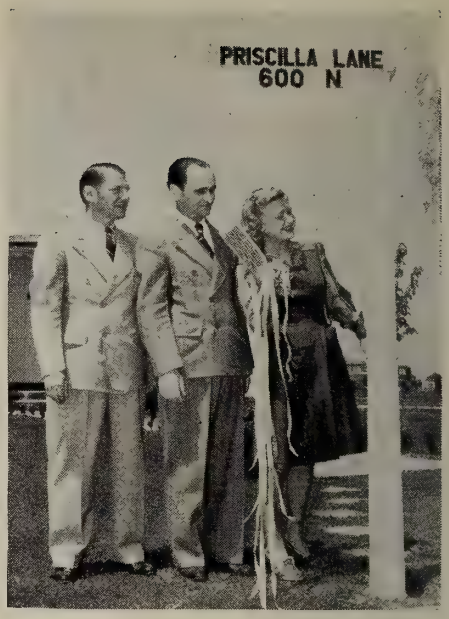
■ Casting of Rita Hayworth as Fred Astaire's dancing partner is ironic. Two years ago the pair were mentioned as a new dance team in a phony publicity story.

■ Gin rummy, first introduced in Hollywood, is now the rage of South America. But I still haven't decided whether this comes under the heading of better pan-American relations.

■ Tallulah Bankhead's comment while divorcing husband John Emery in Reno left Hollywood chuckling. Said Tallulah, "I'm killing two birds with one stone. I'm divorcing John and getting in some fine horseback riding."



Judy Garland's recent party had a two-fold purpose—to celebrate her 19th birthday, and to announce her engagement to Composer Dave Rose. Joan Crawford was among the guests



Burbank, California, bestowed an honor upon one of their favorite citizens when they named a street after Priscilla Lane. Pat breaks the proverbial bottle of champagne on the sign post as Walter H. Long (left), president of the Burbank Chamber of Commerce, and Walter R. Hinten, mayor of Burbank, look on approvingly

■ Sign over the dog house at Billy Gilbert's San Fernando valley home: "Toby and Lulu—and sometimes Billy Gilbert."

■ The Hollywood caste system hangs like a dagger over everyone in movietown. Recently a young actor, down on his luck, took a job as a messenger boy at one of the studios. However, he refuses to deliver anything to the casting office, bribing fellow workers to take his place when he's summoned there. He explains, "I can't let them see me. If they knew I was working as a messenger boy I'd lose caste and never get another acting job."

■ Add British imperturbability: Sir Cedric Hardwicke learning his London home had been bombed only when he received a bill for the repairs.

■ Lee Patrick, the Warner actress, just hired a Filipino houseboy whose self-written recommendation is a classic. The lad wrote: "Flashy dresser, rumba dance so well all girls in best 10 cent dance places fight for my tickets."

■ I'm wondering whether the Hays office censors will penalize Ann Sothern for backfield in motion when they see the first scene of her new picture, *Ringside Maisie.* The film opens with Ann in the throes of a jitterbug dance with the camera focused directly on the back of her lap.

[*Continued on page* 12]



SCREEN STARS KNOW A THING OR TWO! **LUX SOAP** MAKES A WONDERFUL **BEAUTY BATH**—LEAVES SKIN **SWEET**



LUX SOAP MAKES ME **SURE** OF DAINTINESS, AND EVERY GIRL KNOWS THAT'S IMPORTANT!

THEY'RE THRILLED with HOLLYWOOD'S BEAUTY BATH!



"Such a delightful way to make sure of daintiness!" screen stars say. And women everywhere agree. Lux Toilet Soap's creamy lather caresses the skin so gently, carries away perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt—leaves skin really smooth—*sweet*.

You want the charm of skin that's sweet, appealing! Take Hollywood's tip! Use this gentle white soap for a luxurious daily beauty bath. You'll love the rich, creamy lather. You'll love the delicate, clinging fragrance Lux Toilet Soap leaves on your skin!

NO SMART GIRL NEGLECTS **DAINTINESS.** A DAILY **LUX SOAP** BEAUTY BATH MAKES YOU **SURE**!

DOROTHY LAMOUR

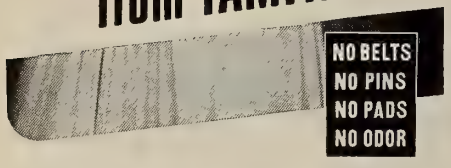
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9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap



NO CHAFING WHATEVER from TAMPAX



IT IS certainly a grand top-of-the-world feeling when you first use Tampax for monthly sanitary protection. It reminds you of girlhood days before you had any troubles with belts and pins and external pads. And with Tampax there is no chafing, wrinkling or bulking. There simply cannot be because Tampax is *worn internally*. Also no odor can form!

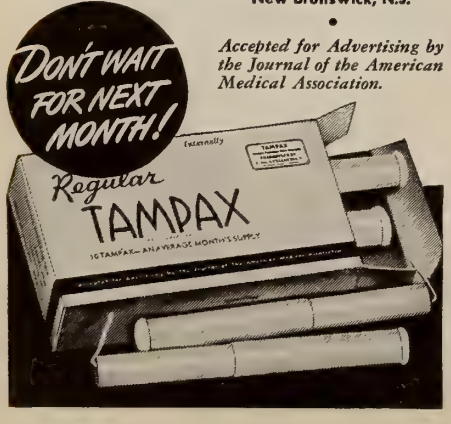
Tampax was perfected by a doctor and is made of pure surgical cotton, extremely absorbent but compressed to a dainty size. Each Tampax comes in a patented one-time-use applicator, so your hands need not touch the Tampax. And the whole thing is so compact there is no disposal problem.

• *Now sold in three sizes:* Regular, Super, Junior, meeting all individual needs. (The new Super is 50% more absorbent.) No belts or pins with Tampax! At drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain. Don't wait for next month! Join the millions using Tampax now!

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Jean Arthur, who isn't seen often at Hollywood parties, made a sprightly Robin Hood, while Mary Martin turned up in a beruffled milkmaid costume. Husband Richard Halliday became Little Lord Fauntleroy for the evening

■ Virginia Weidler, one of the finest juvenile actresses in Hollywood, was being considered for an important role at M-G-M. "But she can't sing, she can't dance, she isn't pretty and she doesn't have blond, curly hair," said a studio executive, caustically. "Poor Virginia," interrupted Director Norman Taurog, "all she can do is act."

■ On The Set: Mary Martin, the red-headed song stylist, was munching on an ice cream cone when she opined that she wanted to get out of the hometown choir. Hometown choir? Why this was the gal from the plains of Texas who set New York on its ears with her negligee style of singing "My Heart Belongs to Daddy." But it was true. In the minds of Hollywood script writers she is still the little choir girl from the home town.

"It started with *The Great Victor Herbert*, my first picture," she said. "They needed some explanation of how a girl from a small town could sing so well. So a line of dialogue was written in which explained I sang in the choir back home." And the line of dialogue has been following Mary ever since. It was in *Rhythm on the River* and now it's in *Birth of the Blues*.

"I thought I'd get out of the choir in this picture," said Mary. "But look what happens. Brian Donlevy says to me, 'It's too bad you don't sing,' and I say, 'Well, I do sing in the choir back home.' But don't get me wrong. I've got nothing against choir singers. I used to sing in a choir back home—confound it, the dialogue's got me."

■ A Hollywood producer was asked by his press agent for some information about a recently imported foreign star. "What syllable in her name does she accent?" asked the press agent. The producer looked at him, groaned and said: "Listen, this girl is a big shot. Accent all the syllables!"

■ Height of movie set swank is a Columbia camera boom with red leather swivel chairs and white walled tires.

■ Movietown Newsreel: George Burns driving his car into a service station. After an attendant has wiped off the hood, windshield and headlights, Burns hands him a pair of sun glasses to wipe off . . . Walter Pidgeon, the big he-man, teaching his new cook how to scramble eggs "fluffy like" . . . A caddy, and Virginia Grey, following Richard Arlen around the Lakeside golf course . . . Brian Donlevy casting with a new trout fishing rod in the backyard of his home . . . Ida Lupino borrowing husband Louis Hayward's handkerchief to mop up the tears during a movie . . . An Indian, in full war regalia, playing a pinball machine in a drug store near the R-K-O studio . . . He's a bit player in a western hoss opera . . . Greta Garbo stopping in front of a Hollywood gown shop and frowning upon the lifelike dummy of herself in the window.

■ Paulette Goddard, Susan Hayward and Martha O'Driscoll may look like three dazzling glamour girls in the movies, but in television they'd be just a "black widow," a "blizzard head" and a "washout." Television engineers designate all brunettes like Goddard as "black widows." "Blizzard head" is television-ese for a redhead like Susan, and blondes, like Miss O'Driscoll, are called "washouts."

[*Continued on page* 14]



A study in contrasts: Claire Trevor came to the West Side Tennis Club masquerade as her own glamorous self, while Ruth Hussey—noted for her originality—blacked her pretty face and appeared as *Topsy*. Ruth is in Columbia's *Our Wife*; Claire is on the same lot making *Texas*

For more entertainment—

FOUR NEW SEASON HITS!

Ask your local theatre when they're coming your way!

JACK BENNY
in
"Charley's Aunt"
with
KAY FRANCIS
JAMES ELLISON
and Edmund Gwenn • Reginald Owen
Arleen Whelan • Laird Cregar
Ernest Cossart • Anne Baxter • Richard Haydn • Directed by Archie Mayo
Produced by William Perlberg
Screen Play by George Seaton

TYRONE POWER in "A YANK IN THE R.A.F."
with BETTY GRABLE
and
John Sutton • Reginald Gardiner
Associate Producer Lou Edelman • Screen Play by Darrell Ware and Karl Tunberg
Original Story by Melville Crossman
Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK
Directed by HENRY KING

SONJA HENIE • JOHN PAYNE
in
Sun Valley Serenade
with GLENN MILLER *and his Orchestra*
MILTON BERLE • LYNN BARI
JOAN DAVIS • NICHOLAS BROS.
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"BELLE STARR"
THE BANDIT QUEEN
with
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Directed by Irving Cummings
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20th CENTURY FOX



He's the girl of the year →
Jack Benny *as* **"Charley's Aunt"**

Tyrone Power *as* **"A Yank In The R.A.F."** *with* **Betty Grable**

Sonja Henie *and* **John Payne** *in* **"Sun Valley Serenade"** *with* **Glenn Miller** *and his Orchestra*

Randolph Scott *and* **Gene Tierney** *in* **"Belle Starr"**

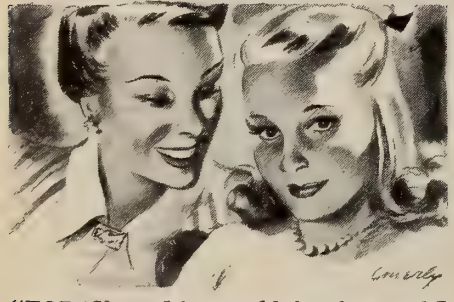
"PIGTAILS, BUCK-TEETH AND FRECKLES... I had 'em all"



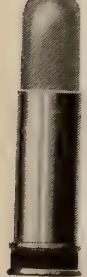
"WHEN I WAS 16 and ready to graduate from the awkward stage, I bought my first lipstick...TANGEE NATURAL. And I've used TANGEE NATURAL ever since! I'm always thrilled by the way it changes from orange in the stick until my own most flattering lip-tint of warm blush rose is produced."



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"TODAY, my 16 year old daughter and I both use Tangee Natural. Its pure cream base keeps our lips smooth for hours. And Tangee Natural is so economical—the new de luxe cases hold much *more* lipstick than before!



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The George W. Luft Co., Dist., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City. Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

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■ Mischa Auer hasn't been able to contact his two older brothers in France for a year. A package of food and clothing shipped to them last Christmas was never acknowledged.

■ The Hays office code governing animated cartoons is even stricter than that of human film behavior because of kid fans. A new Leon Schlesinger cartoon showed a quail giving a Bronx cheer. The censors objected and changed it to a whistle.

■ Director Preston Sturges' sense of humor didn't desert him when he tripped over one of the light cables on the set of *Sullivan's Travels* and went sprawling on the floor. "Hmmmmmm," he mused, "perhaps we'd better change the title of this picture to *Sturges' Trips.*"

■ Greta Garbo was an interested spectator at a story conference on the Marx Brothers' set at M-G-M and later she told Groucho, "You know, that was the first time I ever heard Harpo talk." "Dull, isn't he?" replied Groucho.

■ Someone asked William Farnum, the silent day Gable, how he possibly could have been parted from the $2,000,000 he earned in Hollywood. Explained Farnum, now a bit player in *The Last of the Duanes,* "Four yachts, four estates, eight cars—and learning about the stock market."

■ Short, Short Story: A year ago Vic Orsatti, the agent, was introduced to a girl named June Francis, whom he never saw again. The other day he was introduced to a girl named Katherine Booth, a new Paramount starlet. Miss Booth mumbled something about June Francis as they shook hands. Orsatti made a date with Miss Booth, and suggested she bring along June Francis as a date for one of his pals. That night only one girl met Orsatti and his pal at the door. "I'm sorry," grinned Miss Booth, "but you're not very good at remembering faces. The studio just changed my name. It used to be June Francis." Vic Orsatti's face is still red.

■ For a scene in *Navy Blues,* Martha Raye was supposed to deliver a laugh line, while in the background Ann Sheridan was changing from a hula costume into street clothes. "A fine thing," moaned Martha. "Who do you suppose will listen to me while Ann Sheridan's doing a strip tease?"

■ That newly rich star is finding it difficult to crash Hollywood society. His dinner parties are never successful and his swimming parties fail to attract attention. He's read the script but he can't quite play the part.

■ Neatest casting trick of the month: Laird Cregar, who is 24, portraying 28-year-old Jimmy Ellison's father in Jack Benny's *Charley's Aunt.*

■ Movietown Closeups: Gabriel Dell, the toughest of the Dead End kids, likes to cook and his specialty is angel food cake . . . When Joan Bennett likes a certain dress she has six or seven copies made in different colors . . . Ruby Keeler uses a lorgnet when reading . . . Lynne Overman started his acting career in an Arkansas store window with a sign at his feet, "Is He Man or Wax?" . . . Joan Crawford often takes as many as four showers a day . . . Marlene Dietrich would rather eat hash than chicken a la king . . . Robert Montgomery snores when he sleeps . . . When William Powell is invited to dinner, the hostess always tells the other guests not to hurry because Bill is always late.

■ Alan Hale slipped on a flight of stairs on the set and rolled end over end down the steps and over Negro comedian Willie Best. Hale was unhurt. Said he: "If I'd been one of these fragile actors I'd be badly injured and in tomorrow's headlines." Replied Willie, limping, "An' if I'd been one of these here fraygile actors, I'd be in the obituary column."



Billy Gilbert had that spaghetti just where he wanted it—then along came one of those famous Gilbert ker-choo's

■ Hollywood has been called a lot of names but here's one reason why it's often called "Goofeyville." A few years ago Lou Costello was a motion picture stunt man and risked his life at least twice a day. He jumped from burning planes, hung from cliffs and fell off speeding freight trains. But now that he and Bud Abbott are the screen's top comedians, the studio wouldn't let him take an easy chance. The script called for him to jump out of a window into a flower bed. Costello wanted to make the jump but the front office said, "No, you're too valuable now. You might get hurt. We'll hire a stunt man." So veteran stunt man Lou Costello stood by while another stunt man made the easy jump.

■ Fan mail from soldiers is becoming something of a problem in Hollywood, according to Gale Beatty, who handles the

[*Continued on page* 16]



Why was I born a Woman ?

EVER get mad at the world . . . at the unfairness of your lot? Ever hear a voice inside you whisper: "*Better not go out . . . you won't have any fun*"?

And do you ever wonder why some girls *always* seem to keep smiling, no matter what time of the month it is? *If only you could learn their secret!*

Well, you're not too old to learn! What you need is a lesson on how to grow a crop of confidence! How to be gay! How to be carefree!

Stop feeling sorry for yourself

Remember . . . an ounce of confidence is worth a pound of make-up. And to be sure of yourself on "difficult days," you need the kind of confidence Kotex sanitary napkins give.

First of all, Kotex ends are flat and tapered. They never give away your secret . . . *never* make you self-conscious.

And you know better than anyone, how important *comfort* is. So do as most girls do and choose Kotex. You see, Kotex is made in *soft folds* . . . so naturally it's *less bulky* . . . *less* apt to rub and chafe!

Remember this too . . . there's a world of confidence in knowing that the new "safety shield" in every Kotex pad provides added absorption . . . gives you an *extra* margin of safety.

All in all, Kotex helps give a girl the comfort and the confidence she needs to put a smile on her lips . . . and a song in her heart!

Be confident . . . comfortable . . . carefree

with Kotex*!





*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

How's a girl to learn what to do, what not to do, on "difficult days"? The new book: "As One Girl To Another" tells all . . . gives answers to intimate questions. To get a copy *FREE* . . . Write Post Office Box 5434, Dept. FW-9, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Wake your skin to New Loveliness with Camay — Go on the "MILD-SOAP" DIET!



This lovely bride, Mrs. John B. LaPointe of Waterbury, Conn., says: "I can't tell you how much Camay's 'Mild-Soap' Diet has done for my skin. Whenever I see a lovely woman whose skin looks cloudy, I can hardly help telling her about it."

Even many girls with sensitive skin can profit by this exciting beauty idea—based on the advice of skin specialists, praised by lovely brides!

YOU CAN BE lovelier! You can help your skin—help it to a cleaner, fresher, more natural loveliness by changing to a "Mild-Soap" Diet.

So many women cloud the beauty of their skin through improper cleansing. And so many women use a soap not as mild as a beauty soap should be.

Skin specialists themselves advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is milder by actual test than 10 other popular beauty soaps.

Twice every day—for 30 days—give your skin Camay's gentle care. It's the day to day routine that reveals the full benefit of Camay's greater mildness. And in a few short weeks you can reasonably hope to have a lovelier, more appealing skin.



Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

✓ Camay is milder by actual recorded test—in tests against ten other popular beauty soaps Camay was milder than any of them!

Go on the **CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!**



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of the nostrils and chin. Rinse and then sixty seconds of cold splashings.



Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay.

incoming letters for the Warner stars and players. Everyone wants to make the new soldiers as happy as possible, explains Beatty, and almost every player knows that one way to do that is to answer the requests for autographs and to reply to the longer letters. "But it seems," says Beatty, "that the players are really busier than the soldiers. There aren't enough hours in the day to do all the things the soldiers ask."

■ Cary Grant, with Barbara Hutton on his arm, finally bumped into one-time girl friend Phyllis Brooks at Mike Romanoff's. They were chilling the drinks with their icy stares for the rest of the evening.

■ Ann Sheridan likes to rib George Brent about his age. She gave him a birthday party and had a cake with one hundred and six candles on it. Ann said she stuck the candles in the dough and the heat baked the cake.

■ Someone asked Lana Turner what holds up her evening gowns—the ones without the shoulder straps. Gravity, said Lana, the gravity of the situation should the top fall down.

■ One of the major lots is in an awful uproar. Seems a voice double has been doing the singing all these years for one of its male stars. But now the voice double is not available—he got caught in the Army draft.

■ At lunch the other day Myrna Loy and Rosalind Russell got to talking about the number of roles which Rosalind has played after Myrna was originally announced for them. "Yes, it is funny," said Myrna. "But where were you when I accepted *Parnell?*"

■ It happened at one of those swank Hollywood nightclubs. A patron pointed to a fancy-named $3.50 dish on the menu and asked the waiter what it was. "Hash," said the waiter. "Hash!" all but yelled the customer. "Why, where I usually eat you can't carry $3.50 worth of hash."

■ Most ambitious acting assignment ever undertaken by Deanna Durbin took place at a Hollywood party. After six and a half minutes of determined trouping she finally conveyed the meaning of her pantomime—"the evacuation of Dunkirk" —in a game of charades.

■ One of those lah-de-da movie queens was dancing at the Mocambo when she paused in front of the bandstand, pointed to the piano and asked her escort, "How do you pronounce the orchestra leader's name?" "What name?" asked the boy friend. "There on the piano," she said, pointing to the word *Knabe*.

■ At a Hollywood wedding the maid of honor remembered Judge Brand, who officiated, as the same man who granted her a divorce six months ago. After the ceremony the girl walked up to him and said: "Judge Brand, I hope this marriage is as successful as my divorce."









Two years ago Tyrone Power took up flying. He became so enthusiastic about it, he even bought his own plane. Then his studio heard of his hazardous hobby and clamped down on him. But along came the leading role in Twentieth Century-Fox's new film, *A Yank in the R. A. F.*, in which he portrays a dashing young American playboy who ferries a bomber from Canada to London. The studio relented, believing it would lend authenticity to the picture if Ty were allowed to spend leisure hours in the air. Betty Grable gets her first dramatic role as a Texas chorus girl to whom Ty was once engaged. She threw him over because he could never be serious about anything. They meet again in an air raid shelter in London, where Betty is a cafe entertainer and a volunteer nurse. She challenges him to prove his mettle by joining the R. A. F. Ty does so, and from that point on thrills and spectacular air battles follow. The heroic evacuation of Dunkirk is an absorbing sequence in the film. On the romantic side, Tyrone runs into stiff competition from John Sutton and Reginald Gardiner. There's humor in the picture, too, for even under severest strain the British find time for a bit of wit. Ty relaxes between scenes by playing backgammon in his dressing room with his favorite opponent—Annabella, of course.

How To Run Your Wife's Affairs





RONALD COLMAN

IN A ROMANTIC COMEDY THAT COULDN'T BE MORE MODERN IF IT WERE MADE NEXT YEAR!

"My Life with Caroline"

with **ANNA LEE**

CHARLES WINNINGER • REGINALD GARDINER • GILBERT ROLAND

KATHERINE LESLIE • HUGH O'CONNELL

Produced and Directed by

LEWIS MILESTONE

A United Producers Production • WILLIAM HAWKS, Executive Producer

Screen Play by John Van Druten and Arnold Belgard

RKO RADIO PICTURES

"Actors Are Cattle!"

Says Director Alfred Hitchcock

By KATE HOLLIDAY

■ When lovely, delicate-looking Evelyn Keyes went to see Alfred Hitchcock about the leading role in *Rebecca,* he greeted her with, "Well, you're just in time. We're now casting the comic parts!"

When Robert Montgomery and Gene Raymond were playing a scene in front of five guests on the set of *Mr. and Mrs. Smith,* "Hitch" stopped the action, and remarked, "Rarely in my comparatively long life in the motion picture business have I been privileged to see such a completely *foul* performance!"

When the plane-crash scene in *Foreign Correspondent* was being filmed and a close-up of Joel McCrea was supposed to be shown, Hitchcock had the water turned on so strongly on the first take that McCrea was shoved into a corner and walloped his head on a wall. The cameras were grinding. It was a perfect shot.

Hitchcock filmed the scene six times.

Later, Joel—rubbing a bruised pate and gasping for breath, said, "I think the first take was the best."

"I know that. I just wanted to see what you would do if you were wet for half an hour. It was quite a show!" the director replied.

Alfred Hitchcock is the man who scared you to death with *39 Steps,* conjured up a ghost in *Rebecca,* and who had you looking for spies in your living room after seeing *Foreign Correspondent.* He made you laugh at Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery in *Mr. and Mrs. Smith,* and he will cause chills to run up and down your spine when you see his latest opus, *Before the Fact,* with Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant.

He has the reputation of being one of the greatest directors in the business. At the same time, perhaps more purely nasty statements and actions are attributed to him than any man in motion pictures.

Hollywood began to hear about Hitchcock when he was still in his native England. He was the man who always put himself in his pictures. He would walk through a scene dressed as a businessman or a tramp or an Italian waiter. It was his trademark.

He was a master at the purely melodramatic type of motion picture. He could create effects which no one else could get in a mystery play. His scenes were shot through with fog and strange lighting and disreputable-looking characters. He could build such suspense that the audience nearly burst before the final close-up.

Besides that, no actor was safe from his biting tongue. Or from the tricks he would play to achieve his results.

When Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat were making *39 Steps,* for instance, there was a scene in which they were supposed to have been handcuffed together for eighteen hours. By that time—in the story—they loathed each other.

But Madeleine and Robert didn't loathe each other. Hitchcock knew it.

Therefore, early one morning, he put handcuffs on them. "Just for size," he said. At five that afternoon, the two were still chained together. Then, the Machiavelli of the Megaphone shot the scene.

By that time, Mr. Donat and Miss Carroll so cordially hated each other that they had difficulty in speaking for the rest of the picture. Each—because of insinuations "Hitch" playfully made into their ears—thought that the trick was a gag of the other's. When the scene was finally in front of the cameras, they registered such hatred that audiences later acclaimed it a masterpiece. And, Mr. Hitchcock, of course, was delighted!

The best actors in the business can not escape him. His favorite comment is:

"Actors are cattle! They should be treated as such!"

This remark has achieved such fame that, on the first day of the shooting of *Mr. and Mrs. Smith,* Carole Lombard brought in three young heifers from her ranch, placed them tenderly in a small corral on the set, and labelled them "Robert Montgomery," "Gene Raymond" and "Carole Lombard." A large sign was placed on the rail of the pen: "Mr. Hitchcock's Cattle," and a cowboy costume—size 152—was draped over a chair nearby.

When the great director appeared, he merely glanced at the lowing herd and muttered:

"This seems to be the set for a western! Boy, remove the rubbish!"

He never gives anyone a chance to triumph over him. His entire approach to humanity is to throw people off guard so that he may have the upper hand.

And no one can top him. When one attempts to give Hitchcock some of his own medicine, he loves it. But only for one reason: because it gives him a springboard on which to make *his* next crack.

Robert Mont- [*Continued on page* 68]









A Hitchcock film always bears its own peculiar trademark—one brief scene in which the famous director himself appears. Top left, he eavesdrops momentarily in *Rebecca.* Hitchcock resorts to drastic means to obtain realism. For the scene at right in *Foreign Correspondent* he kept Joel McCrea in water for 30 minutes, and he handcuffed Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat together for hours in *39 Steps* to get required looks of hatred. Joan Fontaine listens with intense seriousness to his instructions, while even blithe Cary Grant forgets his usual monkeyshines in R-K-O's *Before the Fact*



Carmen Miranda, the red hot riot from South America, is in a class by herself and isn't shy about admitting it. Women who copy her fruit basket turbans (top) and bizarre bootery with three and four inch soles, are just plain dopes according to the torrid tamale. Onlee Miranda can do. She is appearing in 20th Century-Fox's *Week-End in Havana*

"I'm Ter-ree-fic!"

By DUNCAN UNDERHILL

■ If you think that well-shaped little head is used only to stack funny hats on, you're wrong.

It is true that you can't find a prettier or more exotic base for those bon voyage fruit baskets, but the nifty noggin of Carmen Miranda, that most desirable alien, doesn't stop functioning there. Far from it.

Because La Miranda isn't just a subtropical hurricane that burst upon American shores without rhyme or reason. Things don't just happen to Carmen; Carmen happens to things.

She wasn't one of the talented kids lucky enough to be born into a theatrical family. Fame wasn't handed to her. She scrambled for it, in a dignified way. Her parents—the well-born and well-heeled da Cunhas of the historically important Portuguese-Brazilian clan—did all they could to discourage her from displaying her specialized talents in public.

No child prodigy, she didn't suspect she could sing until she was fifteen, which in this country is regarded as early middle age for would-be professionals. But she did not permit her late start to handicap her; merely worked twice as hard and twice as long. Every tonal inflection in Carmen's "Mama Yo Quero," every South American sway and slither, is part of a painstaking plan. She never just *happens* to sound good and look delicious.

Somewhat to its astonishment Hollywood has found out that Miranda is not just a new species of Latin-American impetuosity, latest in a long line of passion flowers. Under that basket of fruit and vegetables a well-oiled little brain is ticking away.

Transplanted from lush-warm-hearted Brazil to harsh-competitive, critical North America, Carmen immediately established herself as a new kind of Hollywood curiosity—a touch-me-not glamour girl. The essential difference between her screen personality and that of our native-nurtured sex menaces is that her manner says, "Keep your distance or get slugged, Big Boy."

Carmen is the least available star in town. She's never seen in public without chaperons, usually a posse of them.

A laughable instance of this penchant for protection is the case of the Hollywood playboy who got Carmen's telephone number and asked for a date.

"But certainly," she said in her choicest broken English. "I shall be most 'appy."

The ambitious wolf arranged to pick her up at an appointed hour. When he arrived he found her surrounded by her orchestra and her business manager-brother, all of them most eager to accept the kind gentleman's invitation for a gay night at the glittering supper clubs. With Miranda, you can't win.

In business she is not a whit more plastic. Her home studio, 20th Century-Fox, is aware that in her lithe and electric person it has an incalculable treasure in hot merchandise. Accordingly it is constantly scheming to exploit her in ways that have proved profitable with other imported performers.

To this the lady replies that her name is Carmen, not Lupe, Steffi or Dolores. "This what-you-call love-interest girl, that is another what-you-call type, separate from me. I want to be this singer, this South American, this exotique, this ter-ree-fic, this shall we say, Miranda."

She calculates, not without some commendable selfishness, that she represents the shock troops in the South American invasion of the North American screen. She figures that she should be singing "Mama Yo Quero" and wearing a hat piled high with fruit. If she abandoned these convictions, she thinks, it would be a sign she was going Hollywood.

Miranda is not the product of a battalion of writers, musicians, designers, and gagmen. She thinks up the Miranda gags herself, even the funny hats. Carmen designs them herself, having swiped the basis of the idea from a fiesta in Bahia.

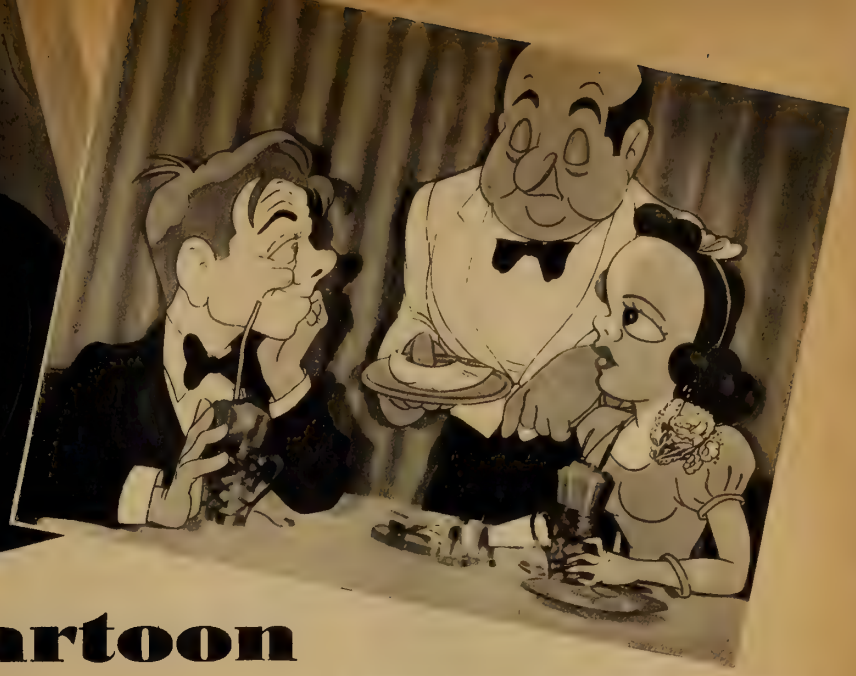
At this municipal picnic in her native Brazil she saw native women bearing baskets of bright-colored produce on their heads. Something clicked in her mental filing cabinet. Months later in Rio, the Paris of the South, she attended a huge street carnival comparable to the New Orleans Mardi Gras wearing a Bahia costume designed by herself. The topper of this nightmare was a goofy turban stuffed with garden truck and stuff. This year Miranda was burned up to learn that on the anniversary of her appearance dozens of imitators showed up wearing costumes that were copies or travesties of her costume.

The lady is highly flattered that American women have mimicked some of her elaborate fruity turbans, but she has a word of warning for the copy-cats.

"The lady who wear my turban, my funnee shoes and my treek jewelry, she gotta have the skinny face and the biga-mouth like me, eh?" she inquires. "After all, how would I going to look in hoop-skirts and Watteau hats, huh?"

Nobody will ever know because Carmen's mother didn't give birth to any dopes. ■





Cartoon Capers



Leon Schlesinger's inimitable satire is at its best in the new animated cartoon, *Hollywood Steps Out.* Action revolves around Ciro's night club as fifty famous stars go through hilarious routines. Top left: Gable pursues a blonde who turns out to be Groucho Marx in a wig; top right, Mickey Rooney enjoys a soda with Judy Garland—but hits the ceiling when the check arrives. Left, Cesar Romero rhumbas, *a-la Chaplin,* with Ginger Rogers, while Tyrone Power swings along with Sonja Henie—on skates! Bottom left: Gary Cooper takes dancing lessons from Shirley Temple while Cary Grant tries to give Garbo a hotfoot and uses a whole box of matches in the attempt





Hollywood's Good Will Ambassador



Mickey Rooney's million-dollar personality has done more to cement friendly relations with our foreign neighbors than any dozen good will expeditions. Upon arrival in Hawaii, he was royally welcomed by Governor Joseph Poindexter (above). At the President's Inaugural Ball, even the First Lady of the Land, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, was enchanted with the little Mick's charm. Charles Chaplin, important figure head in recent political events and Mrs. Boettiger (below) are also shown. Himself personifying the highest ideals of American youth, Mickey is shown (right) as he addressed the Honor Division of a New York Boy Scout Troop. *Life Begins for Andy Hardy* is Mickey's next film

By JACK DALLAS

■ When (and if) the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences gets around to awarding an Oscar to the screen's Ambassador-at-Large, bet the works that the honor will be dropped into the lap of Mickey Rooney.

Mickey Rooney on a junket beyond our borders is more than a Metro missionary. Let him alight on strange lands and the result is not an occasion but an invasion. He begins by vanquishing the citizenry and ends up storming the presidential palace.

This is what a famous Mexico City columnist had to say anent Rooney's most recent blitz-tour which took him South of the border along with some twenty-odd top Hollywood personages.

"Senor Rooney," the gentleman wrote, "is almost too much to believe. The visit of this young man has done more to cement friendly relations with our sister republic beyond the Rio Grande than a baker's dozen of ordinary good will expeditions. It is difficult to overstate the worth of such a remarkable personality."

When the populace of Mexico City first caught a glimpse of Patricia Morison, gleaming with Latin good looks, a ripple of excitement passed through the crowd of over 100,000 that jammed the city's picturesque central square. When Norma Shearer made a sortie, the buckos cheered, "Viva, Senorita Shearer! Viva!" But when Mickey Rooney put in an appearance, the crowd roared. "Migoletto! Migoletto!" 100,000 voices shouted. The shouting was accompanied by a sudden surge against a formidable barrier of exactly 1600 policemen who had difficulty in holding back the tide of Rooney admirers.

Anyone else would have smiled, waved, and proceeded along the route. Not Mickey. He climbed out of his automobile and began moving through the crowd. He shook hands right and left. He greeted Tom, Dick and Harry in the wobbly Spanish he had learned en route to Mexico. He waved at gamins perched on electric light poles, called out greetings to dark-eyed senoritas in office buildings, and spread his contagious good-feeling to the four winds.

Well-behaved senoritas in Mexico City do not go around throwing their arms around their heroes and inflicting unwanted kisses on them. Nor do they rip buttons off the coats of their heroes. What they like to do, if Mickey is a case in point, is to run their fingers through a gentleman's hair. They did it to Mickey and without let-up. They would still be running their fingers through his hair if the worried Mexico City cops hadn't decided Mickey was in peril of sorts. They rescued him. And what do you think happened afterward? Every last man of them, practically, demanded Mickey's autograph.

The affaire in the square was a mere nothing compared to what happened afterward. His Excellency Josephus Daniels, Ambassador to Mexico from the United States, invited him to his palace. Mickey came and so did pandemonium. He was invited to rodeos, barbecues, formal balls and civic fetes. He accepted. And you know what happened. The climax came when he was presented to President Avilo Camacho.

Il Presidente was more than cordial. He put his arm around diminutive Mickey. He confessed that he was a Rooney fan. And he asked "Senor Mickey" to come back some day for a long talk.

"With pleasure, Mr. President," Mickey said, refreshingly flabbergasted.

The Mexican junket may have been the latest Rooney triumph but it was not his most dazzling. Earlier this year Mickey realized his life- [*Continued on page* 42]







Judy Garland has grown up. Conclusive proof that M-G-M's young singing star has reached maturity is the announcement of her engagement to composer David Rose, shown at the right. The wedding is scheduled to take place late this year. Judy's next film will be a musical, *Babes on Broadway*

What I Know About "Blondie"

By "Dagwood"



I've made nine pictures with Penny, but I still get taken in by her shenanigans. That girl keeps me in hot water!

■ Since *Blondie* came into my life, I get into more hot water than usual. Which makes it plenty!

Look—here's what happens. I take my wife to a movie. It's a nice peaceful Sunday evening and everything is going well. A couple of kids are standing outside, waiting for any picture people who get within autograph aim. They take a look at me, then yell: "Hey—there's *Dagwood.*"

So far, so good. My vest button is popping. I'm recognized. Eureka!

Then another twerp parks himself in front of my wife and stares into her face as though she were something out of a Ripley collection. He shakes his head mournfully and says to me, "Hey, *Dagwood*—who's this dame? She's not the girl we always see you with."

What they mean is, she's not the girl they've seen me with on the screen, because that girl is *Blondie*. But try to explain that to the Little Woman. Just try. By this time, she gives me a look that would freeze a fish and she walks on straight ahead, her little nose stuck high in the air, and she won't talk to me. I'm still trying to explain!

Chalk up one casualty to *Blondie*!

The other day, Penny Singleton, who of course is my screen sidekick as *Blondie*, and I completed our 24,000th "take" together before the camera. Believe me, you get to know a person pretty well after the 24,000th take. But as well as I know Penny, I still get taken in by her shenanigans.

Penny pulled a neat one on me just the other day, when we finished *Blondie in Society*, our latest fracas. I was doing a scene in which I was hiding under a desk. Have you ever tried remaining perfectly still while crouched under a desk, with the sides pushing you in, the top cramming your neck, your legs wound like pretzels ending in your mouth? I don't recommend it for summer sport. The first time I rehearsed the scene, it was uncomfortable enough. The second time I crept under the desk, I felt something pull the back of my hair. I jumped and bumped my head against the top of the desk. The director yelled: "Hey, Lake, can't you remain quiet?"

"Okay," I managed to mumble. I thought I had gone crazy. There couldn't possibly have been anyone else under that desk, because there was hardly room for me! I haunched myself tight, remained quiet. Suddenly I felt a sharp nip at my ear. At this, I swung and banged my hand against the side of the desk.

This time I crawled out, even though the director was tearing his hair and calling me everything unprintable. I looked under the desk, and there in one corner was the cause of all the damage—a little monkey. The minute I got out, he scrambled over to Penny, leaving no doubt as to his partner in crime!

One thing about Penny I've learned, she can take as well as give. In big things, I mean. She has spunk. Like the time she was in an automobile crash and her insides were still jiggling around as a result of the accident. But she came on the set and insisted on business going on as usual. The director was all for having some of the strenuous scenes eliminated, but Penny wouldn't hear of it. In spite of a floating rib, she hopped on and off a high chest and ran up and down a flight of stairs repeatedly, with no hint of the agony she was undergoing.

Now that I have been *Dagwood* to Penny Singleton's *Blondie* for so long, I can't imagine anyone else being *Blondie*. I mean, Penny is so much like *Blondie* that I don't know where Penny leaves off and *Blondie* begins. I don't know whether Penny is like *Blondie* or *Blondie* like Penny, and if that sounds like so much Einstein, let me explain.

Blondie wouldn't be the screen personality she is today if Penny Singleton hadn't injected bits of her own self into her. And Penny wouldn't be the person she is today if *Blondie* hadn't injected bits of *her* self into her. When Penny first came to Hollywood she was a cute, pert-nosed little dancer from Broadway. She had that wisecracking, fresh personality that breezes over places like Broadway and Hollywood and Vine. You would never have expected her to end up the domestic type in pictures, acting in kitchen scenes with geranium pots and aprons and unpaid mortgages. In fact, when she first hit Hollywood, she started out by doing gangster molls, chorus-girls and other hard-boiled dishes. Then suddenly she was *Blondie*. A far-sighted producer spotted her. She bleached her hair blond, put on a housedress and there she was. And there was everyone wondering how she could have been anything else but.

I don't know what Penny was like when she was Dorothy McNulty, snub-nosed dancer on Broadway. But I know her now as a modern young woman who is all wrapped up in her husband, her little girl, the stray cats in the neighborhood and the alfalfa in her backyard. Really! Her acting is secondary to her, or maybe it's a case of Penny acting herself when she's before the cameras because by now there is little difference between the two. She even dresses differently now that she is *Blondie*. She wears simple playclothes and sport dresses and has that clean, freshly scrubbed look that comes from using practically no make-up. Before *Blondie* dissolved into her bloodstream, Penny used to whack a mean lipstick and dress in glamorous high style. She was on the siren side. Superficially, I really believe. But when she became *Blondie* she went to cooking school to catch up on her kitchen manoeuvres so the women fans wouldn't laugh at the way she lifted a frying pan. Now she's some cook! She raised the roof the other day during a kitchen scene because *Blondie's* kitchen was supposed to have run over with burnt toast and boiled-over coffee.

Penny talked turkey to the director: "I'm willing to do everything in my power to make *Blondie* amusing, but you're not going to say she's a bum cook!"

The director saw the point. The scene was changed. Penny had saved the reputation of *Blondie*.

Penny lives a full and busy life at home. She cooks, she sews, she budgets, she pulls the weeds out of her backyard. She loves it. She once brought her little daughter, Deejee, on the set. Deejee was resplendent in a dainty white and blue ruffly thing Penny made. The child announced proudly: "When I grow up I want to be just like my mummy. I'm going to sew."

Deejee overlooked the fact that her mummy is a movie star of sorts!

But you don't think of her as a "movie star." That's *Blondie*! I mean Penny. No, *Blondie*. Oh, heck, you know what I mean. ■

What I Know About "Dagwood"

By "Blondie"

—as told to HELEN HOVER

■ The first time I met *Dagwood* I wanted to wring his neck. I've had the same urge many times since.

When I first walked onto the *Blondie* set two years ago, my knees were quaking. I had been floating around Hollywood playing the sort of girls who carry guns in their garters and who break up homes, and here I was getting a chance to be a warm, human, thoroughly normal character—a character made famous in the comic strips and with a ready-made audience of millions who already knew and loved *Blondie*. I was a last-minute choice, replacing another actress who had already worked on the picture a week, and I was taken on the set to acquaint myself with the goings-on. I didn't want to muff this opportunity.

I was new and I wanted everyone to like me, so when I met Arthur Lake—who was working in a scene just then—I pinned on my nicest smile for him. And do you know what that big bloke did? He looked right through me in that dumb, querulous way of his, and talking right above my head, paying absolutely no attention to me or to my feelings, he yelled: "Hey, who is *she*? What's she doing here? Where's *Blondie*?"

The big cluck! I could have killed him right then and there! But I had my revenge. I sprinkled some pepper on a sandwich he had to gulp for the scene. He took one bite, yelled blue murder and I felt that the score was even.

I learned later that Arthur Lake had meant no harm. That's just the way he is. Arthur is as subtle as a baseball bat and as tactful as a baby tank. He's like a child in many respects: he says what he thinks when he thinks it, then has a heck of a time trying to explain what he really meant to say in the first place. That's where Arthur Lake and *Dagwood Bumstead* are one.

The union of Arthur and *Dagwood* was a bit of type casting made in heaven. While I had to bleach my hair blond and change my personality somewhat to be *Blondie*, Arthur had to do nothing to be the movie prototype of *Dagwood*. In private life, Arthur's hair is even beginning to sprout out on either side the way *Dagwood's* does, and once I caught Arthur accidentally signing his name "Dagwood Lake."

Everything he does is just what *Dagwood* would do, until now I don't know whether Arthur is copying *Dagwood* or vice versa. He's absent-minded and daffy and gets into the same sort of jams in private life as he does on the screen.

Like the time I invited him and his wife, Patricia van Cleve, to the house for dinner. Before the meal was served, I showed them around the house and the garden. I'm very proud of that garden, but do you suppose Arthur was interested? Not at all. He was fascinated by an over-large doghouse that was uninhabited at the time, destined for a Great Dane we were going to buy. Patricia and I started walking back to the house, and we didn't miss Arthur until it was time for dinner. Then as the minutes passed and he still didn't show up, we hunted for him. He wasn't in the house, so we went out into the garden. We called. Still no Arthur. Then I recalled his curiosity about the doghouse and I followed a hunch. When I came near the doghouse I heard a furious hammering against the door. I opened it, and out fell Arthur, looking just as silly and abashed as he does on the screen.

He looked at us sheepishly and dusted off his trousers. "I wanted to see what it was like inside," he stammered. "The spring lock sprang . . . and . . . oh, let's eat!"

Another time, the entire *Blondie* cast and crew were on the set waiting for Arthur early one morning. He was late—a rare thing for him. His enthusiasm for *Dagwood* is so great he's usually the first one at the studio nervously waiting for things to start.

Just then, one of the property men ran in looking as though he had seen a man from Mars. He had seen something almost as strange, we soon learned.

"Hey, that guy's driving here," he spurted breathlessly. 'That guy,' we understood immediately, was Mr. Lake. "And he's driving *backwards*!"

That was a little hard to take. Even screwball Lake wouldn't do *that*. Still, when he staggered on the set a few minutes later and flopped exhausted into a chair, we knew he had been up to one of his hanky-panks.

"Whew, what a job that was," he muttered.

"What on earth happened?" we asked.

This is Arthur's story: The night before he had bought the latest-type automatic clutch for his car and he had been bragging about it to everybody. Driving to the studio in the morning, the automatic clutch locked in reverse. Now anyone else would have phoned a garage or hopped a taxi or trolley or hitched a ride or done something equally sane. But no, our befuddled hero had his own peculiar solution to the problem. He drove the last four miles—*backwards*!

But in other respects, he's dumb like a fox. That's how he fools you. Just when you are conditioned to understand his naivete and his simplicity, he's engineering a pretty smart move for himself. It took me quite a while to learn that it wasn't entirely by accident that Arthur was stealing our best scenes from me. When the two of us are before the camera, Arthur is always doing something to attract attention to himself, like fixing his tie, tripping over his shoes or removing lint from his shoulders. When the scene is flashed on the screen, who do you think the audience notices? *Me*? Don't be silly.



Arthur is as subtle as a baseball bat. He says what he thinks, then has a heck of a time explaining what he really meant

Arthur has an almost magic gift for getting into trouble. There was the time, for instance, in *Blondie on a Budget*, when the scene called for him to be entertaining an old flame at the movies. He wasn't supposed to be enjoying his role of host, mostly because of fear of the consequences should *Blondie* catch him. The action called for *Dagwood* to see *Blondie* in every woman in the theater. In an agony of apprehension, he was to squirm in his seat, wriggle lower and lower and eventually emulate the ostrich as he went into a weird contortion.

He did it fine, but when the scene ended, he was so tightly wedged in the seat that two stage carpenters had to take it apart to remove him!

That would probably never happen to anyone but *Dagwood*. I mean, Arthur. That is, *Dagwood*. Oh well, you get the idea by now! ■





Four Men At Her Feet

By TOM DEVANE

Exotic Merle Oberon is loved passionately by no less than four handsome leading men in her new and spectacular film, *Lydia*, produced by her capable husband, Alexander Korda. Merle's role is guaranteed to be one of her greatest acting triumphs. Left, Merle with Joseph Cotten, who is her faithful lover. Above, she dances with George Reeves, her football hero. Next, Hans Yaray, noted stage star and foreign film idol, makes his first American appearance as *Lydia's* blind musician sweetheart. Center, with Alan Marshal, her greatest love and right, with her high-spirited grandmother, Edna May Oliver







■ Merle Oberon admitted blandly that she had never known such popularity.

Practically everyone in Hollywood, it seemed, was begging for invitations to visit the set of her new picture, *Lydia*. And this in the midst of the film town's first big heat wave, when most people would ordinarily prefer to head for the nearest air-conditioned *bistro* rather than visit a stuffy movie set.

Miss Oberon's set, however, was different. Besides being one of Vincent Korda's most elaborate concoctions (a perfect two-acre replica of the cliffs of Nantucket, Massachusetts, and a handsome New England fishing lodge) it was entirely covered with snow! Nice crunchy, icy snow, that you could scoop up and make into snowballs.

No wonder the visitors were fascinated. Pitching snowballs, on a hot June day, within a mile of the Hollywood Brown Derby, was something not to be missed.

The snow, of course, was another credit to Hollywood ingenuity. It was made by feeding 300-pound chunks of ice into a huge and imposing looking machine which ground them into snow-like texture. During the five days' filming of this sequence, one statistician estimated that over 150 tons of ice were consumed by the machine.

I visited the Nantucket set to toss a snowball or two and gaze admiringly at Merle Oberon, who was sensibly if not fashionably attired in blue wool skirt, flannel shirt, a storm jacket and high laced boots and galoshes. Alan Marshal, with whom she was spending a romantic interlude, was similarly outfitted to meet the elements.

Also visiting were the Misses Elisabeth Bergner and Ilona Massey and the Messrs. George Brent and Basil Rathbone, all of whom were happily slushing in the snow. None of the high-salaried kibitzers slipped on the rocks into the water of Nantucket "bay," however, although several members of the crew had that misfortune.

Merle had narrowly avoided a painful accident the day before in a scene with Alan Marshal. They had to race down the snowy path to the boat house, where Merle was to light a fire. As she bent over, a sudden gust of wind from the wind machine fanned the flames into her face. The set was paralyzed for a second, then Director Julien Duvivier and Marshal sprang into action. Miss Oberon sputtered a bit, but was unharmed. The only casualty was the loss of her long artificial eyelashes which were soon replaced. Alan Marshal lit the fire in the next scene.

Lydia, apart from the lavish manner in which it is being produced, is notable in that it marks Alexander Korda's first picture with an American locale. Producer Korda is more renowned for his foreign background spectacles (*The Thief of Bagdad, That Hamilton Woman!*). But the new film presents Miss Oberon as a Boston aristocrat—in one of those fine juicy youth-to-old-age roles that all actresses yearn for. She is *Lydia MacMillan,* who begins as a demure 19-year-old miss, and finally ends up at 65. But the studio assured me that hers will be a gay, youthful old-lady characterization for a change.

In the matter of leading men, *Lydia* is extravagant indeed. Miss Oberon will be loved passionately by no less than four handsome men. One is the brilliant Joseph Cotten, who made such a hit in *Citizen Kane*. The smooth Alan Marshal plays a naval officer with whom she has the Nantucket idyll. Her first suitor, a football player with whom she elopes to spite her grandmother (Edna May Oliver) is a dashing newcomer named George Reeves. Fourth in the quartet is the distinguished Hans Jaray, former European star making his Hollywood debut after scoring a Broadway hit in Dorothy Thompson's play, *Another Sun*.

Lydia is Korda's first Merle Oberon picture since his marriage to the lovely lady two years ago—and since he's one of the most adoring husbands in town, he's determined to make it her biggest triumph. Merle, for her part, is on the set at all times, whether she's needed or not. Like a dutiful wife, she checks up to see that her producer-husband isn't too extravagant in either time or expense.

Another four-star Korda, although you never see him on the screen, is famed Academy Award winning brother Vincent, who was enchanted to design the seventy sets that cover the movie history of a Boston family from the turn of the century to the present day. One of his triumphs was the family home of the *MacMillans* where old *Mrs. MacMillan* rules her vast fortune, Hub City society, and rebellious granddaughter *Lydia* with a hand of iron.

One of the largest sound stages at the studio was required to reconstruct the family home with discrimination and a sense of humor. Built around a three storied, parquet floored rotunda, the setting includes a large drawing room, dining room, morning room, solarium and entrance hall, all heavily furnished in the rococo trappings of the period. Brother Vincent ransacked antique shops and warehouses to get the most authentic furniture.

Lydia's dream ballroom is another triumph for the artistic Mr. Korda. It, too, occupied an entire sound stage. It is here that *Lydia* looks back from her three score and five years to remember through a misty glow the ballroom in which she made her debut, a memory far from actual truth, but delightful to behold. She fancies herself sweeping up a wide gilt staircase to an enormous room lined with mirrors, where half a hundred smartly dressed cadets stand waiting to claim her for the dance. The mirrors reflect a thousand *Lydias* as the camera follows her in the waltz.

Too, the charm of old New England is encompassed in the lobby and salon of Boston's famed "Quincy House," leading hotel of the day.

Miss Oberon's thirty-two costumes in her new film are the creations of not one but two famous designers. One of them is Walter Plunkett, whose work on *Gone With the Wind* is still remembered as an outstanding achievement. The other is the fashion magazine cover artist, Vertes, whose sketches were executed under Plunkett's direction. Many of them are fashioned from heavy satin and velvet, lined with weighted materials to prevent wrinkling. Merle's dark beauty radiates above their soft folds, and such a stunning sight she is that it's small wonder she has four men at her feet.

As you will agree when you see *Lydia*. ■



A modern interpretation of the Victorian mood; velveteen basque in bottle green dramatized with plaid taffeta yoke and skirt in lovely subtle shades of green, pale pink, white and black. Sizes 9-17, 10-18. Under $16 at Arnold Constable, New York. Notice the very new "modest" handling of the neckline and the just-below-the-elbow sleeves, fashionable and comfy

Opposite Page: A picturesque dress of rayon taffeta that borrows freely from the gay, appealing peasant styles. Colorful embroidered bands are its only trimming. Comes in robin's egg blue, champagne, rose. Sizes, 9-15, 10-16. Under $20 at Russeks, New York. Make the Juliet cap yourself by crocheting silver ribbon and tying on velvet bows. Free instructions for you, if you want them

Below: Sculptured rayon jersey, fluid as water, moulds the slender figure perfectly. A wide, bejewelled belt, accents a tiny waist. The soft shoulder line is broadened through deft shirring. This gown comes in white, rose, kelly green, black, flame and peacock, sizes 12-20. $7.95 at Gimbel Bros., New York. The necklace of Marvella pearls twisted with colored beads gives that smart, bulky look



For other stores where these styles may be bought, turn to page 64. For your FREE copy of the FAWCETT FASHION FLASH showing exciting new fall styles, write to Catherine Roberts, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.





PICTURE YOURSELF!

By CATHERINE ROBERTS

After a summer of cotton dance-frocks it's exciting to consider and plan for cooler weather evening dresses. Crisp fabrics and rich colors, more picturesque or dramatic styles, add up to a fall-fashion picture that is entrancing.

The grand thing about the new clothes is that there is a style for your every mood, be it romantic . . . sophisticated . . . winsome . . . or gay . . . it's simply a matter of the right dress, the right hairdo—and you. There is no one color that you must have to be in the fashion swing; no particular fabric that will at once announce to the world that you're wearing the very latest thing. Of course, there are new colors and new fabrics. There always are at the beginning of a season.

Plaids, for instance, are bigger than ever. The color combinations of these plaids are bold and dramatic, soft and subtle, just as you prefer. Black, of course, is always a leader. At the same time, blacks are being dressed up with sequins, colorful embroideries, sharp flashes of color. Wallpaper stripes, subtle in color, bold in width, show promise of being very popular.

As for fabrics, rayon taffetas and moires, combined with velveteen, have a luxurious new quality that is most satisfying. Rayon and silk jersey for the figures that can wear them have a severely sculptured effect that is very beautiful. And, as ever, the dreamy effects of chiffons and tulles are charming.

With this great variety of styles, colors, fabrics, the problem of what to choose is entirely up to you. That is not only fun but a challenge. How many "yous" do you have? After all, being "you" is but a matter of mood and how do you know that some of those moods, translated into new styles, might not be more effective than the one you've been concentrating on?

Think in terms of a professional model. The successful model must be adaptable to many types or she loses ground professionally. How does she achieve that necessary versatility? By not being afraid to try new styles and by always keying her coiffure to the style she is wearing. She may have been told many times that she looks wonderful in a bouffant black taffeta evening dress. But does that stop her from climbing into something radically different? Indeed not! However, in trying on styles that are quite different from what she has been accustomed to wearing, she enhances them by arranging her hair in a manner that is in accord with that new style.

You might try the same trick when trying on new evening gowns. Right then and there try a hairstyle to suit that particular dress. Pile your hair up on your head for the sophisticated style or comb it out into loose curls for the peasanty or dream-waltz type.

Model Husband

By EDWARD MARTIN

■ Ray Milland's year-old son is named Daniel David. But he might better be called "Anchor."

Because for the first time in all his restless, impetuous life Ray is safe and secure in calm waters and content to remain that way. The vagabond days, gay as they were, are at end forever. The good companions of other times are welcome as always at his hearth, but no more will he go forth with them on mad adventures and escapades.

The spendthrift years are over, when the sum Ray had in his pocket represented the exact extent of his fortune and therefore the sum he could afford to spend on a whim. Now his long-suffering wife, Mal, can remain serene when the head of the house goes out for a breath of air. In the early days of their marriage, when affairs were not going so prosperously, she could always count on Ray to make some reckless purchase whenever he went off to town alone.

One day, practically broke but in an acquisitive mood, he set off for Los Angeles by bus, not owning a car. He returned with a handsome accordion, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and costly enamel.

The next time he embarked on a shopping tour he came back with a horse which Mrs. Milland promptly returned for credit.

From another expedition he returned with an ancient Duesenberg speedster that looked like a tank and proved as costly to run.

The high spot in his spendthrift career was when he came back from a day at the beach to announce to his bride that he had bought a cabin cruiser on the installment plan. This was at a time when there was some question about where next month's groceries were coming from. His career as a jolly mariner lasted exactly one month.

Nowadays, although grown prudent about laying out his funds, he wants to make one big purchase that will convince him and Hollywood that he has become a man of substance. The circumstances underlying this unquenchable desire are typical of the Old Model Milland (before Daniel David).

Freshly arrived in Hollywood and with only a couple of unimportant pictures under his belt, no contract and no vocation except soldiering to fall back on, young Mr. Milland was in the tight spot of having no friend except his agent, Eddie Rubin, brother of comedian Benny Rubin.

Ray was living in a big apartment house on Sunset Boulevard, a place that has sheltered dozens of the Hollywood famous on their way either up to or down from stardom. Being naturally of a blithe nature he hardly noticed it when he ran out of money. The only person on whom the fact made a deep impression was his landlord, who locked him out of his apartment and confiscated his clothes and other property as security for the arrears.

Mr. Milland moved into the apartment of his friend Mr. Rubin, where he slept comfortably enough on a divan by night while Mr. Rubin hustled around Hollywood by day trying to find him a job.

Ray spent his days sitting on a bench outside the apartment house where his chattels were locked up, mentally picketing the joint and swearing some day to get revenge on the hard-hearted owner. This revenge, now fully matured, he is still seeking. Through all manner of agents, attorneys and intermediaries he is trying to buy the house, thus wiping out his last grudge against Hollywood and the world.



For the first time in all his restless, impetuous life, Ray Milland is safely and happily anchored. Reason—his lovely young wife Mal, and a bouncing heir proudly christened Daniel David. Ray's in *Reap the Wild Wind*, Paramount's thriller of coastal piracy

Fortune, both good and bad, has made a complete cycle for Ray in the last eleven years. The good fortune has been financial and professional. The ill fortune has been in the matter of tight pants, the bane of his existence.

In 1929, Ray, a native of Wales, was a lieutenant in the Household Cavalry, one of the crack regiments of the British Army. In his plumed helmet, breastplates, epaulettes and jackboots he was the very picture of a gallant young officer of His Majesty's Service.

But the traditional pocketless, form-fitting breeches of the uniform were too tight for comfort and Ray found himself, in his own words, "continually numb from toe to belt." When the situation became unbearable he handed in his commission and devoted himself to various pleasant pursuits suggested by the receipt of a legacy of $17,000 from an aunt.

Now, after eleven years, the tight pants he fled in London have caught up with him again. They are part of his character costume in the picture he is currently making at Paramount, *Reap the Wild Wind*, a period thriller about piracy on the Florida coast. He wears the breathtaking breeches uncomplainingly as penance for all his light-hearted peccadillos in the years since quitting the cavalry.

No longer will his friends be awakened in the early hours of the morning to receive such Millandean messages as these:

"What do you think? I was down in my carpenter shop just now making a hatrack and nearly cut off three fingers with a circular saw. Come on over and watch me bleed."

That was the Old Ray Milland, the Peck's Bad Boy of the Boulevards. The new Ray Milland is essentially the same guy, but with brakes.

Chalk up the screen credit to D. D. Milland, aged one. He does all the hell-raising around the Milland mansion these days. ■

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Hazards of a Jungle Queen

By KAY PROCTOR

I daresay Dorothy Lamour sometimes looks back with covetous eyes at that typist's job she once had in a New Orleans real estate office. It was her first salaried job, incidentally, and she was fired after two weeks for incompetency.

"As jobs go, it wasn't so hot," Dorothy said, "but at least I didn't have to play pat-a-cake with a chimpanzee or ride to work in a houdah! Life was normal, if on the dull side."

Was she implying, I asked, that life in Hollywood *wasn't* normal?

"I'm not implying it, I'm stating it," she said firmly. "Lordy, lordy, the things I do for art! Animals, that's my trouble."

It all started that day back in the summer of 1936 when Paramount signed her to a picture contract and gave her the lead in a little number called *Jungle Princess*. Immediately she began dreaming of beautiful clothes, people waiting on her, dressing rooms, big money, and wearing magnificent jewels on lavish night club sets and such.

"And what happens?" she asked. "The first thing they do is plaster dirt all over my face, pull my hair all over my eyes, and give me a yard of cloth for my costume! There's glamour for you! For three solid weeks I did nothing but wade through a muddy stream, getting my hair caught in branches, scratching myself all over on bushes, and fighting a million spiders, flies, ants and every other kind of insect in the whole entomological kingdom."

Worse than all that, however, was the tiger.

When it comes to animals, Dorothy likes cats, dogs and horses period. Not even cows or chickens arouse any instinct in her to be kind to the dumb beasts of the field. Hence it came as something of a shock to discover that many of her intimate scenes were to be played with a full grown Bengal tiger. According to the script, the tiger was her jungle protector, and like Mary's little lamb, everywhere that Dottie went, the giant cat was sure to go. It scared her half out of her wits.

In retrospect, however, Dorothy is grateful, for it was that scrap of rag (later to become her sarong trademark), the novelty of the girl and the tiger, and a song "Moonlight and Shadows," which started her on the road to stardom.

The year 1937 was comparatively calm. All Dorothy had to endure for her art was three weary months on location for *High, Wide and Handsome*, in which she played a circus girl and bounced around on an elephant; and *Hurricane* in which she took a daily beating by wind and water for another three months.

"Let me rise to state that until you have been sideswiped by an elephant's trunk and knocked six ways to Sunday, you have missed one of life's better moments," she observed. "It does something to you. In my case it made me allergic to elephants."

Next came *Her Jungle Love* in 1938 and Jiggs. Jiggs was an ape, a playful (?) fellow who developed one aim in life: to chase Dorothy all over the set and claw at her face and clothing in affectionate (?) love-taps. Dorothy developed a counter aim: to bust Jiggs one on the nose. She never achieved it, she said, because she never stopped running long enough to get in range.

Jungle Love also boasted a baby alligator in the cast, but since he was in the middle of his annual hibernating period and hence sleepy, Dorothy and he got along fairly well. After the picture a bright chap dreamed up the idea of Dorothy taking the alligator to New York with her as a pet. Amiably, Dorothy agreed. By the time they reached Chicago the annual slumber period apparently had expired, for Dorothy returned to her seat to find her reptilian pal had chewed his way out of the cardboard box in which he had been sleeping and had disappeared. Pandemonium reigned while perspiring porters frantically searched in corners and hastily tore up berths. The miscreant finally was located in the bed of a traveling salesman who, fortunately, was in the club car telling stories.

"I was very popular on the train after that," Dorothy recalled. "Very popular. And of course my heart was overflowing with love for the slimy little beast who snapped every time I went within six feet of him. Needless to say, I did not lead him [*Continued on page* 37]

The life of a jungle queen is not all waving palms and lush fruits, avers Dorothy Lamour. It also entails playful creatures like *Jiggs*, who wasn't so courtly as in top photo. The tiger cub liked raw meat, which kept Dotty on edge. She learned about baby alligators in *Jungle Love*, and *Typhoon* gave her a daily rain and wind beating. Dorothy receives more rough treatment in *Aloma of the South Seas*

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The face of Jinx Falkenburg is designated as typifying the American girl. The funny part is that Jinx was born in Barcelona, Spain. That is but a lone incident in the Falkenburg Fable. Jinx's in *Two Latins From Manhattan*

The Falkenburg Fable

By JOHN FRANCHEY

■ Next to that of President Roosevelt, the most photographed face in the Western hemisphere is that of a five-foot-seven Valkyrie named Jinx Falkenburg.

It has beamed up from something like eighty magazine covers (total circulation 105,000,000), smiled down upon heaven-knows-how-many motorists from countless billboards proclaiming the wonders of a certain beer, and has leaped up at unsuspecting readers in 195 magazine advertisements imploring them to try face lotions, cigarettes, bras, and even a steamship line that plies between San Francisco and Honolulu.

In fact, so much is the Falkenburg face (and figure) with us that at this very moment a grave young man with horn-rimmed glasses is writing a learned dissertation on the subject, "The Falkenburg Fixation: A National Affliction." Some big university will probably award him, for his pains, the degree of Doctor of Philosophy and a $4,000-a-year job, to boot.

Jinx Falkenburg thinks the grave young man is positively super to be writing about her. As for this "Falkenburg Fixation"—she thinks it's wonderful.

For one thing, it prompted Al Jolson to fetch her cross-continent and put her on display in his musical, *Hold on to Your Hats.* For another, it prompted Columbia pictures to fetch her back cross-continent at a starting price which is super-duper. And tickled pink to do it, too.

If you are about to decide that Columbia sets great store by Jinx and is delighted to have outbid Twentieth Century-Fox for her services, you are doing fine. They have given her a co-starring part in *Two Latins From Manhattan* just to occupy her time while they whip up some suitable epic. Meanwhile, they are plotting a "terrific build-up," whatever that could mean to a girl in Jinx's shoes.

The funny part about it all is that Jinx is a Hollywood girl and was living out on Cahuenga Boulevard, a few blocks from Columbia, when Jolson summoned her to New York. Funnier still is that the now-glamorous Jinx is the same Jinx whose asking price when she was loitering in Hollywood and playing an occasional innocuous lead in such western whoopdedoo as the *Lone Ranger* serial was $100 a week and no takers. In fact, Jinx had written her picture career off the books when Jolson bid her fly East and show herself off before his boisterous clientele.

Things like this have been happening to Jinx ever since she was born. In fact, she came within an ace of being born in an elevator in Barcelona, Spain. There was a very hoity-toity princess in that elevator. She shrieked for help when Nature began asserting itself.

What was Jinx doing being born in Barcelona, on or off an elevator?

To tell you the truth, gentle readers, that is a pretty long story. The fact is, however, that Jinx's father, a tall, raw-boned somebody who talks with a drawl, is an engineering genius. The long voyage on which Eugene Falkenburg has taken his brood in the pursuit of his career is a Cecil B. DeMille project. At the moment in question, Falkenburg pere was in Spain damming up a couple of rivers in the Pyrenees to provide electricity so that Barcelona would have street cars and Valencia would have electric lights. It was a valiant piece of work, even if General Franco and a dozen bombers managed to undo it overnight a decade later.

Naturally, under such a set-up, Jinx acquired her education on the installment plan. Mostly, it had a Spanish accent, figuratively speaking. If Papa Falkenburg wasn't electrifying a railroad in Brazil, he was rigging up a broadcasting station in Chile. This accounts for the fact that Bob Falkenburg was born on a boat bound for Rio de Janeiro and Tom, the Falkenburg youngest, hit the deck in Santiago, Chile. During a revolution, no less.

The year 1934 was a killer. The family went broke during a change of administration in a South American republic. Eugene Falkenburg, faced suddenly with the problem of bringing up a growing daughter, hot-footed it for the United States, settled on Los Angeles as a *locus operandi* because it was handy and went on with his engineering.

From the very first moment she arrived in town, Jinx had all the earmarks of a winner. She was tall, glowing, filled with animal spirits, and graceful. But more like a colt than a gazelle. Well, anyhow, she was prancing along the greensward of the Westside Tennis Club when she was flagged down by a baldish gentleman with a slight, but charming, accent.

"Have you ever been in pictures?" he wanted to know.

"Never," said Jinx to the ribber. "Have you?"

"I'll ignore and overlook that remark," the gentleman said. "In the meantime, would you like to be in pictures?"

"Would you?" Miss Falkenburg came back.

At this point, the gentleman, a little peeved, pulled out a card. On it was written: Samuel Goldwyn.

Impulsive Sam got her name on the line the very next day, but, on the day after that, it occurred to Sam that he didn't have the vaguest idea concerning an assignment for his spectacular find. Instead of worrying himself over it he

notified the cashier's office to pay his delicious discovery $75.00 a week and promptly hied himself to Europe to forget.

She didn't do a thing for Sam except to be photographed on occasions with some South American pilgrim. When it came option time, she was once more a free agent.

But not for long. The brothers Orsatti put her under personal contract. Also at $75.00 a week. She earned her keep by playing tennis with the boys. She never turned her hand at work.

It looked like Jinx was born only to collect salary checks and to get a little algebra and civics on the side from studio tutors when a Western outfit signed her up and actually made her come across. The opus can be seen in houses that charge tariff ranging from five to ten cents to this very good day. It was a mournful piece called *Song of the Buckaroo,* with the dazzling Jinx looking pretty tame and domestic.

To be quite candid, her career as a public person might have come to a dead-end stop if it were not for the fact that a day or two before she checked out of Metro, a photographer named Paul Hesse spotted her in the studio commissary and asked if she'd like to pose for him. He had in mind a color shot that he was submitting to the *American Magazine* and if she turned out to be "the type . . . "

"Why not?" said Jinx.

The kodachrome shot of Jinx swinging at a tennis ball wowed the magazine people. They wired Mr. Hesse that his subject was "fresh, vital, and stunning." Mr. Hesse took the cue, arranged for Jinx to do some more sittings, and made the proverbial hay. At the end of six months, the rejected Jinx Falkenburg was the most popular model on the coast. Her fee was jacked up from $5.00 an hour to $10.00 an hour. Just about this time, Al Jolson wired and told her to come on.

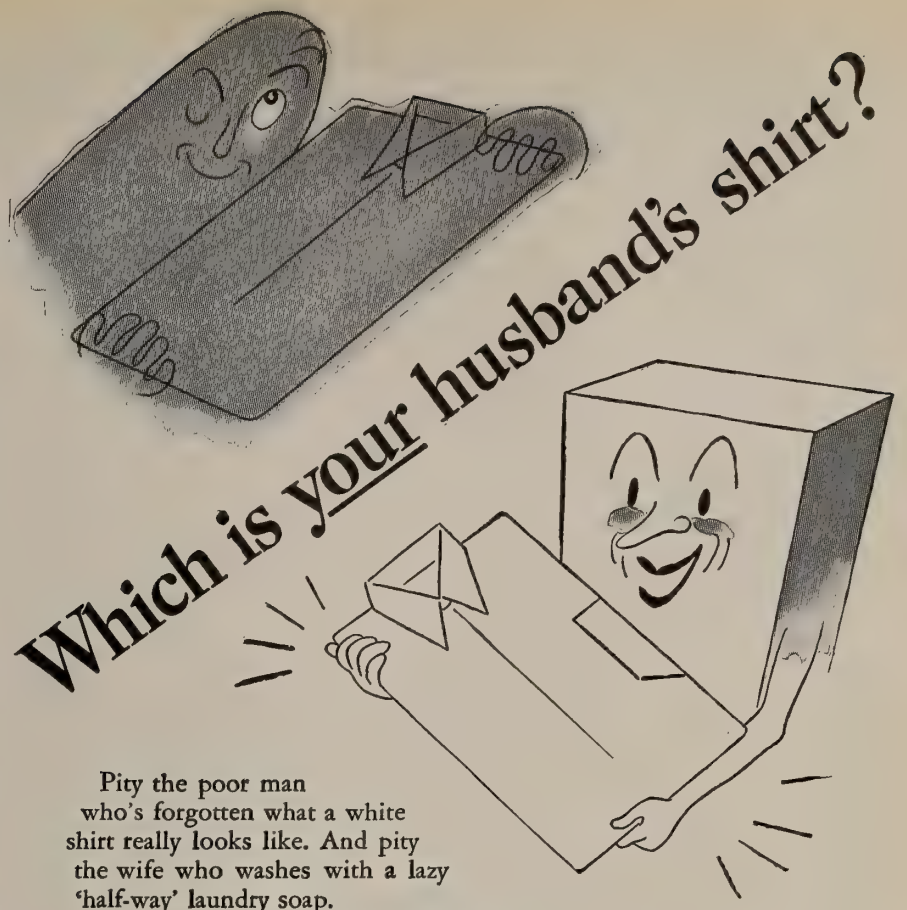
She took New York like Ginger Rogers took the Academy Award. Her part in the Jolson show was almost nil: she would stand around looking her startling self and be ribbed by Jolson at $85.00 a week.

The Jolson salary check was mere coffee money. By the time Jinx had been less than 72 hours out of California, she had made a hook-up with a model agency for afternoon employment. Jinx now hoisted her price to $15.00 an hour and got it. Plus all the work she could possibly take care of. The crowning moment of her career as a part-time model was when a beer company offered her $2,000 to endorse its product. Jinx said, "I'd love it," signed the proper papers, and set in motion that terrific billboard campaign.

She was endorsing everything from expensive cosmetics to silverware when Jolson's show folded up like a tent and she was free to spend all her conscious moments posing and endorsing, a supremely dull life, as you can see for yourself.

All of a sudden, the telegrams began coming. David Selznick wanted her. Twentieth Century-Fox wouldn't take "No" for an answer. Columbia Pictures was screaming, "Jinx, you're for us!"

And you know who got her. ■



Which is your husband's shirt?

Pity the poor man who's forgotten what a white shirt really looks like. And pity the wife who washes with a lazy 'half-way' laundry soap.

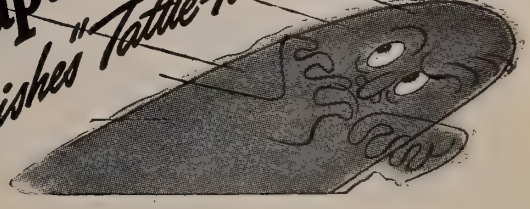
What a difference Fels-Naptha's *two* thorough cleaners make in homes like this! No grease or grime can be ground in too deep for gentle naptha and *golden* soap to reach and loosen. No garments need be ruined by rubbing when this 'team' is there to whisk the dirt away.

If you've been struggling through wash-day with weak, 'half-way' soap, it's high time you changed to *golden* Fels-Naptha. Then you'll see clothes completely clean and sweet. Shirts and linens gloriously white. No more aching arms and back . . . . . and, if you use husky Fels-Naptha Chips, no sneezing—*positively!*

—Next washday
do your wash
the Fels-Naptha way.



Golden bar or Golden chips—
Fels-Naptha
—Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"





Lana Turner has the best role of her cinematic career to date in M-G-M's remake of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, one of the most thrilling and suspenseful stories in English literature. Lana portrays *Lady Beatrix Emery*, sweetheart of *Dr. Jekyll*, a spirited girl defiant because convention forces a long engagement before she can wed her lover. Spencer Tracy has title role

Hazards of a Jungle Queen

[*Continued from page* 32]

down Broadway on a leash. I led him to the nearest studio publicity man and told him where they both could go."

The following year brought *Tropic Holiday,* in which Dorothy was kicked by a mule, and *Spawn of the North,* in which her fellow actors were George Raft and a trained seal which followed her around, slapped her with his flippers, poked his wiry whiskers in her face (the seal, not Raft), and gave her the heebie-jeebies by sneaking up and barking in her ear. All in good, clean fun of course!

"Next in this saga of a Glamour Girl in the Movies came *Typhoon* in which my bodyguard and chum was a chimpanzee," Dorothy continued. "He showed the usual spirit by biting my hand half off. After that came *Moon Over Burma* in which I was sea-sick for three straight days from riding on an elephant. And what an elephant! He was skittery as a cat on a tin roof because, a few days earlier, he'd been trapped in a fire on the animal farm and barely dragged to safety. Then, to wind up the year, came *Chad Hanna,* a bang-up circus yarn with the usual assortment of birds and beasts for background color."

Currently Dorothy is in *Aloma of the South Seas* and when she first read the script, she said, she thought the jinx was over. Nary an animal was mentioned, and Dorothy ran up a flag in celebration. Then, doggone if the scenarist didn't whip up the little idea of having Dorothy carry a white cockatoo, falcon-wise, on her wrist. That was ducky, and so were the scenes where the cockatoo pecks her lips in a loving caress. The casualty score to date reads: Cockatoo, none; Lamour, two bites on the cheek and three hand scratches.

"Mind, you," Dorothy said sweetly, "I'm not complaining. Dear me, no! I'm just pointing out to whomever it may concern that all is not glamour that glitters, and be it ever so humble, there's no spot so healthy as a typist's job in a real estate office. I ought to know!"

P. S. Dorothy just telephoned an addenda to her horror story. In *Road to Zanzibar,* she said, she worked with a couple of baboons who made life very miserable on that long trek through the jungle. Their names were Hope and Crosby. ■

To enliven your spare moments, we've contrived a new crossword puzzle for you. Yes, it's different. Even a little crazy, perhaps. But you can't deny that it is tricky. Maybe it's a little too tricky for some of the more lackadaisical souls, but certainly not for HOLLYWOOD'S go-getter readers who receive challenges of this sort with an unmistakable gleam in their eyes. Go to it, kids!



"A DARK SUSPICION HAS JUST CROSSED MY MIND!"

"WONDER IF GRANDMA could have forgotten the rub-down after my bath this morning!!!

"I'll admit I was still too worked up about the soap in my eye to worry about powder at the time . . .

"By Jupiter, though, come to think of it—I *didn't* get a rubdown! It was right out of the tub and on with my shirt! Not a particle of that delicious Johnson's Baby Powder did I have! Not even so much as a hasty dusting!

"I remember now—I thought 'This dressing business is going mighty fast'. . . *Fast*—I'll say it was!

"The idea of Grandma thrusting me into a romper without even one little sprinkle of Johnson's! I'd just like to tell her how smooth and slick and comfortable I *haven't* been feeling all day!

"Believe me—this is the last time I go visiting without a can of downy-soft, soothing Johnson's clutched in my fist. A baby can't be too careful!"



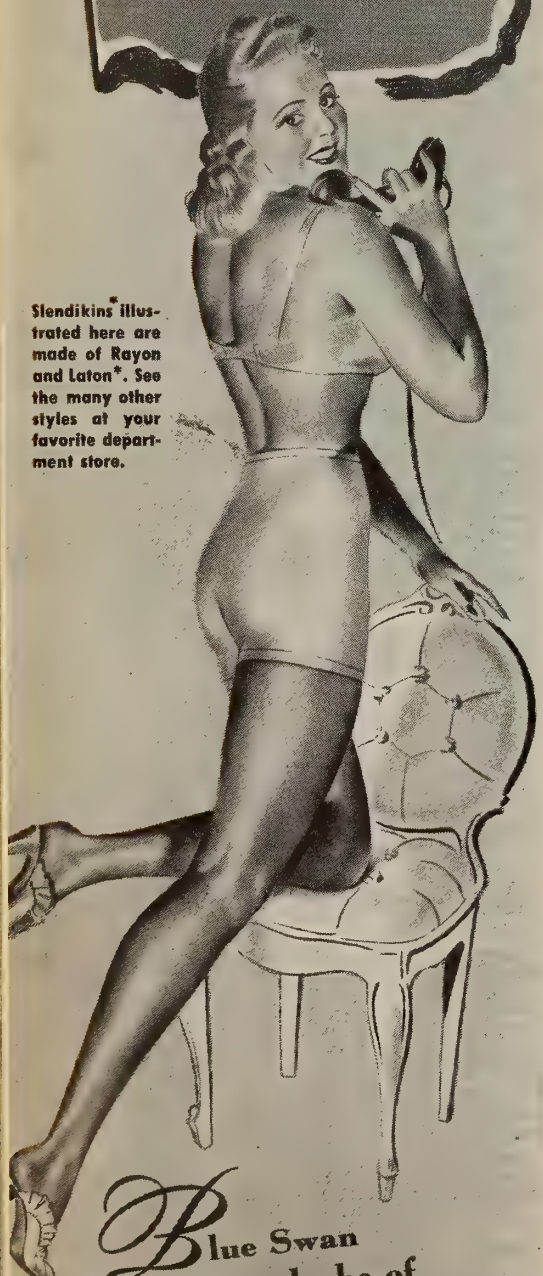
"**No doubt about it**—Johnson's Baby Powder is the loveliest stuff that ever soothed a baby's prickles! Fine for chafes, too. And really very inexpensive."

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

COMPLETELY CORRECT...

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FOR EVERY OCCASION



Slendikins illustrated here are made of Rayon and Laton. See the many other styles at your favorite department store.

Blue Swan brings you a wardrobe of lovely undikins . . . clever pantie-sisters . . . each designed to flatter your figure, keep you comfy. You'll want all seven to be completely correct.

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Blue Swan
EMPIRE STATE BUILDING • NEW YORK

Oaf on the Upbeat



Comer Jack Carson is Hollywood's latest picture stealer. The mammoth-sized comedian makes even the smallest role a standout. This time his technique is pitched against the unbeatable antics of the experienced Jack Oakie in Warners' *Navy Blues*

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

■ If it hadn't been for a leopard skin, Jack Carson very probably would be pestering the good citizenry of his native Milwaukee to buy insurance policies. The insurance world lost what unquestionably would have been one of its fastest-talking and most persuasive salesmen when young Mister Carson, weight two hundred and twelve and of mighty build, buttoned up his tawny but abbreviated Hercules costume one Spring evening and straightway made Greek-play history at Carleton College, Minnesota.

"You couldn't see the rest of the cast, for me," Carson explains, solemnly . . . "but then, you couldn't see me for the leopard skin. I was the most fearsomely beautiful object ever to strut before the startled eyes of assembled faculty, student body and guests. It was then I got ideas," he added, inelegantly but meaningly.

Mr. Jack Carson is the young man of towering dimensions who's been stealing pictures right and left ever since he appeared with Ginger Rogers and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in *Having Wonderful Time*. You remember him . . . he was Ginger's know-it-all fiance come up to see her from the city, and when Mr. Fairbanks made his frequent entrances it didn't matter much; all you could see was the oafish young man.

The man definitely is an oaf . . . on the screen, of course. That's the quality which makes his impersonations in such films as *Lucky Partners, Strawberry Blonde, Love Crazy, The Bride Came C. O. D.*, and others, the eternal joy they are, and why every studio in the business is now bidding for his services. Warners is the lucky outfit to have him currently under contract, and they're really going to town with him.

But getting back to his fateful parading in that leopard skin . . .

"I had been brought up in the expectation I would follow my father in the insurance business," he told me, as we munched shrimp salad with non-fattening dressing—yeah, he's trying to lose weight —"but that Greek play got in my blood. After one more play, the following season —this time, I actually spoke—I decided to turn actor, chuck insurance for the footlights."

It wasn't so difficult. Nothing seems to be, for the Carson aplomb. Jack and a college friend wrote a vaudeville skit. After graduation they went down to Chicago to see the Orpheum people and tried out the act in an Englewood theater.

"And they liked it," Jack reported. "Told us to rehearse for four weeks, then sent us out on Junior Orpheum time. The only thing wrong, vaudeville was on the way out, and so were we, after a few months."

Even so, Jack continued on various vaudeville circuits—in conjunction with pictures—for five years, finally ending up as Master of Ceremonies at the Tower Theater, in Kansas City.

"Went there for two weeks, and stayed two years," he said. "It was swell . . . all I had to do was emcee the stage show, acknowledge the plaudits of the girls —Lord only knows why they liked me, maybe it's my ham—and drink beer. I got fat as a mule.

"The manager of the theater was responsible for my going to Hollywood.

'Jack,' he used to tell me, 'you'd be a wow in pictures.' So, finally, he got me a test at 20th Century-Fox—the theater was a Fox house—and I headed west."

He grinned. "They took one look at me when I landed, and one cameraman said, 'Gosh, we'll need two cameras for this test.' By that time, I weighed about two hundred and sixty, stripped, broad of beam. Well, of course, I didn't get any contract, or even an offer of a part, but I got mad when they told me I had negative appeal, and decided to stay and show 'em. Negative appeal! I haven't found out yet what it means."

After nearly starving, he spoke four lines in *You Only Live Once,* with Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sidney. Then, George Stevens, the director and an old friend, hailed him over to R-K-O for a waiter's bit in *Vivacious Lady.* That started the ball rolling, it seems, for R-K-O placed him under contract, cast him in one picture after another in rapid succession. After a time, he distinguished himself in *Having Wonderful Time,* and a new and mighty dangerous scene-stealer was born.

"But I'm not a funny guy, really," Carson insists. "What makes me funny is situations, and by making others in the scene funny I draw attention to myself."

Well, that's one way of explaining it, but it isn't altogether accurate. He can be as amusing in his own right as anybody on the screen. When you catch him with such comics as Jack Oakie and Jack Haley in *Navy Blues,* you'll have a chance to see how he stacks up to other funsters.

He's the kind of a chap who sticks to anything he attempts. The day we chatted, he was sporting a badly-crushed finger. That injury which nearly resulted in losing a digit didn't halt his passion for carpentering, however . . . he continued working on the roof of his playhouse, as soon as he was able.

That same perseverance is incorporated in his acting. He's always in there pitching. "I think it's up to an actor to work as hard as he can, give a role everything he's got," he says.

Such earnestness is bound to push an actor upward, and a young singer named Kay St. Germaine who appears every Sunday evening on his Signal Carnival air program—sure, you might know he'd have a radio show of his own, too—admired that spirit so much she said "yes" when Jack popped the question. That was last year . . . come September and Jack expects to be a proud papa, "boy or girl, what do I care, just so long as it's ours."

Unlike the majority of actors from the stage, Jack has no particular hankering to look over the footlights again.

"I used to think I'd like to go back to the stage," he says, but after going into radio I decided that the few hundred people in the broadcasting studio every week satisfied my yen for an audience.

"Besides, if I were on the stage again, I couldn't play golf . . . and I'd rather play golf than look at any footlight."

Which should make us thankful for radio and golf. Meanwhile, Jack goes right on stealing pictures, with the future looking pretty grim for anybody who has to buck him in a picture. We'd hate to, the darn oaf! ■

Young America Loves Lollipop and Butterscotch





Cutex Oily Polish Remover contains no acetone. New bottle 50% larger.

• ***Dancing by moonlight,*** *"reviewing the troops" by day—you'll see the gayest feminine fingertips everywhere in Cutex raspberry Lollipop and honey-mellow Butterscotch!*

Cutex, of course, goes on like a breeze—dries hard as crystal. Wears amazingly long, resists chipping and peeling day after day! Every Cutex skin-and-costume-flattering shade is *porous*—lets the moisture through! And every Cutex Polish brush is made of even bristles securely set—made in U.S.A. Cutex is Young-American—All-American! Only 10¢ in the United States.

Northam Warren, New York

Tops for Fingertip Flair and Wear

Fall Pick-Up

By ANN VERNON

Your beauty editor coaxed luscious Eva Gabor, Paramount pretty now appearing in *Forced Landing*, to pose for these pictures showing five easy steps toward reclaiming complexions after summer. At right she's applying a tinted paste to conceal sallow tan and freckles, keeps make-up firm, fresh looking for hours



Below, Eva demonstrates her favorite beauty rite, scrubbing with mild facial soap and complexion brush. Do this twice a day to help remove layers of dead skin dulling your complexion. Work lather into nose and chin crevices, rinse well









For a facial-at-home apply fluffy cream mask (above). Its action stimulates the skin, helps to smooth and refine it. Carry down over throat to banish sallowness and roughness. Take a cat nap while mask is drying

Nails also suffer from too much sun and seashore. Eva repairs cuticle damage by using amber liquid that removes excess skin. There's a twin liquid, pink in color, that gradually reconditions brittle, splitting nails

The final step in your back-to-beauty campaign is the lavish use of a softening, whitening hand lotion. But don't confine it to your hands. After your daily bath, smooth it all over your body, concentrating on areas where indiscreet sun-bathing has left the skin rough in texture, dingy in color. It will keep your legs from shining through sheer hose, and ward off chapping in winter months ahead.

Write to Ann Vernon before September 15th, if you wish to know the trade names of the beauty aids pictured on this page. She will be glad to send you complete information on where to buy these inexpensive cosmetics and how to use them. Address Ann Vernon, Beauty Editor, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City. This service is free but please enclose a stamped (U. S. postage), addressed envelope for your reply. Ask for her advice on all beauty problems.



YOUR SLIP STAYS SMOOTH AND STAYS PUT

with benefit of "Lastex" yarn back technique



Looking as though you had been poured into your slip is a good way to start dressing for an occasion. You'll find new peace of mind and poise of body in Vanity Fair's Radia Slip. It comes in sleek rayon jersey with double fabric bandeau top and stretchable straps. The rayon satin back section, woven with "Lastex" yarn, stretches from side to side to fit the slip snugly to your torso and to compensate for any posture or motion you can think up. This naturally puts an end to climbing, bunching, sagging, wrinkling and all the ills a slip is usually heir to. Illustrated front and back is Style No. 3-8-11, in black or cameo, sizes 32 to 42. At leading stores or write to Vanity Fair Silk Mills, Reading Pa., for full information and name of nearby store.



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* REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
VANITY FAIR SILK MILLS
READING, PA.

Hollywood's Good Will Ambassador

[*Continued from page 22*]

long obsession in the line of voyages—a trip to Hawaii.

He arrived to the shrieking of whistles of the liners in the harbor, the friendly toot-toot of the tug boats, and the annoyed grumbling of foghorns. Platoons of island belles smothered him with flowers, civic leaders surrounded him with leis, and a dozen bands blared out "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

What followed was, in Mickey's way of putting it, "sensational."

He opened the Congress of Hawaii. He was given a royal welcome by the territory's lawmakers. And to cap it off, he went in state to the palace of the governor.

The Governor was in his office, working, when Mickey arrived. He was busy with unexpected business. He gave Mickey the all-clear signal and pushed aside his work.

"I sure picked a terrible day to be dropping in on you, Governor," Mickey said.

They chatted for a while. After that the Governor made Mickey promise to come back for a "real visit." Then he autographed a photograph for the illustrious pilgrim.

His trip to Canada last year won him the everlasting gratitude of Canadian officialdom. With Canada in the war and the fabulous tourist trade in danger of being wiped out due to the skittishness of timid souls to do any traveling in a country at war, the men in charge of this multi-million-dollar industry bestirred themselves with discovering a sedative, a tension-reducer. Someone thought of Mickey Rooney and the proper overtures were made.

L. B. Mayer, ever a friend of worthy projects, gave his immediate okay. Mickey listened to the invitation and yelled. "Hooray! I hear the fishing out that way is sensational." So to Canada he went and had himself a wonderful time catching fish and eating buffalo steaks.

The trip had an interesting aftermath.

Not long afterward, while Mickey was en route to Lake Huron in connection with the premiere of *Young Tom Edison*, none other than Premier Hepburn of Canada boarded the train, sought out Mick. The two had a lively conversation. Mickey even let the Premier in on one of his latest jokes that ribbed the Nazis. They parted good friends.

Don't get the impression—please—that Ambassador-at-Large Rooney is strictly for foreign consumption. Mickey can (and does) romp with the big boys right here in the Land of the Free.

Take the time, for instance, when he was invited to the Inaugural Ball. The to-do was in honor of the President of the United States. Well, you should have seen Mickey gliding in and out among the Southern cavaliers, the young blades from Princeton, and the dashing career men of the State Department. He danced strictly non-jitterbug steps, bowed to the right ladies, and made small talk with the best of them. Mostly, though, he entertained. How? Merely by being Mickey, which is saying enough. By the time he was ready to make his departure, the Ambassador was ready to turn the place over to him.

The climax of the Inaugural, of course, was when he and the President got together for a few laughs. It wasn't just one of those "How do you do, Mickey?" with the President his usual affable self. They got together for quite a spell.

It goes back to the time when Mickey was invited to hear President Roosevelt make a fireside chat from the White House. The face of Mickey Rooney as he heard the words of a man bigger even than Louis B. Mayer, was a face you have never seen on actor Rooney. He was moved. Terribly.

After the chat, young Rooney was presented to the president.

"Mickey," said our President, "one of these days you and I will have to sit down and have a nice long talk."

As Mickey walked away, he was brushthe upper region of his nose with a handkerchief.

"If only Mom could see me now," he said to the studio executive who had accompanied him.

The chat at the Inaugural was that "nice long talk."

The President, without a doubt, is Mickey's top-ranking idol. There are four more, judging by the fact that only five autograped photographs hang down from the walls of Mickey's den. The other four

Vacation Days Are Here Again!...



Summer Days are Precious and Fleeting . . . So make the most of them! With Fibs (the Kotex tampon) you can wear a bathing suit or shorts every blissful, summer day . . . regardless of the calendar! Worn *internally*, Fibs can't show. And they mean no belt—no pins—no chafing—no disposal problem. No packing problem either! For a whole dozen Fibs take up less space in a purse than *one* sanitary napkin!



A Dozen Fibs Cost Only 20¢! (You get not 8—not 10—BUT *12.*) And Fibs are *quilted* for greater comfort and safety . . . easy to insert without artificial means. (When you buy Fibs, you pay for no mechanical gadget to aid insertion . . . for none is needed!) Get a package of Fibs *today!* They're so convenient for motor trips . . . week-end visits . . . days at the beach. Inexpensive, too! And they'll bring you chafe-free comfort these hot, summer days.

FIBS*—the Kotex* Tampon

Not 8—Not 10—but
12 FOR 20¢



* Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

are: L. B. Mayer, J. Edgar Hoover, Cordell Hull and Edsel Ford.

L. B. Mayer he admires above all mortal men (The President, of course, is special). Mr. Mayer is more than Mickey's boss. He is Mickey's Good Genii, the man who made him into the world's number one solo attraction. It's more than gratitude. There's a wonderful cameraderie between them, too.

Fascinated by the workings of the Federal Bureau of Investigation headed by J. Edgar Hoover, Mickey once approached the gentleman who runs the show with a question:

"Mr. Hoover," he inquired, "could you use an underslung G-man?"

That was in 1939 and since that time Mr. Hoover and Mick have become chums. Furthermore, the boss of the G-men has come to have a high regard for Hollywood and its importance as a crime-fighting medium.

In Edsel Ford, Mickey has taken "Big Business" into camp. They met as a result of that same junket that resulted in Mickey's meeting with Premier Hepburn. They hit it off right from the beginning. Ford was impressed with the naturalness of Rooney, the never-ending vitality, his instinct for showmanship.

Cordell Hull, he has known for a year or two. Mickey thinks the Secretary of State has the greatest sense of humor of any statesman in the world. Mr. Hull, in turn, thinks that Mickey is what the country needs more of. He thinks he used to be a little like Mickey himself, way back there in Tennessee.

So, as we were saying, if the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences ever gets around to picking the screen's Ambassador-at-Large, it will be Mickey Rooney and no two ways about it.

The sad thing is that they didn't have a Mickey Rooney to turn loose in Europe before the coming of the Swastika. ■



When Hollywood gives a costume party, the stars go all-out in the matter of regalia. The West Side Tennis Club shindig brought forth Anita Louise in fetching Gibson Girl outfit, while husband Buddy Adler came dressed as a sea-going gob

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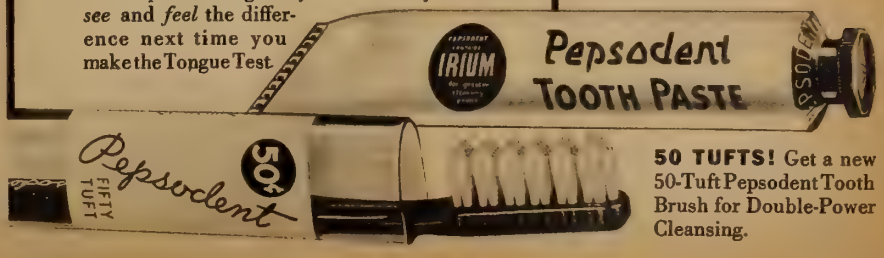
2...IT'S A WARNING... You need the film-fighting powers of Pepsodent with Irium. Because filmy coating on your teeth is a sign your present tooth paste may be letting you down.

3...DON'T WAIT . . . Correct this beauty-blemish now...with Pepsodent. No other tooth paste contains this wonder-working combination: (1) Irium, super-cleansing agent loosens sticky coating, flushes it away...*and* (2) The patented, high-polishing agent buffs teeth shiny-smooth so coating slides off...before it can collect and stain.

Switch to Pepsodent with Irium. Use it regularly and you'll know the joy of sparkling, beautiful teeth. Get a tube today!

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Movie Star

159 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK



Young Arthur Kennedy blasts all the traditions of his native New England. He's big and tough and talks with an East Side accent. Arthur is appearing in Warners' *Bad Men of Missouri*

Contrary Kennedy

By GENE SCHROTT

■ New England is supposed to be a staid and conventional place where nothing much happens. But ever so often it comes through with a startling surprise. One year it produces a Katharine Hepburn, the next a Ruth Hussey or a Stirling Hayden. This time, it's Arthur Kennedy. And what a surprise he is!

In one minute flat, he blasted all those New England traditions into a cocked hat. In less time than that, he lets you know that all New Englanders aren't snooty—that Boston isn't necessarily the center of the universe—and that English can even be spoken without a Harvard accent.

Not that Kennedy comes out and makes these contradictions in so many words. He doesn't have to. *He, himself, is those contradictions!*

You'd expect a guy like him who's been born in Massachusetts to be one of those touch-me-not gentlemen. You'd expect someone like him whose father is a physician to be conscious of his heritage. And you'd think that because he started his acting career with a concentration on Shakespeare that he thinks only of his art. But you're all wrong!

Despite his New England background, he talks like an East Side tough guy. There's nothing soft or squeamish about him. He is big, blond, hard and tough as nails. And if you expect to hear a Harvard accent slip into his speech, you'll have a long wait. If you think he's going to start a long-winded spiel on art, you've got another guess coming. He'd rather do gangster roles than Romeos. He prefers the wild wasteland to the drawing room. He'd rather be a bad man than a lover.

And this is the guy who gave such a powerful performance as the aesthetic, sensitive pianist in *City for Conquest*. This is the same lad who, without ever having taken a screen test, was whizzed from New York City to Hollywood and out to the Warner Studios because Jimmy Cagney had heard through George M. Cohan that he'd be terrific in pictures.

"I'm satisfied," he told me, "just as long as they don't stick me into romantic parts where I have to stand around looking silly and make love. I'd rather be a gangster, a thug, a prize-fighter—anything, anything but a lover. I'll leave that stuff to guys like George Brent or Errol Flynn or Charles Boyer."

Again the contradiction cropped up. For as soon as *City for Conquest* was released, fan letters by the thousands came pouring in for Arthur Kennedy. Everyone wanted to know more about "that exciting young man." The women unanimously declared he was refreshingly romantic. They wanted to see more of him. They wanted a sample of his love-making on the screen.

They were intrigued by his strong, lean face; by the deep blue eyes and the earnestness of his glance. They were positive they had discovered something new in the way of lovers.

"Up until the time I entered Carnegie Tech," Kennedy confessed, "I just led the average life of any youngster. Nothing exciting. Nothing outstanding. But when it came to entering college, I decided against it. You see, I was very poor in math and science. I knew it was impossible to go through college without them. But then a friend of mine let me in on a secret. He told me I could go to Carnegie Tech and even get a degree without ever seeing the inside of a science or math classroom. That was okay. But to do it, I had to enroll for a B. A. in drama."

And that's what started young Kennedy on his dramatic career. He studied for it. And from campus he went directly to the stage. Here again he proved himself a contradiction. Where most actors end their careers by playing Shakespeare, Kennedy began his that way. His first job was with a repertory company that took him to Cleveland and then to Dallas. Part of the time the company toured in one bus, props and scenery in another. Once they played *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in the rain—the actors all carrying umbrellas—and poor Mr. Shakespeare probably turning over in his grave.

Then they went to the Globe Theater in New York to play for the World's Fair crowds. Seven performances a day with nine on week-ends and holidays was the schedule. It was a rigid ordeal. But Kennedy proved himself capable and from there went into a series of unsuccessful Broadway plays. While playing opposite Ethel Barrymore in *International Incident*, Hollywood beckoned and Kennedy answered the call.

"You know," he confessed a bit shyly, "the first time I was introduced to Ann Sheridan, I just went soft all over. I couldn't believe it. I was only in Hollywood a couple of days when it happened. And was I thrilled. She was the first movie star I ever met!

"It's a coincidence that I'm working at Warners," he went on. "When I was at Worcester Academy, H. M. Warner came there to dedicate a memorial to his son. I was in the play we put on at the time. But I never dreamed that someday I'd be working at his studio."

But Hollywood does many strange things. ■

We apologize . . .

for leading you to believe that the production story on Sonja Henie's new picture, *Sun Valley Serenade*, would appear in this issue of HOLLYWOOD. Due to certain technicalities, we found it necessary to hold it over until the October issue—and promise there will be no further shenanigans.

Easy to Follow



This Arthur Murray Step to Popularity

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Icebox Inventory

By BETTY CROCKER

Bob Stack and Cobina Wright, Jr., are old hands at icebox raiding and appreciate Mrs. Stack's constant icebox inventories. Try tempting the family's waning summer appetite with her excellent snack suggestions



■ Somehow food never tastes so good as when raided from icebox or cupboard. And it's a real feat to keep the larders bountifully supplied with snacks for marauding family and friends.

Knowing that Robert Stack's comfortable home is a popular "stamping ground" for Hollywood's younger set, I was sure that Robert's mother, Mrs. Betzi Stack, would have some interesting pointers to give. After a swimming party or a game of tennis, and evenings after a preview, her kitchen fairly groans with its overflow of youthful guests.

"It's really simple—once you learn how," Mrs. Stack told me. "The thing to remember is that hungry icebox raiders regard the least important snack a gourmet's delight.

"While I always have plenty of cake, cheeses, cracker spreads, olives, pickles and fruit on hand, my instinct usually warns me when Bob feels a refrigerator raiding party coming on. In such cases, he refuses to let me set up a buffet table. 'It takes away all the fun, not being able to snack the box,' Bob says."

Mrs. Stack took an icebox inventory and this is her list for a successful icebox raiding party.

ICEBOX COOKIES

"Icebox cookies, of course, are first on the list," Mrs. Stack said. "We always have a roll of icebox cookie dough ready to slice and put in the oven to bake while the youngsters are getting the other things assembled. They love fresh hot cookies."

CRACKER SPREADS

"Ground white radishes make a marvelous cracker paste, mixed with a little mayonnaise—and the gang seems to love it."

HAMBURGER PATTIES

"Ground round steak patties can be cooked in the morning and left to cool in the refrigerator. They are another very popular repast when served between sliced hamburger rolls."

EGGS AND CHEESE

"Hard-cooked eggs, with a special mayonnaise and mustard sauce for 'dunking,' are a favorite.

"Lettuce and cream cheese rolls are easy to make and a tasty snack. Simply roll a leaf of lettuce around and around a tablespoon of cream cheese and hold tight with a toothpick."

COLD MEATS

"I always try to have one plate of cold sliced meats, but find that corned beef wins over all in popularity—so quite frequently the plate is limited to that favorite."

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES

"Sliced fresh tomatoes on individual round slices of bread are filling and refreshing, and the dwarfed yellow and red tomatoes whole, are a real treat, with salt and pepper sauce on the side.

"Fresh pineapple nibbles, chucked in a whole pineapple shell, with toothpicks on the side for spearing, seem to provide the necessary sweet conclusion to a snack meal."

Mrs. Stack says that *Ginger Icebox Cookies* are always popular. Piping hot from the oven, they are delicious with a glass of cold milk. But one of the nice things about icebox cookies is that there are so many different kinds. So Mrs. Stack never has the same kind of cookies on hand two weeks in succession. Here are two of her favorite cookie recipes.

GINGER REFRIGERATOR COOKIES

1 cup shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
½ cup black molasses
4½ cups sifted all-purpose flour

3 tsp. ginger
1 tsp. soda
1 tsp. salt

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream well. Blend in the well beaten eggs and the molasses. Sift flour, ginger, soda and salt together and stir gradually into the creamed mixture.

Mold into a roll, wrap in waxed paper and place in the refrigerator to chill for several hours. Slice ⅛ inch thick using a sharp knife. The dough may be kept in the refrigerator and used as desired.

Place on ungreased baking sheet. Bake *8 to 12 minutes* (depending on thickness of cookie) in a *moderately hot oven* (400°). This recipe makes about 10 dozen cookies, 2½ inches in diameter.

DATE-FILLED REFRIGERATOR COOKIES

1 cup shortening
2 cups brown sugar
3 eggs
4¼ cups sifted all-purpose flour
1 tsp. cinnamon
½ tsp. soda
¼ tsp. salt

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream well. Blend in well-beaten eggs. Sift flour, cinnamon, soda and salt together and add to the creamed mixture gradually, beating well after each addition. Chill dough.

Divide dough into 2 parts and roll out each part in a rectangular shape ⅓ inch thick. Spread with filling and roll up tightly like a jelly roll. Wrap the rolls in waxed paper and place in refrigerator to chill thoroughly. Slice only ⅛ inch thick and bake (on an ungreased cookie sheet) for *12 to 15 minutes* (depending on the thickness of the cookies). The oven should be at 375°, *quick moderate*. This makes about 5 dozen cookies.

FILLING

20 dates (one 7½-oz. package)
½ cup sugar
½ cup water
1 cup nuts, finely chopped

Cook all the ingredients together to a smooth paste, stirring constantly for about 5 minutes. Cool and spread.

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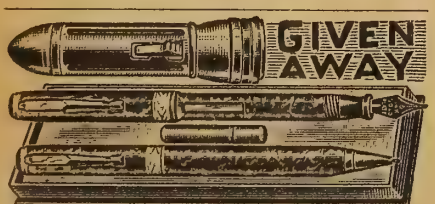
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Love on the Dotted Line

By
JACK HOLLAND



Startling is the viewpoint on marriage held by screen badman George Tobias. Even in radical Hollywood, his plan for love-on-the-dotted-line is a departure in romance. George's current role is a comic one in Warners' *Sergeant York*

■ "Marriage may be okay for some people, but with me—if and when it comes—it has to be handled like a business."

It was George Tobias speaking. You will recall him as the likable bandit, *Rosario*, in *Torrid Zone*. Or as the Greek barber in *Strawberry Blonde*.

It's not surprising that George has such views on marriage, for how he ever takes time out for even a momentary romantic lapse is a mystery to all Hollywood. When he's not bronco-busting at his huge ranch in Calabassas, he's doing some fancy riding on his favorite horse. And when he's not shooting, riding, or fussing around in general with the call of the outdoors, he's giving loud and yet stirring concerts from his collection of 5,000 records, most of them from the pens of Beethoven, Brahms, Haydn, Bach and Mozart. Then, of course, in his free moments, he appears in pictures. To fill in some spare time recently, he worked in four pictures at once at Warners—*Affectionately Yours, The Bride Came C. O. D., Out of the Fog,* and *Sergeant York*.

When I finally caught up with him, he was relaxing at his home in the valley after finishing a long, hard day at the studio.

"Maybe I'm not the type to talk about romance and marriage," he told me. "After all, I've played 200 roles on the stage and screen, and I have yet to kiss a girl. Not that I don't know anything about the gentle art of osculation. I could show your young Romeos a thing or two. But no producer sees anything romantic about me.

"That doesn't stop me from having ideas about marriage, though. I've been in love—plenty of times—so I'm not talking through my hat."

He settled more comfortably in his chair as he got ready to discuss the Tobias Marriage Platform.

"If I ever get the urge to marry, the first thing I'm going to do is draw up a contract," he remarked. "With a lawyer and everything. In other words, before I marry, I'm going to work out a tentative divorce. In that contract, I'll specify exactly what my wife will receive in case of a future separation. Property settlement, personal belongings, money—all will be thoroughly designated in my marriage contract."

"Isn't that a rather unromantic viewpoint to take of marriage?" I asked, being of the old school. "Doesn't that preclude love from the beginning?"

"Not necessarily. Sure it's being cold and practical, and no woman who wasn't equally as practical as I am would accept it. But I look at it this way—it's better for me to be cold before than standing outside freezing without a thing on my back afterwards.

"Why shouldn't I have such a contract?" George asked. "No man knows for certain if he's marrying the right girl. And, believe me, I know what I'm talking about. I've seen several of my friends go giddy with the first flush of love, give their wives everything, and then some silly little thing happens, and pfft—a divorce. And in every instance, the man has been left holding the sack. His possessions are gone, and for the next thousand years he is still paying his wife dough.

"Because I've seen this happen too often, I'm going to be sensible, even if it forces me to bachelordom the rest of my life. I've worked too hard and gone hungry too often to get weak-headed and let some woman take it all away from me now when I'm secure and independent.

"Maybe I feel this way partly because of some experiences I've had in the past. When I was getting my start on the stage in *What Price Glory*, I was hit hard by a

young lady. We went around together quite a lot. Then, when the show closed and I didn't have any work except for working in a stable, she became bored and left me dangling. Sure it hit me. Made me pretty bitter. I've never forgotten it. Probably because it was my first real love. I've fallen since and the cards weren't stacked any better. I've gotten wise now. I'm not caving in with emotion any longer. Experience is the best teacher when it comes to learning about the hidden tricks in love, and experience has taught me that in almost every case the advantages are all with the women."

George lives a masculine version of *Live Alone And Like It.* His interests are his friends, his dogs, his ranch, and his records. He comes and goes as he pleases. He answers to no one but himself. Ever since he became an actor, in spite of the disapproval of his theatrical parents, he has knocked around. He has really tasted life to the full. At fifteen, for example, he enlisted in the army and had to be dragged out by his mother; from then until he was eighteen, he worked on a crew of a railroad section gang, labored twelve hours a day in an iron foundry in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, was a stoker on a freighter, did odd jobs as a stable boy, and was, at all times, a determined kid who was going to act in spite of hell and high water.

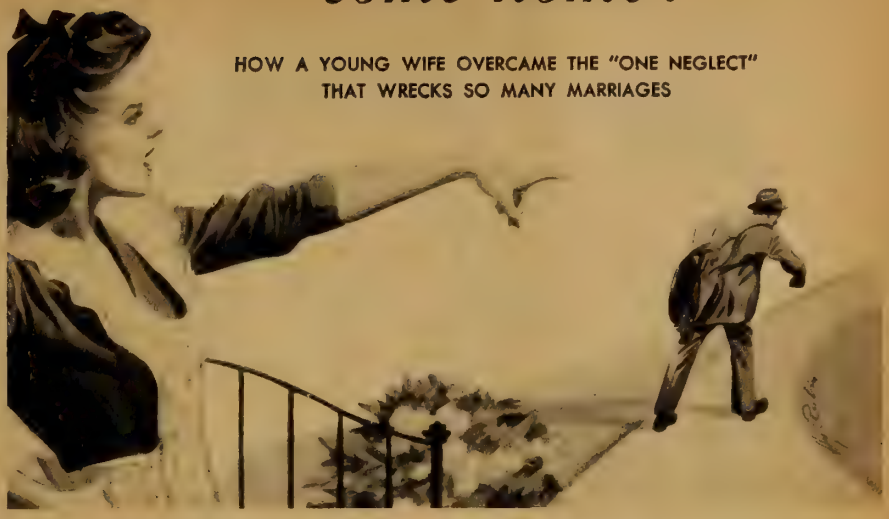
We might add that he's doing a mighty fine job. ■



Carol Bruce makes her movie debut in Universal's adventure film, *This Woman Is Mine*, formerly titled, *I, James Lewis.* Carol is the only girl in the picture, and is wooed and won by John Carroll

"I don't care if you never *come home!"*

HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT WRECKS SO MANY MARRIAGES



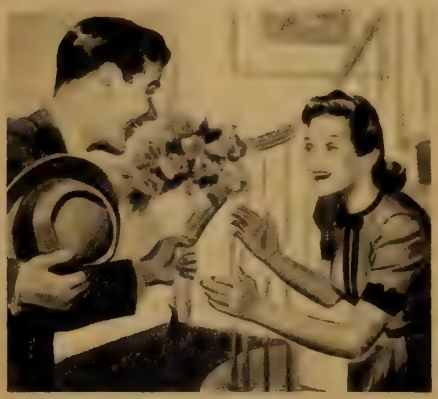
1. I thought my husband was all to blame. He'd been leaving me home alone night after night. Our once-blissful marriage seemed headed for the rocks. I was almost frantic.



2. In despair, I went to see my sister-in-law—Sarah's been so happily married for years. When I told her about our troubles, she said: "*You* may be the guilty one, Sis. Often a husband's love grows cold just because a wife is careless—or ignorant—about feminine hygiene. It's one neglect few husbands can forgive."



3. "My own marriage was once in danger," Sarah said, "until my doctor set me right. He advised 'Lysol' for intimate personal care. He told me it does more than cleanse and deodorize. Being an efficient germicide, 'Lysol' kills millions of germs instantly on contact, and without discomfort to you."



4. I understand now why so many thousands of modern women rely on "Lysol" for feminine hygiene. It's gentle—yet so effective. And costs so little to use. I'll never risk losing my husband again. Yes, he comes home now—and brings me flowers!

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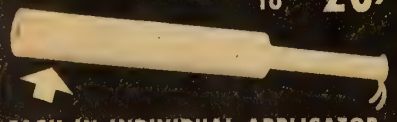
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—by a model

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Acting Her Age

By DICK WARD

■ Martha O'Driscoll, the buxom blond baby who came out of the Dust Bowl to bowl Hollywood in the dust, is trying to shake her reputation as the biggest liar in town.

It's a tough struggle. Now that lying is no longer necessary to the safeguarding of her career she has a whale of a task sorting out the truth from the remarkable mass of mendacities she has memorized.

Fortunately for her own conscience, her career as a liar was confined to one subject only: her age. When she was twelve-going-on-thirteen she crashed an interview for showgirls at M-G-M. She was five feet two, nicely padded with suet and possessed of as much poise as a bill-collector. When she announced calmly that she was sixteen, nobody in authority challenged her.

But a kindly-disposed showgirl, an utter stranger, steered her off to a corner and advised:

"Listen, kid, there are State labor laws in these parts and unless you say you're eighteen you can't get a studio job without wading through a swamp of red tape."

So Martie crossed her fingers, gulped and uttered her first official Hollywood lie.

It won her a toehold in the studios, specifically a week's work at $10 a day. The picture was a better-forgotten mishap titled *Here Comes the Band*, starring Ted Lewis, the clarinet-mangler. An idea of its quality can be had by recalling Mr. Lewis' remark at the preview, *"Here Comes the Band* and there goes Lewis."

Martha, no critic then or now, thought it was strictly wonderful and determined to stick around the studios and collect hundreds more of those daily sawbucks. In this trick she has succeeded admirably, if at the expense of a few hundred falsifications of her age. Through her own private grapevine she managed to find out in advance what was the stipulated age of characters being cast by the big studios. Then she dressed the part, acted the part, told her little fib, and got the job.

Only now, in her sixth season in pictures has her actual age caught up with her professional age. Cecil B. DeMille didn't think she was "too young" for the part of *Ivy Devereaux* in *Reap the Wild Wind*, the Great Man's newest super-whopper about piracy off the Florida coast. So Martie broke a precedent and confessed she was just the age the script called for.

The celebrated dance director Hermes Pan was responsible for uprooting La Petite O'Driscoll from the backwaters of the eighth grade.

A refugee from the backlands of Oklahoma, she was dancing for the proverbial peanuts in a Phoenix, Arizona, theater when Pan, stopping over between trains, happened to catch her act. He looked her up backstage, gave her his card and suggested that she look him up if ever she came to Hollywood.

That did it.

Within a few months she was hunting for Mr. Pan all over Hollywood. No luck. He was out discovering baby stars in other parts of the U. S. When the M-G-M job materialized,



For years Martha O'Driscoll had to lie about her age to get roles she wanted. She was always too young. Paramount's *Reap the Wild Wind* gives her first chance to act her real age

Martie wrote back to the Phoenix school principal, asking his advice about the wisdom of dropping her studies and continuing in the studios. His reply was, "Go ahead; you were two years ahead of your classmates anyway."

Neither the principal nor Mrs. O'Driscoll knew that by permitting Martha to work before the camera and fib about her age they put her in jeopardy of having the State of California appoint a guardian for her until she reached her majority.

At fourteen, still lying like a trouper, and without the aid of a manager or agent, she was given a year's contract by Universal. This involved pleasant social contacts with Deanna Durbin, Nan Grey, Betty Jane Rhodes and other budding starlets; an exhaustive course in dramatics; long hours in the photographic gallery, but not so much as one minute in front of a movie camera.

When her contract expired the petite prevaricator scooted out to the Selznick studio, where preparations were going forward for a movie known as *Gone With the Wind*. With some hundreds of other dewy-eyed youngsters she was tested (who wasn't?). But Martha came up with a job—the part of *Honey Wilkes*, sister of *Ashley*.

She boned up on the rule dutifully, performed her scenes like the self-respecting little trouper she is, and wound up nowhere. Director Victor Fleming decided there were too many characters in the picture and Martie happened to be one of the main casualties.

But it takes more than that to stop a real Dust Bowl Duse. She kept her shell-pink ears open, showed up at M-G-M one morning about dawn, lied sixty-to-the-minute and wound up as a bona fide member of the cast of *Judge Hardy and Son*.

Her part was that of the poor little rich girl and when she got through with it she felt good and rich.

After that there were other chores for her around M-G-M, notably in the *Kildare* series and *Forty Little Mothers*.

Then along came a cinematic freak called *Li'l Abner*, which has been termed both the best and the worst picture ever made. Regardless of the verdict of history, there is no doubt that Li'l Martha, as the innocently voluptuous *Daisy May*, did phenomenally all right for herself in it.

The first shot of the opulently endowed blond babe with the sausage-skin gingham gown was enough to cause casting agents to reach for their motorcycles and fountain pens. A Paramount guy got to her first and Paramount studio will be her home until she lies her way out of it.

Thus far she has appeared there on the screen in only minor roles.

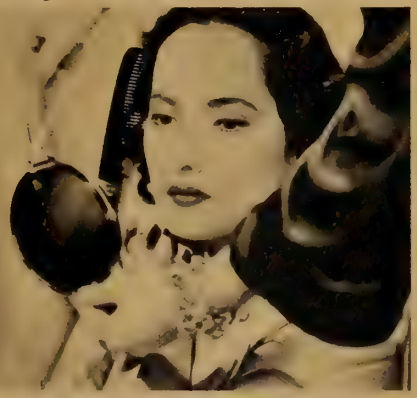
Reap the Wild Wind will change all that. *Ivy* is a good bulky part, bound to multiply Martie's following and to provide an optical feast for the luckless millions who haven't yet seen her on the screen. No night-lifer, the kid is out on the bridle path nearly every morning shortly after dawn. She owns her own horse, Fleet, which she has had since her Arizona days, and her constant companion is a new Western star, Brad King.

To hear her tell it, King is nothing more than a friend. But you can't take her word for it; she's such a terrible liar. ■

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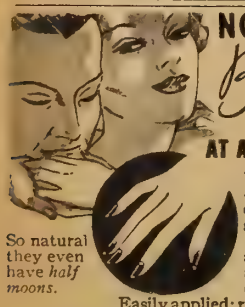
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A Tough Customer



Recently Barton MacLane got in his licks as a movie heavy at three different studios in a single day. He commuted from the set of *Manpower* to *Wild Geese Calling* to *Barnacle Bill.* Right, with his socialite bride Charlotte Wynters

By TOM CASEY

■ It took Barton MacLane exactly one day to learn to be a movie "heavy." And if results mean anything, it was a whale of a day he learned his lesson. This season Barton is about the heaviest heavy around movietown. The demand for his services can be gauged by the fact that on a single day recently he put in his licks as the main villain in three pictures at three different major studios. The pictures were *Manpower, Wild Geese Calling* and *Barnacle Bill.*

The studio commuting—from Warners to Twentieth Century-Fox to Metro—would itself have been a day's work for an ordinary mortal. But MacLane, proving again that he's a tough customer, raced out to the airport at the end of the day and got in an hour's flying practice—just to prove to himself that he's not getting soft.

The day Barton became a movie heavy he was ten years old, one of the leading young hopefuls of Middletown, Connecticut. He was in possession of fifteen cents, his weekly allowance, and a four-hour furlough from home.

For many weeks it had been his practice to explain the expenditure of his pocket money by saying that a dime went for a two-way street car ride into the heart of town and a nickel for a soda at one of the glittering ice cream palaces on the Great White Way of Middletown.

But one of his schoolmates, a stool-pigeon at heart, reported otherwise to Barton's father, one of the sternest New England parents since the arrival of the Mayflower. Of his parent Barton relates:

"He was solemn, brother, and no nonsense. When it came to religious and moral principles, such softies as mere Puritans and Quakers seemed absolutely frivolous beside him. We kids, eight of us all told, knew the caress of a pine club as well as we knew our ABC's and we seldom had a chance to forget it for more than a week at a stretch.

"Boy, what a movie heavy my dad would have made. When we had a dose of discipline coming we got ritual along with it. Dad would take his time in selecting his weapon; never used the same one twice. Usually it would be a nice fat hunk of pine, not too long and not too thin. He'd take his time and shape it off at one end with his pocket knife so that he wouldn't lose his grip during the climax of the assault.

"Under our eyes he'd whittle away calmly, taking as much pains as a cabinet-maker. He really gave out with the crescendo menace when he wanted to pull out all the stops. So slow and deliberate. The suspense mounted until you wanted to shriek. You could feel the sweet agony that was coming. It was like a Greek drama, with the inevitable tragedy at the end. I think if dad ever failed to go through with a flailing after cutting a club the prospective victim would have been positively disappointed.

The warm-up performance was as good as the actual walloping."

The dire information conveyed by the boy Barton's tattle-tale chum to MacLane, Sr., was that Barton had been wasting his substance at a low form of entertainment called motion pictures, which were regarded by the elder MacLane as a personal invention of the devil.

Barton got his walloping right on schedule. It was the masterpiece of all the wallopings he earned in his adventurous youth. When it was over, the iron had entered his soul, converting him from a Little Lord Fauntleroy to a Peck's Bad Boy, which he has remained, privately and professionally, to this day.

When the ordeal was over and the sting had subsided somewhat, Dad MacLane sat down in his swivel chair and remarked:

"It's hardly fair that you should be the only one in the family that knows anything about motion pictures. I've often wondered what they were like myself. We'll wait until a good one comes along and then you and I and the whole family will go to see it."

The next picture that came along was *The Birth of a Nation.* All the MacLanes saw it and the movie taboo was lifted forever.

A second climax in Barton's life was also bound up with the movies. He was playing halfback for Wesleyan 'way back in the Jazz Age, when one Saturday afternoon he took a kick-off on his own goal line and ran it back over the other guys'.

Paramount was readying a movie called *The Quarterback,* starring Richard Dix, and signed up all the flashing football stars of that season, chiefly as a publicity stunt but also to work in the picture, which was made on Long Island.

Barton and Johnny Mack Brown made their debut on the screen side by side, neither of them with any great distinction. Johnny Mack migrated to Hollywood almost at once. Barton hung around the Paramount Long Island studio, playing bits and doubling, when he was lucky, into New York legitimate plays. One of the stage jobs he landed was as an assistant district attorney in *The Trial of Mary Dugan.*

When movie production in the East died a lingering death, the boy menace shuttled around in cheap stock companies from Brooklyn to Atlanta. The first job paid $20 a week and the last one paid zero. The company had to run a benefit for itself to get out of town.

To fill in a slack season MacLane, who had never written anything more pretentious than a college theme, knocked out a play called *Rendezvous.* Although he has the contracts and the clippings to prove it, he still can't believe that he sold the thing for New York production to the eminent Arthur Hopkins and to Metro as a movie.

On top of this phenomenal break came a role in a melodrama called *Hangman's Whip,* which was right down Barton's alley. Paramount bought the play and his services along with it and he hasn't been able to escape Hollywood since.

All told he has menaced, slugged, shot and sneered at every top leading man from Clark Gable to Paul Muni. In addition to his three pictures now in production he also has a solid part in the recently-completed *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* with Spencer Tracy.

In what spare time he has away from his thrill-and-chill chores before the camera Barton endeavors to get acquainted with his socialite-actress bride, Charlotte Wynters; to cast three plays which he has written and hopes to produce if he can get suitable players, and to run up flying hours in the four-place cabin plane that is his second love.

At this date Pop MacLane is a confirmed movie-goer. He doesn't see many of Barton's pictures. They pack too much jolt for his austere taste. ■

How do you read HOLLYWOOD? Do you start at the beginning and read every page? Or do you read only those articles about your favorite screen personalities? What do you read first? What do you read last? We'd like so much to know your individual reading method, so we can plan future issues of HOLLYWOOD to please you. Please write us and let us know.

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Miss Farmer Regrets...



Frances Farmer is back in Hollywood, but this time she is ready and willing to "play ball." Her annoying indifference is a thing of the past since she has been big enough to admit her mistakes. Having completed her role in Paramount's *World Premiere*, with John Barrymore, she is now at work on *Among the Living*

By JANE PORTER

■ "I never thought that I would say that I was sorry for giving up Hollywood, but here I am saying it—and meaning it. I've learned my lesson."

It was Frances Farmer talking. The girl who has been the center of more talk and argument than anyone else in Hollywood. She, like few others, was disliked with a surprising intensity when she first came into pictures. And she, like a number of other stars who have since gone down the drain, wasted no words in giving forth with her ideas about Hollywood, ideas that did nothing to help her and did everything to harm her.

Yet, while we lunched at Paramount where she had just finished making *World Premiere* and was then at work on *Among the Living*, I saw a changed Frances Farmer.

Frankly, it's amazing that Frances was ever able to face Hollywood again. She probably would never have been welcomed again if her option had expired. Luckily for her—and for Hollywood—it still had two months to run. And she came back to the town she once hated. Came back to prove that she had grown up and had learned the meaning of humility.

When Frances first came to Hollywood she was what is vaguely referred to as an intellectual. She somehow felt that pictures and Hollywood were not for her. So why did she agree to come here at all? Simply because she had an inherent ambition that forced her to do the very thing she hated.

"Perhaps I was advised incorrectly," Frances said. "I don't know. But I was determined not to get myself involved in what I thought then was typical Hollywood foolishness. I turned down invitations to parties, I had no time for social set-ups, and I became a regular recluse. I realize now that you have to play ball in Hollywood and be a regular guy if you want to get any place. Of course, I didn't think I wanted to get any place in particular in those early days. I've learned differently now."

Frances used to be indifferent to everyone. She made enemies almost daily on the Paramount lot where she was working. She would never cooperate with the publicity department. She would come to interviews grudgingly and answer in monosyllables. Often she was pointedly rude. In short, she just didn't care.

It was her independence that made her disliked, though. One day, she was walking on the lot when a girl from one of the departments said, "Hello, Frances." Frances walked on without saying a word. Later on that same day, the girl asked Frances why she had ignored her. The reply almost floored her. Said Miss Farmer, "Look, I have neither the time nor the inclination to speak to everyone who speaks to me."

Soon after her marriage to Leif Erikson, Frances' career began to assume important strides. But still she did not think it necessary to change her attitude or her actions. Realizing that she wasn't getting along well in Hollywood, she decided to go East and try the Group Theater.

New York did amazing things to Frances. For one thing, it taught her the value of looking her best at all times. It turned her from an indifferent dresser into a chic, smartly gowned woman. But the most important thing it did for her was to teach her something of her own shortcomings.

Despite a certain success in *Golden Boy*, Frances did not set New York on fire. She was continually surrounded by great talent, actresses who knew more about acting than Frances would know for years. Their greatness and humility subconsciously made her take a look at herself and wonder what had happened to her.

Then came her divorce from Leif Erikson. And soon after, she began to think about Hollywood. She hadn't flopped in New York, but still she hadn't been the sensation she expected to be. The more she thought about Hollywood, the more she regretted her mistakes. So, when Paramount sent for her to fulfill the remaining two months of her option, she came without hesitation.

Three years in New York had more than changed Frances Farmer into a smartly dressed woman. It had mellowed her and given her tolerance.

"I guess I had too many ideas about being unimpressed by Hollywood when I first came here," Frances said. "It was funny that I felt that way, for I had been very excited about getting my break in pictures. I made my mistake, though, in believing that I could accomplish something by assuming an attitude of annoyance at all that happened in Hollywood.

"I can scarcely believe now that I did such things. I know how much Hollywood can do for an actress who really wants to learn. If I had only looked about me at the successes in town and observed their behavior, I am sure I would have been a much different person.

"Hollywood is not the shallow place I once thought it was. It is not a town for fools and social butterflies. It's a city that either breaks you or builds you. And I know that what it does to you is entirely up to the individual. Now, I look upon it as a place of great opportunity, a town that will kick as hard as you kick but will help as intensely as you want it to help. I'm glad I've had a few hefty kicks in these last years. They've taught me how little I really know."

Everyone in Hollywood is pulling for Frances if only because she has had the courage to say, "I'm sorry." ■

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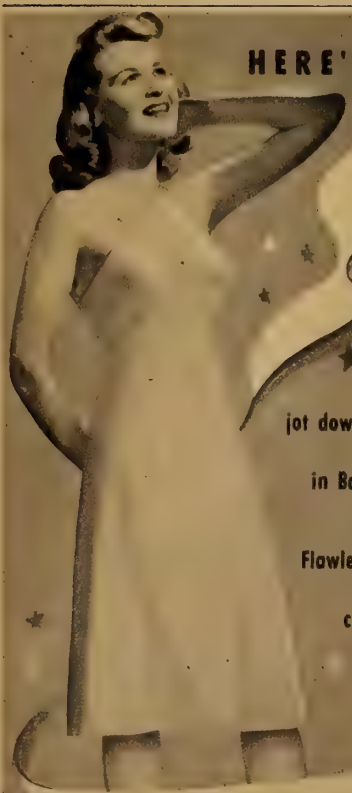
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Miniature Marvel



Republic's brightest new hope is sixteen-year-old Mary Lee who sings, dances and rides a horse expertly. A graduate from the Gene Autry westerns, Mary is scheduled to star in *Pride of the Circus*

By E. J. SMITHSON

■ She's cuter than a bug's ear, she's maybe an inch or so taller than the length of Grandma's knitting needles, she's done a lot of singing, dancing and acting in numerous Republic Pictures and right now she's a graduate from the Gene Autry pictures.

Her name is Mary Lee.

Mary Lee became a career girl at the age of twelve. Up to that time she lived the normal childhood of any other girl her age. She was born in Centralia, Illinois, on October 24, 1924, but soon moved with her family to Ottowa, Illinois.

Mary's father, who has an ear and a heart for music, had been teaching his daughter her do-re-mi's ever since she was six and he was proud enough of his pupil to try both out on the members of his lodge whenever the boys gathered together for an evening of entertainment. Mary used to go over in big style and the lodge members were unanimous in praise of her fine voice, but her parents never thought about giving their daughter any singing lessons. To them, she was just an average child with an average amount of talent.

But leave it to Mary. She fooled 'em. She even fooled herself!

Just about the time she had passed her twelve-year mark, presto, the entire course of her life was changed.

Ted Weems, the famous band leader, was passing through Ottowa with his band. Mary heard about it and immediately urged her parents to let her sing for him.

"We had a family huddle," Mary says, "with me coming out the loser. That is, at first. So we had another huddle and this time I was given permission to pay Mr. Weems a visit. And put up a sales talk. He was in the market for a girl singer of about eighteen years of age and I thought I was a goner, then, sure. But after seeing Mr. Weems I got a chance for a real try-out."

For two years Mary toured the country with the band and was featured in every important night club and hotel. But she remained the same fresh-faced, unspoiled small-town little girl, and became the adopted daughter of every member of the band. For her fourteenth birthday her adopted fathers presented her with an inscribed wristwatch the size of a dime coin.

Mary Lee can't read a single, blessed note of music. She never has and probably never will. All this was rather tough on Ted Weems' musical arranger. However, once he got his music set for the "standards" (Mary's name for the songs that are always old and always new) it was just a question of long rehearsals with his little songbird until practice became perfect and she became a big league hit at every appearance.

Mary's first introduction to the possibility of becoming part of Hollywood's movie making is due to Gene Autry. Gene was visiting New York while Mary and the band were playing one of the night clubs. And the very night that Gene heard her the famous king of the "sagebrushers" arranged with his studio heads for Mary to leave by plane that night for Hollywood to appear in the cowboy's next picture, *South of the Border*.

"I was thrilled to death," Mary admits. "From a microphone in a night club to a microphone in a motion picture studio was quite a jump and I knew it, but I somehow felt that I could make it. In addition to wanting to act in pictures, I could scarcely wait until I reached California so I could ride on top of the double-decker busses I'd heard so much about."

Although Mary had never had any dramatic training, her screen test proved her a "natural" and she was given the role of *Patsy* in the Autry picture. After that came roles in *Rancho Grande, Gaucho Serenade, Carolina Moon, Back in the Saddle Again, Melody Ranch, Ridin' on a Rainbow*. She was also given a singing part in *Sing, Dance, Plenty Hot* and then was presented with a starring role in *Barnyard Follies*. You can readily see that Republic was keeping its little star busier than a flock of bees in a clover field. "In fact," Mary says, "I've been so busy since I arrived in Hollywood that it wasn't until just the other day I found time enough to board one of those double-deckers and go for a long ride. I started out at ten in the morning and didn't quit riding, not even for lunch, until three in the afternoon."

As a result of all this work at the studio,

Mary has been signed up under a long term contract with a generous "up" in salary and with some sweet starring roles in soon-to-be-made pictures. Not a bad record for a sixteen-year-old youngster who has sung her way onto the screen without knowing the difference between a short and double appoggiatura, let alone the difference between forte-piano and rinforzando.

Believe it or not, Mary claims she keeps in condition by riding in convertible cars. Swimming seems to be her pet form of athletic diversion and listening to music is her favorite way of spending part of her leisure time—if any.

The greatest kick she ever got out of her radio work was when she was Charley McCarthy's girl friend, Priscilla Ramshakle, on an Easter, 1939, program.

She's quite a cook and specializes in dishing up steaks for the family dinner.

Her most unusual possession is a big rag doll given to her by a fan in Denver. She was singing with the band at the time and the doll was the first gift she ever received from an admirer. Gene Autry is her favorite movie star, she's a veritable lemon pie fiend, she goes to Mar-Ken, a private school for professional children and so far has been able to grab off more than her share of high marks. Speaking of her favorite movie star, Gene Autry told her right out loud one day that she had a bad habit of sticking out her tongue and she cured herself of that habit quicker than a director could say "cut." On her fourteenth birthday she received her first corsage, her first motorboat ride and her first airplane trip. She wears a wooden horseshoe and a wooden shoe on the lapel of a sport coat for good luck. Red is her favorite color.

Mary Lee insists that she wants to be a buyer for a department store and if she can't be that some day she wants to become a secretary. She seems to feel that life among the movie makers is too much of a hazard despite the good and honest wages, and wants to be prepared to earn her board and keep should the day ever come when she finds the studio gates closed to her.

Republic would be wise, it seems to us, to take little Mary Lee aside and tell her not to get too serious about looking for outside work, that she's going to be kept so busy making Republic pictures she isn't going to have enough time to buy her own clothes nor to peck out on the typewriter Now Is The Time For All Good Men To Come To The Aid Of The Party, for several years to come. ■

Next month our ace Hollywood reporter, Helen Hover, brings you a delightful on-the-set account of *You'll Never Get Rich*, Columbia's gay new musical starring the exciting dance team of Fred Astaire and enchanting Rita Hayworth. You don't want to miss this hilarious, behind-the-scenes story.



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Back On Her Toes



By GLORIA BRENT

■ Ruby Keeler said, "Wait a minute"—rummaged around her brown linen bag and pulled out a small, earmarked photo that looked as though it had been shown to lots of other people. She grinned and handed it to me. It was a snapshot of a small boy wearing bathing trunks, with a grin from ear to ear and as bronzed as an Indian. The lopsided scribbling in one corner turned out to be: "I love you. Sonny."

"There," said Ruby matter-of-factly. "There's my everything. See?"

What can you do with a girl like that?

Here, the movies have been limping along for three years without the pert dancing charms of Ruby Keeler, and now that the condition is rectified with her return in a college musical dubbed *Sweetheart of the Campus,* what does Ruby talk about? Her comeback? No! The great dramatic urge which pulled her out of retirement back to the cinema? Again no! She talks about her son, whom she adores, and her golf score!

Naturally, no star expects to stay in pictures forever. But what makes Ruby's disappearance something for an Einstein to dope out is the fact that she quit when she was still on top. Her pictures, *42nd Street, Gold Diggers* and *Flirtation Walk* were smash hits.

With everyone still Keeler-nutty, Ruby quits.

Why?

Oddly enough, the answer lies in a remark she once made about her golf, of all things.

Ruby is a great little golfer and many of her friends have tried to persuade her to turn professional.

"But if I did that," she tells them, "golf wouldn't be fun any more. I don't want to be the champ. I like to play just for the sake of playing. When you play to win, you get grim about it and it's not fun any more."

Later, she told me, "That's the way dancing is, too. I'm a hoofer. I think whatever brains I have are in my feet. I love to dance, but when it turned into a driving career and became a form of competition where I had to top myself in each succeeding picture, it wasn't any fun any more.

"That's the way I felt when I left pictures three years ago. A film career was an accident with me anyway. When I arrived in Hollywood, I didn't come as an ambitious Broadway dancer trying to make pictures, but as Mrs. Al Jolson, private citizen. Al was working for 20th Century-Fox, and one of the producers thought it might be a cute idea for me to appear in Al's picture. I didn't want to tag onto Al's coattails, but he persuaded me to take a test.

"More in the spirit of fun than anything else, I did it. I didn't care if I was good or not. I danced my dance, said my piece and then went out to have a steak dinner.

"A few days later Warner Brothers phoned me. They had somehow seen the test and wanted to sign me up to star in a big musical. That test which I made as a gag hooplaed me right into pictures.

"That started me on *42nd Street* and

Ruby Keeler quit the screen while still on top when her dancing became arduous work instead of the fun it once had been. After a long rest, however, Ruby was sold the idea of donning her dancing slippers once more for Columbia's gay college musical, *Sweetheart of the Campus*

all the other song-and-dance epics. The more pictures I did, the less fun it became. It has always been a physical strain for me to dance before an audience. I tighten up and quake like a bowl of gelatin. It was bad enough on the stage, before a receptive audience, but on a cold sound stage with an audience of hard-boiled crew workers and a director who asks you to do the same bit over and over and over again, it was much worse.

"Besides, picture work kept me from my home and my family. Dancing requires weeks of rehearsals before the picture begins. When the picture was in production, I would come home so tired there was nothing for me to do but crawl into bed and get out again at six the next morning to start all over again.

"I found myself wondering one morning: *why*? I had a darling son with whom I had no time to play. If I couldn't be with my boy when he was a lovable baby, when would I have him? I had little time to spend with Al, and I often tore off the set to hop-skip home so that I could have dinner with him and usually just managed to make the dessert course with him. I had a lovely ranch home right around the corner from a golf course, but I had little time and energy to play golf.

"Was it worth it? I'm not greedy. I didn't really need the money, for my tastes are not extravagant. I had managed to save my money when I was on the stage, and my husband could certainly support me in any style I wished.

"On top of it all, I have never had a 'movie star' personality. Hollywood is steeped in pictures, and full of shop talk and rumors. I wanted to be *in* Hollywood, but not *of* it. I wanted to be able to take just as much of a part in the movie world as I wished, and leave the rest alone. Working in pictures inevitably draws you into a Hollywood circle, and I didn't want it to bind me.

"One afternoon, about three years ago, I found myself wishing I had made golf my career instead of pictures. I am particularly happy when I am on the golf course, even though I may spend my entire afternoon in the rough. That set me thinking: if I began wishing I had chosen another career, it was time to get out of the one I was in.

"There was no driving ambition, no great desire for more money, no wish to see my name in lights, no desire even to be a star—so why go on? It was time to give it up and loaf and enjoy my home, my boy and my golf. Which I did."

So there is the truth behind Ruby's sudden disappearance from the screen. Many sob sisters have tried to pin Ruby's retirement on her split-up with Al Jolson. "Poor Ruby," they wailed. "She hasn't the heart to dance now."

Actually, this was one of the friendliest divorces on record. So friendly, in fact, that people wonder why they split up in the first place. Last year, for instance, Ruby pitched in and appeared in Al's Broadway show *Hold on to Your Hats*. She pulled out after a few weeks. "You can't," says Ruby, "work for your ex-husband, no matter how much you think of him." Even now, with each involved in their own respective romances, when Ruby and Al meet they greet each other warmly instead of hurling the nearest breakable object. There was no ugly, long-drawn-out wrangling over custody of their boy whom both love so much. When I saw Ruby, Sonny was in Florida and wasn't expected home for a month. "He's with his father," Ruby said simply. "Al is such a good father, I don't begrudge Sonny's visits with him, even though I miss him very much."

About her ardent admirer, John Lowe, a young Pasadena socialite, Ruby gets Sphinxish. No, she's not marrying him yet. No, she didn't say she would never marry him. "But," she grins, "I didn't say I would."

The unrelenting pressure of war news and pictures is responsible for Ruby's return. To give the public something to laugh about, producers are now scrambling over each other to make gay musicals. A Columbia executive, to whom "dancing" is a word synonymous with "Keeler," immediately contacted Ruby. She was in good spirits. The long rest had been good for her. She said "yes."

"But when I returned," Ruby pouted, "some of the old Hollywood business started again. I read that I was 'feuding' with Eleanor Powell. I'm not feuding with anyone. I'm not aiming to be the champ. If the public still wants me, I'll make more pictures, but I'll play at it as I play at golf. I'll stick to it as long as I have fun. But once I turn 'professional' and try to beat everyone else, then it's time for me to pull out again—and for good!" ■



June Preisser, James Lydon and Mary Anderson appearing in "Henry Aldrich for President," a Paramount Picture.

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Stash Clements' subway troubadouring makes him a "foist class croaker." His fine performance in *Tall, Dark and Handsome* won him role in *Accent on Love*

Brat From Brooklyn

By GEORGE HOWARD

■ Master Stash Clements has every reason to be a little leery of Emily Post. She almost cost him his film career, which right now is pretty hot. Wait till you see him in *Accent on Love*.

He had run into this hot tip, y'understand, that Twentieth Century-Fox was looking for something along his line (which at that time was crooning) to shove into a picture called *Tall, Dark and Handsome*, so he chased himself over to the T.C.-F. talent office and got in touch with the proper party which, by the way, took a little finagling.

Let him explain what a narrow escape he had, thanks to Miss Post.

"So there I am in this classy office and talking to this big shot. But I'm baffled. He's talking tough to me and I'm talking sweet to him—yes, sir, and no, sir, and all that stuff. But he don't seem to like it. I'm getting more baffled. And the big shot is getting tougher by the minute. He's tossing around this East Side lingo like he enjoyed it. Only you can see it ain't natural with him. I put up with him. Any minute and he's going to ask me to sing. And I got my number all picked. It's going to be 'Oh Promise Me.'

"So what happens? Suddenly the door flies open and in comes a secretary. She tells the big guy that the 'gentlemen are getting a little impatient.' I get one look at the little gentlemen. They are foist-class slugs. They are practically tearing the joint apart while waiting for their turn.

"So what happens? I get the hint. The guy is looking for something little but hard. And here I am in a clean shirt. And my hair combed nice. What a situation! I'm wondering what next, when suddenly he says, 'Excuse me,' and goes out to pacify the little gentlemen. While he's out there, y'understand, I do a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. When he comes back my shirt tail is out. My hair is standing up straight. And I'm chewing gum—two slices. And that ain't all. I'm paring my nails with a pocketknife.

"He starts that lingo all over again. And I give it right back to him. Wham! This goes on for five minutes. He likes it fine. So I get the job."

The job isn't all that fourteen-year-old Stash Clements got for using that little noodle of his. What else he got was a good-sized portion of the yippees which were bestowed on *Tall, Dark and Handsome* by the movie reviewers. If Cesar Romero hadn't turned in the best performance of his career, it would have been Stash's picture. As it was the studio gave him a term contract and clapped him in school as per California law. This last he's not too keen about, mostly on account of mathematics which he despises. English and English composition, on the other hand, are duck soup for Stash.

"Mathematics gets m o n o p o n o u s—quick," Stash explains. "There's nothing classy about it. Now you take English composition. There's something elegant

about that. My teacher says I write like Ernest Hemingway. And he ain't even from Brooklyn."

Brooklyn to Stash Clements is a sort of paradise here on earth. He was reared on this holy ground, and he wants nothing better than to vanquish the movies one-two-three, make a pile of dough, and return to Brooklyn to take his place among the substantial burghers who pay hard money for grandstand seats to see the Dodgers play every Sunday afternoon they're in town, instead of scaling the fence as has been Stash's custom up to now.

Stash, of course, is a nickname. Actually, it's an endearing way of saying Stanley in Polish, which is one-half of his ancestry. The other half is Russian. He would rather you didn't call him Stanley. It sounds "ritzy."

Long Island is where he was actually born, although we're telling you this in confidence. "For publication poiposes it's Brooklyn," Stanley warned a certain reporter. "I moved there when I was three."

Well, to get on with the story, there were six kids in the family and Clements' pere had himself a tough time. So did Stash, who was the youngest and arrived when evil times seemed to have settled over the family finances for good. As he puts it, he "got to learn practically all the angles" by the time he was ten.

He had gone through something like nine life-ambitions by the time he was eleven, so when his twelfth birthday arrived he was firmly convinced that all ambitions were "silly." (The word "silly" is one of Stash's favorite words. He thinks spending money on girls is "silly." Also "useless.")

So there he was at twelve ready for any kind of a ball life felt like tossing at him, including a curve.

"It's all part of the game, ain't it?" he used to tell the gang with whom he roamed his beloved Canarsie, a picturesque district of Brooklyn.

"Right!" they would come back as one man.

Well, the little philosopher and a bunch of his cronies were on a subway bound for Coney Island one Sunday afternoon when all of a sudden the urge to let out with that fancy tenor voice of his hit him. Being sort of partial to the West (he had never been west of Long Island) he cut loose with "Home on the Range."

We pick up Stash once more.

"I begin singing, y'understand. And I'm goin' good. The passengers are givin' me the eye. So I up and take my hat off, just for fun, and toss it down on the floor. So what happens? People toss money in it. I give 'em a couple of choruses and then I scoop up the hat and take it into the next car. I add up the dough. It comes to $2.90. I'm a little noivous. Then Sunny—he's my nephew and one of the gang—pipes up. 'Hey, Stash,' he says, 'you're a professional croaker.'

"I think it over. Maybe I am a good croaker, I say to myself. So what happens? I work the rest of the cars. I do some imitations of Bobby Breen and give the folks 'The Woild is Mine Tonight.' They go for it. So what happens? When we get to Coney Island the take is $8.82.

"I'm surprised like a goil at one of those showers, y'understand, but I don't let success go to my head. Me and the boys ride up and down the roller coaster, play cowboys and Indians on the merry-go-round, eat popcorn and peanuts until we're practically sick. We get home that night, and I still got four dollars.

"Two weeks later I'm broke. The boys and me are sitting around wondering how we can get a little money together and buy a baseball bat and maybe a catcher's mitt when my nephew Sunny chimes in. 'Hey, Stash, how about doing some more croaking?' It's a good idea, I tell him. So what happens? We make it a racket.

"Business is terrific right from the start. We're pulling in something like twenty dollars a week. Just woiking after school. I do the singing and the gang stands around being sarcasm. You know, like Milton Berle. So what happens? A flatfoot shows up one day and tells us that if we don't quit the racket we'll end up in the clink. He looks like he means business. So we bust up our partnership."

The Brooklyn gendarmerie stymied a subway troubadour in a hurry but in the same breath they stood willy-nilly godfather to a legit crooner. Stash used to mull it over during arithmetic lessons in school: if the subway strap-hangers would pay good money to hear him, why surely there must be a market for his talents. He mentioned his dilemma to the teacher one day during a discussion of his atrocious grades in arithmetic and she suggested Major Bowes.

He wrote the Major a couple of "sweet" notes—none of this rough stuff. He had his brother Benny, who is twenty-seven and not quite a graduate of junior high, look over the letters before he sent them off. The letters must have been lulus. Anyhow, the Major replied in good time and said it would be all right for Stash to have an audition. He sang "The World Is Mine Tonight" for the Bowes gentleman, sang it three ways: baritone, tenor, and falsetto. The Bowes gentleman put him on the program. He must have done some extra-good croaking, because he won first prize. So what happened? A few days later the Major sent for him and gave him a job in one of his units.

Two weeks of the professional life and Stash got homesick for Brooklyn. He went back home. The Major forgot and forgave, had Stash flown to San Francisco to join another unit. He was going fine when he developed a streptococcus throat. He almost died. The troupe was in Fargo, North Dakota, when that old feeling for Brooklyn hit him. He gave Major Bowes a two-weeks' notice and went home.

For a while he did nothing. He just hung around Brooklyn and enjoyed it, as only a fourteen-year-old world traveler can enjoy it. But inactivity began getting him down. He was almost wishing he hadn't given Major Bowes the go-by when he got that hot tip that Twentieth Century-Fox was looking for a talented young man somewhere around fourteen. He went home and changed his shirt.

You know what happened after that. Including how T.C.-F. junked a crooner and launched an actor.

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No title has ever aroused more curiosity than Dame May Whitty's. In reality, it was bestowed upon the beloved actress for distinguished service in the first World War, as the decoration and scroll, left, attest



By CHARLOTTE KAYE

■ A well-dressed gentleman stood with hat in hand at the stage door of the Broadway theater where the psychological murder mystery play, *Night Must Fall,* was playing. He bowed politely to the aged doorman.

"I would like to see Dame May Whitty," he announced.

The doorman bristled with anger. "Don't you *dare* call our Miss Whitty a dame!" he snapped. "A lovely lady like her!"

If the poor doorman was confused about the title, Dame, as applied to the famous English actress, he was no worse off than nine-tenths of Hollywood five years later. Even now no one seems quite sure just what a "Dame" is, or why. And the fumblings that go on when people try to use the title!

"I often feel like hanging a placard around my neck with the words, YOU CALL ME DAME MAY, in big letters," Dame May said with a merry twinkle in her eyes. "I'm sure it would simplify things a lot."

Perhaps if she had not been so modest about her title, and so reluctant to wear her Star and Cross, the two insignia of the illustrious order to which she was appointed by George V in 1918, it wouldn't be the Hollywood mystery it is.

The unassuming lady in question is the engaging character you laughed at in the Paramount comedy, *One Night in Lisbon.* She was Madeleine Carroll's distressed maid, remember? Prior to that, she appeared in a number of films for M-G-M, among them the unforgettable chiller-thriller, *Night Must Fall,* in which she brought her famous stage role to the screen.

Briefly, the title Dame is one of the most coveted in British peerage and is bestowed with membership in the Order of the British Empire for distinguished services to the empire. It is one of the few British titles held by a woman in her own right (i. e. it is not an hereditary title nor a courtesy one gained from a father or husband) and in rank, equals a baronet, like Sir James Barrie, and outranks a knight, like Sir Cedric Hardwicke. Less than 100 of them have been granted since the origin of the order in 1917.

Ironically, the woman whom the late King George so honored, was once a very prickly thorn in the British government's side!

The outbreak of the World War in 1914 found English women in the midst of a hot and heavy fight for suffrage and one of the most vociferous of the leaders of that fight was the actress, May Whitty, a brilliant star of the English stage. Heart, soul and lungs, she was battling for what she considered an inalienable right of her sex—the right to vote. Many a time she mounted a soap box in Hyde Park to exhort women to rally to the cause. Many a time she castigated the government for its opposition to their demands. Quite naturally the government felt something less than affection for this outspoken, indefatigable woman.

"I was in bad odor with Downing Street," Dame May placidly admits.

The first impact of the war stunned the British women. Desperately they wanted to help their government and the thousands of Britons who were suffering because of the war. In equal desperation they suddenly realized they knew neither what to do nor how to do it. They were totally unschooled in organization. Equally at sea was the government. It knew nothing of the innate capabilities of the British woman and was loathe to trust her with responsibility of any kind, no matter how great the emergency.

One great group of women was organized, the Actresses' Franchise League. This was the group leading the fight for suffrage and May Whitty was its chairman. Overnight the League forsook its own aims to rally all the women of Britain to the defense of their country and to direct the work. Group after group were banded together and trained in new and strange work—stenographers for government and military offices, drivers for staff officers' cars, nursing, munitions and even farm work.

Back of it all was the driving force of May Whitty, erstwhile suffragette and "bad odor" in government circles. At one time she was chairman of 15 different organizations, all serving their king and country. Every last vestige of her personal life career was sacrificed; she was a machine, working 16, 18, and 20 hours a day toward one goal—her country's welfare.

One of her feats was the organization of a complete women's hospital unit to serve in France. It meant gathering complete equipment and personnel, down to the last surgeon's scalpel and ambulance driver.

"Even then, in that emergency, we bumped into the stone wall labeled Sex," she recalls. "The British Red Cross would not recognize women doctors as acceptable, leaving us the only alternative of sending our unit to France under the aegis of the French Red Cross."

Nominally it was her work for the British Women's Hospital Corps, which raised the funds for the famous Star and Garter Home just outside London, that won the title of Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire for May Whitty and further rewarded her with the honor of being the first woman asked to serve on an executive committee of the British Red Cross.

In the gay '90's the Star and Garter Building in Richmond was quite the dashing place to drive in a carriage for tea. It represented high life, excitement, glamour. As King George told Dame May at the formal opening of its conversion into a hospital for hopelessly disabled British soldiers and sailors, his first visit to it as a young man was one of the romantic high spots of his exceedingly proper life. "A dashing adventure," he called it.

With the advent of motor cars, it became too accessible to London and hence lost heavily in popularity. Eventually estate agents turned it over to Queen Mary to use as she wished, and it was decided to tear down the old building and erect the needed hospital in its place. May Whitty was assigned the task of supervising the drive for the vast sum of money needed for the project.

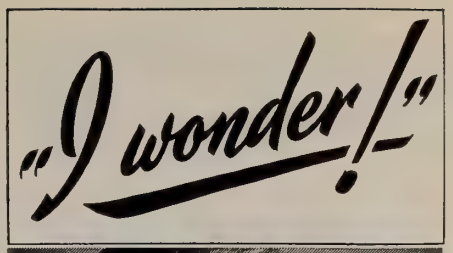
"I still thrill when I think of the way people all over the empire responded," she said. "Rich and poor gave alike what they could spare. Sometimes the donations were lavish, as the paintings Sir Joseph Duveen donated for auction; sometimes it was a shilling or a postage stamp a charwoman eked from her savings."

It was a giant task, every inch of the way, but not once did May Whitty's tired body or spirit falter. She drove herself relentlessly until the goal was reached.

Today, almost a quarter of a century later, the Star and Garter Home still stands, a monument to those efforts. Today it is filled with new victims of a new war. And today, although she is 7,000 miles from her homeland and busily occupied in making pictures, Dame May still strives to serve her king and country in its new and dire need. ■



Eleanor Powell's loyal fans are eagerly awaiting her new picture, *Lady Be Good*, which marks her return to the screen after a long absence due to illness. Ann Sothern has the part of her friend in the M-G-M musical





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SHOPPING GUIDE

Your fashion editor gives you, below, a partial list of department stores where you can buy the clothes shown on pages 28 and 29. If a store in your city is not listed, drop Catherine Roberts a penny postcard telling her which merchandise you are interested in, and she will send you the name of a store near you. Address Catherine Roberts, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Plaid and Velveteen Dress

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Newark, N. J. .....L. Bamberger & Co.
New York, N. Y. .....Arnold Constable & Co.

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Boston, Mass. .....Jordan, Marsh Co.
Chicago, Ill. .....Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
Dallas, Tex. .....Joske Bros.
New Orleans, La...D. H. Holmes Company, Ltd.
New York, N. Y. .....Gimbel Brothers
Philadelphia, Pa. .....Gimbel Brothers
San Francisco, Cal. .....The Emporium
Seattle, Wash. .....The Bon Marche

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In shopping the market to select fashions for you so many exciting innovations have been found that we've decided to pass them along in the especially prepared bulletin, FAWCETT FASHION FLASH. Each month it will contain the smartest and newest fashions, clever ideas for revamping tired-looking wardrobes, photographs and drawings of styles selected with an eye toward solving your particular needs. Listed for your convenience are the retail prices and the stores where you may buy these exclusive fashions. Don't lose a moment in sending for your copy of this valuable bulletin. Simply mail a postcard with your name and address together with the words "FREE FAWCETT FASHION FLASH" to Catherine Roberts today.

You will find that prices vary slightly in different parts of the country, especially in the Middle West and Pacific Coast section. Prices as given on pages 28 and 29 are for the specific stores mentioned.

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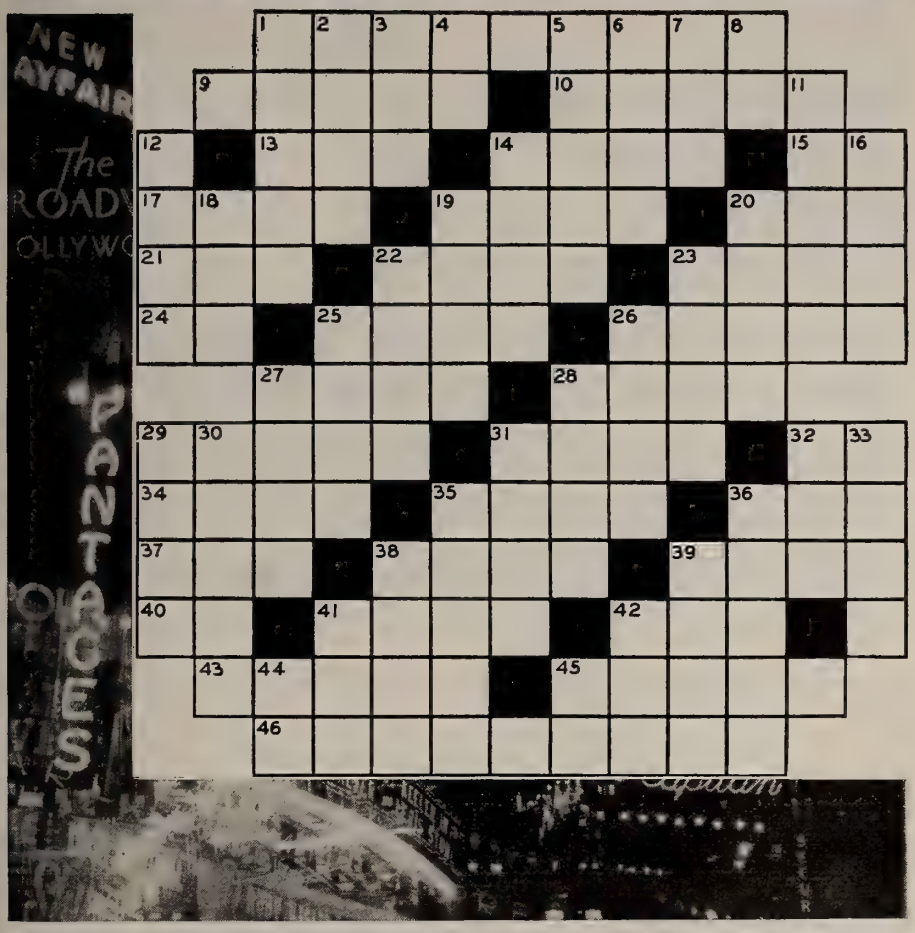
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Prepare Now For
Fall And Winter Beauty

On page 40, Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD'S Beauty Editor, shows you in five easy steps how to reclaim your complexion after outdoor exposure to summer's sun, wind and salt water. Be sure to read it. And for sound beauty advice, be sure to look for Ann Vernon's articles each month in

HOLLYWOOD

MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Place where one can reely make good.
9. Vicki Baum's was Grand.
10. Bewigged blonde chaser.
13. Capital place for Carmen (Miranda).
14. What dog might expect from man seeking publicity.
15. He'll give you some fatherly advice.
17. Old-fashioned raspberry.
19. Players often get no credit for doing these.
20. If it looks cheesy, there's no cheese-cake for newsreels.
21. Flighty actor, always up in the air.
22. He looks hearty, too.
23. When actor says, "Aye, Aye," he's a sailor, when, "I, I," he's this.
24. Nelson's initials.
25. Descriptive of house desirable to theater managers and poker players.
26. When pressed or tortured, they are sure to sing.
27. What movie moppet mothers.
28. Cupid runs short of arrows about this time.
29. He heard of Lili and wanted Damita.
31. Her name looked long in electric lights so they Scotched it.
32. Myrna's initials.
34. Leo doesn't complain when this turns out to be a raw deal.
35. Bob's ball-and-chain in *The Reluctant Dragon.*
36. You're apt to get a lemon when you ask for this.
37. Catty remark.
38. What Mammy Yokum often speaks of frying.
39. Little shut-eye that peps up hero.
40. Charlie sings on Edgar's knee; he sings on one of his own.
41. Wolf left them in huff and was pretty blue about it.
42. What villain leaves someone holding.
43. Miss Pickford, in early days before she found a Buddy.
45. It is sometimes shot by African golfers.
46. One who might indulge in a little horse play.

DOWN

1. Only one who'd say "neigh" to a film contract.
2. He enabled stars who dwell in penthouses to come down to earth.
3. It's tough to be a Dead Ender, but he's both.
4. One of Hollywood's Lanes (init.).
5. Peach who was once half of a Bartlett pair.
6. Equine actor's reward, and it ain't hay.
7. If you don't find Pendleton in California, you might look here (abbr.).
8. Miss Peterson's initials.
11. It's often a scream when it puts on airs.
12. Woman didn't know who committed crime, so he Toler.
14. It makes Donald look just ducky.
16. One good at figures can subtract plenty from this (pl.).
18. Sonja's frozen asset.
19. Look behind number 8 and you might find Costello.
20. What it's all about, according to movie stories.
22. Sounds corny, but Henry answers to it.
23. Adam had nothing on him; he also has four sons.
25. Give it an inch and it will take 12.
26. Steffi's surname.
27. What movie cowboys do quicker than Disney.
28. Jackie was Her First Beau (with apologies to Bonita).
29. They say she's Dunn in pictures.
30. Virginia had 'em before Hollywood.
31. Speaking of these, there's Nunn in the movies.
32. Maybe boys will be boys, but, at Boys Town, they become this.
33. He has dog that's a *Daisy* in certain series.
35. Miss Carroll recently spent one in Lisbon.
36. Wild animal that band leaders expect players to hold.
38. What Crosby makes by crooning (pl.).
39. This is apt to get in heroine's hair.
41. It had some crust to think it could make a splash in comedies.
42. He's hot stuff—Bernie, Bernie.
44. Initials of feminine lead in *Murder Among Friends.*
45. It follows Noah Beery's pop (abbr.).

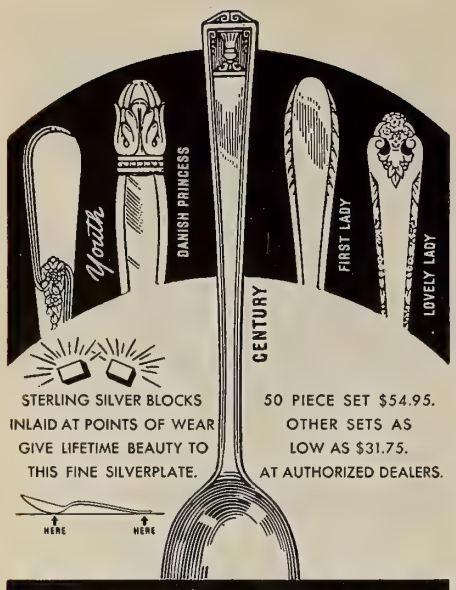
(Solution on Page 70)



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Up a Tree-Again



Johnny Weissmuller is back at his tree-climbing in a new *Tarzan* film. This marks the tenth year that Johnny has done service as the jungle swing man. According to the neighbors, John, Jr., the Weissmuller heir, has lungs as good as pappy *Tarzan's*

By HELEN WELLER

■ The funny part of it all is that even though Johnny Weissmuller has been away from the screen for two years, he hasn't for one moment forgotten that he is *Tarzan*. People won't let him.

The other night he was at a refined sort of party and the hostess was introducing him around. "This is Mr. and Mrs. Squimpenpuffel," she beamed. "And this—" she cooed, taking Johnny by his huge mitt and shoving him forward like an exhibit—"is *Tarzan*!"

That's what's happened to a guy who started out to be a swimmer, and who is now the most famous tree-swinger in the country.

It looks as though Johnny will spend the rest of his days yelling the *Tarzan* jungle call and pal-ing around with apes. This year marks the 10th that Johnny has done service as *Tarzan*, and he is celebrating by doing business at the same old stand. He is back at the studio climbing trees again, saving Maureen O'Sullivan from the head hunters and easing his triangle torso into a tight-fitting loin cloth.

Johnny has been keeping pretty close to the hearthside this past year, waiting for the signal to go to work. In between times he keeps in training by swimming, golfing and hurtling the trapeze bars to make his broad shoulders broader, his narrow hips narrower and his terrific muscles more terrific. Johnny wasn't made for the idle life. He started out as a poor boy and has gone where he has through his own efforts. So as the starting date on the latest *Tarzan* picture kept being pushed farther and farther back, he champed at the bit like a racehorse at the starting line. And when he heard a rumor—as unfounded as rumors generally are—that *he* was the cause of the delay on the start of the *Tarzan* epic because he was supposedly battling for more money or more leopard skins or more grunts or some such silly thing, he hit the ceiling. And rightfully so.

What had held up the picture was not Weissmuller, but *Tarzan* and his unpredictable jungle family.

"The public doesn't realize what goes into the making of a *Tarzan* picture," said Johnny. "The principal actors are not Maureen O'Sullivan and myself, or the half dozen white people who pop in and out, but animals. Wild animals. Hyenas, black leopards, chimpanzees, panthers. There is no such thing as a 'tame' jungle animal. Even the trained ones turn on you and try to take a nip out of you. A room full of temperamental actresses couldn't cause as much trouble as one little monkey. It takes about four or five months to make one *Tarzan* picture. An ordinary picture is finished in a little over a month. We may work three weeks on a jungle scene that appears only five minutes on the screen. When a *Tarzan* picture is finally finished, we all collapse, then start rounding up the animals for the next one.

"You can't work the animals after 4, because they get tired then and have a cute way of showing it—they want to take a bop at you. And you can't use the same animals in the next picture, even though they have become used to the camera and don't want to claw at you any more. A jungle beast which has been tamed suddenly goes berserk when he gets a little older, so there is the constant job of rounding up new fellows and training them when they're young. So you see,

I'm always available and ready to start work any time. But what good is *Tarzan* without his jungle friends?"

A *Tarzan* picture which costs one million dollars to produce and which seems, when we see it on the screen, to run a lively course as natural as nature itself, is the most perilous type of picture to make, with a never-ending element of risk to the actors. Maureen O'Sullivan and little Johnny Sheffield—*Tarzan, Jr.*—are protected by the director. He sees that the story never makes it necessary for them to come in close contact with the jungle Big Boys. But *Tarzan* is not supposed to know the meaning of fear, and Johnny works as closely with the chimpanzees as a leading man does with his leading woman.

"I've learned how to handle the big fellows," explains Johnny. "The idea is to make them afraid of you first. Once a chimpanzee who had to work at my side was about to take a nip at my hand. That would have crippled me. I saw it coming, so I closed my fist and socked him hard. He let out a sharp scream, and then realized that I was the master. After that, we were buddies. He never tried to bite me again. In fact, I had a hard time shaking him. He dogged me wherever I went. But we had to keep him away from Maureen and the kid. You can only make those big babies understand with your fist.

"The elephants are just as much of a problem, although they're not ferocious. But the Big Boys have an annoying habit of forgetting every once in a while, and kneeling. When he kneels, I go right over. I can't tell you how many times I've fallen flat on my kisser just because an elephant *does* forget!"

Johnny collects a big paycheck every week from the studio, forty weeks out of the year, whether he works or not, but he is one of the few actors who really work for their hay. Few men are equipped by nature to tackle a job that calls for the combined talents of an animal trainer, underwater swimmer, wrestler, tumbler, trapeze artist and movie lover.

Johnny is even more than that. He takes his place, along with *Popeye* and *Captain Marvel*, as an influence on young boys, and he regards that as a sacred duty. When a *Tarzan* picture is flashed on the nation's screens, the percentage of broken collar bones all over the country goes up. Mothers write to Johnny and implore him to stay on the ground instead of swinging on trees. One indignant mother even enclosed a doctor's bill and as a culmination of her woes penned: "It's your fault and I think you should pay for it. He saw you in the movies and the next day he fell out of a tree." Johnny wishes he could stem the tide, but he can't. *Tarzan* must swing from tree to tree, and the script writers tear their hair if a safer form of locomotion is suggested. "Ye Gods," they shriek. "You can't have him speed through the jungle on a pair of roller skates, can you?" So *Tarzan* continues to swing, and the young blood follows suit. Johnny tries to curb this barrage of broken necks by the process of helplessly writing to his young fans: "I don't climb trees in real life," but that doesn't do much good. The youngsters ape *Tarzan*, not Johnny Weissmuller.

When Beryl Scott, a quiet young girl of a social San Francisco family, married Johnny two years ago, friends predicted a stormy and unconventional existence for her. "Poor Beryl," they moaned. "Not only married to a movie star—but to a *Tarzan* yet!" They probably imagined Johnny hurtling in to dinner swinging on chandeliers and wearing a loin cloth.

"Poor Beryl" hasn't experienced any vagaries that are out of the ordinary. In fact, Johnny has settled down this time and is a calm, easy-going, most conventional husband. They have a baby, a home without any mortgages, a swimming pool and a dog, and Johnny reacts to all of these possessions with a normal and abiding sense of pride.

Only one thing bothers Mrs. W. and is a thorny reminder of Johnny's *Tarzan* personality. That is his hair. He can't have it cut short. He wears it long like the jungle man, and it curls in shaggy frongs in the back, so that he can step into a picture at a moment's notice.

"It's all right when he's wearing a bathing suit," says his ever-lovin' wife. "But in a dinner suit!" She shudders. "It's incongruous. Like *Tarzan* trying to crash society. You almost expect him to walk on all fours any minute!" ■

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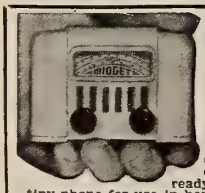


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NEW *Super-Soft*

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"Actors Are Cattle"

[*Continued from page* 19]

gomery tried to be as ironically sarcastic as his director when *Mr. and Mrs. Smith* was being made. Appearing for a scene one day, he said, bowing low in mock deference, "Mr. Hitchcock, the clay is ready to be molded!"

To which "Hitch" replied coldly, "Clay, my dear boy, is made into beautiful things. *Putty* is used to fill up the cracks!"

And why does he do all this? Why must a vitriolic tongue be constantly in evidence?

Well, for one thing, Alfred Hitchcock usually directs screen plays that are either mysteriously melodramatic or psychological or both. No one in his wildest dreams could call them pleasant.

It is a well-known fact that the spirit on a set will reflect somewhat in the scenes which get onto celluloid. For instance, it's awfully hard to produce a good comedy if the atmosphere where it is being made is angry or nervous.

Consequently—though Hitchcock is noted to be the most delightful of men after six—he deliberately stirs up the emotions of his players when they are near a camera. He fosters unpleasantness in order to get that extra "something" in his melodramatic scenes. He makes people hate each other, if it is necessary for the good of the picture.

He takes his stars apart.

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"It is almost necessary for a good actor to have a touch of artificiality in his make-up. He must be able to express emotion *insincerely*, without effort. That, after all, is the basis of acting."

Mr. Hitchcock is talking about actors he is not directing. He does not really feel that a player who expresses an emotion artificially—no matter how smooth his technique—can carry over to the public.

Therefore, he attempts to tear down the very "front" on which most actors depend for their livelihoods. He dissolves that ability to create emotion from nothing—and puts in its place, by sarcasm, an honest emotion *felt by the actor at that particular moment.* The upshot is that his pictures are usually terrific, and leave their audiences gasping. Need I say more?

Yes, one thing: that I have never met a screen player who wouldn't give his shirt to work for Alfred Hitchcock!

I asked him what he really thought about actors. This was his statement:

"Fundamentally, actors are a race apart. This group is divided into two sections: first, those who have talent and have never received any recognition for it, and, second, those who have received recognition without having any talent. Either way, they're cattle." ■

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IMPORTANT PICTURES

By SARA CORPENING

SERGEANT YORK ★★★★
Warner Brothers

■ Out of the true story of a simple, sincere man of the Tennessee mountains who became an international hero on the battlefield of the first World War emerges *Sergeant York*, one of the finest movies of the entire year. *Alvin York*, a farmer who wrestled a meager living from the hard rock soil of the Cumberland Mountains, was "agin killing." Yet when the time came when he had to kill—to save others—he did so. The story is told in two parts. We first meet *York* when he is toiling away on his poor little farm and finding release from his impoverished life by taking to hard liquor and fighting. One day he meets *Gracie Williams*, a neighbor's pretty daughter, and from that day on his entire existence is bound by one burning hope—to get a piece of bottom land so that he can marry *Gracie*. Just when it's within his grasp, he is tricked out of it. *York* sets out to kill his usurper, but a bolt of lightning knocks the gun from his hand. He's convinced it's an act of God, and from that day forward he's a true Christian. When war comes, he asks for deferrment because he believes it's wrong to kill, but he is refused. He becomes a world hero through his bravery on the battlefield, when he acts only for others. Gary Cooper does a masterful job as *York*. His role was a hard one, as portraying an actual, living person always is. Young Joan Leslie, as his mountain sweetheart, is superb, while Walter Brennan, as the mountain pastor, excels even his past grand performances. You won't forget the magnificent job done by Margaret Wycherley, either, as Cooper's mother. Her intense, staring black eyes will haunt you long after you leave the theater.

BLOSSOMS IN THE DUST ★★★★
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

■ *Blossoms in the Dust* is a poignant, heartwarming story based on the life of Mrs. Edna Gladney, of Texas, a noble, kindly woman who founded the Texas Home and Aid Society at Fort Worth. Through her valiant and untiring efforts countless homeless orphans have been placed in homes where they would be assured of loving care. Greer Garson, entrancing in Technicolor, gives the best performance of her career to date as Mrs. Gladney. The story covers a span of years from the time Edna Kahley meets dynamic Sam Gladney (Walter Pidgeon), marries him and leaves her Wisconsin home to live in Texas. The baby born to them dies, and Sam passes away soon after. Together they had done some charity work for poor children and foundlings, and from that point on Mrs. Gladney devotes her life to finding homes for unfortunate children. Her speech in the Texas Senate in which she pleads for the elimination from public records of whether orphans were born illegitimately is a high spot of the film. Miss Garson's stirring speech ends with a dramatic declaration: "There are no illegitimate children; there are only illegitimate parents." A grand supporting cast is headed by Felix Bressart in the role of a kindly country doctor. Marsha Hunt, as an orphan who was adopted early in life by Miss Garson's parents, does a creditable piece of work.

THEY MET IN BOMBAY ★★★
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

■ The most original thing about *They Met in Bombay* is the exotic headgear worn by dazzling Rosalind Russell. The plot is rather familiar—about the two jewel thieves who are out to get the same diamond. They try desperately to outwit each other, then find they must combine forces to outwit the police. They flee to China, where things happen fast, and in short order Clark performs some heroic acts and wins the Victoria Cross for bravery. The incomparable talents of Gable and Miss Russell make even the mediocre vehicle good entertainment, however.

THE BIG STORE ★★★
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

■ This time the incalculable Marx Brothers get mixed up with a crook who is trying to bankrupt a big department store. Gags run riot throughout the

[*Continued on page* 70]



A true father and son companionship exists between Edward G. Robinson and his young son, Edward, Jr. When not on call for studio work, the boys don ten gallon hats and take long walks through the woods. Warners' *Manpower* with Marlene Dietrich is Robinson's current film

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Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray check Light above and Dark ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

NAME

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Important Pictures

[*Continued from page 69*]

entire film, of course. Some are hilarious, some are only so-so. This isn't the Marx Brothers at their best, but even their second-best will set you to laughing. A good supporting cast is headed by Tony Martin, Virginia Grey and Margaret Dumont. If for no other reason, you won't want to miss *The Big Store* because it marks the end of the twenty-year association of the Marx Brothers. They're splitting to go their separate professional ways hereafter.

THE BRIDE CAME C. O. D. ★★★

Warners

■ Bette Davis, getting a bit weary of the intensely dramatic roles she's been called upon to enact of late, asked Warner Brothers for something on the lighter side. *The Bride Came C.O.D.* is their answer, and just to be sure Miss Davis was happy, they have liberally garnished the picture with slapstick, sly situations and deft twists. The sum total is a most pleasant little comedy. The story is about a wealthy young heiress (Bette) who decides to elope with an orchestra leader (Jack Carson) whom she's known only four days. James Cagney is the aviator who is to fly them to Las Vegas. He learns that Bette's father (Eugene Pallette) will pay handsomely to stop the marriage, so he proceeds to take matters into his own hands. He's trying to get hold of some ready cash so his airplane won't be reclaimed by the finance company. Cagney lures Carson and Stuart Erwin, a news commentator, from the plane and takes off alone with Bette. They crash in the desert near a ghost town inhabited only by Harry Davenport. Davenport believes Cagney has kidnapped Bette and locks him in the old jail, but later he learns he's innocent and abets him in winning Bette for himself. For of course they fall in love during their stranded hours. Pallette arrives on the scene to find Bette married to Carson, who's flown there too, but the wedding proves to be illegal because the judge was from Nevada and the ghost town is in California. Cagney finally wins the girl. Miss Davis shows a marked talent for comedy which she has had too few opportunities to exercise. The supporting cast is tops. It's headed by George Tobias, who adds another to his increasingly long list of grand performances.

SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS ★★★

Paramount

■ Even the most sophisticated moviegoer will find much about *Shepherd of the Hills* that he will like. In a war-weary world, this tale of simple folk deep in the Ozark Mountains will come as welcome entertainment relief. The story is adapted from the famous novel by Harold Bell Wright, and concerns a feud between two backwoods families. The film is done in Technicolor, depicting the giant Ozark trees in gorgeous shots. The entire cast is excellent, but noteworthy are Harry Carey, Betty Field and John Wayne.

MOON OVER MIAMI ★★★

Twentieth Century-Fox

■ An array of inviting names head the cast of the third big Technicolor offering of the current month. Don Ameche, Betty Grable, Carole Landis, Robert Cummings and Cobina Wright, Jr., are top-notchers, but the entire cast is good. The story is light and amusing. Ameche and Cummings are playboys and rivals who become targets for the romantic and mercenary assault of two beauteous blondes, Betty and Carole. Their aunt, Charlotte Greenwood, poses as their maid, and together the three take up quarters in Miami and start working on prospective rich husbands. The scheme backfires—with hilarious results. Everything ends happily, of course, under the amorous influence of a heady Miami moon. Technicolor is cleverly used to bring out all the beauty of the Florida backgrounds—not to mention the charms of the Misses Grable and Landis. The principals warble some catchy Robin and Rainger tunes.

BLONDIE IN SOCIETY ★★

Columbia

■ This is one of the best of the popular *Blondie* series. Children, as well as the usual quota of faithful adults, will like this chapter immensely. Dogs—and still more dogs—hold the center of the stage in the latest *Bumstead* chronicle. Things begin happening the moment *Dagwood* brings home a Great Dane in lieu of $50 owed him by a friend. The Dane proceeds to get the *Bumstead* family into hot water with all the neighbors. There is an impressive array of thoroughbred canines in a dog show sequence, but the *Bumstead's* faithful *Daisy* manages to hold her own even in such royal company. Edgar Kennedy does his famous slow burn, and Robert Mitchell's Boys' Choir, in one sequence, is excellent.

Miniature Reviews

★★★★

A WOMAN'S FACE (M-G-M) Cast: *Joan Crawford, Melvyn Douglas, Conrad Veidt.* Joan Crawford gives the best performance of her career without benefit of glamour or striking clothes. Story is grim, but enthralling.

CITIZEN KANE (R-K-O) Cast: *Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore.* Orson Welles' controversial film is one of the grandest bits of entertainment ever offered by Hollywood. The story relates in engrossing manner the highlights in the life of a notoriously wealthy publisher. Don't miss it.

I WANTED WINGS (Paramount) Cast: *Ray Milland, William Holden, Wayne Morris, Veronica Lake, Constance Moore.* The most exciting aviation picture to date. This is Paramount's big special on which they put a year of effort and expense. Watch for the startling newcomer, Veronica Lake.

MAJOR BARBARA (United Artists) Cast: *Rex Harrison, Wendy Hiller, Emlyn Williams.* For the thoughtful, the new Bernard Shaw picture offers delightful diversion. Filmed in England during the war.

MEET JOHN DOE (Warners) Cast: *Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck, Edward Arnold.* Another outstanding Capra picture based on the subject he handles so expertly—the cause of the Little Man. Cooper and Stanwyck are excellent in the leading roles.

RELUCTANT DRAGON, THE (R-K-O) Walt Disney's latest enchanting full-length feature stars Robert Benchley as a bemused visitor to the Disney plant. Through his eyes, we are shown how a Disney feature takes form.

★★★½

CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT (Paramount) Cast: *Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour, Eddie Bracken.* First in the series of draft comedies. Bob Hope, as usual, is very, very funny.

MAN HUNT (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Walter Pidgeon, Joan Bennett, George Sanders.* One of the best war movies to date. Story of a man who tries to shoot Hitler.

★★★

BILLY THE KID (M-G-M) Cast: *Robert Taylor, Mary Howard, Walter Pidgeon.* Newest version of the saga of the famous outlaw has Robert Taylor in black garb astride a black horse. A good Western, in Technicolor.

BLOOD AND SAND (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Tyrone Power, Linda Darnell, Rita Hayworth.* Melodrama of the bull ring, a remake of the famous Valentino film. Vivid Technicolor lends beauty.

IN THE NAVY (Universal) Cast: *Abbott and Costello, Dick Powell.* Running mate of *Buck Privates.* Abbott and Costello are sailors—and what sailors. Guaranteed to ease the strain of the times.

LOVE CRAZY (M-G-M) Cast: *William Powell, Myrna Loy, Gail Patrick.* Powell and Loy go completely slapstick and romp merrily through one of the gayest comedies of the season. Watch for the hilarious elevator scene.

MILLION DOLLAR BABY (Warners) Cast: *Priscilla Lane, Jeffrey Lynn, May Robson.* Light entertainment for a summer evening.

PENNY SERENADE (Columbia) Cast: *Cary Grant, Irene Dunne.* Heartwarming story wnich provides plenty of opportunity for releasing any pent-up tears.

SUNNY (R-K-O) Cast: *Anna Neagle, John Carroll, Edward Everett Horton.* A pleasing Cinderella opera based on the famous stage play. Miss Neagle sings and dances charmingly.

ZIEGFELD GIRL (M-G-M) Cast: *Lana Turner, Hedy Lamarr, Judy Garland, James Stewart, Tony Martin.* Plenty of beautiful girls and lilting tunes will give you an enjoyable evening. A bit slow in pace, however.

★★½

FLAME OF NEW ORLEANS (Universal) Cast: *Marlene Dietrich, Bruce Cabot, Roland Young.* Fluffy little bit of nonsense about the early days in New Orleans which you'll find bright enough for an evening's fun.

OUT OF THE FOG (Warners) Cast: *Ida Lupino, John Garfield, Thomas Mitchell.* Adapted from the stage play, *The Gentle People.* Drama, with good performances by entire cast.

SIS HOPKINS (Republic) Cast: *Judy Canova, Jerry Colonna, Susan Hayward.* Republic's most pretentious production to date. Canova and Colonna are a riot.

TIGHT SHOES (Universal) Cast: *Broderick Crawford, Binnie Barnes, John Howard.* Damon Runyon's story makes an hilarious movie.

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SHE SAYS "No"



SHE SAYS "Yes"

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Life Story
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● *Actual color photograph—Otis Rucker inspects a fine, light leaf, before aging*

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TANGEE *Red-Red*

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Beauty, you know, is only smile deep. A sparkling smile lights the plainest face—lends it priceless charm. Without one, the loveliest face is shadowed! *Help your smile.* Never forget—a smile, to be sparkling and attractive, depends largely on *firm, healthy gums.*

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush—make a date to *see your dentist* immediately. You may not be in for serious trouble—but let your dentist make the decision.

Very likely he'll tell you your gums are weak and tender because today's soft, creamy foods have robbed them of work and exercise. And, like thousands of modern dentists today, he may very likely suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

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The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

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The greatest star of the screen!



O sweet and lovely
Lady be good.
O Lady be good
To me.

★ ★ ★ ★

We are in voice today. It's not that hint of autumn in the air. Nor is it the pretty compliments we've been receiving from the public about "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

★ ★ ★ ★

The fact is that we've been vocally hypnotized by Ann Sothern's song efforts in "Lady Be Good". So please pardon our Sothern accent.

★ ★ ★ ★

You've seen her as "Maisie". But did you know she could sing like that? Neither did we. In case you don't get around to the picture, here's the way she does it.

★ ★ ★ ★

I'm just a lonesome
Babe in the wood,
So Lady be good
To me.



★ ★ ★ ★

What a film! What a fine film! What a mighty fine film! It has a plot that's hot, a cast that's fast, comic scenes that are anatomic, and throngs of songs.

★ ★ ★ ★

Eleanor Powell has never been better. Toe, ankle, leg, thigh, torso, arms, shoulders, head. All dance together in real rhythm.

★ ★ ★ ★

Jack McGowan wrote an original. Then he and Kay Van Riper and John McClain fashioned a screen play. Then Norman McLeod directed. Result—Oo-la-la!

★ ★ ★ ★

Add music by George Gershwin, Jerome Kern and Roger Edens, lyrics by Ira Gershwin, Oscar Hammerstein and Arthur Freed. Then serve.

★ ★ ★ ★

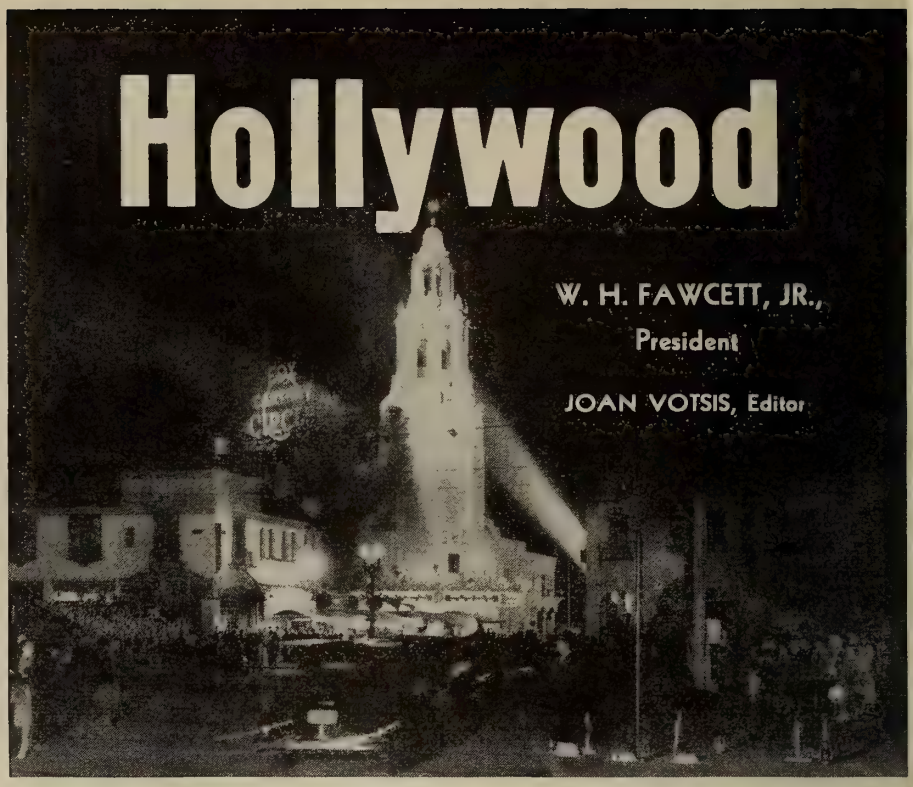
Footnotes: Robert Young turns in a stunning co-starring job. Lionel Barrymore is still the old master. John Carroll is a discovery. Red Skelton is Joe Comic. Virginia O'Brien is a bright flash in the dead pan.

★ ★ ★ ★

Fan song: *O Leo be good*
To me.

—The Maestro

Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*



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John Carroll · Red Skelton

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A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

"Lady Be Good!"





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HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ERSKINE JOHNSON

■ Martha Raye bought a new car and hired a chauffeur to go with it. One afternoon she returned home unexpectedly to find a little pickaninny sitting in her favorite chair. "Hello," said Martha, always the perfect hostess, "do you know who I am?" "Yes, ma'am," said the little guest. "You-all is the lady that rides around in my pappy's new car."

■ Veronica Lake would win most any poll for being the screen's No. 1 siren after her role in *I Wanted Wings*. But until her recent marriage, glamour girl Veronica's parents wouldn't permit her to stay out later than 1 a. m. with her boy friends. First time she dated her husband-to-be they came home at 2:30 a. m., and her parents made her stay home every night for two weeks.

■ Ex-husbands keep meeting ex-wives in Hollywood. Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers frequently dine together. Ginger thinks Ayres is her best and most constructive critic.

■ Is Mickey Rooney's face red! During a lull on the set of *Babes on Broadway*, the new musical he is making with Judy Garland, Mickey visited his ex-stand-in, Dick Paxton, and saw a pretty girl on the set where Paxton was working. "Get me her telephone number," said Mickey. Paxton said he would. That night at 11:30 Mickey dialed the number, and discovered he was talking to the studio's schoolteacher. It was Paxton's idea of a gag. The teacher said: "Young man, do you know what time it is? You ought to be home in bed."

■ The life of William Allen White, famous Kansas newspaper editor, will not be screened while he's alive. Some time ago M-G-M announced that Spencer Tracy would portray Mr. White in a picture. Then the editor came to Hollywood and quietly asked M-G-M not to make the film until after his death. It's a strange request in these days when glorification in celluloid would flatter so many men.

■ Here's the belated, but official low-down on the Mickey Rooney-Linda Darnell split-up. An hour before his date to take her to a recent movie wedding, Rooney phoned and said he couldn't go. She went alone and then Rooney showed up with Sheila Ryan on his arm.

■ Talk of the sound stages: A drunk tipping Judy Garland a buck after she warbled a tune to hubby Dave Rose's accompaniment at a Hollywood night spot. . . Warners sending a truckload of furniture over from the studio prop department to make Joan Leslie's house look right for her first "at home" magazine interview. . . Those little gold rafts with the name "George" outlined in diamonds which George Raft gives his leading ladies at the end of each picture cost 800 bucks apiece. . . Rita Hayworth's regular visits to a Los Angeles charm school.

■ Hollywood romance: Mary Beth Hughes, who used to go with Bob Stack, who used to go with Cobina Wright, Jr., is now going with Ted North, who used

[*Continued on page* 8]



The two gentlemen glaring at each other over the head of lovely Irene Dunne are Robert Montgomery (in uniform) and Preston Foster. Irene's romantic indecision is solved when the boys take matters into their own hands in *Unfinished Business*

MASTER OF LOVE!...

His Words of Love Set All Women's Hearts on Fire!



Only Boyer, suave, sophisticated . . . only fresh, lovely DeHavilland . . . only sultry, beautiful, Goddard, could bring this hauntingly beautiful love story to you . . . played in the exciting atmosphere of a Mexican border town!

Charles BOYER

Olivia DE HAVILLAND ★ Paulette GODDARD in

"HOLD BACK THE DAWN"

with VICTOR FRANCEN • WALTER ABEL • Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN

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IRRESISTIBLE
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Jewel-tone lipsticks flash into the limelight. Leading star of this dramatic mode is IRRESISTIBLE RUBY RED . . . a deep, rich, sparkling red which blends brilliantly with all the new fashionable clothes colors. Softer, smoother, longer-lasting, thanks to our secret WHIP-TEXT process. Matching Rouge, Powder and Foundation.
Only 10c each at all 5 & 10c Stores

IT'S Whip-Text
LASTS LONGER...
SMOOTHER



USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



The musical hit, *Hellzapoppin'*, is brought to the screen after a tremendously successful four-year run on Broadway. Comedians Olsen and Johnson, original stars of the popular stage show, retain their lead spots in Universal's film version

to go with Barbara Lynn, who is now going with Bob Stack, who used to go with Mary Beth Hughes.

■ W. C. Fields was toying with a tall, frosty glass on the set when Director Eddie Cline called him before the camera. "Put it down, put it down—we're ready to shoot," said Cline. W. C. raised the glass to his lips. "I am putting it down," he said, gulping the glass dry.

■ Eleanor Counts, an eyeful who gets jobs in Hollywood because she has beautiful "gams" (legs in the hinterlands) finally looked up the word "gam" in the dictionary. "Gam," said Webster—"is a school of whales."

■ More Sound Stage Talk: Janet Gaynor and Adrian spending $1,800 to have a mirror built into one wall of their living room. . . That build-up a screen newcomer is receiving because the studio boss has a personal crush on her. . . Hollywood's patriotic gesture of the month—red, white and blue hairpins. . . Fred Astaire winning a Bel-Air golf tournament although handicapped by a sprained finger. . . That romantic hero's gambling losses, which are believed to be in the neighborhood of $250,000.

■ A party invitation Martha Raye extended to Lois Andrews (Mrs. George Jessel) over the telephone was informal, to say the least. Said Martha: "I don't know you but you know my husband and I know your husband." The Jessels accepted.

■ The Rhum-Boogie, a Hollywood night club, is featuring a Hamboogie sandwich. A hamburger gone Hollywood, no doubt.

■ David Niven, who is now a major in the English tank corps, has named his tanks for Hollywood stars. There is a Myrna Loy, Rosalind Russell and Donald Duck. Biggest of all is called Mae West.

■ A visitor to Carole Landis' home expressed surprise at the iron bars on her bedroom windows and the heavy locks on the doors. "Afraid?" she was asked. "Oh, no," she replied. "This house once belonged to Edna May Oliver—and this was her bedroom."

■ Now that sweaters are taboo on the screen, Hollywood costume designers are concentrating on feminine hips.

[*Continued on page* 10]



Adorable Carolyn Lee enters into the fun as Mary Martin strums a guitar in the Paramount film, *Birth of the Blues*

JUST LOOK AT THESE COMING ATTRACTIONS!

Here they are! The Choice of all of Hollywood's offerings for this month and the near future! Better check them off—*you'll want to see every one!*







The patrons at Ciro's, whose eyes are accustomed to bizarre fashions, gasped out loud when Metro's glamour queens, Judy Garland and Lana Turner, turned up in these tricky creations. The Garland-Rose wedding was occasion for the celebration

They're being accentuated with skin-tight satin, or, like Carmen Miranda's get-up in *Week-end in Havana*, no covering at all.

■ Sight Of The Month: John Barrymore ALONE and sipping a coke at the Beverly Tropics.

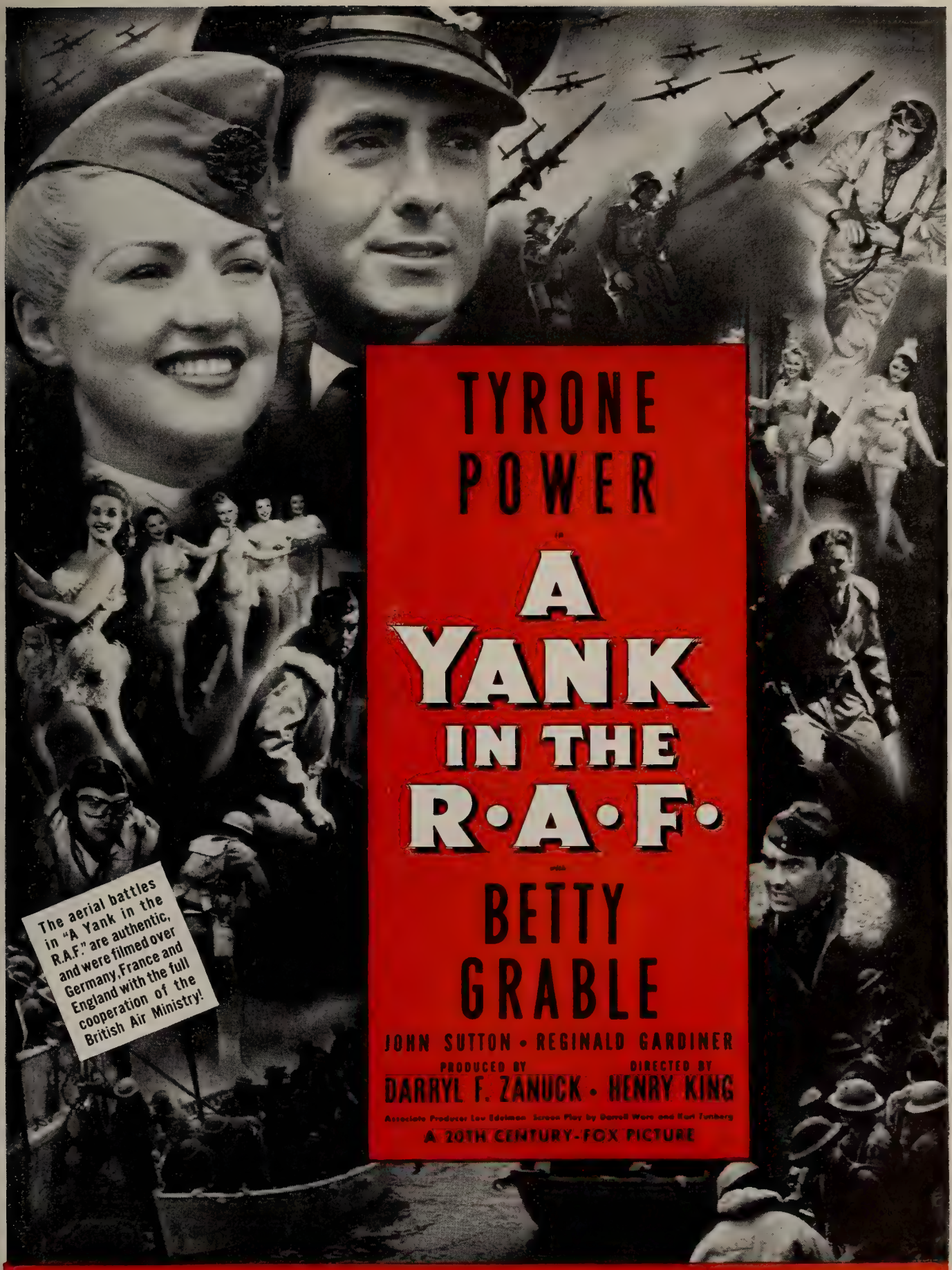
■ It happened during a long rehearsal for an ice skating number in Republic's *Ice-Capades*. "Okay, boys, rest your arcs," yelled the chief electrician. A weary little chorus skater asked plaintively, "You couldn't make it rest your arches, could you?"

■ After all these years of costume pictures, Charles Laughton finally gets a chance to dress up on the screen. He'll even wear white tie and tails as the playwright in R-K-O's *Three Rogues*.

■ Mae West, they say, is one of the biggest diamond traders in Southern California. Keeps a supply of loose rocks in her apartment and invites the town's merchants to "come up and see me some time—and bring your diamonds."

■ Bob Hope, who has been divested of most of his clothes at one time or another in all of his pictures, continues his career as a male strip teaser in his next film, *Louisiana Purchase*. This time he winds up in a pair of white satin shorts!

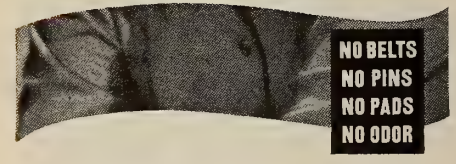
[*Continued on page* 12]



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JOIN THE MILLIONS
using Tampax now!



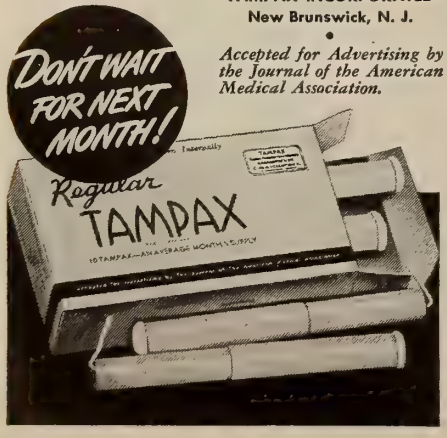
WOMEN who discover Tampax usually want to tell it aloud from the housetops . . . And why not? It permits *any* kind of costume to be worn without a bulge or "edge." And it brings a new sense of glorious freedom to the wearer.

Tampax was perfected by a doctor to be *worn internally.* It is made of pure surgical cotton, greatly compressed and extremely absorbent. Each Tampax comes in patented one-time-use applicator—for quick and dainty insertion. With Tampax there is no chafing and no odor. Therefore, no deodorant is necessary. Also, Tampax is easily disposed of.

Now made in three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. These meet every individual need (the new Super is 50% more absorbent). Use Tampax and you can travel, dance . . . use tub or shower . . . Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain. Don't wait for next month! Join the millions using Tampax now!

TAMPAX INCORPORATED
New Brunswick, N. J.

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■ George Brent was supposed to climb a tall ladder for a sequence in *International Lady* but at his own request they tricked it up so he could remain on the ground. He has a fear of high places, gets dizzy and sick. Found out about it only after purchasing his yacht, the *South Wind.* He climbed the mainmast one day, turned green and a couple of deckhands had to haul him down.

■ First time Gene Tierney's husband, Count Oleg Cassini, came to the studio to visit her on the set, they wouldn't let him in without a pass. The Count stormed and shouted and threatened all sorts of things until somebody provided him with the necessary credential. Yes, you sometimes must have a pass to see your wife in Hollywood.

■ Barbara Stanwyck's completely casual attitude toward her appearance is a source of constant amazement to studio wardrobe women and hairdressers. The other day a hairdresser placed a hat on Barbara's head, and the star went before the camera without even glancing in a mirror. When someone remarked about it, Miss Stanwyck said: "Why not, I've got the front in the front and the back in the back—what more can you do with a hat?"

■ Anne Shirley finally trades gingham for satin and goes glamorous for the first time in R-K-O's *Unexpected Uncle.* "Personally, though," she says, "I prefer to be a gingham girl. You have more of a chance to act. And I like to act."

■ Increased income taxes for 1942 already have started a mild economy wave in movietown. Dick Powell and Joan Blondell are selling their big Hollywood home and will divide their time in the future between their Balboa cottage and a rented apartment.

■ "Cast of characters" page in a movie script provides tempting space for writers to vent uncensored humor. Re-

[*Continued on page* 14]



Horror-man Peter Lorre is unperturbed as Mary Astor puts plenty of force behind a slap in this scene from *The Maltese Falcon.* This is the attractive star's first role since her memorable performance in the Davis flicker, *The Great Lie*



Reporting back to work in her first film since her marriage to Vaughn Paul, Deanna Durbin is shown practicing a difficult stunt in Universal's *Almost an Angel,* which co-stars Bob Cummings



Deanna glides over a chair while being chased by Bob. Just to prove that the trick was not performed by a double, two stages of this scene are shown. Note position of chair in both pictures

THERE'S *Glamour* ON THE SCREEN AGAIN

BECAUSE

Gloria's Back!

Star news of the year for every movie fan who's over seven!...You'll see what you've missed when you see what she does to you in this hilariously amorous story of two love-birds who eloped without his children's consent!





Adolphe
MENJOU

Gloria
SWANSON

In A Screaming Comedy

Of Life Among The In-Laws—With Reverse English

"Father Takes A Wife"

with John Howard · *Desi Arnaz* · *Helen Broderick* · *Florence Rice*

RKO Radio Picture

Produced by Lee Marcus • Directed by Jack Hively

Original Screen Play by Dorothy and Herbert Fields

Little Slam

by Lewella



Glamorous Figure Control plus Comfort

in this finely-woven two-way stretch Girdle $1.50

Matching Bra $1.00

★

Give your figure a "High Score" in Beauty!

Finesse your competition with "Little Slam"! Bid for smartness . . . and get a bonus in streamlined charm. LITTLE SLAM is gentle, but firm in the way it conforms your figure so that dresses look their best. Fitted waist line. Plush-lined garters . . . The lustrous satin Bra is a perfect partner. Elastic band in front gives perfect uplift, smooth fit. Adjustable shoulder straps and adjustable back fastening. Girdle—small, medium, large. Bra—in three cup sizes.

At your favorite store, or write

LEWEL MANUFACTURING CO., INC.

149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Write for FREE booklet "A": "Personalized Silhouette Beauty"



Shy and drab-looking Maureen O'Hara has blossomed out into one of Hollywood's ace "glitter" girls. Her favorite escort these evenings is none other than Bill Lundigan. Maureen has feature role in 20th Century-Fox's *How Green Was My Valley*

public's script of the Judy Canova film, *Puddin' Head*, reads:

JUDY GOOBER (Judy Canova)—The most popular girl in Withering Heights who makes good in the big city.

PRINCE KARL (Francis Lederer)—A White Russian of questionable ability. Frayed of cuff but glib of tongue—every other inch a gentleman.

NICHOLAS Q. NICHOLAS (Raymond Walburn)—The sap of the family tree. He keeps his family in hot water and his firm in the red.

YVONNE (Astrid Allwyn)—Ex-show girl and ex-wife of Prince Karl. She knows a mink coat when she sees one.

■ Out at M-G-M where they're making *Panama Hattie*, a musical comedy with a Canal Zone background, the company ran into difficulties with the good neighbor policy. In a cable from Panama the studio representative said, "Don't have the American sailors playing around with native girls. They don't like the idea around here." Into a big huddle went studio executives and Director Norman McLeod. They came out of it with the startling announcement that all the native girls in the picture will be blondes. It's even possible they'll change the title of the picture from *Panama Hattie* to *Peroxide Headie*.

■ You'd be surprised how short the public's memory is. Remember Bill Hart when he was the No. 1 cowboy of them all? The other day during the shooting of *One Foot in Heaven* at Warners the script called for the interior of a 1917 motion picture theater—with the film showing Bill Hart galloping across the scene. The director instructed the extras in the audience to cheer when Hart came into view, to hiss the villain in the next shot. You guessed it. They hissed Hart—they didn't remember him and didn't know the hero from the villain.

■ W. C. Fields tried to insert a scene in his new movie, *The Great Man*, in which he would make fun of movie producers. The producers killed it. So Fields then wrote a routine poking fun at screen

[*Continued on page* 16]



Black cats and goblins hold no terror for Anne Gwynne when Hallowe'en rolls around. Anne just completed the most important role of her career—the romantic lead in Universal's *Ride 'Em Cowboy*

SHE'S FAMOUS_SHE'S BEAUTIFUL

Popular Girls Everywhere take her tip... It's as simple as



1



I NEVER NEGLECT MY DAILY **LUX SOAP ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL.** PAT THE LATHER LIGHTLY IN

2



RINSE WITH WARM WATER, THEN A DASH OF COOL

3



PAT YOUR SKIN DRY. NOW IT FEELS **SMOOTHER**, SOFTER. LOVELY SKIN WINS ROMANCE!

STAR OF RKO'S "MR. & MRS. SMITH"



CAROLE LOMBARD

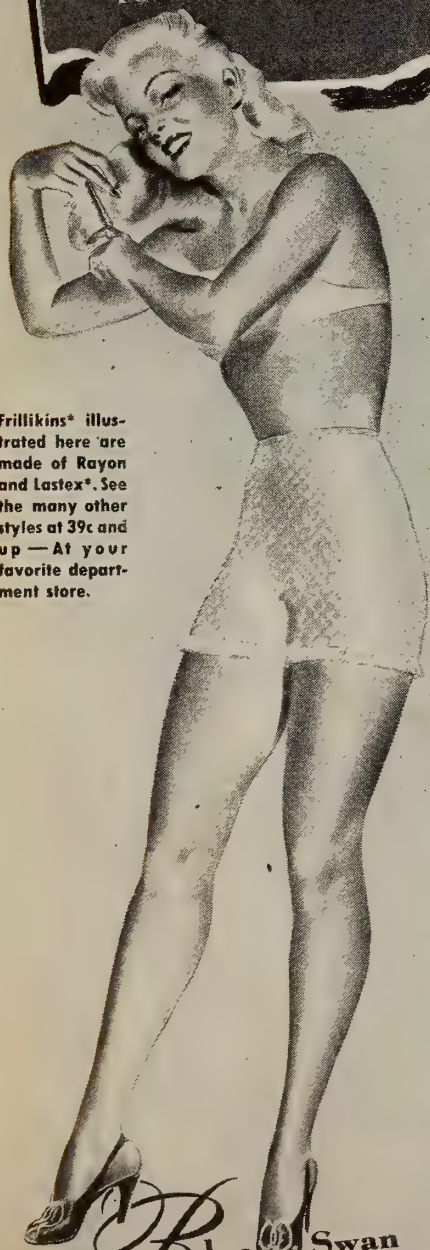
This lovely Hollywood favorite shows you how to give skin screen-star care right in your own home! Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics—gives skin gentle, *thorough* care it needs. Why don't YOU try ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days!

9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP

COMPLETELY CORRECT...

Blue Swan Undikins*

FOR EVERY COSTUME
FOR EVERY OCCASION



Frillikins* illustrated here are made of Rayon and Lastex*. See the many other styles at 39c and up — At your favorite department store.

Blue Swan brings you a wardrobe of lovely undikins . . . clever pantie-sisters . . . each designed to flatter your figure, keep you comfy. You'll want all seven to be completely correct.

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Blue Swan

writers. The producers said: "That's all right, but don't try to make fun of us."

■ Errol Flynn reported to the make-up department at Warners for make-up tests for *They Died With Their Boots On,* in which he plays the famous Indian fighter, General Custer. Perc Westmore placed a long and curly blond wig on Flynn's head. Errol looked in a mirror. "Ye Gads," he said, "I look like Shirley Temple."

■ It may be old but it's worth reviving. It happened in the classroom of a Beverly Hills school attended by the children of Hollywoodites. The teacher asked the question, "Who wrote 'My Old Kentucky Home'?" "Don Ameche," replied a little boy. "He did not," interrupted a little girl. "Stephen Foster wrote it. Don Ameche invented the telephone."

■ Add Hollywood glossary—Associate Producer—the man who gets fired when the producer makes a bad picture.

■ Mary Astor was busy at work in a picture so she permitted daughter Marylyn to make up the guest list and mail all the invitations for her ninth birthday party. Day of the party Miss Astor came home to find 33 girls and one boy helping Marylyn celebrate.



Don't miss next month's fascinating on-the-set story, SMILIN' THROUGH, starring Jeanette MacDonald, Gene Raymond and Brian Aherne, told by an extra who also played in the first version of the immortal love story.

■ While making personal appearances at Wright Field in Dayton, Ohio, Nancy Kelly was asked to pose for a photograph kissing a soldier. She obliged with a long kiss which had the soldier blushing. "That's enough," the photographer finally said. "That's all right," replied Nancy, coming up for air, "I'm doing it for national defense."

■ Day before she returned to Hollywood from her Tahiti cruise, Joan Fontaine, who has been worried about loss of weight for some time, sent husband Brian Aherne a telegram reading: "Congratulations. Your baby feels fine. Weight, 115 pounds." Western Union, thinking there was a mistake, repeated the words "baby" and "115 pounds" with question marks at the bottom of the wire.

■ A temperamental movie queen fainted on the set a couple of weeks ago. The studio doctor pronounced her ill, with a very weak pulse and sent her home, but the director had his suspicions. The movie queen, he figured, had staged a phony faint just to have the rest of the afternoon off. But with the doctor's report on her pulse, he finally convinced himself he must be wrong. But he didn't completely forget the incident. The other night the director went to a party, told about the movie queen fainting and of his suspicions. A feminine guest stood up, put a handkerchief in her armpit, brought her arm tightly to her side and asked the director to feel her pulse. He did, and felt nothing. "Who taught you that trick?" he roared. "Your friend, the movie queen," the director was told.

■ Overheard at the Brown Derby: "You better eat your soup before your conversation gets cold."

■ A busboy dropped a trayful of dishes at a banquet where Red Skelton was acting as master of ceremonies. "That guy," quipped Skelton, "handles china like it was Japan."

■ Most appropriate costume of Ann Sheridan's career, provided it lives up to its name, will be worn by the curvaceous star in the film version of *Kings Row.* It's a 1903 number known as a "hug-me-tight."

■ The scenarists, it seems, are always interrupting Tyrone Power in the middle of his love scenes. Just as he was about to kiss Rita Hayworth in *Blood and Sand,* the doorbell rang and it wasn't until four reels later that he got another chance. In *The Mark of Zorro* he missed two chances to kiss Linda Darnell because of Basil Rathbone's intrusions. Now, in *A Yank in the R. A. F.,* Reginald Gardiner walks into the room just as Power takes Betty Grable in his arms. The reason? "Teaser kisses," Director Rouben Mamoulian describes them. "Same principle as the cliff-hanging in the old serials. You keep waiting for the big moment."

■ Hubby of a sirenish star was vexed no end the other day when he discovered she was stepping out with a studio hireling. "I wouldn't mind," he said, "but that guy can't do her any good. Why can't she go out with someone important?" Hollywood is like that.

■ Hollywood Confucius say: "Always be nice to producer. Some day he may be studio gateman and not let you in."

■ Ray Bolger has added a "Hilter Hop" to his personal appearance dance routine. A big build-up and then he falls flat on his face.

■ A scenarist had just finished a screen play and it was being checked over by the producer. "Right here," said the producer, "you got to have a chase." "But this isn't the kind of a picture for a chase," wailed the writer. "It's about people. It's a real drama about real people. It's a psychological thing." "Okay," compromised the producer. "Let's have a mental chase."

■ Wouldn't It Be Funny: If Wallace Beery stopped pawing his face on the screen . . . John Barrymore went through a single week without falling in love . . . Rosalind Russell wore a hat that didn't look like a drive-in sandwich stand . . . Bing Crosby lost his waistline . . . Rudy Vallee danced with a girl without making eyes at other feminine dancers . . . Don Ameche appeared in a film biography of Tyrone Power . . . Ernst Lubitsch actually filmed what goes on behind those closed doors in all his pictures . . . wouldn't it be funny.

■ Add Memories: When Will Hays announced the 12-point censorship code for motion pictures and *Variety* headlined the story: "Hays Two Up On Moses."

■ Penny Singleton is the proud owner of a flourishing knit shop in San Fernando Valley which she calls "Penny's Knit-with." Some well-meaning friends tried to persuade her to change the name because people might be calling it "Penny, the Nitwit," but that doesn't bother her at all. Penny had never intended to go into any sort of business, but it was an overt act of fate which plumped a shop on her hands. Penny lives in the Valley, and when she learned that the neighborhood tailor

[*Continued on page* 21]



Comedienne Martha Raye does some tall cavorting in the new Warner Brothers' picture, *Navy Blues*. Cast also includes Ann Sheridan, Jack Oakie, Jack Carson

Guard your Charm all Day

with quick, convenient Mum



WHAT IS MUM? Mum is a creamy deodorant that prevents underarm odor *without stopping perspiration.* So soothing you can use it immediately after underarm shaving.

IN A HURRY? Mum's speed is a marvelous help. Use it even after dressing. Mum in your purse or desk means quick protection for impromptu invitations—surprise dates.



HELPS BATH FRESHNESS LAST. Even the most glorious bath can't prevent risk of offending. A quick dab of Mum under each arm protects charm all day or all evening long.



MUM HELPS SOCIALLY. What use is your most glamorous make-up, your loveliest frock, if underarm odor is a constant threat? Play safe! Guard charm every day—with Mum.

Prevent underarm odor—make a daily habit of Mum!

YOUR CLOTHES, your hats and your cosmetics. How careful you are to choose the alluring line, the smartest style, the most flattering shades to enhance your attractiveness. But are you as careful about choosing your deodorant—the safeguard of your daintiness and popularity?

Why take chances with your job—risk popularity—when Mum is so *quick*, so *safe*, so *sure*. One quick dab of creamy Mum under each arm after your bath—even after you're dressed—and your charm is protected all day or all evening.

Ask for Mum at your druggist's today. See if Mum's convenience, Mum's speed, Mum's effectiveness don't give you greater protection, a greater confidence.

SO HANDY! Only 30 seconds are needed to smooth on Mum, yet it guards bath-freshness all day or all evening.

DEPENDABLE! Mum is *sure*—prevents risk of offending—does *not* stop perspiration.

SAFE! Harmless to skin. Use it right after underarm shaving—after you're dressed. It won't injure fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering.

• • •

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Thousands of women use Mum for this important purpose. Try safe, dependable Mum this way, too!

MUM

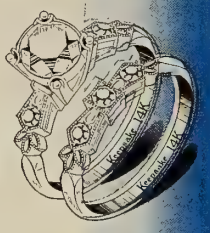
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



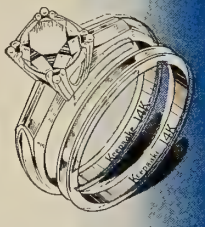
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DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING



Bonita
Matched Set 134.75
Engagement Ring 100.00



Champlain
Matched Set 157.50
Engagement Ring 150.00



Brentwood
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If the time ever comes when the fans want no more of Fred MacMurray, there'll be one consolation for him—he'll have more time to hang around previews hoping for a glimpse of the stars. For Fred is Hollywood's No. 1 fan, still as impressed and thrilled at meeting celebrities as he was at twenty. Fred's in Warners' *Dive Bomber*

Star-Struck Star

By TOM CASEY

■ A lifelong movie fan himself, he can't understand why anybody should be a fan of *his*. He likes to watch the stars at previews and premieres. He likes to mingle with the big shots and ask them questions about their early struggles. But if anybody asks him about *him*, he freezes up and gets tongue-tied.

That's Fred MacMurray, the most paradoxical performer that ever stepped in front of a Hollywood camera.

He can't realize that star billing on the marquees, a long-term contract, fat roles and $4,500 a week are enough to qualify him as a 24-karat Hollywood headliner. Every time he is cast in a picture he gets a fresh thrill out of knowing that his employers realize he is still alive.

Undoubtedly the most naive adult in the whole sophisticated racket of movie-making, Fred still treasures a medal from the Beaver Dam, Wis., American Legion, awarded to him for proficiency in knot-tying. That was in his Boy Scout days. As far as worldly wisdom goes he is still a Boy Scout.

In the midst of the flashy social life of the movie colony, bounded on one side by polo, on another by swimming pools, another by cocktail parties and another by night clubs, Fred's idea of a good time is a dinner of farmhouse proportions, a double-feature movie and a good night's sleep.

Away from the studio he's as pleased as a pup over the least manifestation of interest in him on the part of strangers. This is a hangover from the days when he was almost literally nobody. In his earliest days in Hollywood he got a job as an actor in a bum little independent picture about the Wild West. His part was that of a prospector and he wore a ragged beard throughout.

Fred was so self-effacing that nobody bothered to include him in between-takes conversations or invite him along for group luncheons. Although the picture was three weeks in production, nobody knew his name but the cashier. When it was necessary to address him, the director and everybody else called him "Beaver" in honor of the beard, which made more of an impression than he did.

When a lucky break catapulted him into the ranks of the California Collegians, a youthful band of some repute, he inherited a sax job that had been vacated by a lad nicknamed "Rex" Beach. Here again Fred was such a shy violet that his name never made any impression on the leader or his fellow musicians. As long as he was with the troupe he was known as "Rex" Beach.

The California Collegians were engaged as the pit band at Warners' Hollywood Theater. Here "Rex Beach" MacMurray was in his glory. Not only did he get a chance to feast his eyes on the film stars during previews and premieres but on special occasions they appeared on the stage, almost within touching distance.

When schedules permitted he would race out the stage door at the Hollywood and sprint eight blocks down Hollywood Boulevard to Grauman's Chinese, thus gorging himself on two flocks of movie celebrities in the same evening.

"I was a well-behaved fan," he insists, however, "satisfied to stand on the sidewalk and gape. I never heckled the stars for autographs or trinkets the way the kids do now."

When the college band was hired to play in the New York stage show *Roberta,* Fred won the Manhattan championship as a jay-walker and open-mouthed sightseer. Mornings he used to hang around City Hall, hoping some distinguished visitor would be received by the Mayor's Committee of Welcome.

He bought a tourist guidebook and tramped all over the Fifth Avenue area inspecting, from outside, the mansions of the Morgans and the Vanderbilts. He treated the principals of *Roberta* as if they were gods and goddesses and when a showgirl in the cast befriended him he was in seventh heaven.

This Good Samaritan, Lillian Lamont, became his wife after a courtship the like of which has never been matched for shyness this side of a high school.

Some of Fred's boyish wistfulness projected itself over the footlights one fortunate night and a talent scout fixed him up with a test. As painlessly as that he became a Paramount leading man. One brief season after patrolling the lobbies of the Hollywood movie palaces ogling the stars he was a member of that exalted elite himself.

The part of a low-grade newspaperman popped up in a Claudette Colbert picture called *The Gilded Lily.* Unaccountably, Fred's name came up at a casting conference and by some executive whim it was decided to give him a crack at the part, a genuine lead in an "A" picture.

After three days in the role the neophyte actor was engulfed in a wave of despair. Ready to go back to sax-tootling for a living, he told the director he knew he was a mess and asked for his release. Told he was doing all right, he nearly fainted.

Those few words of doubtful praise proved to be the shot in the arm necessary to bring out in Fred the dormant qualities that have carried him on to success.

Even today, when his contract options are renewed with tiresome regularity and the requests for loanouts from rival studios mount steadily each season, the modest Mr. MacMurray thinks of himself as a freak success who can't possibly last.

This conviction survives in the face of the fact that Warner Brothers, the most cold-bloodedly commercial of all Hollywood studios, borrowed him to share the lead with their fair-haired boy Errol Flynn in *Dive Bomber.*

Against the rainy day he is sure is just around the corner Fred has socked away most of his earnings in real estate and government bonds.

If the time comes, as he is convinced it will, when the movies want no more of him, Fred will revert to his status as a devoted movie fan, hanging around the previews for a glimpse of all the stars. ■

New Loveliness can be yours— Go on the Camay "MILD-SOAP" DIET!



This lovely bride, Mrs. Frank Morell, Jr., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., says, "I'm really thankful that I went on a 'Mild-Soap' Diet. All my friends tell me how lovely my skin looks—and I'm sure it's largely due to Camay and the 'Mild-Soap' Diet."

Try this exciting beauty idea—praised by lovely brides—based on the advice of skin specialists!

So MANY WOMEN dim the beauty of their skin through improper cleansing. Others use a beauty soap not as mild as it should be. "My constant beauty care is Camay and the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet," says Mrs. Morell, a bride whose lovely complexion makes her an expert.

Leading skin specialists we've consulted advise a regular cleansing routine—daily cleansing with a *fine, mild soap.* And Camay is not only mild—but milder! Yes, milder by actual test than ten other popular beauty soaps. That's why we say, "Go on the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet."

Every single day—twice a day—for 30 days—give your skin Camay's gentle care. Don't miss a single day. It's the regular cleansing that will help you in a few short weeks to see a more appealing skin.



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THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

✓ Camay is milder by actual recorded test—in tests against ten other popular beauty soaps Camay was milder than any of them!

Go on the **CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!**



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of the nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with 30 seconds of cold splashings.



Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay. Follow this routine faithfully.

Beauty With a Bang!

By ANN VERNON



Sidney Guilaroff designed this smart bang coiffure for Ann Sothern to wear in M-G-M's *Lady Be Good*



And here's a side view showing the smooth way those bangs, side rolls and chignon combine to make a sophisticated coiffure for formal afternoons, evenings. It looks equally well with loose curls at the nape of the neck instead of chignon

Here's how you can copy Ann's bang coiffure: Moisten your hair with quick-drying *wave-set*. Part the hair across the crown and on a line with the ears. Make two rows of pin curls close together, just below the hairline. Then divide the hair at the sides into small strands, and make a row of pin curls rolled toward the face. When the hair is dry, brush each section like mad, on top and underneath, to give it that taffy-smooth look. Then comb under. Anchor the side sections close to your head with combs or bob pins. To get that fan-shaped effect, gather the bangs into a small, flat barrette on top of the head, work them into a smooth roll, tapering at the ends to meet the side rolls.

Here's what you'll need to achieve the right effect:

1. A special *after-shampoo rinse* to give your hair sheen and to make it easier to work with. This rinse is made from U. S. certified colors so it's good for your locks. The color washes out in a regular shampoo but won't rub off before then. Only a dime a package.

2. The new thin *wave-set* that dries faster than water because of special ingredients. It's used in a Fifth Avenue salon to bring out the natural curl in children's soft hair so it's pure as water but better for your hair. Four ounces, 50 cents.

3. Some of those do-or-die *bob pins* (one dime) that open without ruining your nail polish but shut like a vise. And their baby-sisters, teeny *curl pins* to catch fine hair at temples and nape of neck. You'll prefer bob pins and curl pins for setting your hair because they don't slip out the way hairpins do.

4. A good sturdy *hair brush* that gets right down to the scalp with each stroke. As pretty as it is useful, for it's made of clear, gem-like plastic. Only two dollars for this coiffure beautifier.

Write Ann Vernon before October 15th if you would like the names of the products mentioned on this page. Be sure to enclose a stamped (U. S. postage please), self-addressed envelope, and send your letter to Ann Vernon, Beauty Editor, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Ask her advice on your own beauty problems, too.



Here, Ann parts her bangs in the center, combs them back into soft waves



The same coiffure worn in a casual long bob with bangs brushed back

was having trouble with his credit, she offered to sign his lease and be held responsible for the rent. One day the tailor packed up and skipped. So there was Penny with an empty shop and rent due every month. She had an overflow of antiques in her home which she promptly stored in the shop. The effect was so charming and quaint, she decided to capitalize on it and open some sort of shop catering to women. At first she considered a tea room, but her husband talked her out of that because it involved too much responsibility. Penny has a passion for knitting, so she decided to convert the shop into a knitting mart. The shop is doing very nicely. So well, in fact, that Penny hasn't had time to do any knitting herself!

■ When Joan Crawford started to work in *When Ladies Meet,* the first telephone call she made was to the production department to find out when *Ringside Maisie* would be completed. That was bewildering enough. A few hours later Ann trotted onto Joan's set and called to her, "I'm rushing my scenes just as fast as I can, darling." Bewilderment again for the spectators on the set, but Joan cooed, "Thank you. That's nice of you." The next morning Joan called production again.

Finally the assistant director's curiosity could be controlled no longer. "What is this?" he asked Joan. "What difference could it possibly make to you when *Ringside Maisie* is finished?"

Just then four people came on the set.

"There," said Joan pointing to them, "is the answer."

Seems that Ann and Joan, who are close friends, like the same wardrobe girl, the same hairdresser, stillman and the boy who plays between-scene music. So the minute the *Maisie* film was finished, the foursome trouped over to Joan's set.



Helen Thurston, Olympic diving champion, takes Lou Costello for a ride between scenes of Universal's new Abbott and Costello starrer, *Ride 'Em, Cowboy*

Improved Drene Shampoo now leaves hair smoother, silkier, easier to manage



Coiffure by José, Charmode Salons, New York, Chicago

See how your hair behaves right after washing! And reveals up to 33% more lustre than when washed with finest soap!

THERE'S a glorious thrill in store for you—when you try the new, improved Special Drene Shampoo! It has been magically improved by the addition of a recently perfected *hair conditioner*. So now, improved Drene leaves your hair far silkier than ever before! More manageable, right after a shampoo! So it combs out easily, lies smoothly!

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Comes in Same Familiar Blue and Yellow Package

Why Can't men understand

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With all the grand comedy of his "MY MAN GODFREY"...all the poignant drama of his "STAGE DOOR"...all the heart-lifting romance of his "PRIMROSE PATH"..!



Sonja Henie has sound ideas about motherhood and career not mixing. Above, with her devoted husband, Dan Topping

Sonja Answers The Rumors—

1. Is She Going To Have a Baby?
2. Is She Quitting Pictures?

By
MARIAN COOPER

■ A few years ago a golden-haired little girl with an impish face danced her way across the screen on a pair of silver skates straight into the hearts of the American public. Within a short time Sonja Henie was one of the most outstanding box-office attractions of the twentieth century. Her films played to packed houses, and when she took her elaborate ice show on tour through leading cities, police guards had to be called out to control the eager crowds demanding tickets.

What many adoring fans never knew is that beneath that golden moppet and those guileless blue eyes lies one of the most astute brains in the entire entertainment world. Along with Mary Pickford and Constance Bennett—who could drive a bargain with the best of them—Sonja has come to be known as a Career Girl plus. And with good reason. Hasn't she tucked away a couple of cool million due to her expert manipulating of her affairs?

So when Sonja Henie breaks down and confesses, "Babies come first; they're more important than any career"—that's news in any man's language. And one can't help wondering what's next in line in the exciting life of the Snow Queen.

Sonja had some startling and surprising things to say on the subject the day I visited her on the set of *Sun Valley Serenade*. She was wearing a red, white and blue ski suit and she looked like a little girl. But there was nothing little-girlish about what she had to say.

"When I hang up my skates and make-up kit, it will be because Mr. Stork has delivered a bundle. As a matter of fact, my husband, Dan Topping, and I hope he'll be a reasonable bird and leave two—one pink and one blue—in the years to come.

"I've been an entertainer for a long time now, and I've worked hard at my career. Before I ever started skating, I studied ballet dancing to prepare me for it. Then there were the years of practicing routines on the ice. When my chance at pictures came along, I worked hard at that, too. If I have succeeded at all, it's because I learned one lesson early in life. That in order to succeed at a career—any career—you have to give it all your time, all your attention, everything you've got. You can't have outside interests.

"That's why when the most important career in my life is opened to me," she went on earnestly, "I'll apply that lesson. That's why I won't risk trying to combine motherhood with acting. Because it seems to me that in such a combination, one or the other must suffer, and that the one most likely to suffer is the parent-child relationship. So, since I'd rather be a successful mother than a successful actress, my decision is an easy one. I'll simply give up the acting.

"Working mothers miss so much," Sonja said after a thoughtful pause. "Take my case, for instance. Suppose I *should* go on with my business career. My skating shows require months of preparation before I take them out on tour. And where, in that schedule of long rehearsal hours, of arranging routines and attending to other business matters, would I find time to be a companion to my children? For that matter," she added, her blue eyes crinkling as she smiled, "where would I find the strength or the patience?

"Then there's this business of movie-making, too," she went on. "I'm afraid I wouldn't feel up to much romping at the end of a long day that began at five in the morning."

Five o'clock is the usual hour for a good little glamour girl to appear at the studio for make-up and hairdressing, when the call sheet reads: "On the set at eight."

"It isn't that I feel you *can't* combine motherhood with acting," Sonja hastened to add. "I've seen it work out well for many actresses. It's just that working mothers miss so much. And I don't want to miss out on anything where my children are concerned.

"I want to be a real companion to my children, and I want to bring them up myself."

Sonja was silent, dreamily contemplating the future. "People have asked me if I won't find time hanging heavily on my hands when I stop working. That's because," she said, smiling, "they know how restless I am.

"I just can't sit still," Sonja went on. "I have to be doing something every minute. But that part doesn't worry me," she added, smiling, "because who ever heard of sitting still, with children around?

"Anyway," she continued, "I expect I'll do a lot of swimming and skating, and things like that. To say nothing of catching up with my reading.

"I love to travel, too, and I'll have leisure for it then. Not that I haven't traveled with my skating shows," she laughed, "but they keep me so busy I never have time to *see* anything. Dan and I hope to go to Honolulu, but I'm not certain we can. Because we must go to New York first. Or rather, to Long Island—that's where we're building our home."

Would she consider retiring now, before there were children? "Oh, no," Sonja replied. "I don't feel there's any risk in combining marriage and a career. I'll probably cut down a bit on the skating tours, though, so that Dan and I will have more time together. But the only reason I'll retire," she finished earnestly, "is because I'll be ready to combine marriage with a new career—that of motherhood.

"And when that time comes—make no mistake about it—I'm definitely stepping off the bandwagon for good!" ■


...and this was to have been Lydia's Wedding Night!
Yes, Lydia learned all about love . . . but it took four men to teach her. Vividly, unforgettably, her story is revealed in this, the thrilling drama of a free woman!
Alexander Korda presents
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The Love Drama for which You Will Remember 1941
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HANS YARAY · GEORGE REEVES
with JOHN HALLIDAY · SARA ALLGOOD
and EDNA MAY OLIVER
Directed by Julien Duvivier · Original story by Julien Duvivier and L. Bush-Fekete · Screenplay and dialogue by Ben Hecht and Sam Hoffenstein · Released thru United Artists



Lucky Bob Taylor. His new film, *When Ladies Meet,* finds him cast opposite two lovely and brilliant actresses—Joan Crawford and Greer Garson. Bob's versatile talent readily adapts itself to the pace of galloping Westerns or gay drawing-room comedies. The story, adapted from Rachel Crother's New York stage hit, concerns a newspaperman (Bob) who tries to save the honor of the girl he loves, only to discover that she doesn't want to be saved. Herbert Marshall is also in the cast

Whose Child Am I?

By RILLA PAGE PALMBORG

■ "I'll give fifty thousand dollars to anyone who can prove I'm not Cora Lane's daughter," said Priscilla Lane defiantly.

Out of a clear blue sky a rumor started to the effect that Priscilla Lane was a niece of her mother, Cora B. Lane, and hence a cousin of Rosemary and the other Lane girls, and has gained such terrific momentum that Pat has had to make this fabulous offer to get at the roots of the unkind rumor and dispense with it forever.

Mrs. Lane patted Priscilla's hand soothingly, then turned to me and explained: "Until an avalanche of letters came pouring in, we paid no attention to the fantastic rumor. It has been popping up for the past six years, ever since Priscilla and Rosemary were with the Fred Waring band."

"It all started with a Mr. Lane, a man of whom we had never heard," interrupted Pat. "Armed with baby pictures of two little girls, supposedly 'Rosie' and me, he came backstage while the band was playing in Cleveland, Ohio. Ignoring Mother's protests, he gave us a sob story about his stage-struck wife who had run off with their two small daughters. He did a quick fadeout when he learned our father's name was Mullican, not Lane. He had no way of knowing that Lane was our stage name and, in lieu of future contracts, that we had it legalized and made our own."

"Since that fateful day, gossip about the parentage of my daughters has never entirely died down," sighed Mrs. Lane. "In Hollywood it has centered on Pat."

"The situation became at once hopeless and laughable when a weird story crept into the New York newspapers," continued Pat. "Because of it, I was called into the front office of my studio and asked for an explanation. It was then I realized that we had better run the rumor into an early grave.

"However, when the family turned to proving facts, things suddenly became hectic. On a quiet search for birth records and other data, Mother soon found that the court house in Indianola, Indiana, the town where I was born, had burned down along with all the legal records, a few years after we had moved to New York," said Pat.

"There were three other persons, besides myself, in the house when Priscilla was born," said Mrs. Lane, picking up the story where Pat left off. "They were my husband, Dr. L. A. Mullican, who was a dentist and who died several years ago; my physician, Dr. E. L. Baker, and my nurse, Mrs. Job. All three are dead." Mrs. Lane stared into space a moment before continuing.

"My attorney tells me that my signed statement declaring Priscilla to be of my own flesh and blood is sufficient proof. However, I have dozens of letters from friends and neighbors, now scattered throughout the country, who immediately wrote me when they heard the ugly rumor. This one from D. L. Berry, owner and editor of the Indianola *Record and Tribune,* is characteristic of their general content," said Mrs. Lane.

"I used to be furious when silly stories were circulated about me," declared Pat. "When I learned how useless it was to deny them, I started telling bigger and better ones. I began in a small, unsensational way one summer while on vacation in Northern Wisconsin. Registering under the name of Priscilla Lawlor, and wearing shorts and half socks, I amused myself playing with some fifteen year old youngsters, who thought I was their own age. They asked me the usual sub-deb questions: where I lived, what grade I was in, how old I was, etc. I thought I was getting away with my little stunt, when one of the girls bowled me over by announcing that she knew I was Priscilla Lane. Fearing my vacation would be spoiled by a lot of curious people, I denied it. When she insisted, I admitted, with my back to the wall, that I was her cousin. This started many of the subsequent rumors."

"I'm afraid Priscilla has too vivid an imagination," said Mrs. Lane, with a wry smile.

At this moment Rosemary drifted in and sat down in a deck chair, next to her mother. "Vivid imagination is right," she exclaimed. "You should have heard her in the make-up department the other day! Talk about your whoppers! I hope that one doesn't get into a gossip column."

"Well, heck, I didn't think anyone would take it seriously," Pat sheepishly remarked. "Between shots, I went over to the make-up department, which is air-conditioned, to cool off. A studio visitor started questioning me and I became irritated. She asked me what I was doing over there at that time of day and I whispered: 'Haven't you heard?' 'Heard what?' she inquired, pulling her chair closer. 'That half of my face (I touched my left cheek) is filled with paraffine and it will sag if it gets too hot!'

"And she actually believed me!" Pat rolled her eyes heavenward. "Nor did she stop there; she repeated it to everyone in the place as soon as I left. I suppose from now on, I shall belong in a wax museum," she chuckled at the idea.

"We must admit that Pat hasn't helped her own cause," Mrs. Lane interrupted her daughter's laughter. "But it isn't likely that I should adopt another girl after having had four, is it? In fact, Pat's birth was no novelty. It was Rosemary who caused a sensation. She came into the world seven years after Lola, so she was truly a surprise package. Pat's birth would have been greeted with no excitement, whatever, if she hadn't weighed twelve pounds and practically killed both of us!"

"From now on," Pat remarked seriously, "I'm going to scotch all rumors about my birth. After all, I am going to be married." She's engaged to John Barry, editor of a Victorville, California, paper and Pat is determined to make a go of this second marriage of hers. Her fresh young face still bears traces of the worry and unhappiness she suffered during her secret marriage to Oren Haglund. It is a wiser and more understanding girl who is entering matrimony the second time. She is making certain that nothing which she can avert will stand in the way of her happiness this time.

"I don't want any child of mine to be called on to prove its birth. I'm going to fix all that; and I only hope that my son or daughter will be as glad to belong to me as I am to be my mother's child. As I said at the beginning of our chat, anyone who can prove I'm not Cora Lane's daughter can collect fifty thousand dollars—and that's a bonafide offer!" ■

Priscilla Lane was only three months old when her father, Dr. L. A. Mullican, bought this house in Indianola, Indiana



This is the Lane family's favorite baby picture of blue-eyed Priscilla, taken when she was a dimpled nine-months-old tot



The only, and heretofore unpublished, picture of Dr. Mullican. Below, Lola, Martha, Leota, Rosemary, Pat, Mrs. Lane



Priscilla Lane offers $50,000 reward to anyone who can prove she is not the daughter of Cora B. Lane nor the sister of Rosemary and Lola Lane





Directly below is one of the many letters received by Mrs. Cora Lane when the rumor concerning Priscilla's birth circulated. Mr. Berry is editor and owner of the Indianola *Record and Tribune* and has known the family for more than thirty years. Small photo: Wedding bells will soon ring out again for Pat. Seated at the piano with her is her fiance, John Barry, California newspaperman, and her sister, Rosemary. Above, Pat and Jack Carson in a scene from her next film, Warners' *New Orleans Blues*

May 1, 1941

Dear Mrs. Lane:

Where in the world did any story get started that Priscilla was not the fifth Mullican girl? I remember very well when Leota came. I think you lived across the street from us. When Martha arrived there was no special comment, for it was only two girls; but when Lola (Dorothy) discovered America, then people said, "Another girl at the Mullicans'."

Then when Rosemary came to town the group of four girls really caused some talk. And when Priscilla barged in, the town was about as much interested in the family of five girls as the world was in the Dionne quintuplets.

No, they can't fool anybody in Indianola about all five of them being sisters. Martha and Priscilla were the slender, spindle-shanked members of the group, Lola a bit on the chunky order, and Leota and Rosemary just nice armfuls.

By the way, I have a picture of the old house on West Ashland that I enlarged for you two months ago and have not sent because it was one of those little jobs I could always put off until tomorrow. It came out pretty well and was taken before the big maple in the front yard was cut down.

I'm connected now with the Republican Form Study Committee as executive secretary. Will live in Indianola and commute to Washington.

I'm not giving up the *Record and Tribune*, and never expect to as long as I can work.

Sincerely
Don Berry



Born To Dance-Together

By HELEN HOVER



■ Rita Hayworth edged her patent leather toe timidly inside the door, poked her head in and looked around.

"Has he come yet?" she asked.

"No—but he's due any minute. Come on in."

Slipper disappeared, head ducked.

"I don't want to be first. I think I'll walk around the block and get up some more nerve."

Ten minutes later, Fred Astaire walked in.

"Where is she? I'd like to meet her." There was a hint of nervousness in his voice too.

When Rita Hayworth and Fred Astaire were finally introduced in the office of the man who was to produce *You'll Never Get Rich,* the song-and-dance film about army life, they were both scared of each other.

For Rita it was particularly trying. She hadn't danced in four years. What if her dancing didn't measure up to his standards? What if, comparing her to Ginger Rogers, Eleanor Powell and his other dancing partners, Astaire would find her lacking? Her knees almost buckled.

As for Fred, he is naturally reticent. He knew Rita's reputation as one of the most glamorous and sexy girls in pictures, and he wondered if she would take the dancing chores seriously. If she wouldn't, his dancing would suffer and his excessive gallantry would prevent him from complaining. Would she resent his orders? Would he have to simplify his dance with her so much that the sparkle and punch would be gone?

It was hard to tell who was the more frightened.

Came the inevitable moment—the awful, frozen moment when Fred and Rita in practice clothes met on a bare practice stage to have their first dance rehearsal.

Rita wished she could dissolve into thin air. Fred recognized her shyness and tried to put her at ease. He warmed up with ten minutes of "shadow dancing," then invited Rita to do the same.

She walked to the center of the stage and there was that awful silence of impending doom. The phonograph was turned on and jabbered its fast, tinny tune. Her taps, starting slowly and nervously, clicked faster and faster. Her long, sensuous legs weaved intricately, the movements of her body smooth and easy. Fred watched her, then suddenly seized her hand and with that understanding that only true dancers have, they drifted into a dance, each following the other wordlessly, as though they had danced together all their lives.

The record stopped, Rita smiled into Fred's face. He was smiling, too.

"How was it?" she asked.

"How was it? Perfect! Just *perfect!* Come on, we've got big things to do."

Afterwards, Rita says, it seemed to her that she had never stopped dancing; that there never was a four-year gap. For five weeks, seven hours a day, they rehearsed tirelessly, before they took a single step for the cameras. Rita never went out. She converted her den at home into a rehearsal room, stripped it of its rug and furnishings and rehearsed until she was ready to drop.

Fred's enthusiasm for her ran high. "She's a natural. She's constantly surprising me. Nothing is too difficult for her. She watches, goes home, practices up, and the next day she's got it perfect."

And what does Rita think of Fred?

"He's so generous. He's trying so hard to build me up, even at his own expense. You know those sensational, typical Astaire numbers he does where he hops on tables and chairs? He's not doing it in this. Know why? Because those acrobatics are so showy that anything I might do after that would seem tame by comparison. Fred is so anxious for me to show up to the best advantage that he's sacrificing his best specialty to build me up. What a guy!"

We visited them just as they were about

Not once in all his career has Fred Astaire found such an adaptable dancing partner as the luscious Rita Hayworth. Rita was a professional dancer long before the movies claimed her—and it is to this phase of her life that she owes her terrific dancing success in Columbia's military musical, *You'll Never Get Rich.* Below: Fred and Rita actually enjoyed rehearsing. We predict you'll be seeing more of this exciting new dance combination







A spectacular dance is performed in this picturesque military wedding scene in which Fred Astaire and Rita Hayworth are the principals. Right: A close-up of the lovely and unusual bridal gown worn by Rita. The net top features a new shoulder-sleeve-and-glove combination

to go into their rhumba specialty. Rita looked quite fetching in a gown that was cut extremely low. In spite of the traditional voluminous ruffles of a Latin dance frock, Rita managed to sneak in some sex appeal with a split skirt that was sliced well above the knee.

We were right on hand to witness one of the funniest casualties on the set. Idea is for Rita to whirl at the finish, the skirt whizzes about her and bang, the knee is revealed with a gorgeous rhinestone garter above it.

On this big take, everything went well until the whirling finish. When Rita did the final twist, the director put his head in his hand.

"The garter," he groaned. "It's not the rhinestone one. You're wearing a plain elastic kind. Now we'll have to do it all over again!"

The scene finally perfect—spangled garter and all—we stopped to chat with Rita.

"Imagine," she wailed, "eight hours on my feet hoofing, and I'm not allowed to sit. What a life! I've been dancing so much I dropped six pounds in nine days. My costumes didn't fit, I was down to 108, so the studio has put me on a diet of chocolate sodas. Have some?" she offered.

We learned that although Rita can take a lot of work, she cracked up the day previous. She and Fred were doing a dance on top of a huge tank. The stage was small and stuffy and at the height Rita and Fred were perched, some 55 feet, the air was particularly close. Again and again and again Fred and Rita clicked out the taps of the "Draftee Dance." Suddenly, Rita wavered and was on the verge of toppling when Fred noticed she was slowing up. He turned sideways, saw the wan look on her face and caught her just in time to prevent her from keeling over and taking a long, high dive.

Immediately, everyone was hovering over her. What was the trouble? Too hot? Dancing too much? Still nervous with Astaire? Dieting?

Rita smiled weakly. "Something," she muttered. "Something—cucumbers—I ate, no doubt."

We wanted to know how come a rhumba number in this tale of army life. Rita supplied the details while Fred was busy in one corner working out a new number.

"That's at the beginning where Fred is a dance director for a New York theater. I am one of the chorines and I happen to be wearing a Spanish costume for the show. I have a crush on Fred but he pays no attention to me. I am chewing my nails in anguish when I hit on an idea. I pretend I can't learn the chorus routine so he will have to single me out for private instruction. Which he does. That's when we whirl into the rhumba to the most exciting music you have ever heard, 'So Near and Yet So Far.'

"But after the dance, I am no more advanced in the cause of *l'amour*. Then Fred's draft number comes up and he goes off to the army. The producer, played by Robert Benchley, is going crazy at the loss of Fred's services, because without Fred to direct his dance ensembles he is sunk.

"However, he is not stumped for long. He has an idea, to-wit: why not bring his show to the army camp, pretend he is going to put on a show for the soldier-boys, and get Fred to work on it. Gratis, to boot. So we all go off to the army camping grounds, and the story continues.

"The tables turn and Fred takes a nose-dive for me. We get married. Fred tricks me into it, but it's a pleasure. We're doing a spectacular wedding dance number and Fred arranges it so that the stage justice of the peace is a real one. Fred never kisses his leading lady in any of his films, and he didn't break that rule for me. Before we can embrace, he is hustled off to the lockup and as he is being led away, I call to him, 'From penthouse to guardhouse.' He glowers at me and its all over."

It was all over, that is, but the dancing. The story, gay as it is, is merely something to tie the dances together.

"That Astaire must be made of iron," Rita said admiringly. "He's no husky, only 140 pounds, but nothing seems to wear him out. If I rehearsed five hours, he'd rehearse eight. And never show it. Between times, Fred used to run up and down steps. Said it limbered him up."

If Fred worked hard, it follows naturally that his fair partner jogged right along with him.

"Rita never complained," says Fred. "She kept right up with me and I was constantly amazed at the way she caught on so quickly."

Each has a favorite story about the other.

Says Rita: "Teaching a new partner an intricate dance routine is the most trying job. Fred never lost his patience with me, always praised me extravagantly to keep up my enthusiasm. He gives each dance a silly name. 'That was the Chicken Stew', he'll say, or 'How do you like the Taffy Twirl?' or the 'Beggarman's Bump' and so on. Mostly he is conservative but he has periodic flashes of humor."

Says Fred: "Rita is a very ambitious girl and she was always practicing, trying to achieve perfection. She was so conscious of the fact that she hadn't danced in 4 years, that she overdid herself trying to make up for it. One afternoon she was tapping, spinning, whirling, hour after hour, on the practice stage. Tommy, the piano player, sat comfortably at the piano. When evening came, Rita said, 'Well, I'm going home and finish rehearsing there. Where are you heading?' "

" 'Me?' said Tommy, rising wearily. 'I'm going to a masseuse. My back feels like it's broken.' " ■



The Scatabout coat, left, is the answer to most maidens' prayers for a general, all purpose coat that can be worn with practically everything. The plaid-lined hood is detachable. The coat lining of the same plaid has large slide-fastened pockets for carrying school books. In Sizes 9-17. Colors, camel and red. $10 from McCreery's, New York, and one of the best buys of the season

A two-piece, light weight, pin-wale corduroy that can be worn as a dress or as a suit. The leather buttons and patch pockets are very young and smart. Sizes 9-17. Colors, red, sage green, teal blue, copper and mist blue. About $11 at the Hecht Co., Washington, D. C. The Dr. Posner moccasins are scientifically designed for active feet, and will take hard wear. About $5

A camel colored little boy jacket that hangs straight from the shoulders. Can be worn with *any* skirt and blouse combination. Sizes 9-15. Under $7. The brown plaid skirt, about $5, is pleated fore and aft. Also in navy or green plaid. The rayon jersey blouse is shirred at the side seams for the "torso" line. Can be worn in or out. $1.98. All from Bloomingdale's, N. Y.





YOUNG FASHIONS FOR WORK AND PLAY

By CATHERINE ROBERTS

Going to school, going to work, or just going places? The day-time-playtime clothes illustrated on these pages will see you through the season as smartly and pleasantly as anything you've ever had. Cute little Peggy Moran, currently appearing in Universal's *Flying Cadets*, had a field day when she was trying on these clothes to pose for you. Everything looked so darling on her. They'll be equally becoming to you if you wear junior sizes, are about 5′ 5″ high and just love all casual clothes for general wear.

Wools and corduroys, plaids and soft gay colors, go hand in hand. Adaptability, versatility and just downright becomingness are the main keynotes to watch for. Take any of the clothes on these pages and see what you can do with them.

By selecting two basic colors, brown and green, you can wear any one of the pieces of one outfit with a piece from a second outfit and thereby create an entirely new ensemble. The little boy coat in camel color may be worn over the beige jersey blouse and green wool skirt of the jumper (its wide shouldered bib unbuttons from the waist band). The corduroy top of the two-piece dress may be worn as a jacket over the brown plaid skirt. And the brown plaid skirt's matching jacket may be worn over either the corduroy skirt or the wool flannel skirt. As a matter of fact, you can practically keep this mixing-matching technique going on indefinitely. The secret of its success lies in the simple but important rule of color harmony. Do not be lured into buying anything that is off-color or will fight with your basic color plan.

Do notice the stockings that Peggy is wearing in the photo on this page. In view of current events, they're *very* important! They are lisle, in a novelty knit that fits in beautifully with the casual costume that verges on the sports type. As I write this the silk and nylon hosiery business is taking a nose dive that it's not going to be able to pull out of for a long, long time to come. If you have not stocked up on silk and nylon, you're going to have to treasure the hose you have now for very special occasions. That's where these really smart lisle hose come in. Dyed in colors to match your fall wools and corduroys, they are going to become very important in your young life.

As well as affecting the silk and nylon hose field, the Defense Program is being felt in the effect it is having on the prices of fall and winter clothes. The prices of the garments illustrated on these pages may have increased by the time you get this book. That is a situation over which we have no control. These price increases are due to a number of factors . . . shortage of materials due to government priorities . . . shortage of labor for the same reason . . . the converting of factories and man power into defense projects.

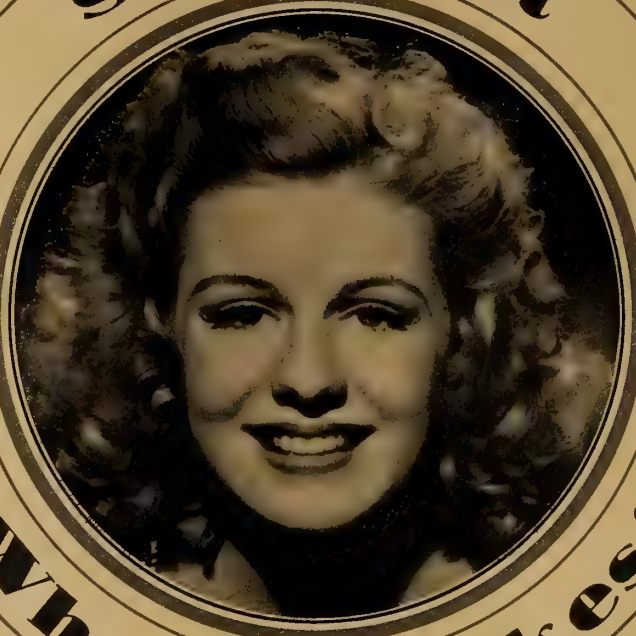
As price levels rise you should make every effort to develop a keener eye in spotting quality. Read the labels that are attached to garments. Follow their directions and suggestions in the cleaning or laundering methods you use. Lengthen the life of your wardrobe by judicious buying and care. Both your budget and appearance will benefit.



The 100% wool flannel jumper is tops for general wear. The wide shouldered V bib unbuttons at the waistline, giving you a good separate skirt. Front kick pleats. Sizes 12-18. Colors, black, brown, blue or green. $3.29. The all wool jersey blouse under it is beige, buttons down the front. $2.95. Both from Bloomingdale's, New York. Peggy's cute little Per-Kee hat of embroidered felt is gay and new. About $2 at leading stores

For other stores where these styles may be bought, turn to page 72. For your FREE copy of the FAWCETT FASHION FLASH showing exciting new fall styles, write to Catherine Roberts, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

She's Got What It Takes!



By HELEN WELLER

Pretty Marjorie Woodworth is one example of how a young unknown can become famous overnight via the star build-up route. She is starred in United Artists' *Broadway Limited* and *Niagara Falls*

■ This is the story of a girl—not a very unusual girl, just another girl like you and you and you—who made it. Marjorie Woodworth, Hal Roach starlet who appears in *Broadway Limited* and *Niagara Falls*, is a pretty blonde, but no different from thousands of other pretty blondes all over the country. She has an average background, a good but average family, average opportunities. She has no pull, no connections, understand.

Yet Marjorie is now an up-and-coming young starlet with 157 fan clubs in her honor, while the other thousands like her still peck away at typewriters, wait on tables and go about their various mundane pursuits.

The story of Marjorie Woodworth's rise in pictures is, in a way, the story of how Hollywood manufactures its budding stars.

The star-making factory really gave Marjorie the works. They emphasized her resemblance to Jean Harlow and dubbed her the "second Harlow." Then they added the rambunctious title, "The Wham Girl." To top it all, Marjorie had to suffer the indignity of being pelted by over-ripe grapefruit by a group of playful Harvard laddies.

These three stunts are what is known as the good old Hollywood buildup, and they helped make Marjorie a well-known Hollywood personality before the public even had a chance to see her in a picture!

When Marjorie was a student at U.S.C two years ago, she wanted to be an actress—an ambition shared by nine-tenths of the bright little co-eds. But she never dreamed she'd actually make it. The distance between the college campus and the studio lot is a hop-skip of 15 miles, but it's the longest 15 miles you ever did see.

She was a drum majorette at school, the belle of the football games and college balls; one of the peppier co-eds who didn't have to bury her head in books. Once in a while, Marjorie and her baton were hired for background scenes in musical pictures, but that was about as far as her film career went. So she kept on dreaming, along with 999,999 other girls. . . .

Then one afternoon she went ice-skating in an open-air rink in Westwood.

A photographer from a widely-read picture magazine was at the rink and noticed Marjorie. Now Marjorie, in a brief swirling skating skirt, body hugging sweater and long, exclamation-point legs is something quite fetching. The photographer shot away, Hal Roach saw the picture in the magazine weeks later, sent for Marjorie and put her under contract at once.

So now our fair heroine is signed up to a studio. Nothing big, but an opening wedge.

When Marjorie first reported at the studio there was nothing spectacular about her. She wore a sweater and skirt, bobby socks and saddle oxfords, a red ribbon tied around flyaway hair, a wide, friendly smile and a personality as ingratiating as a puppy's. Just a typical college kid.

When she emerged from the hair-dressing, make-up and wardrobe processes, she was something else. Definitely! The publicity department saw her, gasped, "Another Harlow!" and went to work on her. Old photos of Jean Harlow were dug up and Marjorie was posed identically. Magazines placed their pictures side by side. The resemblance was amazing—same lush, square mouth, same wide handsome nose, same brilliant blond hair, same languorous blue eyes, high arched brows, same exciting figure in liquid clothes, same broad, haunched shoulders, narrow hips, unconcealed curves.

Readers sat up with a bolt. They wrote letters. It made no difference whether the letters contained praise or protest. The important thing was that little Marjorie Woodworth, still a nobody on the screen, was being talked about! People wanted to see her. The studio wasted no time rushing her into *Broadway Limited*, starring role, no less!

Meanwhile, the press continued the running barrage of high-volt publicity and that's how the now-famous Harvard tomato-throwing episode was started.

The Harvard *Lampoon*, always amenable to publicity stunts, has in the past picked "The Star Least Likely to Succeed" and other uncomplimentary honors. The studio talked it over with the boys and they invited Marjorie to their big dance, breaking a 65-year tradition by inviting an outsider.

The night of the dance, Marjorie was quite slick in a curve-revealing white evening gown and white fox coat. Three Harvard boys called for her, and off they went. When the car drew up in front of the Lampoon building, a huge crowd of Crimsonites—rival organization to the Lampoons—were there to prevent Marjorie from making an appearance. When she stepped from the car, something soft swished by her ear. Her escorts tried to shield her, but an oversize tomato caught her around the ante-bellum. Her escorts were furious, but not Marjorie. She was giggling. "Those college boys. Always up to something, aren't they? Let's hide for an hour, then return the back way."

Three sets of eyes popped. "You mean—you actually mean you're not sore. You'll come to the dance?"

"Wouldn't miss a Harvard dance for the world," said Marjorie brightly. "I'm a college girl myself. Won't the girls at Phi Delta be jealous! Let's go."

The police had been called to quell the battle royal and offered their prowl car for Marjorie to make her return appearance. "It's not every girl who can attend a Harvard dance with three Harvard boys and two coppers," said Marjorie dreamily.

The evening was a huge success. She danced every dance, with so many cut-ins she felt she was doing the Virginia reel. When she returned to her hotel, happy but foot-sore, she fell asleep immediately, never realizing that this particular evening was going to zoom her from coast to coast.

The next morning, reporters and photographers practically hung from the chandeliers. The story of the tomato-pelting broke like fury on the front pages of every paper in the country. If Shirley Temple had suddenly eloped with Wallace Beery, it [*Continued on page* 41]

Bette Goes Dramatic—Again

After experimenting with a co… in *The Bride Came C. O. D.*, Be… reverts to heavy dramatics in the Samuel Goldwyn film, *The Little Foxes*. Bette grimaces as Perc Westmore, make-up expert, prepares her for her next scene



Herbert Marshall, Bette's invalid husband, tries desperately to prevent her from ruining their daughter's life



Alexandra (Theresa Wright) defies her unscrupulous mother in this dramatic scene, directed by William Wyler



With the tired lines magically erased from her face, Miss Davis relaxes between scenes with a copy of a current best-seller



Sonja Swings It!

By TOM DeVANE

■ Sonja Henie unwittingly revived the Black Bottom.

Only in this case, literal black bottoms were involved—and they were on half a dozen of the skating chorus girls in Sonja's new film, *Sun Valley Serenade.*

It all came about when the Norwegian star and her large troupe began rehearsals for the biggest number of the picture—a Black and White Ballet, performed on black ice, with all performers in gleaming white costumes.

The first day's rehearsals found the skating girls in their customary scanty working clothes. A few of the boys wore shorts. Sonja and Hermes Pan, the dance director, sketched the outline of the ballet to them and they began the arduous preliminaries.

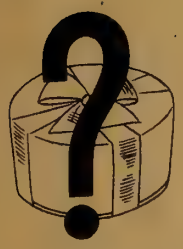
There are always spills during rehearsals. Several of the men slipped first; then—oops!—two of the prettiest of the girls landed flat on their rear ends. Scrambling to their feet unhurt—skaters know how to take falls—they continued practicing, all unconscious of the fact that they had Black Bottoms. The chemically made black ice was obviously not to be sat on.

[*Continued on page* 36]

Sun Valley Serenade **is Sonja Henie's first film since her marriage to wealthy Dan Topping. Above: Sonja and her troupe in a picturesque outdoor scene**

How Old does your Face Powder Whisper you are?





Can your Face Powder Keep a Secret?

Of course your age is your own affair! But can your face powder keep a secret? Can it hide those first sly signs of age? Or does it cruelly accent every tired line—make you look a little older? Find your LUCKY SHADE—find your most flattering shade—in my new Twin-Hurricane Face Powder!

By *Lady Esther*

When someone asks your age, do you hesitate, just an instant? Do you drop off a year or two? It's no crime, you know... everyone wants to look young!

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I hope you don't choose your powder by looking at the shade in the box. You must try different shades on your own skin before you decide which shade is yours, which makes you look your youngest.

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FLASH! ***Beginning September 15th, Lady Esther announces ORSON WELLES in an entirely new kind of radio entertainment. Columbia network, Monday evening. See your local paper for time.***

Sonja Swings It

[*Continued from page* 34]

The other kids—Sonja's troupe are all youngsters—grinned when they saw what happened, but said nothing. Then another girl slipped, and later, another. It got to be a wonderful joke—even to one of the wise girls who was skating extra carefully and slipped anyway.

Miss Henie, who was watching at one far end of the stage, finally discovered what had happened. She halted the rehearsal and suggested to Director Humberstone that they had better find out whether the black ice had any lasting effects if applied to the skin. There was a whispered conference between Sonja and the Black Bottom girls, with the latter leaving the set, and the rest of the company relaxing. After a time, the girls came back—still with stained thighs! No amount of scrubbing could get the dye off.

It was an emergency of epic proportions. Obviously they couldn't risk having any of the other girls sitting on the ice. Only a week had been allowed for rehearsals before the Black and White Ballet was filmed in all its gleaming perfection.

The company was dismissed for an early lunch, and when they returned, they found the problem solved. 20th Century-Fox, who are producing *Sun Valley Serenade*, have made innumerable aviation pictures, and some unsung genius had a brainstorm. He rushed over to the men's wardrobe department and collected all the small size khaki aviator's coveralls in the place. The girls didn't look quite as cute, nor were the coveralls exactly cool—but they didn't have to worry about staining any portion of their lily-white skins.

It's always a lark on a Sonja Henie set. Nearly all of her skating boys and girls have found that it paid to hitch their wagons to a star like Henie. Most of them have made a career out of the dimpled star and her skating activities, both on and off the screen, since she first streaked her way into the nation's heart four years ago, in *One in a Million*.

Sun Valley Serenade is Miss Henie's first picture in well over a year. But she's been busy. Her last season's tour was the most triumphant of her career. In three months, she grossed something like $1,250,000—which ain't hay. In New York's Madison Square Garden they hung out SRO signs every night, and at the Chicago stadium there was never an unsold seat during her ten days' engagement.

Besides that, Sonja took unto herself a husband—the good-looking, wealthy Dan Topping, socialite golf champion. She confided to friends that she is so happy with her marriage that she's thinking of retiring. But knowing Sonja, her friends just raise their eyebrows.

The main interest of the newlywed Toppings, apart from the star's new movie, is the mansion they're building at Easthampton, Long Island. Although they have been married for over a year now, most of that time has been spent chasing around the country for Sonja's various engagements. Hollywood is the only spot where she has ever paused long enough to rent a house, always for very brief periods. Up until two summers ago, she used to spend several months each year in the little white house her family had on the island in the fjord facing Oslo, Norway. After the Nazi invasion, however, her visits had to cease. Since then, Sonja has literally lived out of a trunk, but soon there will be a place of her own which she can truly call "home." The house was half finished when Sonja was told to return to Hollywood for *Sun Valley Serenade*. She told the workmen to lay down their tools until she returned. "What fun is there in building your own home," she demanded, "if you're not around to watch it grow?"

One thing that pleased la Henie was the fact that after her year's absence from the screen she was just as popular with the fans as ever. Announcement that she was to appear in the new picture brought an avalanche of fan mail. In no time at all she was once more the queen of the fan mail department, getting more letters than Alice Faye, Tyrone Power and Betty Grable.

The public, says Sonja emphatically, is *not* fickle! The star had to spike motherhood rumors almost as soon as she returned to Hollywood.

"I don't believe in trying to follow too many careers at one time," she said seriously. "Motherhood is a full-time career in itself. When I am ready to devote all my time to raising a family, I shall retire. Furthermore, it won't be a matter of bringing up just one child. I'm old-fashioned enough to want a large family. About four children would suit me beautifully!"

In *Sun Valley Serenade*, the blond actress plays an European war refugee named *Karen Benson*. Through a mix-up, she is listed as a little girl, thus throwing utter confusion into John Payne, whose press agent, Milton Berle, had arranged for him to adopt a child just as a publicity stunt.

Payne is music arranger and soloist for a band (it's really Glenn Miller's, but since Glenn has an acting role in the picture they call him *Phil Corey*) that is all ready to leave for Sun Valley, the famous Idaho resort. Furthermore, John is smitten with the girl singer, Lynn Bari, and has no time for Sonja.

But la Henie is a determined miss. She has her eye on the man who has "adopted" her, and doesn't intend to let him out of her sight. She persuades Milton Berle to smuggle her onto the train that is taking the orchestra to Sun Valley, and from then on the plot thickens, with Sonja skating and skiing her head off in order to attract Payne's attention. But his heart belongs to Lynn.

From the standpoint of actual music, *Sun Valley Serenade* should be one of the biggest musicals produced this year. Jive hounds will flock to see their idol, Glenn Miller, lead his orchestra through seven brand new songs by Mack Gordon and Harry Revel. In addition, they will also play their famous theme song, "In the Mood."

Between skating addicts, jitterbugs and regular movie fans, *Sun Valley Serenade* should please a wide audience. ■





Right: The graceful teamwork of Harrison Thomson and Sonja is a beautiful sight to witness. Below: Sonja and her leading man, John Payne, in a scene with Glenn Miller. Jive hounds will flock to see the popular band leader—and hear the seven rollicking new songs by Mack Gordon and Harry Revel

"TOO MEAN TO FORGIVE"



HE HAD BEEN UNFAITHFUL. I said I would never forgive. I planned revenge, little thinking what it might cost...

...In sheer, self-righteous spite, I was about to close my mind to all thought of the future. In order that *he* might suffer, I was ready to wreck *both* our lives. But just then...



...I read a story in a new kind of magazine—the confession of a girl who had crushed real love forever in a wrath like mine over a petty transgression. It opened my eyes. Suddenly, in the words of this girl—so much like me, but sadder and wiser—I saw where I was going; where it all might end. I saw the way out through forgiveness. That was the beginning of wisdom—the opening of a door to recovered happiness. Thank Heaven it was not too late!

"Too Mean to Forgive" will appear in the October issue of LIFE STORY, on sale September 12



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Serial Queen, 1941 Model

By MAY DRISCOLL

Meet tall, red-haired and blue-eyed Frances Gifford, star of 15 wild installments of *The Jungle Girl*. It's a pleasure, because while Frances defies death, jumps off cliffs, strangles lions bare-handed and gets boiled in oil, she does so at no loss to her glamour. Our serial queen, model of 1941, wears zippered buckskin shorts, alluring low-cut top, false eyelashes and a Westmore haircomb.

Aside from these modern brushes with glamour, Frances weathers the same horrible fates her predecessors, Pearl White and Ruth Roland, did. She stands to earn her studio employers a million dollars, for there is gold in them thar serials. Frances stands to clear a small fortune herself, if history repeats itself. She was just another bit player around Hollywood who was used for leg art, but now the *Jungle Girl* serial will earn her a following of a million fans who will watch her antics from week to week to learn what horrible fate next awaits her.

But Frances is one glamour girl who works for her money.

Weeks after the serial was bottled and sealed, she was still bearing bruises as a memento of the picture. "It isn't fun working 15 hours a day, grappling with pythons and tigers and falling into pits," said Frances, triumphantly rubbing her wounds. "But now that it's all over I'm glad I did it. When I was first offered the role by Republic Studios I turned up my nose. But my home studio, Paramount, loaned me out and there was nothing I could do but take it. I was probably the least important player they had on the lot, I guess, and they didn't want to risk the necks of their other darlings. Now these other girls wish they could have the very unusual honor of being Pearl White's successor.

"Five writers worked for six months trying to get me into the dad-jamdest scrapes. If I had known what I was in for I wouldn't have had the nerve to go through with it."

Frances suffered 14 fates worse than death before she collapsed in the hero's arms in the 15th reel, the diamonds saved, the villains foiled, right triumphant and love vanquishing all, tra-la. While the Betty Grables and Lana Turners have nothing more vigorous to do than a rhumba, here is what our lovely, black-and-blue serial queen had to go through to earn her weekly mazuma:

Serial 1. Trapped in a flooded tunnel; 2. Fights a lion bare-handed; 3. Is trapped, waist deep, in a swamp with a fire raging around her; 4. Buried in an avalanche; 5. Falls into a pit and is sprayed with poison gas; 6. Shot by poisoned arrows; 7. Catapulted into a ravine; 8. Boiled in oil; 9. Thrown into a pit; 10. Is tied beneath a pile driver; 11. Is placed in the clutches of a man-eating gorilla; 12. Lured into a lion's den; 13. Crashed in a flaming airplane; 14. Tied to a stake in front of a spear-discharging machine; 15. Finis and to bed.

"Now that it's all over, I don't see how I did it," Frances went on, chucking a Kansas City steak into her curvesome frame. Hard work has given her a man-sized appetite. She eats, that girl. "For eight weeks straight I was up at 4 every morning, usually working until 8 or 9 in the evening. I was so tired that after the first week I checked out of my apartment into an auto court across the street from the studio. I didn't go out once, didn't see any friends at all. All I knew about Hollywood night life was what I read in the papers.

"We worked so hard and so fast that we had to have two directors. One would work one

The scanty costume and false eyelashes of Republic's streamlined serial queen, Frances Gifford, would have shocked her famous predecessors, Pearl White and Ruth Roland, who were experts in screen hair-raising exploits and daring feats



Refusing the aid of a "double," Frances really takes a beating in the serial, *The Jungle Queen*. Below, she is shown tied to a stake with a raging fire uncomfortably close



Dangling in mid-air on a wire cable is only one of the thousand dangers faced uncomplainingly by the new serial star, pretty Frances Gifford



day and rest the next. But I had to work every day. I was in practically every scene, and the only sleep I could get was standing on my feet!

"I got used to the work after a while. The first day I had to climb a tree I couldn't make it. I finally got there via a stepladder. But when I had to climb a tree the last day I shinnied up in a flash. Working in a serial brings out the Tarzan in you.

"There is no time wasted in making a serial because the picture has to be finished within a certain date and the studio won't hold up the works for sprained ankles, flea-bites or temperament. One day I worked about 15 hours, doing the most back-breaking sort of calisthenics. All morning, for instance, I had run along a narrow log stretched between two mountain ledges, and I had taken a dozen falls which had made me black and blue. In the afternoon, I was swinging from a rope, hurtling from one tree to another. My hands were cut and bleeding from that.

"Came the evening and I thought, 'Ah, sleep.' But where do you think I was at midnight? In bed, where I should have been? Oh, no. I was waist deep in an ice-cold swamp with a forest fire raging about me! We had to do this scene at night to save time. There was a scummy film of oil on top of the water, and it was a freezing night. The crew workers were bundled up to their ears, drinking hot coffee, but I was swishing in the filthy old swamp with nothing between me and the cold water but my scanty jungle costume.

"To make things worse, there was a fire right behind me. It was supposed to represent a jungle fire and the heat from it almost made me faint. Every once in a while the sparks lit on my hair or eyelashes and almost made a torch out of me. Some fun!

"We did most of the water scenes at night because the wild-eyed script writers thought the effect would be more eerie. But it was no cinch for me spending most of my nights in a cold swamp. One night I spent from midnight until four in the morning just swimming under muddy water and breathing through a reed. Talk about glamour!

"Another time, I worked in a tiny room that was filled with liquid smoke supposed to represent poison gas. I would just as soon have had the poison gas as the liquid smoke. It got into my lungs and choked me. After that, I came down with the flu. But work had to go on and I took only one day off. With a cold in my head, I still continued to fall into bottomless pits, fight vis-a-vis with [*Continued on page* 40]



What!

NO DISHES?

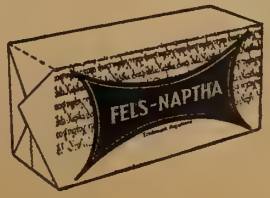
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PHILLIPS' *Milk of Magnesia* **CREAMS**

Serial Queen, 1941 Model

[*Continued from page* 39]

crocodiles, wrestle pythons and take midnight swims.

"The most futile part of it all is that people think a double did my work. But you'd be surprised, serial audiences have their appetites whetted by these hair-curdling deeds and they're quick to spot a papier-mache double from a balcony seat. When the *Jungle Girl* trapezes from tree to tree and wrestles gorillas, that's no double. That's little Frances, in the flesh. Some audiences think that Hollywood has a miraculous way of filming these dangerous scenes without harming a hair on the heroine's head. No such luck. Although there was a crew on watch all the time, there were several times when I almost turned into a grease spot.

"One of those occasions was in the scene where I am tied to the arms of a big idol from whose mouth gushes tremendous flames. The arms move slowly upward to the idol's mouth and I am about to become a toasted marshmallow. Besides getting pretty dizzy being moved up and down, I became awfully ill being just inches away from those huge, licking flames. And to make matters worse, the director waved a flaming kerosene-dipped torch over my head for an extra blood-curdling effect. That terrified expression on my face was not acting!

"Even the easy jobs were not as easy as they looked. Riding the elephant, which is the tamest thing I do in the picture, had its moments of travail when the elephant would kneel and topple me over his head. Another time I was tied to a pole and dangled over a smoking pit for hours. When I was released, my spine felt like a stretched-out rubber band. It was days before I could stand up straight.

"I had to grapple with a lion once to prove to the savages that I am their goddess. They brought me a milk-fed lion who, I was told, wouldn't hurt a fly. But I wasn't a fly, for when I came into hand to hand contact with him he managed to nip me here and there, and I still have the marks to show for it.

"It's pretty nice being called the 'serial queen' and having a ready-made audience of millions. I don't know whether the adults take the children or the children take the adults, but the grown-ups like them too. But in the meantime, I'm going to rest up by working in some tame glamour girl films until I get my neck broken in another 'cliffhanger'."

There is nothing in Frances' safe-and-sane environment to equip her for the perils she faced. She was a beauty contest winner in Long Beach, California, and did nothing more perilous than splash in the surf. She made a stab at a picture career but gave it up when she married the former screen actor, Jimmy Dunn. Her marriage having recently gone the Reno-way, she returned to film work and *Jungle Girl* is her first big film effort.

When Jimmy, in New York, learned about it he sent her a frantic wire: "Good gosh, girl, have you thrown me over for a gorilla?" ■

She's Got What It Takes!

[*Continued from page 32*]

wouldn't have created much more of a furore. Marjorie was dubbed "The Wham Girl" for no apparent reason; a group of Boston mannequins protested petulantly at the importation of a Hollywood actress and what was the matter with Boston girls; cold cream, cigarette and bunion-cure manufacturers wanted her endorsement; several Yale boys mumbled that if she passed through their fair town they were going to kidnap her; syndicates wired and phoned her long-distance for her story; and even William Randolph Hearst wrote a long editorial about her which received front-page space in all of his papers! Marjorie Woodworth —with not one picture to her credit yet, mind you!—had become a nationally known figure!

Chalk up a smashing victory for the final stage of the star-making machine!

So now Marjorie Woodworth, just a sweet-faced college kid in bobby socks two years ago—is a vivid, famous Hollywood actress. Not a star yet, but well on her way. While a large chunk of the credit goes to the various star-building mechanisms concentrated on her, it's not fair to overlook Marjorie's share.

Marjorie had a lot of common sense and durability. If she hadn't, the Harvard incident might have spelled disaster instead of victory. Not many girls would have taken that vegetable-bath with the good grace that Marjorie did.

If this gives you an idea that Marjorie is unspoiled by the sudden fame, you're right. She still lives in the same small house in Inglewood, California, that she was born in, with her mother and father. Away from the studio she pins her long mop of blond hair carelessly on top of her head and goes roller-skating in the neighborhood. She giggles a lot and is terribly thrilled and happy about being in pictures, but she hasn't lost her perspective. Her closest friends are not the mink-coated movie darlings but her sorority sisters and she doesn't give them the Hollywood business, bored look, blase indifference. Her idea of fun is—guess—college dances, and the gilded night haunts where the movie fashionables parade their diamonds and chinchillas bore her. For that matter, her favorite dates are college boys, not the high-salaried film Romeos. She could have her pick of the Hollywood *bon vivants,* but she isn't interested.

"I like college boys. Movie actors," she says, wrinkling her nose, "don't know how to treat a girl." ■

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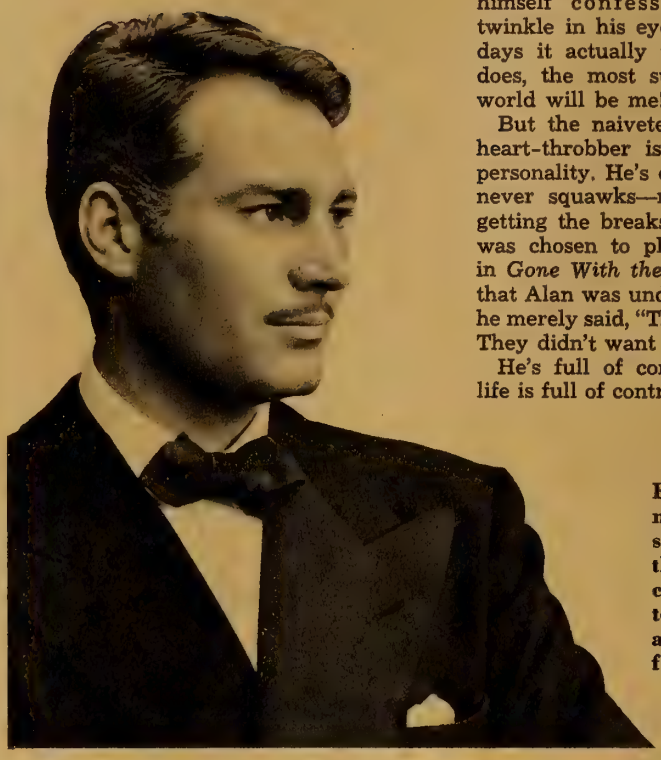
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Always Best Man

By GENE SCHROTT



Forever stuck with "best man" roles, Alan Marshal hopes to get out of the groove—soon. His composite resemblance to Gable, Olivier, Grant and Colman, has been a formidable barrier to his career. However, he does all right in *Lydia*

■ The whole thing is too befuddling. It's hard to understand. Alan Marshal is tall. He's handsome, and he's got more romance in his left eyebrow than a whole boarding school full of girls have in their hearts. He's the kind of a guy who packs more passionate promise in a casual glance than the most exciting love story you've ever read. But until now, Hollywood hasn't been aware of him.

For five long years he's been the film colony's prime example of the fellow who is always best man but never the groom. Cinematically speaking, of course. For five years he's been hanging around, playing small roles in picture after picture. But not once during his entire film career has he been allowed to let his real personality sift through. Not once has some big-hearted director said, "Okay, Alan. Go ahead. Take the girl. Kiss her. And live happily ever after."

"Not that it really matters," Marshal himself confesses with that amused twinkle in his eye. "Maybe one of these days it actually will happen. And if it does, the most surprised person in the world will be me!"

But the naivete of this tall, strapping heart-throbber is merely a key to his personality. He's quiet. He never kicks—never squawks—never howls about not getting the breaks. When Leslie Howard was chosen to play the part of *Ashley* in *Gone With the Wind*, despite the fact that Alan was under contract to Selznick, he merely said, "The fans wanted Howard. They didn't want me."

He's full of contradictions. His whole life is full of contradictions. He's the kind of a guy you'd expect to always be meticulously groomed. But he likes nothing better than lounging around in his oldest clothes. He's crazy about fishing. He wants to organize a whaling expedition to go down to San Clemente Island where he heard some whales were recently seen. He loves being an actor but at the same time, unlike most actors, it's agony for him to talk about himself. He's happy and contented and doesn't think he's done more in life than gone along hand in hand with fate. He doesn't park on the producers' doorsteps waiting for a break. He knows that some day it will come along. He has an abundance of confidence in the men who make our movies.

"Some day," he said, as we sat on the terrace of his Malibu Beach home with the waves lapping at our outstretched toes, "David Selznick will find a good part for me. And when that time comes, I know it will be worth while. Meanwhile, I'm being kept busy working at other studios. And when an actor's working, he's generally happy."

Alan Marshal's career is a perfect object lesson to all movie aspirants. His is no overnight rise to fame and fortune, nor a fly-by-night attempt to capture the crown of stardom in one single swoop and then fall into oblivion. His popularity is catching on. It's something contagious—like the whooping cough or measles—but with far more pleasant results. That's why R-K-O recently cast him in an important part in *Tom, Dick and Harry*. That's why Merle Oberon wanted him to play with

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her in *Lydia*. When these two pictures are shown, the women of the country will be far more Alan Marshal-conscious than ever before.

When Alan arrived in Hollywood some five years ago, he already had an enviable theatrical background. Though born in Australia, his parents brought him to this country at the age of five. He liked it enough to remain. At first, he lived in San Francisco but later the family moved to Long Island where Alan went to school.

At fifteen, he suddenly found himself the school idol—and for a very good reason. It was during the summer vacation. Eva LeGallienne had asked him to appear in her production of *The Swan*. All summer long, Alan mingled in the exciting atmosphere of the theater. And it was with regret that he looked toward the opening of school. But the first day back found all the girls eyeing him worshipfully. The boys called him aside and asked in whispers all about the undercover stories they'd heard about the stage. He was the school's glamour lad.

But the acting bug was already there. He didn't realize it, but it was there all his life because both his mother and father were actors. And so when he finished his schooling, he immediately joined a Shakespearean stock company and toured this country and Canada to get some experience. Then he returned to New York and appeared in several stage plays.

"During my stay in New York," he relates, "I made several screen tests. But everyone else did. So I didn't expect anything to happen. Then Selznick asked me to come here to do a small part in *The Garden of Allah*. After that was over, I returned to New York. But there was a wire waiting for me. It was from Selznick. He wanted me back. Well, I took the next train. And I've been here ever since." ■



Brenda Marshall receives best wishes from a fellow co-worker, Alexis Smith, upon her recent marriage to young Bill Holden. Both girls are appearing in Warner Brothers' *The Smiling Ghost*

"My Husband fell out of Love"

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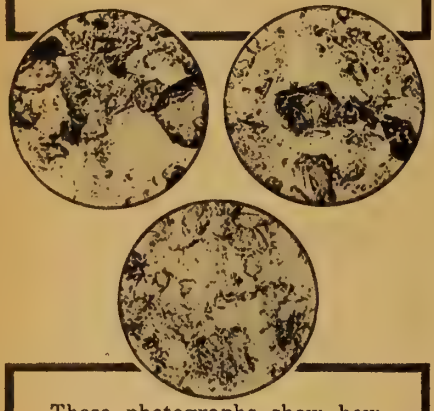
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Career on the Instalment Plan



Dana Andrews owes his screen career to a man who gambled on his ability to make good and financed him until he won a movie break. Dana's grand work in 20th Century-Fox's *Belle Starr* more than justifies his benefactor's faith

By JACK HOLLAND

■ Out in Van Nuys, a valley town close to Hollywood, a handsome chap was dishing out gasoline to thirsty automobiles. He'd just come from Texas, having left his job to try to crash into pictures. But after a couple of months of batting his head against the mahogany doors of casting offices, he decided he'd get a job in some other field.

Lots of customers liked the looks of this fellow.

"You ought to be in pictures," they'd say to Dana. "You've got a good voice and you're good looking."

Dana listened but paid little attention. He was only too familiar with the old bromide: "You ought to be in pictures." He listened and went right on studying voice. Yes, he was taking lessons on the side.

But one day Santa Claus came driving up to the filling station. A modern version of St. Nick, without the whiskers, reindeers and bells.

"You know what I think," he said to Dana. "I think you should be in pictures."

Dana smiled a little sardonically and went on filling the tank.

"No kidding. And I've got a proposition for you." Mr. Claus, you see, saw through Dana's skepticism. "My partner and I run this gas station. We're sort of funny guys. We play hunches. And I've got a hunch about you. I think you can go places in pictures if you are given the chance. Now, here's my plan. I'll give you $50 a week and transportation expenses if you'll forget about this business and concentrate on getting into the movies. How does it sound?"

Dana said, "Swell. What's the catch?"

"There's no catch at all. It's a business proposition. If you get to the point where you are making over $50 a week in pictures, then I won't pay you a salary any more. If you make over $100, then you'll pay me and my partner 25% of your earnings above that figure. In other words, we're going to back a long shot."

Within a couple of hours, Dana had left the gas station and had consulted an agent. The agent listened to Dana sing. "Nice voice. Too bad you don't act," he said.

Okay, he'd learn to act. That was what he was after anyway. So, like everyone else who thinks he is a prospective Hamlet, Dana marched over to the Pasadena Community Playhouse.

And he marched right into a Shakespearean show soon to hit the boards. His big part? Carrying a spear.

The months passed. Dana wasn't getting any big parts, and he was getting discouraged. He was, however, still getting his financial support. Poor sucker, Dana thought. He's out a lot of dough on me.

And the sucker's pardner thought the same thing.

"There's no point throwing good money after bad," he said to Dana's angel one day. "Let's call this whole thing quits."

"I don't agree. We've put all this dough on the kid now, and if we stop, we'll only lose everything. I tell you I have a hunch, and I'm all for keeping up the plan."

Dana continued to be financed.

One night, after Dana had appeared in a fair role at Pasadena, a talent scout from a studio came back to see him. He looked him over, said, "Hmm" with appropriate emphasis, and then remarked, "Too bad."

"Too bad about what?" Dana asked.

"Too bad about your teeth. They're too crooked for pictures. You ought to have them straightened."

Early the next morning, Dana was talking to his sponsor. He told him about the scout, the teeth, and then asked, "What do you think?"

"What do I think? I think you're going to the best dentist in town, get his ideas, and report to me."

Dana went to a good dentist all right. "It'll cost you $1100 for the whole job, son," he was told.

Well, that was that, Dana thought. Fantastic. Especially on top of the other money the man was already bestowing on him. So, disheartened and ready to give it all up, Dana went back to the man with a hunch.

Dana told him all. Santa Claus didn't even hesitate. "Okay, son, $1100 it is. Get the job done—now."

After seven months of some pretty painful experiences, Dana sprouted as straight a set of teeth as you could imagine.

Well, the teeth didn't seem to help much. It wasn't getting Dana better parts at Pasadena. And it wasn't giving talent scouts any terrific inspirations. But he forgot that in Hollywood the unpredictable sometimes happens.

One day he got a call from an agent. "Got you a test at Samuel Goldwyn's for tomorrow afternoon. Can you make it?"

It's scarcely necessary to add that Dana could make it. But it is necessary to finish this part of this strange story. He got a contract. He was all set to grace the cinema horizon with tremendous energy. However, nine months passed before he was called to go into *The Westerner*.

In the meantime, his salary and the fact that he was paying back his financier were the only things that helped to dispel the discouragement aggravated by his idleness.

After *The Westerner* was shown, Dana began to impress 20th Century-Fox's head man, Darryl Zanuck. He got Goldwyn on the phone and said, "What about Andrews? What about taking over his contract?" Goldwyn informed him that he could share it and that was all.

So, still a newcomer, Dana found himself under contract to two studios. At Fox, he worked in *Sailor's Lady, Tobacco Road,* and is now creating a hit for himself in *Belle Starr,* in which he plays one of the leads opposite Gene Tierney.

Dana owed the man with a knack for picking winners $7000. But with the contract drawn up between them, the gent will realize $20,000 on Dana's five-year deal with Goldwyn and Fox.

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A Dash of Cabot

Bruce Cabot's "white-tie-and-tails" roles never brought him much recognition. It took his lusty role in *Flame of New Orleans* to send his stock soaring. He has lead role in United Artists' film, *Sundown*

By DUNCAN UNDERHILL

■ The English know a typical American when they see one. That's why a French-Irish-Cherokee named Jacques de Bujac is in such great demand as an actor in the beleaguered British Isles.

Of all Hollywood leading men, Monsieur de Bujac, known professionally as Bruce Cabot, is most sought after in English studios. If he accepted all the outstanding London offers he would not see his native land again for seven and a half years.

When English producers have a role demanding a robust, manly, bronzed American—an actor typical and representative of this country not only in physical appearance but in personality, character, thought and action—they comb over the list and cable Cabot. Thus far his American commitments have permitted him to accept only twice.

While England thinks of him as the Perfect American Type, Hollywood thinks of him as the Perfect Eligible Male.

In the eyes of the cinema spinsters, Bruce has that much-sought sum of all the qualities desirable in a husband known as Everything.

His screen career, after some setbacks, is on the upbeat again. For reference, consult Marlene Dietrich, opposite whom he played in *The Flame of New Orleans*. For confirmation consult Henry (*Lives of a Bengal Lancer*) Hathaway, for whom Bruce is playing the lead in *Sundown*.

In other respects also, the young man is in tune with the times. Far from confining his interests to Hollywood and the movies, he has wide and exciting business interests, such as a part ownership of the Southern Aircraft Company at Dallas, Texas. He commutes to and from the plant as often as required, frequently by plane but preferably by automobile. He is a formidable pilot in the air and on the highways.

For ten years Eligible Bachelor Number One has been a part-time resident of the exclusive Riviera Club in Hollywood, not because it is a social sanctuary beyond reproach but because he can step out of his suite and right onto a golf course or into a stirrup. Living at the club is part of Cabot's streamlined existence, which is notable for its freedom from complications.

Unlike most male stars, he has no retinue of secretaries, valets, chauffeurs, masseurs and stooges. The entire Cabot staff is a plain, American cowboy named

Bill Wood, a lanky Texan Bruce took a liking to on sight and hired as all-around handy man and companion.

In white-tie-and-tails Bruce is a familiar figure around the chromium-plated Vanity Fairs of Hollywood, New York and London. But he is never so much at home in such effete surroundings as he is out on the mesas and plains of New Mexico and Texas, to which he skedaddles at every opportunity.

Carlsbad, N. M., his home town, gets a refreshing glimpse of its favorite son every few weeks, when he shows up at his old haunts just to knock around, bat the breeze with old cronies and exchange opinions on crops and cattle. He knows the Southwest and its folkways as only a part-Indian can. His mother, a Cherokee, married his father while the elder De-Bujac was serving as French consul.

To see Bruce and the ever-present Bill Wood loping around the dusty main street of a New Mexico pueblo, both wearing jeans, bucket boots and sun-squints, nobody would ever suspect he was in the presence of a French-educated movie star with a top rating in England. He looks more like a hoss-wrangler.

From the diversity of his schooling, both formal and informal, it's easily understandable why Bruce should feel at home almost anywhere. He's been in and out of a succession of military schools and tutoring schools; ran away from home twice, once to become a hoss-wrangler, once to be a prize fighter; finished courses in languages and literature at the University of New Mexico and took a post-graduate course at the University of Tours in France.

Bruce's best friend is Errol Flynn. They spend half their week-ends together, golfing or sailing.

Cabot became an actor the easy way, by having the job thrust on him. He was selling Hollywood real estate when an agent spotted him, gave him a fast spiel and rushed him around to a studio.

A fantastic film called *King Kong* was about to go into production and it lacked a juvenile leading man. With no previous experience whatever, he was handed the part, the first of a long succession of rather colorless leads in support of monsters, menaces and glamour girls.

A director caught him making funny faces one day for the amusement of a group of child actors and cast him as a gangster toughie in *Let 'Em Have It.* This led to several seasons of painful employment as heavy, scoundrel, blackguard and bum, a cycle that ended only when Dietrich insisted on having him opposite her in *The Flame of New Orleans* in a straight romantic lead.

When the role of head man in *Sundown* was offered to him, Bruce demurred, having partly made up his mind to accept one of his numerous English offers.

The question was settled when Director Hathaway mentioned diplomatically that the *Sundown* company would be on location in New Mexico for three weeks.

So the British public again is deprived of seeing its Ideal American on the screen. And Hollywood's Most Eligible Bachelor is out of reach of the sisterhood of sighing cinema spinsters. ■

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Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
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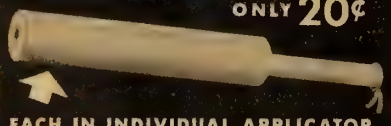
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Except for a quirk of fate, Patricia Morison would today be the wife of a nobleman in Nazi-dominated Hungary. Pat appears in Paramount's *Malaya*

Almost a Countess

By KAY PROCTOR

■ All the drama in a movie star's life is not written in Hollywood. Patricia Morison is proof of that.

Were it not for a quirk of fate and a slender ring of steel, Pat now would find herself caught in an intolerable situation—the wife of a nobleman in Nazi-dominated Hungary and living under Hitler's heel!

It is a strange story and one which Pat never has told before. By revealing it here, I think, she hopes some word of the safety of the man she once loved may trickle through the censored mystery of present day Europe. Friends will recognize his identity from the facts, but for others Pat prefers his real name be hidden under the pseudonym of Count Ershi Takatsny.

Ironically, the romance which played so dramatic a part in Pat's life was born of boredom.

The year was 1937 when Pat was a student at the Marta Oatman school of the theater in New York. Her first ambition had been to be an artist and in following it she had attended several semesters of art school. Progressing nicely (she still paints and sculpts with better than average talent), she suddenly found her interest veering toward the theater and immediately deserted art in favor of acting.

One winter night she was invited to a small, informal party given by an English girl, a fellow student at Oatman's, at her home. For years Pat had been averse to parties of any kind, chiefly because her shyness made her ill at ease in any group. Even now she frequently must force herself to attend the Hollywood functions so important in any actress' life in the picture colony. Finally, however, she was persuaded to accept the invitation and remembers she wore her only evening gown, a black velvet number which she had bought at a half price sale.

"The rest of the party, all young musicians, actors and artists who were very earnest and very broke, seemed to be having a wonderful time," Pat recalled. "I, however, was stuck with the prize bore of the year. He was a serious young man who wore glasses and insisted on giving me a long dissertation on the excellence of rattlesnake meat as a table delicacy!"

Out of one corner of her eye Pat had spotted a tall and handsome young man, a stranger to the group. He was smoking a pipe (with quite an air, too!) and was surrounded by pretty girls who were hanging breathlessly on his every word. It was Ershi.

"To get rid of the bore I started talking art and Picasso's latest show," Pat said. "It worked like a charm, because he politely excused himself after a few moments and wandered off. But much to my surprise, Ershi also politely excused himself and wandered over. Art, it seems, was *his* one real interest."

He walked her home after the party (neither of them had carfare) and was invited for tea the next day. There he met and charmed Pat's mother and won permission to call again. Their first date was spent seeing a re-issue of *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*.

If Ershi is still living, he now would be in his late 20's. Born in Budapest, he inherited his title from a house in which ran strains of Swedish, Austrian, French and Italian nobility. Rangy and athletic in build, he had curly brown hair of a fine texture and warm brown eyes which had the suggestion of a Slavic slant at the corners. His rather large mouth smiled frequently, for he had an abundance of the effervescent gaiety characteristic of the Hungarian people. He also had the suave Continental manner for which women, American and otherwise, have been suckers for generations. Pat was no exception. He loved to sing gypsy songs but unfortunately, Pat remembers, he usually sang off-key.

Excitement, tragedy and adventure had filled his life before that night of the party.

Left fatherless during the World War, when his father, a commanding officer of a Hungarian regiment, was killed in service, he moved with his mother and brothers to Vienna to take up residence in the ancestral castle in that city. When revolution rocked that city, the family was forced to flee and again returned to Budapest. As was the fate of other aristocrats at the time, all the vast holdings of the Takatsnys in Austria were confiscated by

the new government. Fortunately, their Hungarian estates were left intact.

As he grew to young manhood, Ershi became increasingly bored with the idle, useless life of a young nobleman. At last he rebelled outright and announced he was leaving home to pursue his real ambition—the study of poster art—and to earn a name for himself.

Instantly the family purse strings were drawn tight. He was cut off without a penny so long as he chose to remain away from home.

After studying with Cassandre in Paris, where he lived frugally, and supported himself as best he could, he went to Stockholm for further study. There he won the first prize for poster art for two successive years at the art academy. By dint of saving and sacrifice, he acquired sufficient means to come to America with a modest bankroll. A New York stock promoter promptly sold the gullible young man a gold mine—*sans* gold—in New Mexico. Once more he was broke. It was then he met Pat.

For two years they romanced in a lighthearted, happy way. Her career was going through its humble beginning of bits and small roles in New York stage productions and his talent for unusual posters was gradually winning him a name in the commercial art field.

He asked her to marry him. With the proposal came an unexpected provision: if she became Countess Takatsny, she must give up all thought of being an actress. Acting wasn't done by Hungarian countesses in good standing.

Pat countered with a provision of her own: she would marry him in one year but meantime she wanted the chance to prove to herself one of two things. Either she had dramatic ability and could succeed, or she had no talent and no place in the theater. If she gave up without *knowing*, she felt she might harbor a nagging doubt and regret for what might have been.

Ershi understood and agreed. They became engaged on that basis.

Suddenly the picture changed. He received word of the death of his mother. Since his brothers were serving in the army, he must return immediately to settle the estate and take his place as head of the family.

"Break our pact," he urged Pat. "Marry me now and come home."

Pat was sorely tempted. She was discouraged at the little progress she seemed to be making and it was an alluring prospect offered her—wealth, position, a title, and a life of ease and fun. Still, some inner force would not let her compromise. Ershi sailed alone.

In three months he wrote, *demanding* an immediate decision on her part. With characteristic spirit she answered the demand. No. The Irish can be coaxed but not bullied.

The following Christmas a small package was delivered at her door. It carried no card. Inside was a slender steel ring with her initials in block, a design Ershi once had sketched in an idle moment. Inside were engraved the words:

"Good luck and happiness."

It was her last word from him. ■

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Hollywood's Strangest Romance

By ANN DAGGETT

■ Orson Welles, the boy wonder of cinema-land, was lonely! He had been for some time, despite the nicest, fattest, juiciest contract that any movie studio had ever handed a newcomer. He had freedom to write, direct and act in a movie. He had fulfilled his life-long ambition. Magazine writers were flocking to write stories about his genius, for he was only 24 years old and wore a beard. He was living in a 14-room house with a swimming pool (also a life-long ambition). But he lived there with his press agent, Herb Drake, who tells how they used to wander through their mansion, each occupying a different bed each night so that the servants wouldn't know that they never had any guests. Orson Welles was marvelous "copy" for the local reporters, but he was the loneliest human being alive. He had been in Hollywood two months and he didn't know a soul.

Then came an invitation from Ann and Jack Warner to attend a party at their home. Orson spent days, literally, wondering about those he would meet.

Music was playing softly as Orson arrived —alone. As he entered the room, the gay conversation came to an abrupt stop and everyone in the room turned to stare at the 24-year-old boy who was such a sensation. Orson's gaze found a pair of laughing black eyes that belonged to the loveliest girl he had ever seen. He stood still for a moment, let his gaze drink in the haze of faces, then looked back at the girl with the haunting black eyes. Jack Warner, sensing the magnetism these two held for each other, steered Orson straight to Dolores del Rio's side. There were introductions and then Dolores talked for a few moments and was gone.

"I was terrified," Orson laughed. "I had never met the beautiful Dolores del Rio and it was a sensation out of this world."

Shortly after the Warners' party, Orson began long stretches of work on *Heart of Darkness*. There was no time for play. There were scripts to be written, sets to be designed, preliminary work to be considered. Months passed and then *Heart of Darkness* was abandoned and a snap decision to make a thriller-melodrama sent him skyrocketing into action on *Smiler With a Knife*. R-K-O refused to give official sanction to the script and then work on *Citizen Kane* began.



Although many years his senior, Dolores del Rio has proven herself the perfect companion for Orson Welles. He declares they will marry when her divorce is final

During all this time Orson's meeting with Dolores was constantly in his thoughts—but he couldn't contrive any way of meeting her again! This brainy giant who had stunned the world with his brilliance, never even thought of the telephone until many many weeks of needless anxiety had passed. He finally called.

Across the dinner table Orson found himself intrigued by the idea of one who had nerve enough to order a gardenia salad—a favorite dish of the exotic Dolores! Dolores in turn found herself watching Orson eat a four-inch thick steak—his favorite dish. Like two school children they giggled over each other's taste in food.

Came days in Palm Springs when they basked in the warm glow of the California sun. Days fishing off Santa Catalina Island and days spent painting in the open air. There was a quietness and reserve about Dolores that allowed for understanding of this boy genius whose personality was secretly envied by all but openly acknowledged by a mere handful.

Asked whether they would marry, Orson replied emphatically, "I'm going to marry Dolores del Rio and I don't care who knows it. Tell the whole world if you like."

Orson knows he is defying public opinion in announcing his coming marriage to Dolores at this time.

"We know it is improper and rather indecent, to say the least, for us to become engaged before Dolores' divorce is final," Orson explained pointedly. "But what could we do?

"Newspaper photographers were hounding us. The press demanded statements. The private sanctity of our homes was being violated. We have nothing to hide. We are just two people in love. As soon as all this is over, we are going to be married. The wedding will be as inconspicuous as possible and we hope that from

then on we can live our lives as ordinary people do."

There is a curious story behind this strange romance of Orson Welles and Dolores del Rio. Orson regards Dolores as a queen and he plans some day to make a picture which will shower her with public favor. Dolores regards Orson much as a mother would a bright and charming child. Orson is still a little boy who likes to play with electric trains, dotes on puppet shows and likes more than anything else to have a sympathetic audience for his magic tricks.

With her understanding heart, Dolores, although many years his senior, enters completely into the spirit of play with Orson. It was she who gave him bean bags at Christmas time and then became so skillful at the game herself, that she was able to beat the entire Mercury Players' staff. However, for all his child's play, there is still a curious contradiction here, for Orson is also a mental giant whose working days are 40 or 50 hours long and whose waking hours are spent writing, directing or acting until the people who can keep pace with him gradually drop out from sheer exhaustion. This may all come under the heading of genius, but it's difficult to live with.

Orson is the first to admit that he can be at fault. He has been married once. His first wife was Virginia Nicolson, whom he met during a theater festival in Woodstock, Illinois. Miss Nicolson's father and Orson's guardian both opposed the marriage bitterly—Orson was only 19, and his bride just a mere 18. The older people were right. The marriage was a failure. A divorce was granted two years ago.

Both Orson and Dolores know some of the pitfalls of marriage and the heartaches that come from mismating. Both are determined that nothing will spoil this marriage.

"I'm confident that we will make a success of our marriage because we are good companions. We understand each other. We like to do the same things. We both like to paint. I've always wanted to be a painter," Orson confided wistfully, "and perhaps some day I shall. Writing takes brains, directing takes nervous energy, and acting takes animal vitality—but painting, well, you just paint."

The real test of their relationship came when *Citizen Kane* was about to be barred from release. There was scandal and intrigue and bitter things said about him. Attacks were leveled at him daily in the press—attacks which he was unable to answer because no avenue of publicity was open to him. Perhaps *Citizen Kane*, the pride and joy of Orson's life would never be shown on the screen. No one will know just what Dolores' kindness and understanding meant to Orson Welles during this period. Her belief in him made him fight for his rights. Although Dolores was in the background as far as the public was concerned, she was by his side, fighting with him a battle which he must, and finally did, win.

It was a proud Dolores who took Orson's arm and shared the spotlight with him at the triumphant opening of *Citizen Kane*. They had fought a battle together and won. ■

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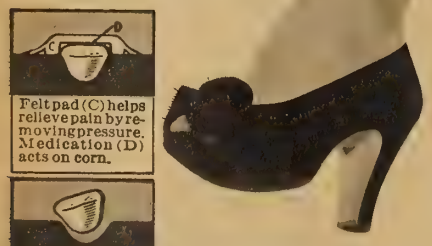
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Clown Princess



Not even in private life is Lucille Ball a serious young lady. She's forever hunting "happy fun games." Her natural flair for comedy wins high honors in R-K-O's *Look Who's Laughing*

By EDWARD MARTIN

■ Harold Lloyd, who used to be a comedian himself until he put his gags and goggles in drydock and became a producer, still knows a belly-laugh from a baseball bat. And for the same reason that Toscanini retains an interest in music, he keeps his ear tuned for comedy.

Thus, when he was strolling around the set of his first and only movie production, *A Girl, a Guy and a Gob,* and heard the majority of the cast shrieking with laughter, he hot-footed over to see what was going on.

Nothing much met his eye except Lucille Ball, the leading lady of the piece, knocking herself out doing a slanderous imitation of Harold Lloyd for the entertainment of two dozen high-priced actors, a director, a cameraman and the technical crew. Although the gag was doubly at Harold's expense, personally and financially, he joined in the applause before chasing Lucille and her audience back to work.

On the set or off, that Ball girl is as easy to handle as a pint of loose mercury. "Let's have happy fun-games" is her motto and you can't keep her from putting it into practice. Her agent backs her into a corner every once in a while and reads her a forceful little sermon about austere behavior in the presence of her bosses. In reply she has a little speech she memorized, a paraphrase of one of the tear-jerking scenes of *Stage Door,* in which she made a distinct impression.

"But life," she says, striking a Bernhardt pose, "it is so gay, dopey, droll, wistful and pistachio."

The kid is in serious danger of being typed; typed as Lucille Ball, her favorite character and one that sneaks into each of her pictures. Nobody else in the business possesses her conglomeration of moods and talents. She's not merely a clown, not merely a comedienne. She's not just a pretty girl. The skeletal structure of her face is twenty per cent away from mere prettiness. She's not a clothes-horse sophisticate, although she has reason to be, having served one hitch as a Ziegfeld girl and a three-year term as a model for super-smart Hattie Carnegie.

The parts they have pitched at her would have made a Spartan wince. The pointless patter that has issued from her expressive lips, if laid out on a sound track, would supply the anaesthetic requirements of all known hospitals for a year.

The penalty of getting a bad start in pictures is that you have to swim upstream. Lucille met her Niagara after landing in Hollywood as a cigarette poster girl to appear in one sequence of Eddie Cantor's *Roman Scandals.* Purely on the strength of her pictorial qualities, Hollywood kept her around for a couple of seasons, doling out to her all the dull little uninspired parts in all the tired little pictures they could think up.

She played "talking furniture" in *Moulin Rouge, Nana, Broadway Bill* and

Carnival and, by a miracle of type-casting, succeeded in landing a job as a mannequin in *Roberta*.

R-K-O used her as atmosphere in a couple of the Rogers and Astaire pictures, but she failed to set any celluloid on fire. When a chance popped up to go back to Broadway for the muscial show *Hey, Diddle, Diddle*, she grabbed it.

"Broadway looked beautiful after a couple of years of stubbing my toes on Hollywood," she related. "But some old Broadway memories got me down. I remembered the years when I was a chorus kid, sampling starvation in all its better-known forms, none of them satisfying. In show business the rule then was five weeks' rehearsal without pay. That's too long to fast.

"I remembered that old hall-room, fifth floor rear, with portable gas ring hidden in the suit-case. I'd save up a little money from modelling and get a job in musical. For a week or two I'd live on hope and ambition and hoard my money. Then hunger would prove too much for me. I'd eat like a wolf, run out of funds and leave the show before my salary started. After repeating that experience three or four times, I made up my mind nobody could thrive on hunger but poets. I'm no poet—I can't even write a laundry list."

When the Broadway blues got her spirits down, she wadded up her savings from *Hey, Diddle, Diddle* and raced back to California and social security. The first part she landed was a comedy role in *Stage Door*, with Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers. She registered solidly, caught on with a solid segment of the audience and became a really recognizable figure on the screen.

Since then she's been ad-libbing all over the joint. *Look Who's Laughing* is the title of her current picture, in which she frisks around with Edgar Bergen and his dumb friend. If you look who's laughing, you'll find it's Lucille.

For her, life is too short for formality. Highly responsive to her directors, she'll always give a little more to a scene than the script calls for. But you don't find her sitting around on the edge of the set with furrowed brow fearfully scanning her lines between scenes. She reads the script carefully and gets a good conception of its mood and that of her character. Once this formula is firmly in her mind she adds one portion of Lucille Ball and proceeds with the interpretation. She never sits home studying her lines night after night. It might rob her acting of some of the spontaneity that makes it sparkle.

La Belle Ball is that girl who is having the good time in every waking hour: on the set, in the commissary, on shopping tours, in her garden, or, infrequently, racing around the night clubs. The bubble and sparkle that couldn't be quenched in a dingy furnished room is multiplied by ten in the dazzling glare of the California sunlight and sunlight arcs.

There are times, of course, when Lucille's sprightliness gets out of bounds and has to be curbed. But luckily, that's not the problem of the fans or the film magnates. That's a life work taken on by Desi Arnaz, Lucille's husband. He took it on himself with his eyes open and he's stuck with it. ■



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Ida Lupino's Unseen Power

By MARIAN RHEA

On the morning of May 2, 1935, John Coogan, the father of Jackie, telephoned Ida Lupino. "A party of us are going to San Diego tomorrow for the week-end," he said. "Wouldn't you like to go with us?" Eagerly Ida accepted the invitation.

But that evening, there came to her a strange premonition of danger. It was not analyzed, but almost without conscious volition she telephoned John Coogan.

"I don't think I shall go with you after all," she told him. And although she could give no logical reason for refusing, no persuasion could change her decision. "I don't know why," she repeated. "I just don't think I'll go."

Early on May 5, though, when she picked up her morning paper, she knew why. Of that party of five who had journeyed to San Diego so gaily, four had been killed when, en route back to Hollywood, their car overturned.

A few months went by, and Ida received a letter from her father, Stanley Lupino, the British musical comedy star.

"Daughter," it said, "I have something rather fearsome to tell you. I see you sitting in the sun, happy, healthy, burned brown by its rays. And then, immediately, I see you desperately ill, life hanging by a thread. And I see beyond that many months of unhappiness and discouragement. But you need never fear the outcome. All will be well in the end."

Ida says that because her father possesses a psychic power, which is never wrong in predictions like this, his letter upset her a great deal. But as time went on and his prophecy remained unfulfilled, she thought of it less and less. Until, one bright California day, while sunning herself on the lawn at the home of a friend, brown, healthy and peaceful, she turned suddenly to her companion and said, "I am going to be terribly ill!"

The friend looked at her in concern. "I'll call a doctor!"

But Ida waved the suggestion aside. "I am not ill now. I mean, I shall be soon. Something tells me . . ."

And this strange warning was right. Within twenty-four hours, she was in the hospital undergoing an emergency operation for appendicitis.

It was a hot, sultry summer night during this illness that the strange presence next appeared. Death was close. A crisis was at hand. No one knew what the outcome would be. Then it happened. From far away, Ida heard music, wonderful music which seemed hers, alone. She turned on her pillow and whispered, *"I am going to write music . . ."* And, suddenly, she was better. The crisis was past. She knew she would recover and that she would keep her promise to write music. She did. During her convalescence, she sat down at the piano and, although she had never played before in her life and had always disliked music, she played now. Since then, she has composed a great deal. And her music is so good it has been played at concerts by the Los Angeles Philharmonic orchestra and by many other famous orchestras as well.

A few months went by and this same incredible something spoke to her again—this time in the darkened auditorium of a motion picture theater. Ida says she cannot remember the name of the picture, but across the screen there moved briefly an attractive young actor. And as she watched him, something "clicked" in her brain. She turned to her mother, who was with her.

"That young man—I must find out who he is. I have a feeling he will be important in my life, one day."

The young man was Louis Hayward, whom she married within the year.

The unseen power returned to guide and to advise when, finally recovered from her long illness, Ida tried to regain a place in motion pictures—and failed. She describes the instance as follows:

"One day, while I was lunching with my agent and we were feeling very low, and were wondering what we were to do, it—this incredible something—spoke to me, almost as audibly as though a human being had whispered in my ear.

" 'Go to New York,' it said. 'Try radio.'

"I turned to my agent. 'I am leaving for New York tomorrow,' I announced. 'I shall see what I can do in radio.'

"Three days later I was there. An hour after I arrived, Orson Welles had given me a spot in his Sunday night broadcast of *The Bad Man*. And an hour after that broadcast, 20th Century-Fox had telegraphed they'd like to have me return to the coast for a role in *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*. You know what followed—*The Light That Failed, They Drive By Night, High Sierra*, my contract with Warners, now *Ladies in Retirement* for Columbia Pictures, which I have wanted to do ever since the play first opened on Broadway. And it all happened because something told me, 'Try radio. It will be lucky for you . . .' "

Ladies in Retirement will be the first time the young Louis Haywards have appeared together in a film. Louis has the role of the unscrupulous young scapegoat of the story. It is a strong part and should do much in furthering his promising career. Ida has the role in which Flora Robson won Broadway acclaim last season. It is a blood-curdling part which Ida's great dramatic talent should turn into one of the season's outstanding portrayals. In spite of her youth, she won the part over a number of other capable actresses who were itching for it.

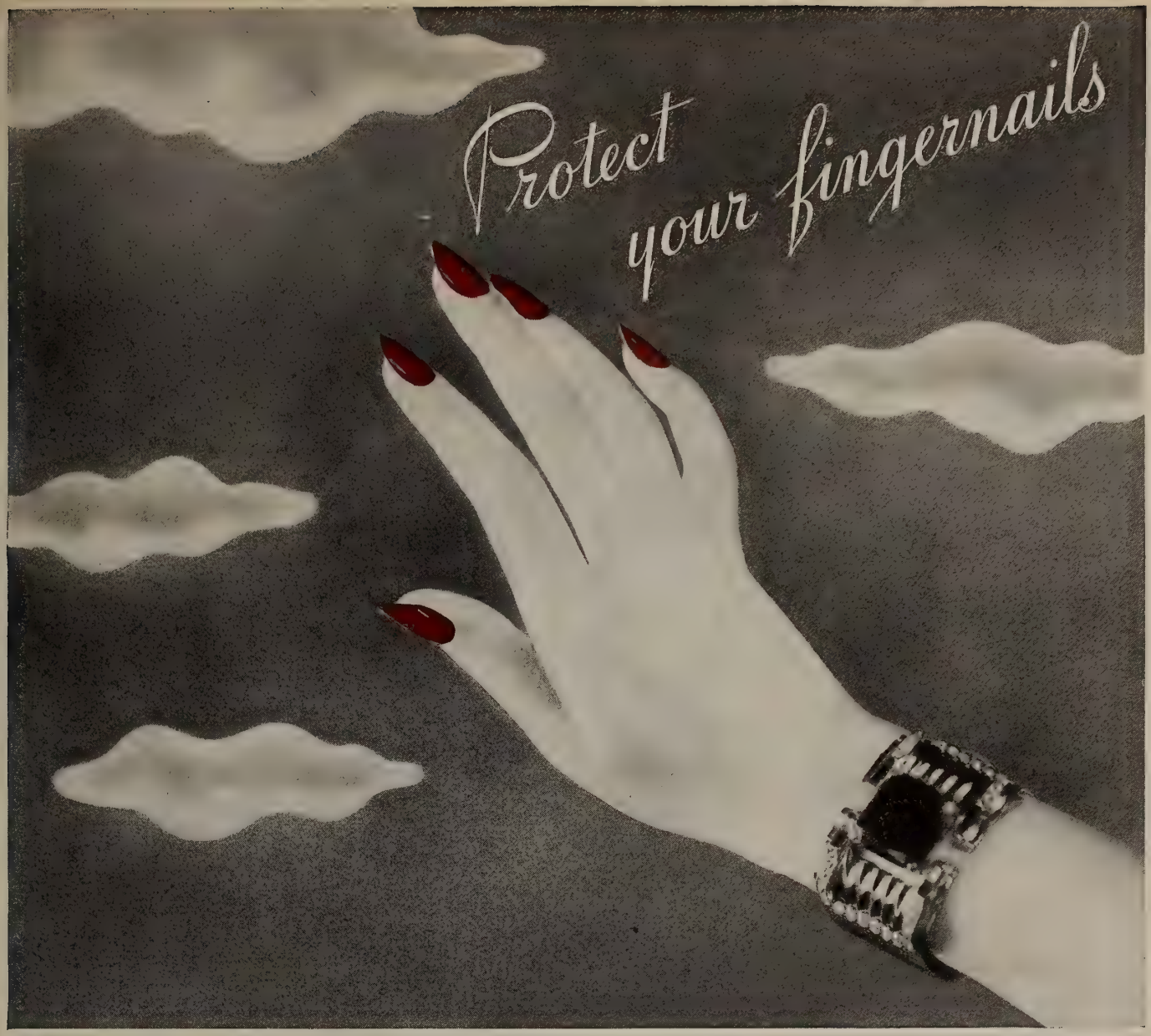
Predictions around Hollywood are that it won't be long now until Ida cops one of those coveted *Oscars*. Her unforgettable mad scene in *They Drive by Night* opened the producer's eyes to what she can really do when given half a chance.

That "something" spoke to Ida once more just a few weeks ago. "I awakened in the middle of the night," she recounts, "feeling alone, completely, weirdly alone. My home, my career, even my husband, seemed a thousand miles away. And although I never had been a bit literary, I was possessed with the desire to write! So I wrote. I sat down and wrote for four hours—the outlines for ten stories. And every night, since, I have been at it. Seven stories are now finished. When they're all done I shall publish them in book form under the title, *A Matter of Minutes*. Some day, I shall write all kinds of things!"

She probably will. Guided by this wonderful *alter ego* which already has so powerfully influenced her life, she will probably do many remarkable things before she is done. ■

Throughout her entire life, Ida Lupino has felt a strange presence which has guided and influenced her actions. Ida's in Columbia's *Ladies in Retirement*





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You'll See Stars at the Fights

By ROWENA DEVINE

■ The Friday night fights?

Surely you've heard of the weekly slug-fests sponsored by the Hollywood American Legion each Friday night and held in the Legion stadium. These fights are a Hollywood institution. Friday is the one day of the week when the movie colony gives up talking shop and devotes itself to violent, partisan discussions of the merits and demerits of the slam-boys. Dishes are left in the sink while every one dashes for the stadium. That is, mind you, the movie-mad portion of the film town. It is fight night, and fans know that this is the big night when they'll see not only their pugilistic favorites, but their favorites of the screen as well. It's really the movie stars who steal the show at these Friday night sessions.

As many decisions are made outside the stadium as in. And not fight decisions alone. The fans are frank and voluble in discussing the actors and actresses who alight from their limousines and walk up the runway into the stadium.

Among the early arrivals is George Raft, who is a fight fan from way back. He used to come alone, but nowadays you'll often see luscious Betty Grable at his side. George never fails to autograph the books held out to him. He talks in a quiet, low voice to the fans who cluster adoringly around him. He's one of the autograph hounds' pets.

Another early arrival is Jack Benny. Jack's wife, Mary Livingstone, is a fight fan of the first water and she's usually at her husband's side. As is his old pal and brother comic, sandy-voiced George Burns.

What, no Gracie Allen? Well, usually. Unless she's elected to remain at home to take care of the two adorable adopted youngsters to whom they're so devoted. Gracie's a rabid fight fan, too.

Mary and George, good troupers that they are, pause long enough before going inside to do a bit of clowning for the benefit of the fans, but strangely enough, Jack Benny takes no part in it. A quiet, gray-haired chap in public, this Benny. Mary Livingstone is pretty as a picture with her remodeled nose.

Chico and Zeppo Marx used to be regular attendees, until they split up their professional team recently. Not all the fans recognize a mad Marx out of character, but when a smart fan spies one, the rush for autographs is on.

Joe E. Brown comes rushing up, big mouth split in a grin from ear to ear. The fans send up a rousing cheer and Joe yells right back at them with a "Hi, gang! Howzit going?" They love Joe like a brother and tell him so. Joe's bright eyes grow brighter and he signs autograph books by the score. In fact, unless someone shoved him inside, he'd gladly remain outside and gab with his admirers and let the fights go hang.





The main event of the week for the larger part of the movie colony is the Friday night fights, attended by young and old. Above: George Raft and Bill Powell are avid fight devotees and never miss a single fracas

Fiery Lupe Velez is as much a part of the weekly clash as the pugilists themselves. She's with Guinn Williams, Wallace Ford, Ann Rutherford and Frank Albertson

Bill Powell arrives with his pretty wife, Diana Lewis. Bill is mighty popular, and a big cheer greets the handsome couple. He signs books willingly and gallantly.

Bill Gargan, Wayne Morris, Broderick Crawford and Big Boy Williams arrive in a group—and what a group! They're all big bruisers, and they have a great time. They make quite a sight as they stand outside, waiting to go to their seats.

Who is the fellow in the checkered coat and the bright yellow scarf? Lift up your head, Bing Crosby, we know you! Bing seems embarrassed in public and doesn't sign a single book, but guides Dixie Lee expertly through the crowd. Dixie, by the way, isn't bothered by that ole debbil shyness and gives her signature and a swell smile to boot.

Another cheer goes up after Bing and his wife enter the stadium. This time it's for that gay Mexican pepperpot, Lupe Velez. When she and Johnny Weissmuller were married, they used to practically start a riot when they arrived. But tonight Lupe is alone. She jumps around, yells back at the fans, signs books with a gay flourish and is having the time of her life. Once inside and with the fights going on, she's a wild woman. "Keel that bum!" she cries out. "Knock heem out!"

Next to arrive is Cary Grant. Sometimes he escorts Rosalind Russell, who's a mighty enthusiastic fight fanette. Both get big hands from the crowd and loud cheers. Cary smiles, Rosalind waves gaily, and both hurry inside.

Ralph Bellamy hurries up. Ralph is much blonder than he photographs. He grins at the friendly salutations, signs every book offered him and keeps up a running chatter as he walks to the entrance.

A few more people come charging in at the last moment. Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, the fighter who turned into Hollywood's outstanding night club comic, gallops in. Maxie grins, lets go with a smart-crack to the fans, then hurries inside.

The fights are on. And what about the crowd of fans outside? Well, they stick around until the program inside is finished and the stars stream out. The dynamic Lupe appears, face flushed with excitement. She signs book after book, all the while scolding the referee for making bum decisions.

The crowd is dwindling now, and the fans are putting away pen and pencils when three men stroll out of the stadium. A trio that spells box-office at the Warner studio. Pat O'Brien, Frank McHugh and Allen Jenkins. Out come books and pencils and the fun begins again.

"Paper, Mr. O'Brien?" a little newsboy asks, pushing forward.

"Sure," Pat says and slips the boy a quarter.

A few feet farther away a freckled-faced youngster sighs. "Gee, Bing went out the alley door and I missed him."

His pal yawns and gets up from the curb. "Well, dope, come on. Let's go home. He'll be here next week. You can get him then."

The last car pulls away from the curb and the stadium is darkened.

Fight night is over—until next Friday. ■

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Mamma's Boy Makes Good

By GLORIA BRENT



Milton Berle is as funny off-screen as on. Give him a number from one to ten and he'll make a joke of it. Milton's in Twentieth Century-Fox's *Sun Valley Serenade*

■ Milton Berle, formerly of the Broadway bistros, now a Hollywood resident, is out to get all he can of the West Coast sunshine, mazuma and laughs. He was gabbing with the boys outside the Brown Derby one fair afternoon, and one of them asked, "What picture did you just finish, Milton?"

"*Blood and Sand,*" said Milton.

"*Blood and Sand?* You're crazy. I didn't see you in it. What part did you play?"

"Me?" said Milton, looking hurt. "I played a red corpuscle."

Milton Berle is unique. He's the only paid funnyman who's that way in private life too. Give Milton a number from one to ten—and he'll have a joke for it!

Milton will gag about everything. He can't even resist the temptation to pin one on himself, even though it may prove damaging. He's realizing right now, in fact, that his favorite gag is boomeranging on him. When he was first starting out, a fresh young punk with big ears, he was treading on sacred territory. Eddie Cantor, Jack Benny, George Jessel and other big-time comedians had been making the public laugh for years, and they were the pooh-bahs of Broadway. Came this gangling newcomer, still wet behind the ears, who could reel off a joke a minute for 100 minutes and never repeat himself. It was amazing. It was also annoying—to the established jesters. So Milton became the patsy. He was accused of stealing his jokes from other performers. If Milton minded these accusations he didn't show it. He turned the other cheek and enlarged on his alleged larceny by making up jokes about it. "I went to see Eddie Cantor," he would say, "and I laughed so hard, I dropped my pencil."

When a gag would fall with a thud, Milton would look bewildered and bleat, "Funny—they all laughed when Benny told it last night."

So the gag-swiping myth grew, nurtured along by our unsuspecting hero.

Now Milton realizes it's not funny anymore. Too many people take it seriously. He jokes for a living and it's a serious profession with him. He has worked hard to perfect his own style and brand of gags and his hair-trigger mind works constantly creating new jokes. It's not funny, then, when he opens a paper and reads in a gossip column: "Mary Beth Hughes laughed all night at Milton Berle's jokes. She was too young to have heard them before, no doubt."

Milton is so fast, he can make 50 jokes sprout from one acorn. He appeared at a benefit recently but arrived late and followed another comedian who had already appeared and left before he could hear him. One of Milton's pet jokes—his own offspring—was: "I'm so tired today. I sat up all night knitting socks for Jimmy Stewart." It was a good joke, bound to be pilfered by other comedians, but Milton hadn't expected it to get around so soon. Milton was warming up on the stage, just about to go into this Jimmy Stewart gag, when he received a warning high-sign from his brother in the first row to drop the gag. It was like asking him to turn around in mid-stream, because he had already started with, "Now that Jimmy Stewart is in the army—" and he had to wind up with a fitting tag line. That would have floored many a comedian. Milton wasn't stumped. He prattled right on: "Lana Turner is knitting socks for Jimmy, and Jimmy is knitting sweaters for Lana." *Saved!* Berle of the North West Mounted always gets his laugh.

His mother has been the subject of many of his jokes. Their close attachment has withstood three years of Broadway cynicism. A capable, large-bosomed woman, she was once a lady detective and she still uses her wits. They have never been separated since he was a little boy and she was leading him around by the hand pestering agents, directors (those were the days when motion picture studios were in New York) and theatrical producers to give him a chance. Her persuasive powers eventually withered a helpless director and at the age of four, Milton, a loud-mouthed twerp, was running around in *Perils of Pauline* with Pearl

White and getting into everyone's hair in pictures with John Bunny, Mabel Normand and others at the old Biograph and Fort Lee Studios.

That started him. From that time on, he was a stage-struck young punk, forever lost to any art but the stage. He toured in a "kiddie act" which was presenting dramatic sketches and he recalls, with a gusty sigh, the time he played an adolescent "Romeo" to a ten-year old "Juliet" with a running nose.

"We were so bad," Milton remembers, "the ushers showed people to their seats walking backwards so they wouldn't have to see us."

Mrs. Berle is not a stage mother. She is really Milton's severest critic. When he was first starting out in vaudeville, she would sit in various parts of the house so that she could hear, first hand, the comments of the audience. She flagged a sluggish audience into action by applauding and laughing loudly when Milton appeared. But back-stage she gave him no such synthetic encouragement. She talked turkey with him. "You ought to tell this joke first and that joke last, and wait for your laughs." Milton owes her a lot.

Milton builds many a joke around her bulky, devoted frame and Sarah Berle has become a character with the public. "I'm glad I'm playing the State Theater," Milton tells the audience, "It's a smaller house than the Paramount and my mother won't have to laugh so hard." Another time: "My mother got mad at me and she sat behind the post for two shows."

In Hollywood, Mamma Berle was still his best audience, visiting every movie house showing *Tall, Dark and Handsome,* nudging a slow audience to laugh, reporting to Milton on the reaction. "The automobile routine," she would tell him, "was fine in Glendale, but it laid an egg in Santa Monica."

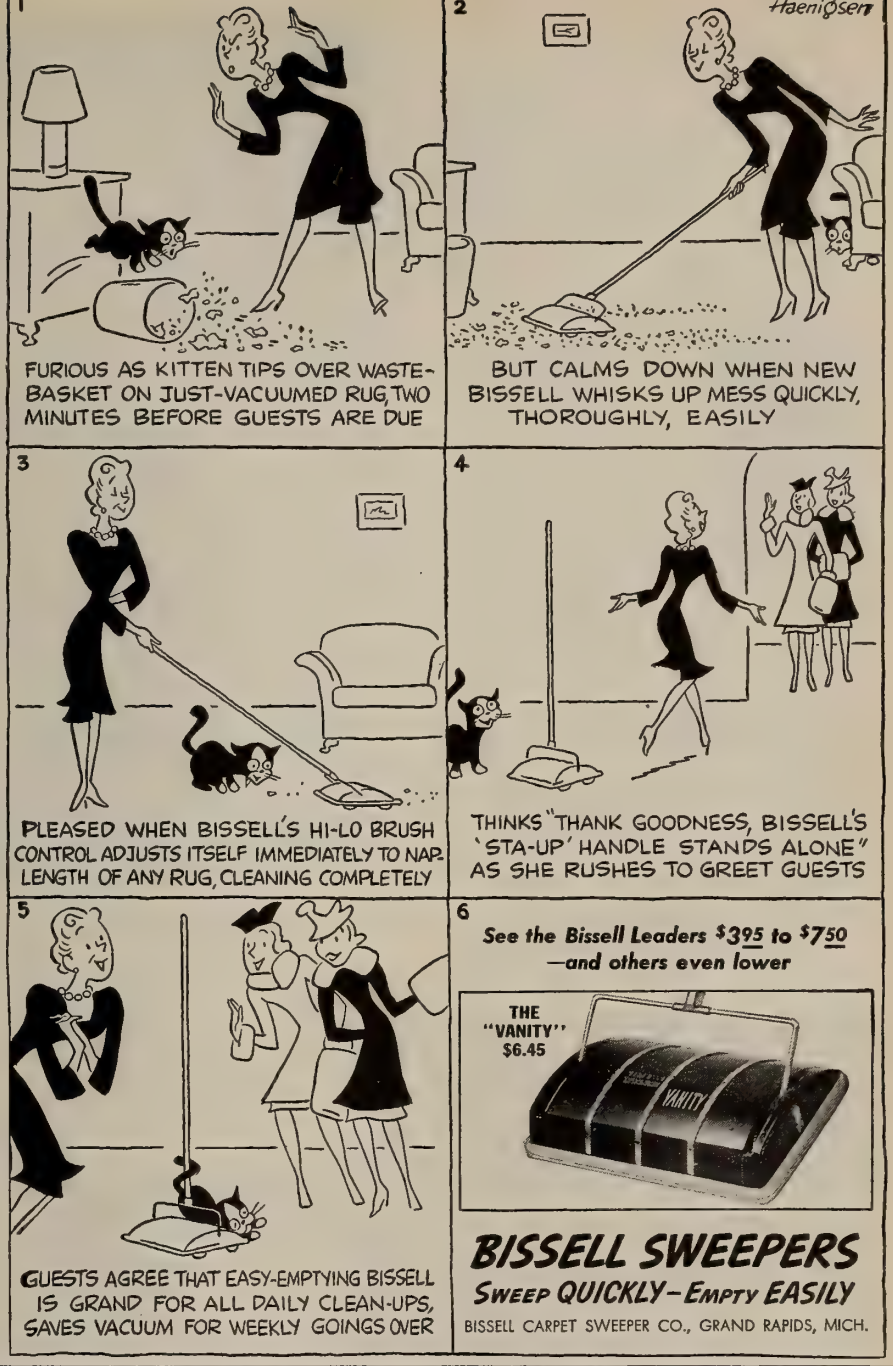
When Milton finished *Sun Valley Serenade* with Sonja Henie recently, he left with his mother for New York. "My mother was very busy the first day back," he wired friends. "She discovered six more theaters playing *Tall, Dark and Handsome.*"

Milton knows that without his mother pushing him and encouraging him as a youngster, he might be driving a taxi today. He can't do enough for her now, but he covers his lavish devotion with a wisecrack. When he sent his mother to Miami he told everyone, "She's the belle of the beach. After all, it isn't every woman who wears a mink bathing suit!"

Milton is a good catch. He is 32 years old, tall, recently had a hump on his nose planed off which makes him quite handsome, and his draft number is 7600. He never drinks and he is good to his family. He rakes in $100,000 for three pictures and his weekly take is over $5,000 when he makes personal appearances, which is often.

But even if all the theaters collapse and all the film studios and night clubs burn down, Milton's bride—w h o e v e r and wherever she may be—need never worry. Milton has a peculiarly inventive mind, never at a loss for a money-making idea.

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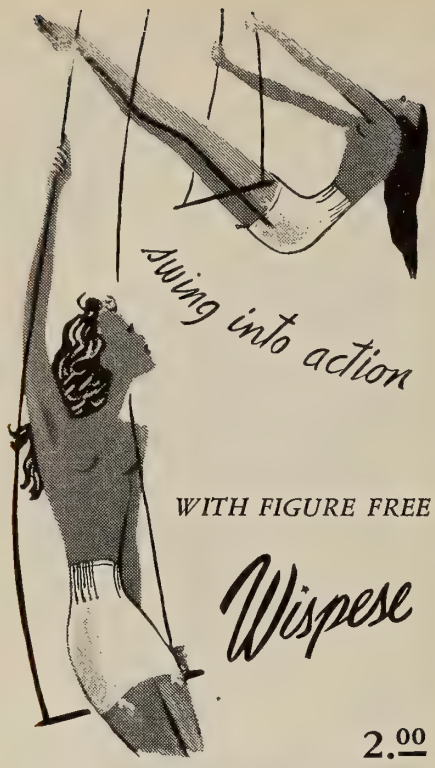
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At the ripe old age of nine, Joan Carroll is a veteran trouper. She's been delighting stage and screen audiences since she was three. Right, a scene from R-K-O's *An Obliging Young Lady* with Edmond O'Brien, Ruth Warrick and Joan

Tiny Trouper

By JOHN CORWIN BURT

■ Joan Carroll, R-K-O's nine-year-old star-to-be, proved herself a trouper the first time she faced the cameras. It happened in March, 1935, when a homespun epic entitled *The First Baby* was in production at the Fox studio. Midway in the proceedings an assistant director telephoned the Fanchon and Marco dancing school.

"Send over four kids, age five to ten," he said.

A few minutes later five youngsters arrived. One of them was Joan. "She's only three years old, but we decided to bring her along anyway, she's so cute," Fanchon and Marco explained.

"Okay, we'll use 'em all," the assistant director agreed.

The five youngsters donned Dr. Denton sleeping suits and lined up next to a prop bedroom. They were supposed to eavesdrop while their screen brother, Johnny Downs, confided to his Ma that he was about to take himself a bride.

Action! Lights! Camera! Little Joan piped up with "Johnny's gonna get marrried! Johnny's gonna get ma-rried!" Downs opened the door. Crash! The youngsters tumbled in a heap, then scampered impishly back to bed. Cut!

No screen debut could have unrolled itself more uneventfully. But remember Joan was a mere three years old and had never before been on a movie lot. Given her chance, she had spoken her lines clearly and with feeling, playing the somewhat limited role for all it was worth.

Today, at the age of nine, Joan is an experienced trouper. She has come a long way since a dancing instructor in Washington, D. C., urged her mother to take her to Hollywood, where more dancing lessons lead to the above opportunity. After that there were contracts but no films. Then there were films, but major operations in the cutting room.

Now Joan is playing the title role in *An Obliging Young Lady*, first in a series of films R-K-O is planning, writing and staging especially for her. She can sing, dance and figure skate, talents she will display soon in other films. Finally, be-

cause of her appearance all last season in the highly successful Broadway musical, *Panama Hattie,* she became the first child under ten to play important roles on both stage and screen.

Even as a three-year-old Joan faced one disappointment after another. After the Downs picture first Mary Pickford, then B. P. Schulberg signed her for leads, but the production plans of both entrepreneurs fell through. The next disaster was a two-year contract with Twentieth Century-Fox, the Shirley Temple empire. Joan had as much chance of being cast in a big picture as a rookie had of playing right field for the Yankees while Babe Ruth was leading the American League in home runs. She was assigned to so many B's her mother had great difficulty persuading her the alphabet actually contains 25 other letters. As though B's weren't guarantee enough of anonymity, film editors seemed to have a standing order to trim her scenes all but out of each picture.

Joan and her mother, however, refused to give up. Joan took singing and dancing lessons. She learned enough in five months at an ice rink to place fifth in Pacific Coast figure skating championships for children under 12. And she found time for hop-scotch and rope-skipping with neighborhood girls, magic tricks with her brother Jimmy, now 15, and chess with her father, PWA engineer in the Los Angeles district.

The turning point in Joan's career came with *Primrose Path.* Her role was notable chiefly for her recital of *Don't Swat Your Mother, Boys,* a sort of juvenile *See What The Boys in the Back Room Will Have.* The results were a substantial part in *Laddie,* a long-term contract with R-K-O and an offer to play in Buddy DeSylva's *Panama Hattie,* about to open on Broadway.

When Joan arrived in New York last fall to try out for *Hattie,* Mr. DeSylva told her to read over her lines before rehearsals next day. When she appeared at the theater the following morning he asked her to read them.

"Do I have to *read* them? Can't I just *say* them?" Joan asked. Overnight she had memorized not only her own lines but most of the entire show!

Joan was prohibited by state law from singing and dancing, but she had no difficulty acclimatizing herself to the stage. Opening night she won the unanimous approval of New York's hard-boiled, cynical critics. Richard Watts of *The Herald-Tribune* observed "Joan Carroll performs so delightfully that any prejudice against child actresses is certain to be destroyed."

Her fellow players paid Joan the highest tribute one actor can pay another—they called her a trouper. In one scene of *Hattie,* Joan walked on a treadmill across stage, carrying in her hand a ticking package which later proved to be a time bomb. Another treadmill brought scenery and a table onstage. Handing the package to James Dunn, she said "I have something for you, Daddy, what shall I do with it?" Dunn's reply was "Put it there on the table."

One night faulty mechanism brought both treadmills to a complete stop, leaving Joan in mid-stage and the table offstage. The veteran Dunn went weak in the knees. Who could blame a kid in such a spot for breaking out in tears and dashing from the stage?

Joan never batted an eye. She walked straight ahead to Dunn, improvising "Daddy, I have something for you—shall I put it here on the floor?" Dunn and Ethel Merman went right on with their lines and the audience was none the wiser.

Another night, during intermission, Joan proved herself a trouper offstage as well as on. Knowing Joan and Arthur Treacher liked to ad-lib in their scenes together, the stage manager decided to play a joke on Joan.

"Arthur's putting in too many of his own jokes and slowing down the show," he said. "I'm giving him his notice."

Joan, disconsolate, followed him to Treacher's dressing room. There she interrupted the manager. "I'm the one who told Arthur his jokes were funny," she said. "I'm as much to blame as he is. If he leaves, I won't go on."

Joan cried her eyes out. The manager finally persuaded Joan it was all a joke and by curtain time she was herself again.

Telling his friends about the incident, Treacher said, "If Joan didn't have the stuff that brought those tears, she couldn't go out and do what she does in front of the footlights. She's a real trouper."

Anyone on the R-K-O lot will tell you the same thing. Which is exactly the reason she is being made a star. ■



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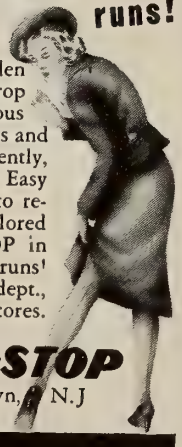
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Leni Lynn, whose screen career was sponsored by schoolmates, is congratulated by W. C. Sandifur, principal, upon her graduation from Hollywood High. Leni sings gloriously in Republic's *Gobs in Blue*

Home-Town Heroine

By STEVE EDWARDS

■ Leni Lynn's screen career can be summed up in one word—FAITH!

Not only faith in herself. Most young girls of talent have that. But rather, a possession far rarer. The faith of her school associates—10,000 of them.

Leni Lynn is the 16-year-old, cherub-face, brown-eyed singing darling whom Republic Studios is grooming for stardom. Insiders talk of Leni as one of the brightest young prospects in years.

When Leni went to school in Passaic, N. J., she was a perfectly normal youngster, given to daydreams like many of her schoolmates. And most of these dreams centered about Hollywood and screen stardom.

She had a natural singing voice, was cute as all getout, very popular around town, and always the hit of local minstrel shows. She even made guest appearances at some of New York's better night clubs where she was introduced as the "child singing sensation."

Everybody knew she had talent. She knew it herself, and looked forward to the day she could do something about it.

When she talked of a movie career, sometimes older and "wiser" folk dismissed her with, "Hollywood has Judy Garland and Deanna Durbin. You'd be just another girl with a voice among thousands of others looking for a job."

But Leni's companions at Passaic High thought differently. They knew stardust when they saw it.

"We go to the movies. We know a star when we see one. You belong in Hollywood, and we're going to send you there," they told her.

There were tears of happiness in the little girl's soft brown eyes the night she sat in the shabbily furnished parlor of the drab frame house on one of Passaic's dead-end streets, and told her parents of the faith her schoolmates had in her dreams of a screen career.

Leni had talked before of her hopes and ambitions in that same drear setting. The Ciofani's were poor hard-working people. Frank, the father, was a millhand, and his wife, Carmelita, operated a sewing machine in a dress shop. Though they lavished love and affection on their baby, Angelina, there was no room in their prosaic, everyday lives for the dreams of Cinderella.

Only her uncle, Ciro Mazzeo, who lived with them, an opera singer of repute in Italy before the first World War, and now eking out a meager living as a professor of music in the neighborhood, could appreciate little Angelina's dreams. It had been kind Uncle Ciro who had given her a battered, wheezy phonograph so that she could learn her songs from the recordings of his favorite artist, Galli-Curci.

"Some day you'll be a star," he would say. "Some day . . ."

The child's parents absently nodded their half-approval. They tried to be truly sympathetic to Leni's ambitions, but their own station in life had impressed upon them the value of education.

"Some day," they echoed Uncle Ciro. "In due time, *bambina.* Now, you must go to school and learn your lessons."

Leni tried to forget her dreams. She tried to reason that her voice was untrained, other than the hours she had

spent with Uncle Ciro on "Il Bacio." After all, her popularity in minstrel shows could be a case of her friends being nice to her.

But Leni's school friends weren't being just nice to her. They really believed in her. They had seen a lot of young singers on the screen. Some were good singers and poor actresses; others were good actresses and poor singers. Their Leni would be a good singer and a good actress. They knew it and they decided to do something about it.

One day a chum of Leni's asked her to sing at a huge benefit at the Municipal Stadium. She consented, gave it no further thought, other than going over a few of her favorite songs with Uncle Ciro.

Not until after the performance, when one of her closest friends presented her with a purse containing over $700, did she realize that the Benefit had been given to raise money to send her to Hollywood. The fund represented the nickles and dimes of nearly 10,000 Passaic school children. Leni became the first actress in screen history with a community sponsored career.

Leni arrived in Hollywood with a few worn newspaper clippings—forthright praise from Winchell, Dan Walker and Louis Sobol. She wandered into the Trocadero, the only Hollywood club she had ever heard of. Possibly it was the clippings, or maybe it was her complete lack of sophistication and starry eyes that prompted the manager to invite her to make an appearance.

When Leni made her guest debut at the Troc, officials from six leading motion picture companies were present. After three songs she was offered screen tests at six different companies. The next day Leni gave a personal audition before a group of the company executives at one of the largest studios in Hollywood. It won her a contract without a screen test.

Radio appearances and a few small roles in pictures followed. When Eddie Cantor was offered booking at the Fort Worth Casa Manana, the comedian asked the studio's permission for Leni to play the engagement with him. The youngster captivated Texas audiences, and Cantor immediately took her on a record-breaking coast-to-coast personal appearance tour. In six weeks, in thirteen cities, they played before 850,000 persons and broke all house records in twelve out of thirteen theaters.

Of her voice Cantor said, "Leni Lynn has the finest child's voice I have heard in my thirty years of show business."

Back from her tour Leni learned one of the first lessons of Hollywood—"it's easy to forget." The studio had no further assignments for her. She had not been given a real chance to show what she could do, and now within a twinkling she was right back where she started.

That's a hard break for any youngster, just beginning, to take. To Leni it was a bitter blow, but she held her head high and her chin firm. She left Hollywood dreading what the folks at home would say. Her fears were premature. Back East for another personal appearance tour, she opened in Newark, and the tremendous ovation she received from her friends in neighboring Passaic soon revived her tottering faith.

For the second time Lady Luck played a part in Leni's life. For in the audience that week in Newark were executives of Republic Pictures to catch her act. So impressed were they with Leni's marvelous voice and sweet personality that they visited her back stage. Leni soon had a new contract—and a second chance to make good on the screen.

At Republic Leni found she was not to be forgotten. Leni is being given every chance for the stardom she so richly deserves.

In her first picture, *Angels With Broken Wings*, she sang two songs and did a number of dramatic scenes. Studio officials were pleased with her work and have her set for a more important role in the company's forthcoming musical, *Gobs in Blue*.

Ask Leni about the two happiest moments of her life, and she'll tell you, "One of them has already happened. That was the day of my graduation from North Hollywood High, when Mother came all the way across the country to attend the exercises."

Then brightening hopefully, she'll add: "The other is yet to come. That'll be the day I can get time off from the studio to go back to Passaic to thank all those who have shown so much kindness and interest in me. Their faith has given me great happiness." ■

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Judy Canova stands alone in her brand of entertainment. Her pigtails, hillbilly vocalizing and rural rowdiness have borne the "hick from the sticks" heavy pickings. Judy's next mountain musical is Republic's comedy, *Puddin' Head*

First Lady of the Sticks

By JOHN FRANCHEY

■ The epitaph Judy Canova would like to have engraved on her tombstone (after she gets around to kicking off some 111 years hence) is this: "Here lies Judy Canova. All the world loved her."

That Judy is in a fair way toward realizing her ambition can be sworn to by her employers, Republic Pictures, who sowed a hunch and reaped a fortune. The long hunch had to do with a feeler put out a year ago to determine whether or not the public was on the make for a hillbilly extravaganza, for instance, *Scatterbrain.* The verdict was "Yes ! ! !" So loud and so eloquent a "Yes ! ! !" that Republic whipped up another mountain musical called *Sis Hopkins,* a super-super job costing $750,000 which is, roughly, what the studio pays for a dozen Autry spectacles. The din at the cash registers was so deafening that less than a week after *Sis Hopkins* went up on the marquees Republic was ready to launch a third Canova carnival, *Puddin' Head* by name.

Republic's good fortune, of course, did not pass unnoticed in the trade. Hard on the heels of the release of *Sis Hopkins,* rival studios began going over their contract lists with a fine tooth comb to see if perchance they had any Bayou Bernhardts lying around idle. But nary a one. Judy Canova, seems like, is the entire hillbilly industry. At least that part of it which is sure-fire commercial. A Paramount cynic suggested that Miss Canova be called a restraint-in-trade, a monopoly, in fact. Then someone else at the studio remembered that the identical jumping Judy used to draw down a huge weekly stipend from the Paramount paymaster and stuck without rhyme or wit in such extravaganzas as *Artists and Models* and finally canned. Hardly a studio to cry over spilt milk, Paramount did the next best thing by getting Miss Canova's signature to a contract promising good old Paramount one picture a year. Paramount would have preferred two and would have adored three, but the lady's home studio has plans of its own. When you have the First Lady of the Sticks under contract, you make hay while the making is good.

As the First Lady of the Sticks, Judy Canova is a complete success at home as well as abroad. Currently earning more money than most of the Hollywood glamour girls, she lives totally without pomp, fuss, or noise in a small ranch-style house in the San Fernando Valley a three-minute drive from the studio. She shares the house with her brother Pete, his wife, a housekeeper, and a lackadaisical dog named Puddin' Head. Her latest picture was named after this dog.

Mr. Herbert Yates, president of Republic Pictures, had dropped by to talk over some business with Judy one day last spring when the dog poked his nose into the living room.

"Puddin' Head, you go on out of here," Judy said.

"Puddin' Head, huh," Mr. Yates said. "I think that would make a sock title for your next picture."

Scribes who trek out to her villa to see her are a little surprised at what comes off. No hayseed opens the door to say: "Ya got comp'ny, Jud-ee." Judy herself answers the ring. She is not in pigtails. Sentimental scribes are a little sad at first. They get over it when they catch a glimpse of her in pink slacks and a coiffure that is slick as a store-bought whistle.

Judy Canova isn't quite as bouncing as you'd expect her to be. She curls up on a divan and sits back as ladylike as a girl from Vassar. Then she says, "Shoot."

The screen's top female comic isn't too happy over the honor. Why? Well, she's a sentimentalist. And being a sentimentalist she'd like to be able to make people cry. Sometimes she goes to bed wishing she were "real pretty," so that someday she could play *Kathy* in *Wuthering Heights*. She'd like Glenn Ford to play *Heathcliff*, if she ever gets her wish.

If this whole business sounds a little puzzling, so is Judy, herself. Incorrigibly domestic, she is, nevertheless, a rabid devotee of the rhumba. She admires anyone who can do the step well. One of the biggest disillusionments she ever experienced occurred when Glenn Ford took her to Ciro's one night and laid a big egg as a rhumba dancer. In all fairness to Mr. Ford, he had announced beforehand that as a dancer he was an excellent trapeze artist. Judy thought he was being modest.

Her real name is Juliette and she is no more a hillbilly than is Anthony Eden. Jacksonville, Florida, is where she was born, the daughter of a cotton broker and a direct descendant of Antonio Canova, the celebrated sculptor of The Three Graces. She was meant for a career in music. She fell into this Ozark jive to escape going to school. Her brother Zeke and sister Anne had collected some rural roundelays and were going to try them out on New York when Judy begged them to make it a trio. Zeke said no, but Anne said yes. So Judy went along.

It wasn't easy getting a start, but once they did there was nothing to it. The strange music they ladled out was more like calf bleating than music at times. But the thing had novelty and zip and color. And when Judy came out to do her hilarious clowning, the Canova carnival really slid into the groove. In short order they were hired for a 70-week vaudeville tour, snagged a half dozen top radio shows one right after the other, and wound up in Hollywood. They made a half dozen pictures which were simply terrible. After that they split up, Zeke and Anne going the supper-club route and Judy giving Broadway and musical comedy a whirl, from *The Ziegfeld Follies* (1937), to *Yokel Boy*, in which opus she was spotted by Republic which signed her to a term contract.

[*Continued on page* 66]

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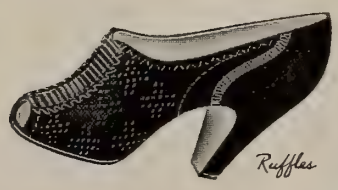
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First Lady of the Sticks

[*Continued from page* 65]

What was begun as a lark has netted Judy Canova a bonanza. From radio she has knocked down $1700 a week and from pictures as high as $4,300 every seventh day. The moola has been wisely invested. A soft touch, Judy has in her time given away thousands of dollars. When she played musicals in New York, panhandlers used to lie in wait for her as she pranced out of the stage door and spill their hard luck stories. Judy gave. She doesn't give so much nowadays. She's on an allowance —thirty dollars a week.

Ability to make big money does not impress Judy very much. She'll stop to chat with an electrician just as soon as she will with Mr. Yates, who, as already noted, runs Republic.

Her passions are many and varied. She'd be a florist if she wasn't a movie actress. She plays ping pong almost as well as Mickey Rooney. She's mad about clothes, mostly pinks. She loves tailored items. She drinks milk only when it's sugared. Poetry moves her to tears, and she writes a bit of it herself.

On the romantic front the Canova luck is considerably below par. Her first marriage to a non-professional ended unhappily. Her second romance which took place last June during a Honolulu holiday, was almost a steal from a typical Canova picture. Under the spell of a Honolulu moon, to quote Judy, she said yes to a member of our armed forces, one Corp. James Ripley. They had met two years previous and had re-met accidentally. The moon and the beach at Waikiki did the rest. Forty-eight hours after the marriage Corp. Ripley was in the klink for being a. w. o. l. One month later and Judy brought suit in a Los Angeles court for an annulment.

There's a silver lining in the offing and Judy herself is authority for the bright future. Just as soon as she's free, she will marry Attorney Warren McKinney of Hollywood, with whom she had been going more or less steady up until that mischievous moon crossed her up.

The third time's the charm, isn't it? ■



Read the enchanting story of an actress (Binnie Barnes) who swapped luxury for love in a cottage, in the November issue of
HOLLYWOOD



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Other gripping stories in the dramatic October issue are: "THE SHAME I COULDN'T ESCAPE," "VICTIM OF HIS PASSION," and a complete short novelette, "I MARRIED A MOVIE STAR," the true facts behind one of the hidden scandals of Hollywood.

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Hollywood Couldn't Lick Her

By
JANE PORTER



Few people know of Jane Darwell's gallant fight for success. Many times she has been lonely, discouraged and penniless. But today her future is rosy. Following *Private Nurse*, Miss Darwell will be seen in 20th Century-Fox's *Small Town Deb*, with Jane Withers

■ Jane Darwell was well past fifty when she won the Academy Award for the finest character acting of the year. She had just bought a beautiful ranch home in the San Fernando Valley. She had signed a new long term contract with 20th Century-Fox. "Some folks have all the luck," said Hollywood.

Few people know the story of Jane's fight for success. Hollywood hasn't heard it, because Jane is not a whiner. Few friends have heard it, as she is not a person who goes around talking about herself.

Jane touches lightly on the highlights of her early life. "My father was a railroad man," she says. "As a child I had every advantage. I was sent to Dana Hall, an exclusive finishing school for girls. With a purse always overflowing with money, I didn't know the meaning of the words denial or curtailment. But everything changed with the sudden death of my father. When it developed that his fortune had been swept away, I had to go to work. I had always loved acting. I had had some success in college plays. It was natural that I turned to the stage.

"I won't go into my struggles in getting started. I had plenty. The important thing is that I got work. For many years I played leads in Chicago and New York productions. When I grew older, most of my work was confined to stock companies.

"After two years with a Seattle stock company, my older brother (he has lived with me many years) and I decided to come to Hollywood. In spite of the well-meaning advice of relatives and friends that a middle-aged, fat character actress would have a tough time getting work in pictures, we burned our bridges behind us and struck out.

"In less than two months I was doing my first screen role. From my former weekly one hundred and twenty-five dollar salary, I walked into three hundred and fifty dollar a week picture work. Before long we were able to move from a small furnished apartment to a roomy flat, which we furnished ourselves. Soon we were able to afford a car. There was money in the bank.

"For three years I got all the work I wanted. Then suddenly—WHAM! The bottom dropped out from under me. Before I had any idea what Hollywood could do to me, my money was almost gone.

"Fifteen weeks passed without work. Not under contract to any studio, I was entirely dependent upon my agent for a job. He was a good agent. I still have him. In spite of his efforts, nothing turned up.

"Realizing that something drastic had to be done, I sold some of my furniture. We moved to smaller and less expensive quarters. When that money was gone, I borrowed on my automobile.

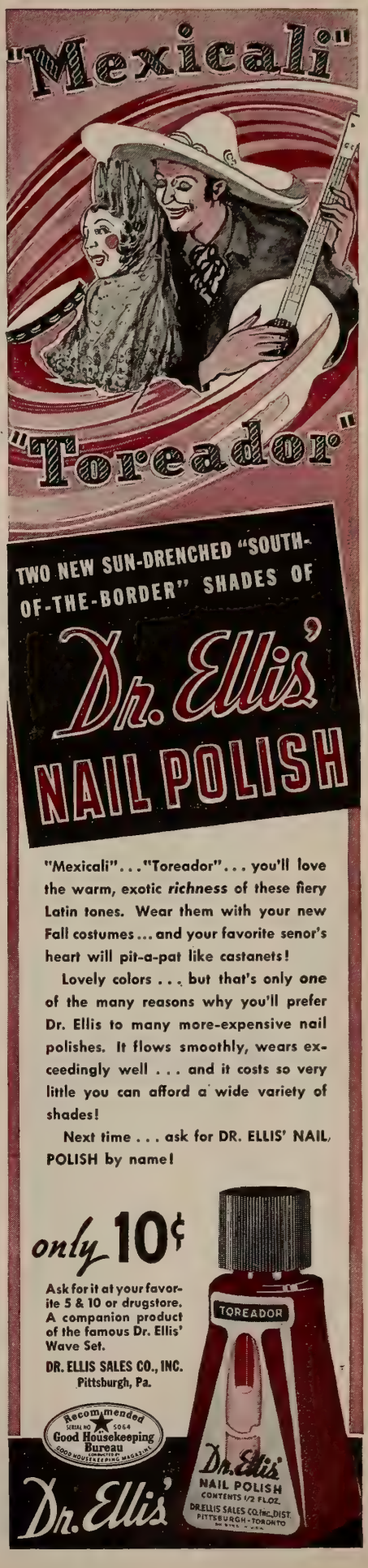
"Twenty weeks, twenty-five weeks—and still no work. I measured my idleness by weeks, as that is the yardstick used for stage and screen assignments. When the car loan was spent I 'soaked' a diamond ring and a diamond bracelet."

There was no rancor, no embarrassment, no hesitation in admitting she was forced to borrow on her car and visit the pawnbroker.

"Why should there be?" Miss Darwell asked philosophically. "I have no false pride. Few people go through life without financial reverses. If, instead of whining, they would do something for themselves instead of leaning on others, they would be better off.

"I had my health. I could stand on my own two feet. Anyone able to do that can always raise enough money to live on. If I hadn't owned belongings to borrow on, I could have found a job as a cook. I am a good cook, in spite of the fact that I hate cooking.

"No person should believe he is washed up because he is out of work. I had made money acting. I could do it again. In many respects, I figured, 'I am a better actress now than I was [*Continued on page* 68]





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Hollywood Couldn't Lick Her

[*Continued from page 67*]

then.' Always I held the thought, 'Tomorrow I will get work.' Never for a moment did I think that my idleness was anything but temporary. That was why borrowing on my car and pawning my jewelry didn't embarrass me. It was just a temporary business deal to tide me over.

"I made more than one trip to the pawnbroker. *Thirty-six* weeks passed before I finally got work. It was a small mother part in a western. But it made history for me. It was the beginning of my climb back up the Hollywood ladder.

"Those next years weren't easy going, by any means. I did everything from comedy to heavy drama. There were occasional waits between work. None over twelve weeks. When an aunt died leaving my brother and me a little money, we moved into larger living quarters.

"I never could account for that long stretch of idleness unless it was because there were a lot of musicals being made. But that's Hollywood, I learned. Up one day, down the next."

It was the *Ma Joad* role in *Grapes of Wrath* that gave Jane her chance to show what she could do. "*Ma* was right up my alley," she says. "She was the kind of person I had admired ever since I was a child, when we used to play grown-up. Then, instead of decking myself out in Mother's silks and playing 'grand lady', as my chums did, I insisted upon being a pioneer woman. With a shawl around my shoulders, I would plead with the Indians to spare my baby, clutched to my breast.

"My favorite books always have been about pioneers and the soil. I always loved the country. Funny thing. Until I did *Ma Joad*, a farm woman, circumstances always forced me to live in cities. Now in the valley, I fairly live outdoors.

"I am not a person who likes to knit or play cards or sit around the house. I always loved outdoor sports. I was quite a tennis shark in my younger days. I was slender then," she added with a twinkle in her eyes. "When I stopped playing, I seemed to blow up.

"However, my size doesn't worry me. Success and money didn't come to me until I got fat. I prize what little success I have. But I don't care a hoot about money, except to give it away. I have always done for others. I always want to be able to.

"Never would I have built that big house in the valley for just my brother and me. It was when my two young nieces and their cousin, my nephew, came to live with us, that I decided we needed more room. I like plenty of room to have fun.

"I fully believe the line I used to write in my copy book when I was a child—*Life is what you make it.* If you go around looking for trouble, you are going to find it. If you whine about ill health, you are going to become ailing and sick. If you accept defeat, you will never know the thrill of success.

"In these harried times, none of us knows what lies ahead. However, this I do know. As long as I have my health, and can stand on my own two feet, I will never let Hollywood—or life—lick me." ■

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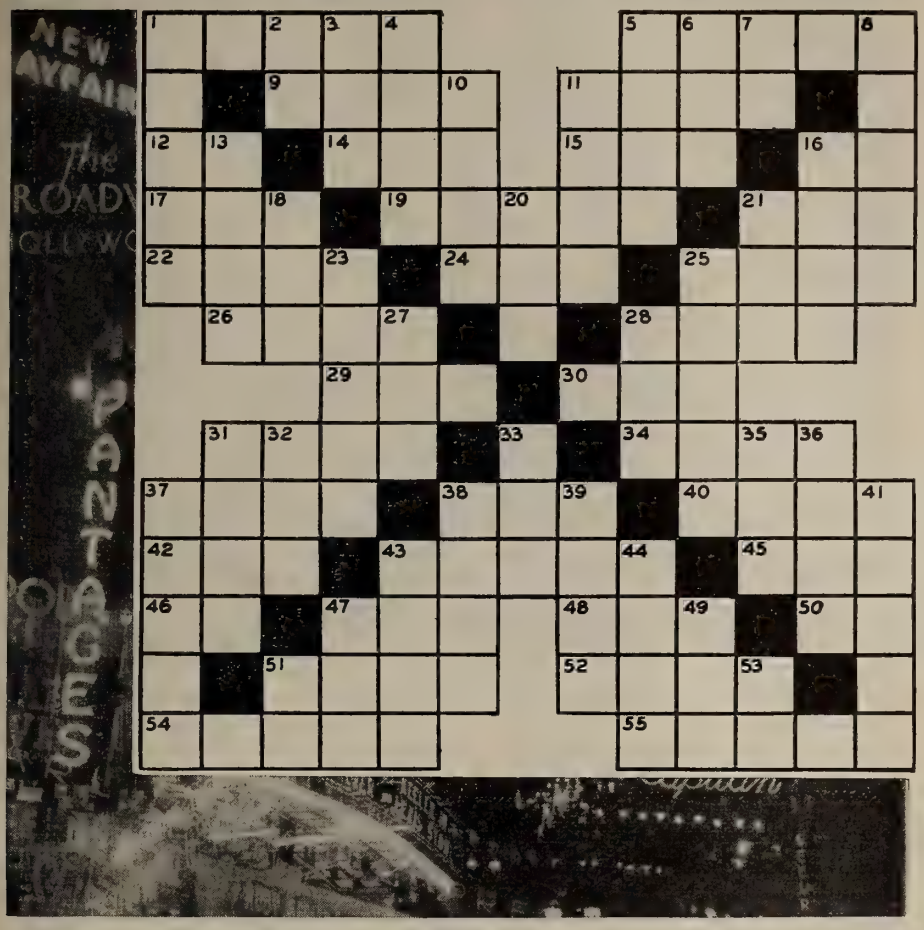
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ACROSS

1. He's good for a laugh.
5. Kind of love Jane Withers inspires when she puts on the dog.
9. Main thread of story which often has knot tied in it.
11. What canine stars will do in the long run.
12. He loves his wife Verree much (init.).
14. Actor gets it in the neck when he visits Honolulu.
15. Jolson, when he was Yoelson.
16. Press agent (abbr.).
17. Just Barry, no more.
19. What actress makes in her first screen play.
21. They shoot around this on golf course.
22. What Lupe might do to portray jealousy.
24. Early to bed and early to rise made him so bright.
25. She is credited with Six Hits.
26. What Costello got before the sack in *Buck Privates.*
28. Places where movie gangsters often come to terms (slang).
29. What siren makes of hero by calling him Sugar.
30. It was added to Crosby's staff for good measure.
31. What star tries to get as last resort.
34. They danced on this in recent film; should have had more cents.
37. This sport puts actor on his high horse.
38. Blanche Yurka was queen of this.
40. What Mark Antony wanted to borrow.
42. Porky tries not to overact for fear he might become this.
43. He had a number in *Caught in the Draft* (poss.).
45. When he sees a non-union pocket he wants to pick it (slang).
46. Initials of Owen Davis.
47. Contemptible expression.
48. Really a card.
50. Charles Irwin's initials.
51. He considers monkeys the cwaziest people.
52. In infancy she could put her foot in her mouth; some say she could still do it.
54. Every film in which he appears gets an *Oscar.*
55. These require a little cheek on heroine's part.

DOWN

1. Carole's Pa.
2. Abbreviated form of motion picture.
3. Where Mary Astor made her first scream test (abbr.).
4. College cutie.
5. What siren has at present which may spoil her future.
6. She was just maid for *Her First Beau.*
7. Initials of one who put the Toon in animated cartoons.
8. What actress hopes to subtract with addition of make-up.
10. They sometimes get hot under the collar.
11. He was tops as sergeant in *Caught in the Draft.*
13. Storekeeper who had the goods on Beery in *Barnacle Bill.*
16. What menace makes at heroine before he is tackled.
18. Sometimes mane attraction is found here.
20. Eleanor Glynn tagged her and she was It.
21. It is often used in hold-up after a break.
23. What cowboy throws, sometimes getting a bum steer.
25. Miss Wilson, a chicken famous for portraying dumb cluck.
27. He appeared before Mike even in pre-talkie days.
28. He's never very good.
31. What Dead End Kids and Little Tough Guys recently hit.
32. This gives *Back Street* a shady reputation.
33. If followed by a pet it might be any child star.
35. Hero is that way over heroine.
36. Warren William is no hero to him in *Lone Wolf* series.
37. Actor has to be shot to get this (colloq.).
38. Cameraman wed to Evelyn Venable.
39. Paws in Benny's radio program would be due to this creature.
41. They seem always to be at peek of their careers.
43. Music to comedian's ears.
44. Kind of singing that would scare a cat.
47. Jack Benny thought it was a honey and tried it on his violin.
49. Heroine often gets forty lashes for this.
51. Initials of Ida's ideal.
53. He was great as *Mr. Nobody* (init.).

(Solution on Page 74)

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EDIBLES FROM ENGLAND



Calories hold no terrors for lucky Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hayward (Ida Lupino). Both have healthy young appetites which they pamper with tasty British delicacies throughout the day, Ida and Louis co-star in Columbia's *Ladies in Retirement*

By

BETTY CROCKER



■ Leave your calory list at home when you go calling on Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward!

We made this discovery when we went up to their Brentwood Heights home perched on its high plateau west of Hollywood and enjoyed their hospitality.

The Haywards simply do not believe in counting calories—lucky people—but of course you fans have only to look at them on the screen to know that neither slim Ida nor muscular Louis have anything to fear about gaining weight.

They like to have coffee and crumpets at ten, "snack-a-mite" at noon, a cheese and cake tray at four, rare beef and Yorkshire pudding for dinner (or a suitable hearty substitute) and the midnight snack-bar—oh, say along about 11:30. Those are what I would call healthy appetites!

But you will want to know what Ida serves to satisfy these apparently constant hungers. To begin with, let's explain a "snack-a-mite." This is Ida's luncheon title and it has, as you might expect, a strong English flavor because both she and Louis are originally from England. The "snack-a-mite" mid-day luncheon usually consists of beef consomme floating a lemon slice, English pork pie, a large platter of salad nibbles—asparagus tips, sliced tomatoes, artichoke hearts and hard-boiled eggs, all nestling in crisp lettuce leaves. For dessert, depending upon your self-discipline in the direction of pork pie, you may gloat over strawberry-jam-whip, or hot mincemeat tarts.

At four o'clock comes the cheese and cake tray. This will appear without the slightest notification shortly after your arrival, no matter how impromptu your visit may be. The point being, the Haywards partake whether they have company or not. The place of service is the big, livable rumpus room, the time is anywhere between four and five, the mood complete relaxation, and the plot as follows: Through the door of the tavern-like playroom strides "Eric" laden down with huge trays, which in turn are laden down with cheese, crackers, cookies, cakes, clove-stuffed lemon, steaming tea, coffee and chocolate. Take your choice. It's all in an afternoon at Ida's and Louis'—an extremely delightful Hayward custom.

Come dinner, and an invitation from this twosome entitles you to further evidence of marvelous hospitality. The dining room's cozy, oval fireplace, long family table, indirect lighted walls fold you in; and you dine in simplicity, satisfyingly, on rare roast beef, Yorkshire pudding or corn cakes—or more than often raisin-baked ham with pineapple fritters. We could go on and on about dinner—but we won't. It's high time for recipes, and on to the midnight snack-bar.

The latter is much more cozy than elaborate, being actually a very sensibly prepared arrangement of what constitutes most people's midnight icebox raiding. The big rumpus room is again the set-

ting, with its specially constructed bar which opens out at one end in a circular leaf. The set-up consists of hot ginger tea or warm milk, or hot chocolate. Plain vanilla cookies, short bread, fairy toast, and a selection of fruit preserves.

Ida Lupino Hayward's two favorite recipes are well worth trying. Here they are:

PORK PIE

Crust

3 cups SIFTED all purpose flour
1 tsp. salt
½ cup shortening
6 tbsp. water

Filling

2½ cups cold cooked pork, cut in pieces
¾ cup celery stalks cut in 1 inch pieces
1½ cups left-over gravy
1 tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
2 tbsp. chopped parsley
1 small onion, chopped

To make the pastry, sift together the sifted flour and the salt. Place the shortening in a pan on the stove, add the water and bring to a boil. While on the stove add the sifted flour and salt. Blend together.

Remove from the stove and shape with the hands into little cup-shaped pies forming them over a tumbler. Start with pieces of dough about the size of a large egg for each pie.

Roll out a piece of dough from which to cut top covers for the pies. If you do not have individual casseroles 3 inches deep, place cup shaped pastry in a shallow casserole or muffin cup and build up the sides with paper, drawing a band of paper tightly around the pie to hold it in shape. Pin the paper together.

Put Filling in Pastry

Mix together the ingredients for the filling and fill each pastry cup. Place a cover on top of each pastry cup and pinch the edges together. Make a small hole in the center of each cover and insert a tube of macaroni to let out the steam. Bake 30 minutes—having the oven hot, 475°, for the first 10 minutes, then reducing the heat to quick moderate, 375°, to finish baking.

Straight Sides and Very Deep

The English Pork Pies always have straight sides and are very deep. They are usually turned out of the baking dish when cold—and are served cold as well as hot.

This recipe makes 6 individual pies.

PINEAPPLE OR BANANA FRITTERS

(To Be Served With Baked Ham)

1⅓ cups SIFTED all purpose flour
1½ tsp. baking powder
⅓ tsp. salt
½ cup milk
2 eggs
1 tsp. melted shortening

Sift together the sifted flour, the baking powder and the salt. Add milk to well-beaten eggs and combine with the dry ingredients and the melted shortening. Mix thoroughly and set aside about 1 hour for "ripening."

Drain the canned pineapple bits well. Or if the bananas are used, slice them in halves lengthwise and then cut the halves crosswise. Dip each piece of pineapple or banana in the batter and fry in deep fat. Drain on brown paper and serve hot with baked ham.

The fat should be 375° while the fritters are frying. That is, hot enough to brown a cube of bread in 50 seconds.

This recipe makes 12 to 15 small fritters.

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Pork Pie is only one of many celebrated English meat pies. There's veal and ham pie as well as steak and kidney pie—both as thoroughly British as the lordly Yorkshire pudding itself.

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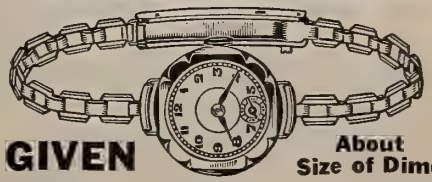


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Scatabout Coat

Baltimore, Md. .....Julius Gutman
Boston, Mass. .....Conrad & Co.
Buffalo, N. Y. .....The William Hengerer Co.
Portland, Ore. .....Meier & Frank Company
Rochester, N. Y. .....Sibley, Linsay & Curr
San Francisco, Cal. .....The Emporium
Washington, D. C. .....S. Kann Sons Co.

Corduroy Dress

Burlington, Vt. .....Abernethy-Clarkson-Wright
Canton, O. .....Hutner's
Evansville, Ind. .....Hutner's
Fort Wayne, Ind. .....Hutner's
Grand Rapids, Mich. .....Hutner's
Houston, Tex. .....Levy Brothers
Omaha, Neb. .....Nebraska Clothing Co.
San Diego, Cal. .....Gardner's

Moccasins

Brooklyn, N. Y. .....A. I. Namm & Son
New York, N. Y. .....Ludwig Bauman Co.
Philadelphia, Pa. .....Lit Brothers
Pittsburgh, Pa. .....Gimbel Brothers
San Francisco, Cal. ....O'Connor, Moffatt & Co.

Jacket & Skirt

Boston, Mass. .....Jordan, Marsh Co.
Dallas, Tex. .....Dreyfuss & Son
Denver, Colo. .....May Company
Philadelphia, Pa. .....John Wanamaker
Portland, Ore. .....Meier & Frank Company
San Francisco, Cal. .....The Emporium
Washington, D. C. .....Woodward & Lothrop

Rayon Jersey Blouse

Boston, Mass. .....R. H. White Co.
Los Angeles, Cal. ..Broadway Department Store
Washington, D. C. .....Woodward & Lothrop

Beige Wool Blouse

Baltimore, Md. .....May Company
Denver, Colo. .....May Company
Los Angeles, Cal. .....May Company
New Orleans, La. .....D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.
Philadelphia, Pa. .....Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh, Pa. .....Kaufmann Department Store
Washington, D. C. .....Lansburgh Bros.

Per-Kee Hat

Baltimore, Md. .....Hutzler Bros. Co.
Boston, Mass. .....W. Filene's Sons Co.
Cincinnati, O. .....H. & S. Pogue Co.
Cleveland, O. .....Higbee Co.
Philadelphia, Pa. .....Strawbridge & Clothier
Portland, Ore. .....Meier & Frank Company

Stockings

Chicago, Ill. .....Carson P.rie Scott & Co.
Denver, Colo. .....The Denver Dry Goods Co.
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St. Louis, Mo. ..Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, Inc.
Washington, D. C. .....Lansburgh Bros.

Above is a list of department stores where you may buy the clothes shown on pages 30 and 31. For additional information and other stores write Catherine Roberts, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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IMPORTANT PICTURES

By SARA CORPENING

TOM, DICK AND HARRY ★★★★
R-K-O-Radio

■ A lot of people have been sitting around waiting to see if Ginger Rogers could turn in another performance to equal her prize-winning role of *Kitty Foyle*. *Tom, Dick and Harry* proves delightfully that she is just as adept a comedienne as she is a dramatic actress. Her latest picture is a whimsical little fairy tale of a girl who couldn't make up her mind. She has three suitors—George Murphy, her dependable, steady boy friend; Burgess Meredith, a blithe young lad who promises to take her fishing every day; and Alan Marshal, the wealthy Prince Charming she has always dreamed of. In a series of fanciful dreams, she sees her life with each revealed. Then she runs off with one of them—but you'll have to see the film to discover which is the lucky lad. The picture moves along with an airy charm that hasn't been equalled all season. We can't think of any other actress who could have portrayed the day-dreaming little telephone operator as enchantingly as Ginger. A word should be said for Lenore Lonergan, too, as Ginger's kid sister. We hope R-K-O will give this promising youngster bigger roles very soon. She's grand. From start to finish, *Tom, Dick and Harry* is a lot of fun.

CHARLEY'S AUNT ★★★½
Twentieth Century-Fox

■ *Charley's Aunt*, timeless classic of the theater, has amused audiences for 49 years, and now it reaches the screen for the third time as the perfect vehicle for Jack Benny. It's his funniest role to date, which means it's plenty funny. The play was first seen in London in 1892, but its humor is fundamental and you'll find yourself laughing just as heartily as your father and his father did. Benny is a female impersonator who is forced to masquerade as the aunt of one of his classmates to provide chaperonage while Richard Haydn and James Ellison have lunch and propose to the girls of their hearts. (The scene is England in 1890.) Benny gets into a series of complications which fall on him in torrents. For one, Laird Cregar and Edmund Gwenn, mistakingly thinking him the wealthy aunt from Brazil, ply him with amorous attentions. His worst moment comes, of course, when the real aunt turns up. The unhappy imposter eventually finds himself engaged to the rich aunt (Kay Francis) and the romances of the young folks are happily solved. *Charley's Aunt* is chuck-full of burlesque and slapstick which will keep you laughing all the way through.

NEW WINE ★★★
United Artists

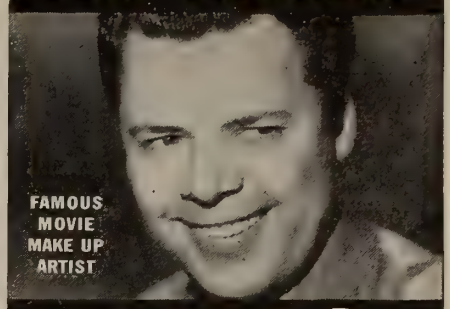
■ The major attraction of *New Wine* is the beautiful Schubert music which is liberally sprinkled throughout the picture. The story covers a few brief months in the life of the composer Schubert (Alan Curtis). He is a teacher of mathematics, but loses his job because his real interest is music. In fleeing from Vienna to escape army conscription, he is befriended by Ilona Massey, estate manager for Binnie Barnes, who portrays a countess in highly

[*Continued on page* 74]



A high spot of Ann Sothern's new Maisie film, *Ringside Maisie*, is this super-jitterbug number performed by Miss Sothern and Roy Lester, who is a champion in this field

PERC WESTMORE



TELLS

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"Always," says Perc Westmore, famous Warner Bros. make-up artist, "when I make up the beautiful actresses with whom I work, I never fail to put two drops of Murine in their eyes. The soothing, cleansing, refreshing action of Murine is just the thing for the discomfort of tired eyes."

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LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
A Correspondence Institution
DEPT. 1030-R CHICAGO, ILL.

Important Pictures

[*Continued from page 73*]

effective style. The girl recognizes Schubert as a musical genius and tries to get him a court job. She loses her own job as a result, and together they return to Vienna where they hope to get work and be married. She fights for recognition for his music, finally succeeding when Beethoven pronounces him a genius. Albert Basserman in a brief sequence as Beethoven gives an excellent performance. The picture ends with the beautiful "Ave Maria" presented with full symphonic orchestra, a boys' choir, and Miss Massey's lovely lilting voice.

HERE COMES MR. JORDAN ★★★

Columbia

■ This is a fantastic tale, but fascinating. The story is a humorous one, based on the theory of reincarnation of a personality and soul that has been snatched from its earthly body fifty years before the cosmic schedule. Robert Montgomery is a prizefighter who crashes while flying from his training camp to New York. He is snatched by Heavenly Messenger Edward Everett Horton just as the plane crashes and is taken to Heaven for registration. When it is found that he has arrived too soon, the registrar (Claude Rains) sends him back to earth into another body, that of a rich playboy who has just been murdered by his wife and conniving secretary. In this body, Montgomery falls in love with Evelyn Keyes, daughter of a duped financial agent. He saves the girl's father, is shot again, wanders in an indeterminate state until he finally lands on earth again in the body of another fighter. The girl recognizes his true personality even in a strange body, and all ends well. As we said, this is fantastic fare, but absorbing.

LADY BE GOOD ★★★

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

■ Bright and sparkling is *Lady Be Good*, lavish musical on the scale Hollywood used to turn out so profusely. A superb cast is headed by Ann Sothern, Robert Young, Eleanor Powell, Lionel Barrymore and Red Skelton. Miss Sothern and Young are a pair of song writers, she supplying the words, he the tunes. Their team work leads to love and marriage and success. They turn out hit after hit until his love of parties and crowds takes their marriage to the divorce courts. Kindly judge Lionel Barrymore grants Ann a divorce and she goes to live with her friend, dancer Eleanor Powell. Young doesn't write a song for a year. One night he and Ann meet and play over old tunes and soon the lost enthusiasm comes back to each. After a number of ups-and-downs, they are happily reunited. Ann Sothern sings "The Last Time I Saw Paris" in nice fashion. All the tunes are good, and Eleanor Powell's fans will welcome her dancing feet back to the screen after a year's absence.

MY LIFE WITH CAROLINE ★★

R-K-O-Radio

■ Anna Lee, the English star, makes her American debut in *My Life With Caroline*. She gives promise of becoming a clever comedienne, and it will be interesting to watch for her next appearance. The story is a domestic comedy. Miss Lee is the giddy wife of Ronald Colman who becomes bored when her husband spends all his time on business. She engages in diverting little romances, from which her understanding husband has to extricate her. Ronald Colman manages to inject polish and humor into his rather weak role. The most amusing sequence of the picture is one in which Colman's voice speaks for his wife when he explains what she is explaining. Colman fans will like this—others won't be very interested.

BARNACLE BILL ★★

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

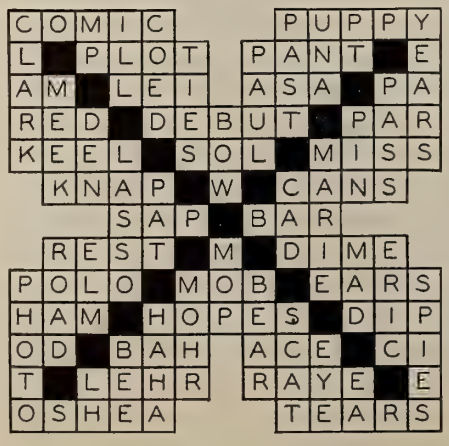
■ As in *Min and Bill*, and *Tugboat Annie, Barnacle Bill* presents Wallace Beery as a waterfront character whose taste for liquor and squandering his money get him into some tight spots. This is the sort of part which gives the lovable Wallace a chance to grimace and swagger in the approved Beery style. Marjorie Main is his long-suffering girl friend who finances him in his enterprises, despite his continual shortcomings. Beery goes along his unconcerned way until his young daughter, Virginia Weidler, comes to live with him. She and Miss Main put the pressure on, and before he realizes what has happened, Wally finds himself docked —quite happily—in marriage with Marjorie.

Miniature Reviews

★★★★

A WOMAN'S FACE (M-G-M) Cast: *Joan Crawford, Melvyn Douglas, Conrad Veidt.* Joan Crawford gives the best performance of her career without benefit of glamour or striking clothes. Story is grim, but enthralling.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE SOLUTION



BLOSSOMS IN THE DUST (M-G-M) Cast: *Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon.* Based on the noble work done by Mrs. Edna Gladney of Texas in finding homes for orphan children. Greer Garson is enchanting in Technicolor.

CITIZEN KANE (R-K-O) Cast: *Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore.* Orson Welles' controversial film is one of the grandest bits of entertainment ever offered by Hollywood. The story relates in engrossing manner the highlights in the life of a notoriously wealthy publisher. Don't miss it.

MAJOR BARBARA (United Artists) Cast: *Rex Harrison, Wendy Hiller, Emlyn Williams.* For the thoughtful, the new Bernard Shaw picture offers delightful diversion. Filmed in England during the war.

MEET JOHN DOE (Warners) Cast: *Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck, Edward Arnold.* Another outstanding Capra picture based on the subject he handles so expertly—the cause of the Little Man. Cooper and Stanwyck are excellent in the leading roles.

RELUCTANT DRAGON, THE (R-K-O) Walt Disney's latest enchanting full-length feature stars Robert Benchley as a bemused visitor to the Disney plant. Through his eyes, we are shown how a Disney feature takes form.

SERGEANT YORK (Warners) Cast: *Gary Cooper, Joan Leslie, Walter Brennan.* The true story of a man from the Tennessee mountains who became a hero on the battlefield of World War I. One of the best pictures of the year.

★★★½

CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT (Paramount) Cast: *Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour, Eddie Bracken.* First in the series of draft comedies. Bob Hope, as usual, is very, very funny.

MAN HUNT (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Walter Pidgeon, Joan Bennett, George Sanders.* One of the best war movies to date. Story of a man who tries to shoot Hitler.

★★★

BILLY THE KID (M-G-M) Cast: *Robert Taylor, Mary Howard, Walter Pidgeon.* Newest version of the saga of the famous outlaw has Robert Taylor in black garb astride a black horse. A good Western, in Technicolor.

BLOOD AND SAND (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Tyrone Power, Linda Darnell, Rita Hayworth.* Melodrama of the bull ring, a remake of the famous Valentino film. Vivid Technicolor lends beauty.

LOVE CRAZY (M-G-M) Cast: *William Powell, Myrna Loy, Gail Patrick.* Powell and Loy go completely slapstick and romp merrily through one of the gayest comedies of the season. Watch for the hilarious elevator scene.

MILLION DOLLAR BABY (Warners) Cast: *Priscilla Lane, Jeffrey Lynn, May Robson.* Light entertainment for a summer evening.

MOON OVER MIAMI (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Betty Grable, Carole Landis, Robert Cummings, Don Ameche.* A good cast, plus lilting tunes and Florida landscapes shown in Technicolor, make this fair entertainment.

PENNY SERENADE (Columbia) Cast: *Cary Grant, Irene Dunne.* Heartwarming story which provides plenty of opportunity for releasing any pent-up tears.

SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS (Paramount) Cast: *John Wayne, Betty Field, Harry Carey.* Even the most sophisticated movie-goer will find much to like about this tale of simple folk in the Ozark Mountains. All in Technicolor.

SUNNY (R-K-O) Cast: *Anna Neagle, John Carroll, Edward Everett Horton.* A pleasing Cinderella opera based on the famous stage play. Miss Neagle sings and dances charmingly.

THE BRIDE CAME C. O. D. (Warners) Cast: *Bette Davis, James Cagney, Jack Carson.* Bette deserts her long run of heavy dramatic roles for a bit of light comedy. Result is an entertaining film in which Bette is kidnaped by Cagney on the eve of her wedding.

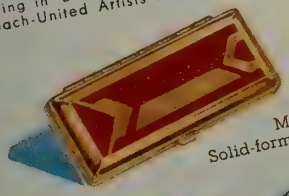
THEY MET IN BOMBAY (M-G-M) Cast: *Clark Gable, Rosalind Russell.* About two jewel thieves out to get the same diamond who have to combine forces to outwit the police. Gable and Rosalind make even the weak story good entertainment.

ZIEGFELD GIRL (M-G-M) Cast: *Lana Turner, Hedy Lamarr, Judy Garland, James Stewart, Tony Martin.* Plenty of beautiful girls and lilting tunes will give you an enjoyable evening. A bit slow in pace, however.



A NEW STAR GOES PLACES WITH *Beautiful Eyes*

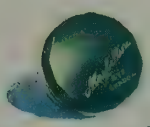
Marjorie Woodworth
starring in "Broadway Limited"
Hal Roach-United Artists Production



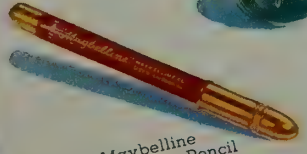
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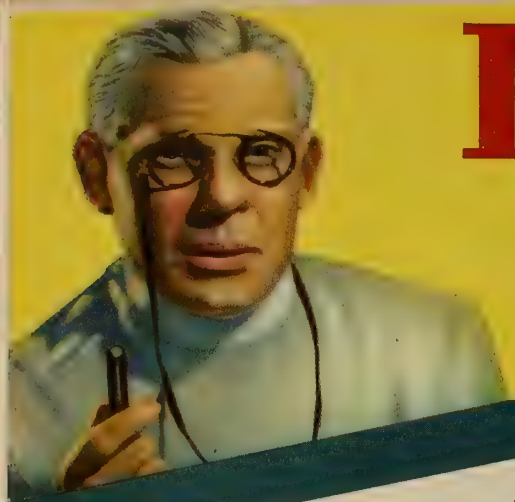
BILLY CONN— FIGHTER TURNS MOVIE STAR

DOROTHY LAMOUR

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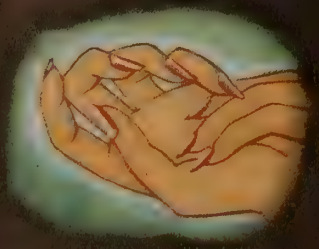
Wrap a small piece of absorbent cotton around the end of a manicure stick. (Stick and cotton are included in each TRIMAL carton.)



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EVERY attractive woman isn't really pretty. Every movie darling isn't a classic beauty. But take to your heart this true observation—you can seldom find fault with their smiles.

So take hope, plain girl, take hope! Even if you weren't born to great beauty—you can have compliments, 'phone calls and dates. Make your smile the real, lovely YOU. *And remember,* healthy gums are important to a bright, sparkling, attractive smile.

If you've seen a touch of "pink" on your tooth brush—do the right thing today. *See your dentist!* His verdict may be that your gums have become sensitive because today's soft foods have robbed them of work. But don't take chances—let him make the decision. And if, like thousands of others, your dentist suggests Ipana and massage—take his advice and get Ipana at once.

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"A LOVELY SMILE IS MOST IMPORTANT TO BEAUTY!"

say beauty editors of 23 out of 24 leading magazines

Recently a poll was made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines. All but one of these experts said that a woman has no greater charm than a lovely, sparkling smile.

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The greatest star of the screen!

We are about to usher in a most usherable morsel. It is called "Smilin' Through", that timeless classic of American theatre annals written dramatically by Janes (Cowl and Murfin) and screenatically by Donald (Ogden Stewart) and John (Balderston).

★ ★ ★ ★

Those who have bathed their eyes in the romance of Moonyean Clare will be interested to know that in this moon-drenched incarnation, the director, Frank Borzage, has rendered us a musical version.



Starring the incomparable Jeanette MacDonald. And co-starring the logical choice—Brian Aherne as Sir John Carteret.

★ ★ ★ ★

Gene Raymond and Ian Hunter must be emphasized, for they are major curves in a rounded cast.

★ ★ ★ ★

As the theatre darkens and the travelling curtains part, leaving an afterimage of the main title, the strains of "Two Eyes of Blue Come Smilin' Through" pleasantly massage our hearts and a lovely wistful story of honor and chivalry unfolds.

★ ★ ★ ★

Many of us are in love with the spirit of "Smilin' Through". Many more of us will be when we see and hear Jeanette's Moonyean in perfected Technicolor.

★ ★ ★ ★

There are songs that no one can deny. All of us will react soulfully to Miss MacDonald singing "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes" and "Just A Little Love, A Little Kiss".

★ ★ ★ ★

And to the more rousing, gayer melodies that throng through this visit to Nostalgia.

★ ★ ★ ★

Or, reducing ourselves to show parlance, "Smilin' Through" has everything.

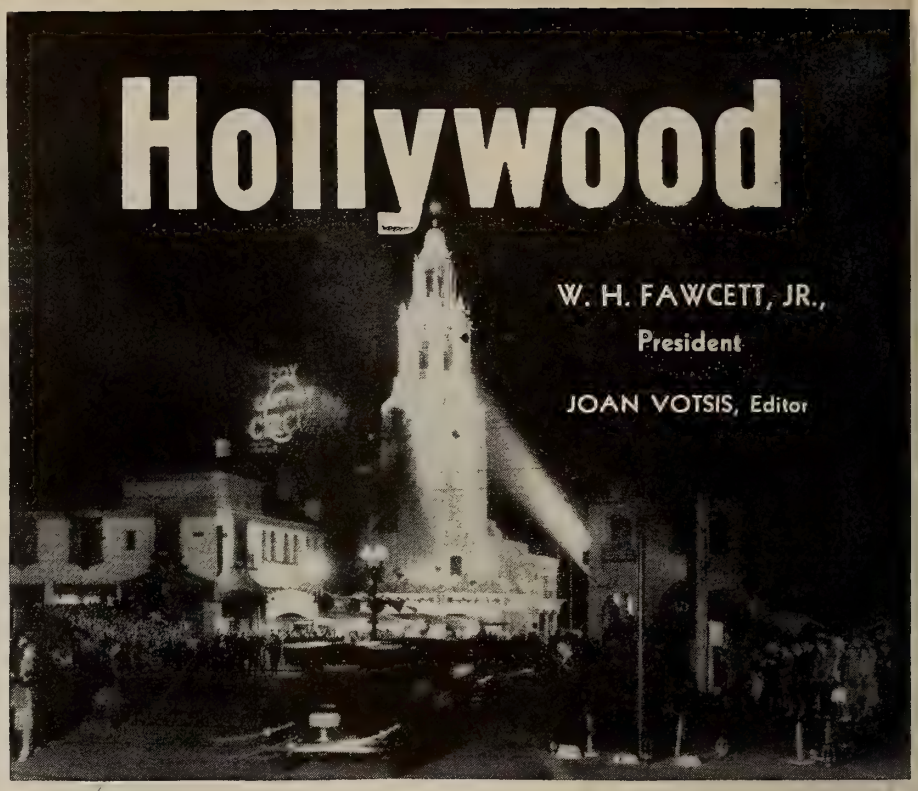
★ ★ ★

That includes



—Leo

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Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ERSKINE JOHNSON



When the Basil Rathbones, Hollywood's most famous hosts, give a party, you can be sure it will be star-studded throughout. Topping all their previous parties was the R.A.F. British War Relief Ball, which the Rathbones sponsored. Among the famous faces were Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman (Benita Hume), Charles Boyer and Myrna Loy, with Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and his wife at the far left

■ When Ginger Rogers purchased a ranch on the Rogue River in Oregon, she announced that she would spend her vacation there. But the ranch home is more than just a vacation retreat. It's a private sanitarium for Ginger, whose doctors are still worried about her health. She's been advised to stay away from movietown as much as possible, and will try to win back her health on the secluded ranch. The star hasn't been well since the first days of shooting on *Tom, Dick and Harry.*

■ The humor in *Charley's Aunt* is pretty broad but there's one scene you didn't see. The film was practically on its way to the theater for the premiere when the Hays office censored a scene of Jack Benny lacing himself into a corset.

■ Glamour Girl No. 1—Hedy Lamarr—checked in at the Good Samaritan Hospital in Los Angeles just before starting her latest picture but not because she was ill. She was just overweight and took a scientific diet to lose poundage without a relapse following her illness.

■ Hollywood has been snubbed by a little lady named Gloria Vanderbilt. M-G-M offered the New York socialite a juicy acting contract but she declined and explained: "I don't need the money and I don't want to take the job away from someone who might need it."

■ Martha Raye's legs are much more photogenic than her mouth—but she doesn't want them photographed. Universal tried to get her to pose for some leg art but Martha said no. "I don't want a glamour build-up," she said. "I got my break by being loud and funny. Let the other gals take the sexy pictures. I'll take the laughs." This isn't the Martha Raye Hollywood knew, and temporarily forgot, two years ago when she insisted that her legs and not her mouth be photographed.

■ A big limousine bearing the official seal of Mexico pulled up in front of Arline Judge's house the other day and several important-looking people stepped out. Arline was all aflutter, but her excitement died down when they informed her they wished to visit with her maid, Lupe Ortega, who happens to be a cousin of ex-president Cardenas of Mexico. Arline, a gal with a real sense of humor, made them stay to tea and installed the maid as guest of honor.

■ *The Man Who Came to Dinner,* about to be released by Warner Brothers, called for Monty Woolley, who plays the name part, to spend all of his time in a wheel chair. An inventor sent the studio his latest model—a chair equipped with radio, book racks, ice tray, cocktail set, dishes and all the comforts of home. But the studio turned it down. The producer was afraid the wheel chair would walk off with the picture.

■ Producer Sam Goldwyn, preparing to film the life story of baseball's iron man, Lou Gehrig, asked Mrs. Eleanor Gehrig, the ball player's widow, if she'd like to make a screen test for the role of Mrs. Gehrig. Mrs. Gehrig turned it down, saying: "I'm sorry, but I don't think I'm the type!"

■ It's beginning to look like Betty Grable and George Raft will never get to live their real life romance on the screen. They want to play together in a picture. Recently Raft was offered the male lead in a picture titled *Hot Spot.* He turned it down. Then Miss Grable was cast as the feminine lead and Vic Mature took the role Raft turned down. George Raft is gnashing his teeth.

[*Continued on page* 8]



One of Marlene Dietrich's "million dollar legs" was injured when the actress suffered a fall on the set of Columbia's *The Lady Is Willing.* Marlene tripped over a top while carrying a baby in a scene. She twisted her body so that the infant would fall on her, instead of beneath her, but in so doing, she wrenched her back and fractured an ankle bone. The baby, uninjured, is shown visiting her in the hospital

CHARLES BOYER says:

"I am a man of many loves!"

CHARLES BOYER tells about his newest picture, "HOLD BACK THE DAWN."

"I am a man of many loves in 'Hold Back The Dawn'—a sort of international 'heel'—a man who lives by his wits and his way with women . . .

"Frankly, I was worried about playing a role which could be compared to my Pepe le Moko in 'Algiers.' But when *Mitchell Leisen* told me the entire story...how the rogue, Georges, who has known many loves, is at last taught the meaning of true love by the sweet, unsophisticated Emmy . . . then I knew that the role promised to be one of the best I have ever had. I was sure of it when *Mr. Leisen* cast lovely *Olivia de Havilland* as Emmy . . . and the fiery *Paulette Goddard* to play the role of the dancer who plays such an important part in Georges' life.





"'HOLD BACK THE DAWN' is finished now . . . and I am proud to have had a part in its making, for Paramount feels that this is one of the greatest emotional dramas ever to be put on the screen."

CHARLES BOYER
OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND · PAULETTE GODDARD
in
"HOLD BACK THE DAWN"

with VICTOR FRANCEN · WALTER ABEL · Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN

Written by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder · From a Story by Ketti Frings · A Paramount Picture

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Victor Mature is back on the Hollywood scene after a highly successful invasion of Broadway. He brought with him his new bride, Martha Stephenson Kemp, widow of the late Hal Kemp. Shortly after this picture was taken at a premiere, Mrs. Mature was stricken with a stomach ailment and had to return East for an operation. Vic's in *Shanghai Gesture*

■ The Hays office censors have banned certain types of sweaters on certain types of girls in Hollywood. Paramount, busy producing a picture titled *Sweater Girl,* asked the censors to look at the sweater girls in the picture. The censors looked and said everything was all right. Then the studio showed them a billboard advertising a show within a show. It was a large drawing of a girl wearing a sweater, which they did not approve. It's the first time a Hollywood billboard has ever been censored.

■ James Wong Howe, one of the best cameramen in movieland, operates a Chinese cafe in Hollywood in his spare time. Other day he hired a commercial photographer to make some pictures of the cafe and the bulb squeezer set up his camera across the street. Howe stuck his head out the door of the cafe and said, "Don't you think you should move a little closer?" The photographer removed his black focusing cloth and yelled, "Get back to your noodles. I've been taking pictures for 15 years." James Wong Howe withdrew his head, ordered a bowl of noodles and had a good laugh.

■ Fifteen years ago a vaudeville team called Olsen and Johnson were playing in a small theater in Racine, Wisconsin. Taking a comedy fall, Olsen hurt his left arm and the theater manager rushed backstage and insisted that he go to a doctor. Olsen said he didn't want to miss the next show but the manager said, "Forget the show. Take care of yourself first." The manager was right. The doctor said if Olsen had put off the visit a few hours longer amputation might have been necessary. Today, Olsen and Johnson are transferring to the screen the most sought-after stage show, *Hellzapoppin'*. Every studio in town tried to get the show and the comedians. Universal won. The reason? That Racine, Wisconsin, theater manager, Nat Blumberg, is now the president of Universal studio. Who says show people forget?

■ There's no doubt now that former child star Jane Withers has blossomed into a glamour girl. Jane, now 14, posed for a publicity photograph the other day in a scanty play suit which the Hays office censors promptly rejected because they said it was "too daring."

■ John Barrymore's recitation of *Hamlet's* soliloquy for a scene in Kay Kyser's *Playmates* at R-K-O brought tears to the eyes of everyone on the set. Even Barrymore, playing himself in the picture and carried away, broke down and wept. But, drying his eyes and face after the scene, the Great Profile broke up the company with the crack: "That's the worst gin I've tasted in all my life."

■ The boy wonder of Hollywood, Orson Welles, and Dolores Del Rio, Spanish actress, are altar bound. They'll be married in January, when her divorce from Cedric Gibbons, the M-G-M studio art director, becomes final. It's the oldest romance in Hollywood, dating back to 1938 when Welles first came to Hollywood.

■ Hedy Lamarr turned down a chance at a motion picture role for her two-year-old adopted son, James. M-G-M wanted to give the child a screen test for an important role in a new picture. But Hedy said no. "No son of mine is going to be an actor until he's old enough to make up his own mind and voluntarily choose acting as a career." Young James is the child Miss Lamarr adopted when she was married to Gene Markey, and kept with her when they separated. The divorce disrupted adoption proceedings

[*Continued on page* 10]



Buddy Rogers gladly parts with a bill for sweet charity. Maria Montez, Universal's newest enchanting import, does her bit. She appears in *White Savage*



HEADS UP!



HEARTS UP!



THUMBS UP!

Here's the *first* story! Here's the *furious* story! Here's the *screaming* story of the RAF's daredevil Aces in Exile. From every conquered corner of the globe they come–avenging 'angels' sky-writing their heroic history!

If you never climbed a plane 5 miles up . . . then streaked it earthward 500 miles an hour . . . If you never loved and laughed one moment though you were "going up" the next . . . then **you can't possibly imagine how exciting a picture this is!**

It's the role that zooms Ronnie to the heights of stardom!

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REGINALD DENNY • Directed by LEWIS SEILER
Screen Play by Barry Trivers & Kenneth Gamet • Suggested by a Play by Frank Wead

THEIR COUNTRIES CONQUERED, BUT NOT THEIR COURAGE



Jacques, of **BELGIUM** the never-say-die ace!



Nick, of **GREECE** striking back with relentless fury!



Michele, of **FRANCE** fighting-mad, fighting for freedom!



Josef, of **POLAND** avenging his home 5 miles high!



Olaf, of **NORWAY** flying hero of a heroic land!



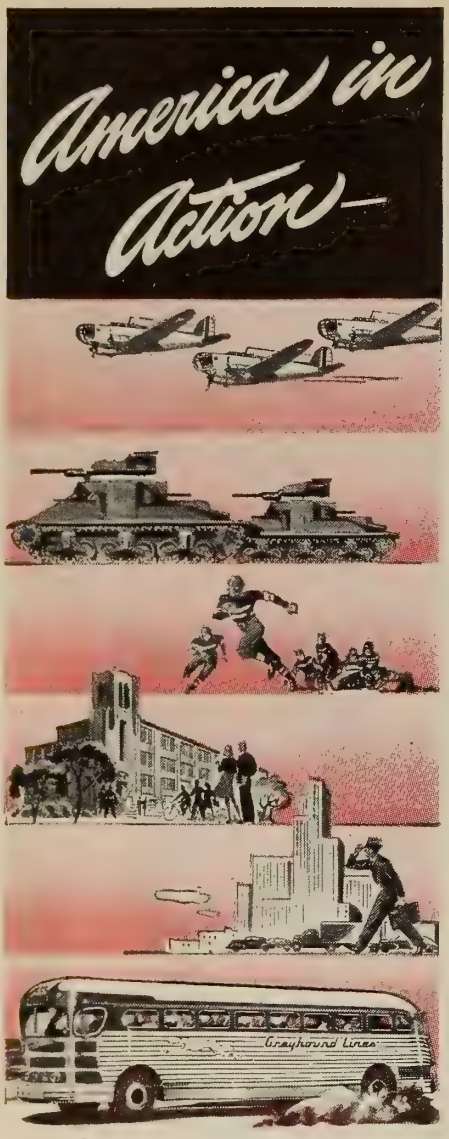
Jan, the **CZECH** settling a score in the sky!

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but the actress became his legal mother in September.

■ Reginald Denny, the actor who devotes his spare time to a model airplane factory, is perfecting a model airplane big enough, and strong enough, to carry a regulation bomb. The plane, powered by a gasoline engine and controlled by radio, could be sent over many miles of enemy lines to drop its deadly cargo at any given point. The United States Navy and Army are both interested in the experiment.

■ Carole Landis, the glamour queen, flicks the ashes off her cigarette (getting them all over the floor) by snapping her fingers, a trick learned from cowboys when she was a hoss opera queen.

■ Robert Young is wearing a small, false moustache for his role in *H. M. Pulham, Esq.* Other day, after kissing Hedy Lamarr for a scene in the film, she plucked a hair from her lip. "I guess," apologized Young, "my moustache is moulting."

■ While Cecil B. DeMille stuck his booted feet into a block of soft cement to join Hollywood's Hall of Fame in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese theater, Sid Grauman told me how he got the idea of foot and handprinting flickertown celebrities. "I just capitalized on my own absentmindedness," he said. "The theater had just been completed (in 1927) and cement men were working in the forecourt when I walked out of the theater and stepped into some freshly poured cement. The labor boss called me names I'd never heard before, or since, but I just stood there, looking at my footprints in the cement. Then I let out a war whoop and sunk the palms of my hands into the cement next to my footprints. I knew I had a great idea. The laborers thought I was crazy."

■ Clark Gable's convertible coupe, with a canvas covered steel top as a precaution in case he turns turtle, is the fastest thing on wheels in Hollywood. And Gable has a habit of driving at terrific speed. I noticed on the right side of the car's dashboard a heavy bar with leather finger grips and asked him about it. He grinned. "Oh, that," he said. "Well—sometimes I turn a corner kinda fast, and Carole has to hang on."

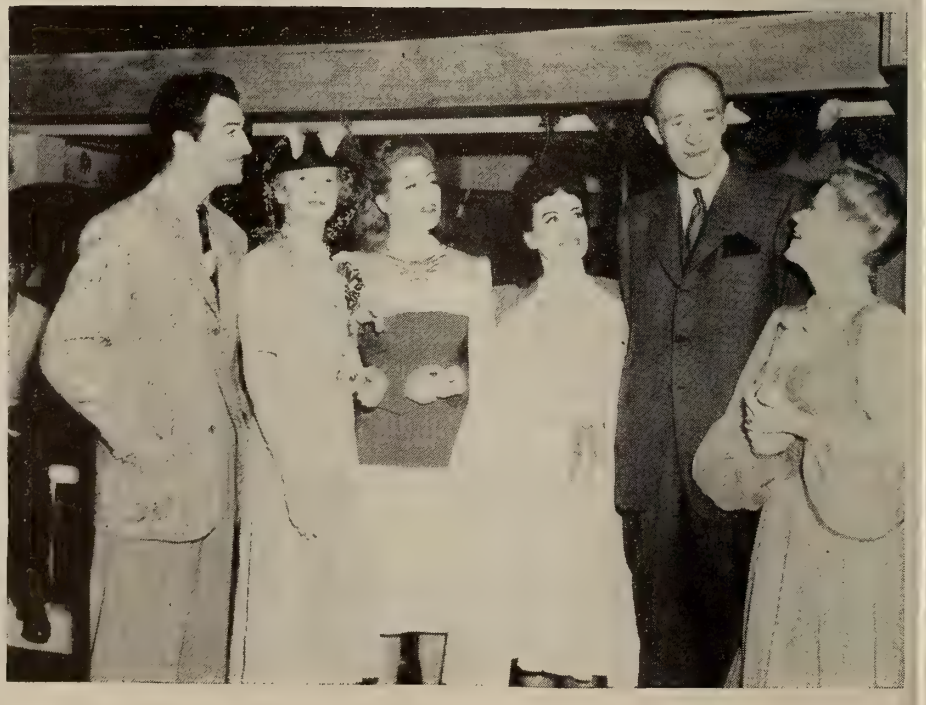
■ Milton Berle, commenting about a certain actor who went the way of all flesh in Hollywood, said: "He didn't step out of character—his character stepped out of him."

■ Rudy Vallee's idea of a very large evening when he invites people to his home is to listen to Rudy Vallee recordings, and then look at movies of Rudy Vallee.

■ Someone asked R-K-O's Joan Carroll, who's just nine, if she liked going to school. "No," she said, "you have to be too quiet." "But you have to be quiet on a sound stage, too," she was reminded. "I know," she said, "but that's different—you get paid for that."

■ After 25 years, Bud Abbott of the comedy team, is back where he started, playing the role of a candy vendor in *Ride 'Em Cowboy*. Twenty-five years ago he worked as a candy vendor for the

[*Continued on page* 12]



Combining business with pleasure, Lord and Lady Halifax visited the M-G-M studio on a recent trip to Southern California. Above, the English ambassador is shown on the set of *When Ladies Meet*. Left to right: Robert Taylor, Lady Halifax, Greer Garson, Joan Crawford, Lord Halifax and Spring Byington

ROMANCE! GAIETY! MUSIC! COLOR!



Week-End in Havana

IN TECHNICOLOR!

starring

ALICE FAYE
...looking for romance!

•

JOHN PAYNE
...accommodating fellow!

•

CARMEN MIRANDA
...looking for Romero!

•

CESAR ROMERO
...looking for an out!



And there's "that kind" of music!

"THE MAN WITH THE LOLLYPOP SONG"
"A WEEK-END IN HAVANA"
"TROPICAL MAGIC"
"WHEN I LOVE I LOVE"
"THE NANGO"
"ROMANCE AND RHUMBA"

Cobina Wright, Jr. • George Barbier • Sheldon Leonard
Leonid Kinskey • Chris-Pin Martin • Billy Gilbert

Directed by **WALTER LANG** • *Produced by* **WILLIAM LeBARON**

Original Screen Play by Karl Tunberg and Darrell Ware • Music and Lyrics by Mack Gordon, Harry Warren and James V. Monaco

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

ACTION! CAMERA! for a BIG PICTURE!



QUESTION: **WHY** will **REPUBLIC'S NEWEST** smash, **"THE PITTSBURGH KID,"** start the **WHOLE** nation talking? **ANSWER:** **BECAUSE** it brings to the screen **THAT** handsome Irish lad who's **CAPTURED** the nation's heart! **SMILING,** two-fisted **BILLY CONN IN OCTAVUS ROY COHEN'S FAMOUS** Collier's Magazine **SERIAL** story! **AN** all-thrill **ACTION ROMANCE THAT'S** as **EXCITING** as **THE** story of **BILLY'S** own



SENSATIONAL career! You'll **AGREE** he's going places in **HOLLYWOOD . . .** and fast! His **ROMANTIC** sparring-partner is **GORGEOUS JEAN PARKER . . . WHO** heads an outstanding **SUPPORTING** cast that includes **DICK PURCELL, ALAN BAXTER, AND VEDA ANN BORG** plus **THIS** great aggregation of sports **CELEBRITIES: ARTHUR DONOVAN, HENRY**



ARMSTRONG, FREDDIE STEELE, JACK ROPER, SAM BALTER and **DAN TOBEY!** Be there to cheer **AMERICA'S** Number 1 hero in a **HARD-HITTING** triumph that'll **MAKE** him your Number 1 star! **IT'S**

A REPUBLIC PICTURE



Pretty Mary Barthelmess is following the footsteps of her famous father, Richard, by acting as assistant in the production of "straw-hat" plays in Santa Barbara. Here's Dick congratulating Mary on the grand job she did on *Anna Christie*

late Marie Dressler, who was temporarily down on her luck and operating a candy concession at Coney Island.

■ Someone remarked to Bob Hope that he was endangering his health by appearing at so many benefit shows, and cautioned him to stop. "I'll stop," said Hope, "when they stop bombing cities and poor people have enough to eat."

■ No one likes to relax better than W. C. Fields. He now has a reclining chair which operates like a barber's chair in his automobile. There's also a holder attached to the chair for his ever-present glass, and an elastic to hold the glass steady.

■ They're snickering out at Warners' over a shot that probably will be included in the studio club's famous reel of blow-ups, featured at the studio party every spring. Errol Flynn, it seems, underestimated his own strength. A scene in *They Died With Their Boots On* demanded that he run at full speed down a flight of some 40 steps and vault to the back of his horse standing at the curb. Flynn had gathered such speed during the descent that he sailed right over the back of the nag and out of the scene.

■ Whenever she goes to a Hollywood night club, Kay Francis seeks out the darkest corner in the room, or asks the waiter to turn down the lights around her. She's Hollywood's No. 1 lady in the dark.

■ Russell Gleason tells me he started collecting penguins about 10 years ago as a hobby, today has more than 2,000. Smallest specimen is an ivory penguin from China so tiny it must be looked at through a magnifying glass. Largest is as big as Russell and is made of cloth. Oddly enough, his wife, Cynthia Hobart, also was a penguin collector before they met. "She has always said," Russell grins, "that I married her for her penguin collection."

■ Some of the dialogue between Clark Gable and Lana Turner in *Honky Tonk* will leave you blushing. Sample: In one scene Lana is dressing for a formal banquet and is wearing abbreviated black lace panties and a brassiere. "You'll knock 'em dead in that," says Gable, entering the room. "But I'm not dressed yet," replies Miss Turner. "What," says Gable, "you mean you're going to cover all that up?"

■ When the scenarists wrote Cesar Romero's role in *Week-End In Havana,* he was identified as a Cuban wastrel with a passion for women, gambling and American slang. Then the studio let Cuban authorities read the script as part of the good neighbor policy. They didn't mind Romero squandering his money on women and gambling, but said the American slang must be eliminated. The Cubans, they said, would be insulted.

■ Joan Blondell went shopping the other day and purchased a sweater which is really only half a sweater. One shoulder is entirely bare. "I guess," said Joan, "the Hays office censors will only be half mad at me."

[*Continued on page* 14]



The fairest feet in all the land, declares the Institute of Human Art, belong to Vera Zorina. Photographs of more than 900 pairs of pedal extremities were closely studied before the honor was bestowed on the lovely dancer. Not only are hers the loveliest, but they're also the most intelligent feet in the world, further declares the Institute, and a fitting plaque has been presented to her. Zorina's in Paramount's adaptation of the stage success, *Louisiana Purchase*

Universal. When the studio attorneys heard about it, they had Fields sign the customary legal release giving the studio permission to use his name. In other words, W. C. Fields now can not sue the studio over the way W. C. Fields portrays W. C. Fields in the picture.

■ Theme song for Hollywoodites: "My Agent And I—But We Don't Talk About That."

■ A lot of college boys are going to envy Bill Gargan's role in *Hot Spot*. He plays a detective who goes through the entire picture shadowing Betty Grable. Oh, boy.

■ Yoo-Hoo, Mr. Hays. Ronald Reagan is wearing a sweater for one sequence in *Kings Row* at Warners.



Jubilant over her success in *The Little Foxes*, Bette Davis smiles happily as she dances with hubby Arthur Farnsworth. Bette's next picture is *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, adapted from the successful Broadway play

■ Gene Tierney portrays a half-caste siren in Walter Wanger's East African picture, *Sundown*. In it she wears a filmy black veil costume that permits a large expanse of bare midriff. "This costume is authentic African," says Miss Tierney, "but I think it makes me look more like a *Petty* girl."

■ Some of the boys were sitting around swapping favorite stories about Hollywood and someone came up with this one. During filming of *The Awful Truth*, Director Leo McCarey hired Vina Delmar at $2,000 a week to help with the script on the set. When Studio Boss Harry Cohn heard about it, he rushed to the set and complained to McCarey that Miss Delmar was costing too much. "What can she do for two grand a week?" wailed Cohn. "Well," welled McCarey, "she's a heluva good typist."

[*Continued on page* 17]

Two office bachelors —but no date for Joan!



Popularity and Jobs are Safer if a girl remembers to use Mum every day!

TWO attractive bachelors—both marked for success. And they picked Joan for a honey the very first morning on her new job. But why no bantering—no bids to lunch—none of the attention the other girls received? Well, Joan, the truth, the tragic truth, is—the girl guilty of *underarm odor* doesn't get or deserve the *breaks*.

Joan would be amazed if you mentioned her fault—if you deliberately said "Mum." She bathes every morning, of course. But she needs Mum to protect that after-bath freshness, to keep her safe all day—or all evening long.

Many smart girls—eager to get ahead in business or socially—make Mum a daily habit. They wouldn't dream of taking chances with charm when Mum is so quick, so safe, so easy to use!

MUM IS QUICK! A touch under each arm, before or after dressing... in 30 seconds charm is protected.

MUM IS GENTLE! Use it right after underarm shaving. So safe for fine fabrics that it has won the seal of approval of the American Institute of Laundering.

MUM IS SURE! Mum makes odor impossible all day or all evening, yet does not stop perspiration. Get Mum today!

LIFE'S MORE FUN WHEN MUM GUARDS CHARM!



A Product of Bristol-Myers Company

For Sanitary Napkins

Mum is so gentle, so safe that thousands of women prefer it for this important purpose. Use Mum this way, too.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

DAY DREAM

By ANN VERNON

Joan Leslie loves perfume, and don't we all, but it's the wise girl who takes a tip from her and substitutes cologne during the daytime. Why? Read this article and let Joan tell you



MEET DAINTINESS DEMANDS . . .

with helpful beauty products. Send today for the names of a fragrant scent . . . a make-up quartet of foundation, rouge, powder and lipstick . . . lotion to keep eyes clear and sparkling . . . an effective perspirant check. Address your letter to Ann Vernon, Beauty Editor, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Be sure to enclose a stamped (U. S. postage) self-addressed envelope for reply. Ask about any personal beauty problems too.

■ The girl who walks off with all the raises and promotions in an office is usually the one with beauty as well as brains. I'm not referring to the breath-taking kind of beauty—but just ordinary good looks helped along by careful grooming and good taste. If you pound a typewriter all day, or do any of the hundred-and-one office jobs that employ so many American girls you'll be wise to read this article. It's aimed right at you!

Your best cue is to get up ten minutes earlier in the morning, so that you can do a thorough and lasting job of making up. Start off with a clean face, so it won't begin to get that dingy, greasy look by 11 A. M. Apply a good powder foundation, so that your make-up will have something to cling to. Use cream rouge. You can get the most natural effect with it and it will stay with you right up until five o'clock. And please apply your lipstick carefully, to insure its lasting past your subway ride.

But let Joan Leslie, the pretty new Warner star who plays opposite Gary Cooper in *Sergeant York*, show you how it's done. The first thing she does, after she's all dressed, is to spray a cologne over her throat and hair. Why cologne and not perfume? Because many bosses are allergic to scent. They may love it on their wives, but they don't want to be enveloped in a cloud of exotic perfume during a busy day at the office. Cologne, particularly when it's sprayed on lightly, has all the advantages of perfume and none of the disadvantages. It leaves a faint, haunting fragrance clinging to your hair and skin—a mere whisper of loveliness that's just the ticket for the workaday world. It makes your co-workers think, "How fresh and dainty she is!" and never, "Whew! Smells awful!" If you prefer, you can get just as nice an effect by spraying cologne on your shoulders and arms right after your bath. Misted all over your body after that quick morning shower, it dries you off quickly, prevents that clammy after-bath sensation that makes climbing into your clothes very unpleasant.

Want the trade name of the lovely cologne Joan is using? It's extra-fine, made so that it holds its scent right up to the last drop. Buy the more concentrated perfume, too, in the same scent. Then when you dash out from the office to a five o'clock cocktail date with your best beau, you can dab a bit of it on your ears and wrists, to add the dash of glamour you want to keep him enslaved.

Joan has learned what a trusted friend her paste foundation can be, for she's put it to the acid test under Kleig lights and hours of studio work. True, there's always time out during shooting to repair vanishing make-up, but they try to cut this time to a minimum. That's easy with this creamy foundation as a safeguard for powder and rouge. It has a three-fold purpose. First, it holds make-up firm for hours. Second, it conceals small skin blemishes and discolorations. And third, it brings out the most beautiful skin tones under all sorts of gruesome lighting—because it's a perfect blend of the colors that stand up under both artificial and natural light. Joan has learned, too, to apply it very sparingly. Tiny dabs on nose, chin, forehead and cheeks can be blended to cover the entire face.

Not the least of its merits is the slick way it enables you to apply cream rouge. The rouge Joan is using is, of course, very smooth and easily applied even without a base—but with the help of this creamy foundation it becomes child's play. Try using only the tiniest bit of rouge, dotting it lightly over your cheek bones. Then if you need more you can add it.

When your cheeks have acquired just the right degree of blush, use a big, clean puff to pat on lots of face powder. The manufacturer who makes all these cosmetics has gone to great pains to see that his face powders match or harmonize perfectly with the foundation. That's why you [*Continued on page* 18]

Use tinted foundation cream to achieve a lasting make-up



Blend in cream rouge over the foundation for a natural effect



Pat on quantities of face powder, then brush off excess



Use care in applying lipstick to insure the correct outline



Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page 15*]

■ Groucho Marx' terse but to the point comment when he heard about the death of famous film gag man Al Boasberg: Said Groucho: "There'll be a little less laughter in the world now that Al is gone."

■ Greta Garbo has achieved fame with the single moniker of Garbo but during her life she has had many names. In Sweden as a little girl her nick name was Kata. When she first appeared in foreign films her real name of Greta Gustaffson was changed to Gussie Berger, which she later discarded. One of her boy friends, the late John Gilbert, always referred to her as "Flicka," the Swedish word for "girl." And Director W. S. Van Dyke calls her "kid."



Together again! The screen's most romantic couple, Olivia de Havilland and Errol Flynn, in Warners' roistering new film, *They Died With Their Boots On.* We cover it for you in a fascinating on-the-set story in the December issue of HOLLYWOOD.

■ Ann Sheridan's *Kings Row* 1900 costume with voluminous skirts and layers of petticoats had Madison Lacy, ace still photographer, puzzled for a while. How was he going to photograph her famous pins? It wasn't long, though, before he had the solution. Ann just crooked her dimpled knees around the limb of a tree on an outdoor set, and then hung head downward long enough for Lacy to snap a couple of pictures.

■ New York's favorite laugh in *Panama Hattie* will not reach the screen in the film version of the hit musical. Too censorable, say the Hays office censors. It's the sketch, written by Wilkie Mahoney, of Arthur Treacher disappearing into a men's lounge. A minute later three Western Union boys walk through the same door and start serenading him with "Happy Birthday to You."

■ When Richard Dix was the star of Paramount's Long Island studio, a busboy delivered lunch to his dressing room every day. The busboy was Joe Pasternak, now one of filmdom's top producers.

Improved Drene Shampoo now leaves hair smoother, silkier, easier to manage!



Coiffure by Charles Bock, eminent stylist, New York. Courtesy National Artists' Bureau

See how your hair combs out easily, lies smoother! Yet this amazingly improved shampoo reveals up to 33% more lustre than finest soaps!

A WONDERFUL *hair conditioner*, just recently perfected—that's what has made the magic improvement in Special Drene Shampoo! Because of this added *hair conditioner*, new improved Drene now leaves your hair far silkier and smoother than ever before. Much more manageable, too, right after a shampoo!

Hair shampooed the new Drene way looks so lovely, behaves so beautifully, is so much easier to arrange!

Works such beauty wonders!

Drene is mild, gentle—yet *super-cleanses*. Not only thoroughly removes grime and dirt—but removes that ugly loose dandruff as effectively as widely-advertised special "dandruff remover" shampoos. Tests in our laboratories prove hair shampooed with Drene reveals up to 33% *more* lustre and color brilliance than when washed with soap. That's because Drene's patented cleansing ingredient forms no beauty-dulling film to dim natural highlights, glowing color.

Get improved Special Drene—with *hair conditioner* added—in the familiar blue and yellow package, at any cosmetic counter—or ask your beauty operator to use it. You'll thrill to its beauty-magic!

Procter & Gamble Co.
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Now! **SPECIAL DRENE contains thrilling HAIR CONDITIONER**

Comes in Same Familiar Blue and Yellow Package



Day Dream

[*Continued from page* 16]

have such a lovely, glowing effect when you've applied both.

Notice how carefully Joan is applying her lipstick? She knows that the greater the care in application, the longer the color will last and stay smooth as satin. After the outline is completed, she bites down on tissues to remove excess pomade —and there's her mouth all set to last for hours. If your lip outline doesn't quite suit you, you'll find it much easier to re-design if you bring your foundation cream and powder well over the edge, then paint over this base. It makes for a more permanent and sharper outline, you'll find. If you'd like the name of the manufacturer who offers all these cosmetics, drop me a line. They are available in 25 and 50 cent sizes, making them a real bargain.

While you're grooming your face for these eight hours at the office, don't forget to take care of your eyes... Even the most pampered eyes need cleansing and refreshing each day—so, naturally, hard-working ones deserve it even more. Just before you make up, drop a bit of lotion in each eye, to make them *look* clear and alert—and to make them *feel* wonderful. There's a certain lotion, made from a doctor's prescription, that is quite harmless and most beneficial. It comes in a handy purse-size bottle, with a sanitary dropper stopper, that's a comfort. Keep it on hand to freshen up your eyes after a hard day of typing, preparatory to that 5 o'clock date.

One more warning about your office self. Be sure to use a good perspiration check each morning before you don that white collar outfit! Actually, this phase of grooming is more important than make-up for the boss may forgive you an occasional shiny nose in the midst of a hectic day—but he'll never excuse the faintest trace of perspiration odor. Nor will any of your co-workers, from the office boy up. And please don't be misled into thinking that you need a perspiration corrective only in a warm weather. While we don't perspire quite so heavily in winter, we still perspire, and even when the moisture is imperceptible, it turns into unpleasant odor quickly. But why run the risk, when it's so easy to pat a bit of a famous cream under your arms each morning as you're dressing? This cream is especially grand because, besides stopping perspiration, it also contains an ingredient that deodorizes . . . this is just double precaution, in case sudden worry, excitement or emotional stress during the day cause you to perspire unexpectedly. There's a ten cent size of this wonder worker in your dime stores.

Write to me before November 15th, if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped (U. S. postage, please) self-addressed envelope for my reply, and send your letter to Ann Vernon, Beauty Editor, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



Billy Conn's Feud With Hollywood

By HELEN WELLER

■ There is nothing Billy Conn loves more than a good fight.

In or out of the ring, the Big Boy is a scrapper.

When Hollywood swooped him up right after the famous fracas with Joe Louis made him a celebrity, Billy was still in a fighting mood.

The first day of work in *The Pittsburgh Kid* for Republic, the assistant director was barking orders to the extras and ordering them around. This is the customary thing for an assistant director to do since he's paid to keep the mob in line.

But Billy the Kid, didn't like it, see? Billy is a friend of the little people. So he went up to the assistant director, shoved his face up real close, grabbed him by the tie and said, "So you want to talk tough, eh? Well, don't talk that way to the little guys, see? If you want to talk tough, try it with me and I'll let you have it, wise guy."

Billy swung Hollywood right around his little pinkie. People here are still gasping—or giggling—at the Conn antics. The movie town had expected him to be a little overawed by it all, the glamour, the money, the stars and all that. Most visitors are. But Billy showed Hollywood he wasn't a punk. Billy tries very hard to show people he's not a scared little punk. Billy told them off in Hollywood and didn't pull any punches.

At a big Beverly Hills party, Billy was introduced to a well-known star.

"I know who you are," said Billy, and the star beamed. "I saw you in Pittsburgh last year when you made a personal appearance there."

"Really," preened the actor. "And how did you like my act?"

"Boy," said Billy. "It was lousy!"

Billy has a certain scorn for people who don't earn their money with their fists For actors, he has the deepest contempt of all.

"Panty-waists," he calls them, the lowest name he can use for any male. "That's a sissy way to earn a living."

Billy thought he was pretty smart to buffalo Hollywood the way he did. He was paid $20,000 to make *The Pittsburgh Kid* and it was only two weeks' work.

He was pretty proud of that. "Why that's even more than Clark Gable gets for two weeks' work. Can you imagine what they'd pay me if I could act?"

The Kid thinks a lot of himself. You can hardly blame him. He started life in the slums of Pittsburgh and pushed his way up with his own dukes until he now has a closet of eighteen $100 suits, a snappy custom-built car and a finishing school bride.

He has always wanted to fight. He used to pick fights with the toughest kids in Pittsburgh, and he never had an academic mind anyway. When he was struggling with his history and his multiplication tables, he decided then he'd use his brawn and not his brain to pave his way in the world. When he finally achieved the eighth grade in grammar school at the age of sixteen, he quit, much to the relief of his harried teachers.

"They're still teaching dopes and working for fifty bucks a week," says Billy, summing up his opinion of education as a whole. "And look at *me*. I'm close to my first million."

Billy's idol when he was a little Pittsburgh punk was an ex-champ, Johnny Ray, who was then a broken-down ex-pug down on his luck. Billy was 8 years old when he walked up to Johnny.

"I know you ain't much now," Billy told him. "But you used to be good and I want you to teach me to fight."

You can't say that junior lacked nerve. Johnny Ray blinked, said, "Lemme see you fight, kid." Billy took on kids twice his size and pinned their ears back.

"Okay, kid," said Johnny. "I'll make a fighter out of you. But you've gotta follow orders, see?"

Billy saw. Johnny was the boss. He taught him how to box, chose his fights and was always in his corner advising him. The kid was good, too, and fought his way to the top in no time, starting from $2.50 a fight to the staggering sum of $100,000 which was his take for almost putting Joe Louis to sleep. Billy has the face of a chorus boy, but the fighting sense of a—well, of a Conn. He won forty-seven fights in a row and never mussed a lock of his beautiful wavy hair.

Billy still recognizes Johnny as boss and is fiercely devoted to him. The climb up hasn't turned his head. When he was working in *The Pittsburgh Kid* Johnny was on the set every day, fluttering around the place to be sure that Billy wasn't taken advan- [*Continued on page* 57]

Deserting the sports world for a brief spell, the handsome and confident fist-boy, Billy Conn, swaggered into Hollywood with a chip on his shoulder—and started moviedom's hottest feud. Right: Billy with his attractive bride, Mary Louise Smith, and Jean Parker, his co-star in Republic's *The Pittsburgh Kid*. Below: Billy studies his "lines"





How to Make a Splash



Director-writer Preston Sturges gives instructions to Joel McCrea for a gag scene in Paramount's *Sullivan's Travels*



Joel takes over and descends the make-shift avenue of escape with a tramp's knapsack clenched between his teeth



Down comes the hero of the film, wholly unsuspecting of what is to befall him. The sensational Veronica Lake co-stars



Joel lets go of the sheet and makes a perfect landing (left) in a rain barrel, with knapsack still in his mouth

Completely soaked, Joel looks up at Director Sturges, silently praying that another "take" will not be necessary



Hollywood's Proudest Mother

By MARGARET CHUTE

Editor's Note: The writer of this article is an English journalist who is now in America through the kindness of Joan Crawford. Everyone who comes from England in war days must have a guarantor in America. When Miss Crawford heard that Miss Chute, whom she has known for years, was trying to get a permit to come to the United States to continue her work as a writer, she volunteered to be her guarantor.



■ On a table in Joan Crawford's portable dressing room stands one of the loveliest pictures ever captured by a camera. It shows Joan lying down, with a golden haired child held up in her arms. The tiny laughing face rests against Joan's cheeks in a kiss. There is devotion in every line of Joan's face; there is adoration in the laughing eyes of the child. Such a radiant baby. Such a contented mother.

Joan herself would never talk for publication about the two-year-old child she adopted, the tiny creature who has brought so much happiness into her life. But I feel she will forgive me if I tell some of her friends beyond the screen a few things about Christina, her adopted daughter. From watching her with Christina, I feel I have been privileged to see a Joan Crawford whom the world does not know.

Christina Crawford is a sweet little child of definite character. Her favorite toy, carried everywhere with her, is a lump of cotton batting. She clutches it firmly in her hand, beaming at it with vast affection every so often. It became her pet toy in a funny way. It happens that "cotton" was one of the first words she pronounced plainly. Show her a roll of cotton, and she would exclaim "cotton-cotton" with emphasis. During the filming of *When Ladies Meet*, Joan allowed Christina to be brought to the set at 5:30 each day.

Until 6:00 Christina watched the proceedings, perfectly at home in a studio. Then Joan and Christina drove home for the precious romp that ends each day. In advance, Joan explained to Christina that she must keep very quiet while on the set; no running around, no sudden shouts. Fully understanding, Christina arrived accompanied by her capable, kindly, Scotch nurse. Blue eyes shining, white-gold curls framing a sweetly eager little face, the child watched in thrilled silence. Suddenly someone walked by carrying an enormous roll of cotton. And that broke up Christina's obedience and good manners.

At the full pitch of her clear young voice she shouted—"Cotton! Cotton!" The scene went into the ash-can, of course. Nothing was said, and work continued. At 6 o'clock the director of the picture came across to little Miss Crawford, and solemnly presented her with a big roll of her adored cotton. She drove home hugging it, and from that moment nobody can separate her from the toy she treasures most.

When Christina arrived in Hollywood early this year, she was wearing a Lily Dache hat! Strictly, it was a bonnet—but it had the famous Lily Dache label inside its brim. No, Joan did not buy this bonnet for her daughter. She has firm ideas about non-essential expenditure over Christina's clothes. It was Lily Dache herself who insisted that Christina must have one of her special head-coverings for her first trip to California.

So an entrancing creation arrived at Joan's hotel, addressed to Miss Christina Crawford. Off to the train—Joan never travels any other way—went a happy child, with a wee bonnet of a heavenly shade of yellow sitting on her cloud of white-gold hair. A tiny ostrich feather, also yellow, rested along the brim.

Joan is very sensible about the child's clothes. She buys perfectly plain frocks, in blue, pink, or daffodil yellow, insisting that it is unwise to buy masses of expensive things. She feels that later on Christina will appreciate luxurious "fluffies" much better if she has not already had a chance to grow weary of them.

Loving the child so deeply, Joan shows tremendous self-control in refusing to become sentimental over her. With all the love in the world in her eyes, she still manages to sound matter-of-fact when talking of or to Christina.

They romp together like a couple of young tigers. Christina coos with bliss when Joan slings her against her hip, spins her around the room, finally rolling over on the bed amid shrieks of joy. One day Joan appeared on the set with a red mark on her chin. "What's that?" her director wanted to know. "Have you been devising a new kind of scar for us?"

"Oh, no! Christina is using my chin to cut her teeth on!" Joan replied proudly.

Christina loves to make odd little singing sounds, and takes some shaky dancing steps—which delights Joan, who began her own career as a dancer. They dance gaily in the big nursery Miss Crawford planned for her daughter; Joan showing the tot by her side some simple steps which Christina tries, so solemnly, to copy.

To encourage the child's love for music, Joan has hunted everywhere for records of nursery rhymes. While the victrola plays "Little Miss Muffett" and "Three Blind Mice" Joan sings the words softly; and soon Christina is singing along with her!

Another Christina-inspired hobby is a movie camera. Joan has learned how to operate it, and her movies have a truly professional touch. Like other devoted mothers, she has reel after reel of moving pictures showing every phase of her daughter's life to date. First staggering steps . . . first bath in a real bathtub . . . playing with a dog . . . playing with the now famous cotton batting . . . laughing, trying to dance . . . mouth wide open in that first frantic effort to cry "Mum-m-m!"

Partly for Christina's sake, and partly because of her own big warm heart, Joan recently added another wing to her nursery and brought home a small baby brother for Christina. He has been named Christopher, and in appearance and temperament he closely resembles Christina.

"They might be true brother and sister," Joan says happily. ■

Joan Crawford has steadfastly refused to talk for publication about her young adopted daughter. HOLLYWOOD takes particular pride in presenting this exclusive, heart-warming story by a writer who knows both Joan and little Christina well

Mary Bayless, extra player who appeared in both versions of Metro's *Smilin' Through*, chats with Jeanette MacDonald, star of the new Technicolor production. Norma Shearer and Fredric March were co-starred in the film made nine years ago

I'm An Extra in "Smilin' Through"

By MARY BAYLESS
as told to HELEN HOVER



■ "Report tomorrow morning for *Smilin' Through*," the casting office told me, and I felt a curious thrill run up and down my spine. Now I've been doing extra roles in pictures for some ten-odd years, and the excitement of working in films has worn off, I can tell you. Working in pictures is a job with me—not an adventure any more.

But this was different. Just nine years ago, almost to the day, I had received the same order from Casting. "Report tomorrow morning for *Smilin' Through!*"

Then, the tragic Irish heroine, *Moonyean*, was Norma Shearer. The *Moonyean* I worked with the other day was spirited, red-haired Jeanette MacDonald. I wanted to see what they were doing with *Smilin' Through* these days, how they were treating it.

Time seemed to have stood still when I walked through the set the first day and saw the stately prop manor house. It had been redecorated, repainted and repaned, but it was the same house in which Norma Shearer and Fredric March made love in the old *Smilin' Through*. Seeing it again reminded me of the time Miss Shearer, looking as fragile as a glass doll, did a scene there wearing a lovely taffeta gown heavily embroidered at the skirt. Although sound film had been introduced some years earlier, they were still having trouble. Every time Miss Shearer walked, the gown swished and made a thunderous noise in the sound room. Finally, they solved it by lining the skirt with flannel, but it was such a voluminous skirt that it took two seamstresses all afternoon to make the gown "sound-proof."

First day of work on *Smilin' Through*, Technicolor model of 1941, I bumped right into Romance with a capital R. Standing beside the famous gate, surrounded by hundreds of sweet-smelling blossoms and kissing for all they were worth, were Jeanette MacDonald and



Circle: Cast together for the first time in their long successful film careers, Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond (Mr. and Mrs. in private life) play sweetheart roles in the immortal love story, *Smilin' Through*



Gene Raymond, who had a double right to act that way on account of they play the sweethearts in the story and they kind of like each other offscreen, too.

It's supposed to be risky business casting married movie stars in the same picture, because it isn't supposed to be romantic to watch a husband make love to his own wife.

I asked one of the assistants how come Mr. and Mrs. "MacRaymond" in this clinch, and he said, glancing enviously at Gene, "The fans asked for it. They wanted to see how one of Hollywood's actually happy couples look together on the screen."

There was great fun on the set. Everyone seemed to know everyone else and I learned that this was a regular family affair with everyone from Rose, Jeanette's maid, to Virgil, her still-man, having been with her at least ten years.

By now Gene has his wife in a big clinch and he says to her, "We're in love. We can't give one another up."

Director Frank Borzage was looking on, smoking his pipe and saying nothing. This is the first time I have ever seen a director stand by without giving orders. Mr. Borzage orders, "Cut! That was fine! I don't have to tell you two how to make love. I'm the forgotten man around here."

All this fervent love-making goes on because Jeanette and Gene, as *Kathleen* and *Kenneth*, have discovered they love each other just as *Kenneth* is about to go off to war. *Kathleen's* guardian, *Sir John*, who is Brian Aherne in a phony white headpatch and painted-on wrinkles, is dead set against *Kenneth* and is trying to keep the lovers apart. Years ago, *Kenneth's father, Jeremy Wayne*, half-crazed at the thought of *Moonyean Clare* marrying *Sir John*, rushed to the wedding to kill his rival. *Moonyean*, protecting John, was herself killed.

All through the years, John has been adamant in his hate for *Jeremy* and when he learns that *Moonyean's* niece, *Kathleen*, whom he has meanwhile taken into his home, is in love with *Jeremy's* son, *Kenneth*, he becomes stern and unrelenting in his attempt to break up their romance.

Jeanette plays both the tragic *Moonyean* and the spirited young niece, and Gene, of course, is *Jeremy Wayne* and *Kenneth*. In the other *Smilin' Through* Norma Shearer and Fredric March played these dual roles, while Leslie Howard was the broken-hearted *Sir John*.

Watching Jeanette and Gene, you couldn't help knowing they were sweethearts offscreen too. When they were saying good-bye, for instance, *Kathleen* was trying to persuade *Kenneth* to take her with him. When he refused, she accused him of not loving her and finally burst into tears. Comforted by him at last, she dried her eyes, looked up at him, then lightly kissed his lips.

"That was fine, Jeanette," commented Director Borzage, "but you needn't bother kissing Gene in this sequence. It isn't necessary."

"Of course it is," said Jeanette firmly. "Kiss and make-up is our rule in real life, why shouldn't it be before the camera?"

Borzage threw up his hands helplessly. The extra kiss stayed in.

Later in the story, when Gene returns from war, he is crippled and wants to release Jeanette from their engagement. The easiest way is to tell her he doesn't love her. I was on call for a later scene, so I hung around and thus happened to witness one of the longest scenes of that type yet filmed. It took eight minutes and 920 feet of film for Gene to do it. He turned around to all of us standing on the fringe of the set and gave us a broad wink.

"Some husbands can tell their wives they don't love them in words of one syllable, and look what I have to go through."

"You think that's long?" Jeanette shot back. "Wait until we get home. It will take you much longer than that to convince me you were only kidding!"

Even when he wasn't working, Gene was on the set. But one afternoon, I think Jeanette wished Gene were anywhere else but on the set. That was the afternoon she had to stand before a portrait of Gene, done up in romantic 1868 style, and rave for five solid minutes about the handsomeness of the gentleman in the picture.

Gene was on the sidelines preening.

"I guess I'll never hear the end of that eulogy," Jeanette wailed. "You're believing it by now."

Jeanette had her revenge. Every afternoon at four Miss MacDonald served tea. This afternoon, when several of her women friends appeared, there was a brief whispered conversation and then they called Gene to join them. As soon as Gene appeared, all the women rose immediately and fluttered toward him. One fussed with his tie, another fixed his hair, a third shoved an autograph book under his nose and the others cooed in honeyed words. Gene was getting redder by the minute, and when one of the girls started to repeat the dialogue scene that Jeanette had done earlier, Gene caught on. He ducked his head, and ran!

That reminded me of a practical joke that Fredric March attempted on Norma Shearer during production of the old *Smilin' Through* and how it boomeranged right in his face.

Miss Shearer, like Miss MacDonald, looked forward to her tea-time as a brief rest-up period during the day, and she invariably invited one or two friends to share it with her. I remember how Fred used to notice, with a certain cynicism, the exclusiveness of her daily tea parties. One day he conceived a bright idea.

"I'll call two dozen of her friends and invite them over tomorrow for tea."

At four o'clock Mr. March stood near Miss Shearer's dressing room, watching gleefully as the crowd of guests trooped in. Then, out of the dressing room, stepped Norma, poised and ready. Behind her came four maids bearing trays of dainties!

There were so many things on the *Smilin' Through* set to bring me back to the other production. The day I was called to work in the scene in the English garden, I half expected Norma Shearer to come floating out. This enchanting garden is the main setting in *Smilin' Through*.

Metro went to considerable pains to get a weeping willow tree for Miss MacDonald to look pretty under, but the results were quite disastrous. They were filming an English garden party and there were hundreds of us extras waltzing to the tune of a mechanical orchestra. The music ended, and we moved quietly out of camera range, while the big boom was focused on Miss MacDonald and Brian Aherne. Holding hands, they walked toward the tree. They stood under it, prepared to go into a very tender love scene. Jeanette looked soulfully up at Brian, opened her mouth and a violent sneeze came out!

Jeanette shook her head gloomily. "I was afraid of that. It's my hay fever. The tree is bothering me. If this keeps up, we'll be calling it *Sneezin' Through*."

Well, *Moonyean* couldn't be romantic if she were wheezing between each "I love you" so the prop man denuded the tree, and paper leaves now sway in the breeze to love's own sweet song. ■

Opposite Page: Brian Aherne holds in his arms the tragic *Moonyean*, who has just been killed by a bullet meant for him. Below: Always the thoughtful, gracious lady, Jeanette surprises her personal hairdresser, Olga, with a huge birthday cake. Members of the crew joined in the informal celebration





Left: A new portrait of Miss MacDonald

Tyrone Power's Dangerous

■ "I know I'm taking a gamble with all the dice loaded against me—but when you're trying to keep on top, you've got to risk your neck once in a while."

Tyrone Power speaking, ladies and gentlemen. Tyrone Power, one of Hollywood's most successful stars, explaining why he took a daring chance on his movie fame last summer. Why he appeared in *Liliom* behind the footlights of a summer theater at Westport, Connecticut—seating capacity 350.

"When you're on the way up, you don't have to worry about getting soft. Circumstances take care of that. Your life is filled with perpetual challenge. But once you're a star, you either have to create challenges for yourself, or pretty soon—well, you find you aren't a star any more. Unless you keep on your toes all the time, you're likely to be caught flat-footed. Your routine of success can become a rut. And I've known many a rut to become an eventual gutter."

Not many acclaimed young actors would have the courage to subject themselves to the hazards of a summer theater performance. The straw-hat circuit—that's what they call these little theaters perched on the edge of meadows, housed in barns, which attract the summer fugitives from the heat of the large Eastern cities. The stages are makeshift — production is usually nothing to brag about. Everyone, from star to usher, pitches in to work without distinction or reserve.

The Westport theater is an unglorified barn on the edge of a meadow, and it isn't infrequent for lines of dialogue to be interspersed with a loud baa-a-a-aa from the sheep grazing near-by. Sensitive actors and insensitive audiences take it on occasion for a criticism of what's going on behind the footlights.

When Tyrone first announced that he and Annabella would appear in *Liliom* for producer John C. Wilson, who managed this informal theater, Hollywood shrugged—made all the sounds which added up to a lusty "oh, yeah," and dismissed it from its collective mind. A publicly expressed yearning for the spoken "dray-ma" is nothing new in Hollywood.

But when it became apparent that Tyrone and Annabella were seriously studying the script—that they were even rehearsing over their morning coffee—cinematown was not only bewildered—it was downright incredulous.

"A dangerous adventure"; a "foolhardy notion"; "a gamble with his screen fame"—their plans were called.

Personal appearances in the theater, especially on the straw-hat circuit, have never been connected with current great success on the screen. Temporarily eclipsed stars, those who want to give new impetus to a career getting a little brown at the edges, resort to this shot in the arm to help their shrinking egos.

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There is too much risk of failure—something unpredictable can so easily happen. No matter how lavish the production, how cautious the staging, or with what care a vehicle is chosen.

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"But," he laughed, when I talked to him about it, "a thing like that is a challenge. Not that I go around dreaming up hard things to do just to prove to myself that I can do them. But I don't dare get soft. I don't dare take whatever success I have had on the screen for granted. I've got to keep my mental toes. The brain needs as constant conditioning and exercise as a person's body.

"I like the theater. I've grown up in it. Nothing is so much fun as being in one of these summer productions. Everyone has a wonderful time. Audiences are lazy and lenient, and you sort of take things in your stride.

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True enough! But it is quite possible that the fundamental reason—perhaps the unconsciously motivating reason, was Tyrone's desire to show the world and Hollywood—

Annabella—the actress they haven't really seen! ■

Tyrone Power and his wife, Annabella, staked their fame and fortune when they fled the security of Hollywood film making to "tread the boards" in a small summer theater in Westport, Connecticut. Below is a New York drama editor's glowing report of Tyrone's magnificent improvisation when a fellow player forgot his lines and caused utter confusion for a painful two minutes

Westport, Conn.,—Tyrone Power was on trial in more ways than one here last night, when, as *Liliom* in the second scene of Act 2, he stood before the stern tribunal of a courtroom in the Beyond. For the heavenly magistrate who was trying him forgot his lines and hopped over a page of the script.

A panicked assistant stage manager stood in the wings and stage-whispered the lines, trying in that climatic moment to take the judge back to where he digressed from the continuity of the play.

And a panicked magistrate, Eustace Wyatt, displaying no sign of his predicament to the audience, ad libbed lines as he stumbled along.

"Poor Ty," the assistant stage manager, Elaine Anderson, exclaimed desolately when all her cues were clearly wasted effort.

Not an actor in the wings retained his poise. Annabella, who was offstage during the scene, clenched and unclenched her fists and stood like all the others with her eyes focused hypnotically on her husband.

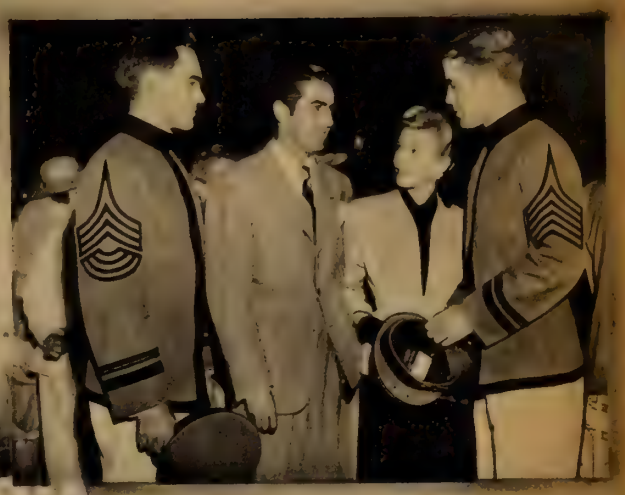
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Adventure

By SONIA LEE



Tyrone and Annabella relax in the shade of a large tree outside the little theater



Above: The stars meet Cadets Lofton Cobb (left) and Carl C. Hinkle, after giving special performance of *Liliom* at West Point



Right and below: Rehearsal time. These photos show the crude "trappings" with which Tyrone and Annabella were forced to work





Where Tyrone is, the girls will flock. Local artist obtains Tyrone's autograph

night. He stands as a credit to Hollywood and the legitimate theater today for the magnificent balance with which he improvised replies to the strange passages the rambling magistrate fed him.

For two minutes it looked as if the worthy spirit which induced two stars of the movie firmament to step down out of their sugary security and take their places side by side with other troupers in summer theater might prove the most disastrous motivation of their careers. But out of the haze came a flash of hope. The magistrate repeated a line, the line at which he departed from the script.

"You said that," Tyrone Power ad libbed the redeeming cue. Then he picked up the next passage of the script slowly, calmly, magnificently. He gave the magistrate time to observe what he was doing. And backstage everybody sighed in audible relief.

As *Liliom*, Tyrone Power is the most convincing young Hungarian ne'er-do-well I have ever seen. He has spark and animation, and the baby face you see in the movies becomes something real and interesting behind the footlights.

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The Fall Fashions You Asked For





Rayon crepe, eleven gore skirt, contrasting color flashes at buttonholes and shoulders. A Jeanne Barrie dress, $12.95, in preferred fall colors. Arnold Constable, New York







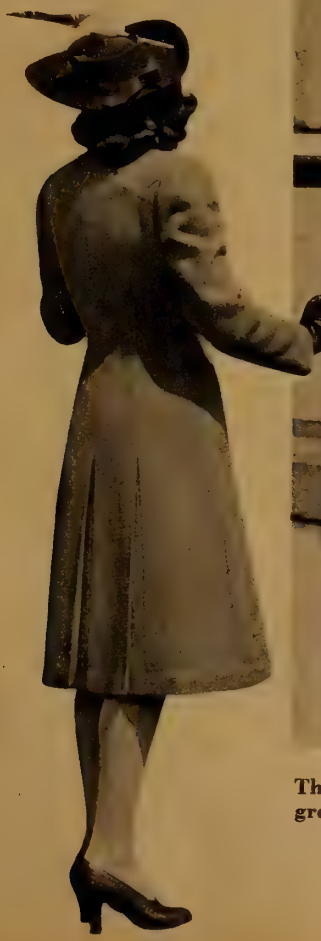
Hand crocheted felt strip beanie with matching pompom. About $2 at Gimbel Bros., New York. A subtle-colored plaid wool scarf is a grand neck filler for 55 cents at Stern Bros., New York. Square leather links alternating with brass ones make the smart choker, $2, and bracelet, $1, at Arnold Constable, N. Y. The Gage Brothers' felt hat, $5, is feather-bedecked. Scoop brim is most flattering

Here they are . . . the fall fashions you asked for! During the summer thousands of you told your favorite department or specialty store just exactly what you wanted in the way of fashion details in your fall coat and dress for all-day wear.

Your first cry was for simplicity, for that classic feeling that you adore. Certainly you wanted the smartest styling you could get. At the same time your coat and dress must be conservative enough to please your husband, your boss, or your beau as well as yourself.

Then, the practical considerations entered the picture. Since the coat must see you well into the winter, it is of 100% virgin wool, lined and with a light interlining. The neckline is comfortably high. Next, the body of the coat is fitted and subtly flared for flattering slenderness.

As for the dress, the gored skirt is more practical than a pleated one . . . a collarless neckline more comfortable under the coat . . . shoulders widened rather than exaggerated are in better taste. The entire effect has that desired smart simplicity that is usually found only in higher priced fashions. Look for the tag that identifies the coat and dress *you* really designed.





The Jeanne Barrie coat you designed. Skilfully fitted, smartly cut. In black, brown, green or red 100% virgin wool. $25. In sizes 12 to 20. Arnold Constable, New York

Turn To Page 58 For List Of Other Stores Where You May Buy These Fashions

BY CATHERINE ROBERTS



Happy Ending

By CHARLOTTE KAYE

The recent marriage of Brenda Marshall and Bill Holden is a happy ending to their long and rather hectic romance. The beaming pair chartered a plane and flew to Las Vegas where a simple ceremony was performed. Bill's in Paramount's *The Remarkable Andrew*, while Brenda's in Warners' *Captains of the Clouds*

■ "And so they got married and lived happily ever after" is usually the end of the story.

I have an idea her recent marriage to Bill Holden is just the beginning of the story of Brenda Marshall in Hollywood. It is from here on, I think, her work and the girl herself will gain in importance and significance until she takes her rightful place in the Hollywood scheme of things.

Why? Not because she is in love and suddenly endowed with all the mysterious strength a happy marriage is supposed to give a woman. Not because she has sounded new emotional depths or latent powers in her have been "awakened." Not for any of the reasons psychologists would dish up in fine sounding phrases, but simply because she has stopped being afraid.

Until I talked to Brenda the other day, I had thought she and Bill were like dozens of other newlyweds—two kids madly in love and living in a world of pink clouds, dreams and kisses. Given time, they would come down to earth again and life would go on much as it had before that July night they flew away to be married.

Now I know that the very essence of life has changed for her.

On the surface their love story runs pretty true to Hollywood form. They met on the sound stage of *Invisible Stripes* where Brenda had gone to visit Jane Bryan who was playing in the picture with Bill. It may not have been love at first sight but by the end of their second date they knew they were meant for each other. For eighteen long months, while Brenda and her estranged husband were getting a divorce, they circumspectly admitted to no marriage plan. On June 17, the day the divorce became final, Bill presented her with an emerald-cut diamond engagement ring and they announced their betrothal.

Then the familiar Hollywood bugaboo arose to haunt them. Each time they set a wedding date, the plans were knocked askew by their respective studios demanding their individual presence elsewhere. It was the last straw when Warners told Brenda she must go to Canada for *Captains of the Clouds* and Paramount ordered Bill to Carson City for *The Remarkable Andrew*.

"Enough of this nonsense!" Bill stormed. "We're getting married tomorrow!"

They chartered a plane and with Brian and Marjorie Donlevy as their attendants, flew to Las Vegas where they were married in a simple ceremony at El Rancho Vegas. After a champagne breakfast they returned to Hollywood, only to discover Bill's location trip had been cancelled and he was doomed to remain alone in Hollywood while Brenda skeedaddled up north.

Much as other Hollywood couples, Bill and Brenda have worked out the practical end of their marriage. They are going 50-50 on the cost of their new English country home in the valley and its furnishings. After that, Bill has insisted on carrying the entire financial upkeep of the home. Brenda plans to save her money toward the education and future care of little Ginger, her three-year-old daughter by her former marriage. That responsibility, she feels, should be hers alone.

But there the similarity to other Hollywood marriages ends. Brenda explains it in her own words:

"In a strange but very real way I felt alone and lost before," she said. "It was as if Ginger and I were two against the world. There was no stability to my life. I never felt I belonged in Hollywood. I did many of the same things other people did, went to the same places, knew the same people, yet in my own mind there was always a difference, a feeling that I was intruding where I had no right. Even the dates I had with Bill had a strange unreality about them, a sense of stolen happiness. Naturally all this robbed me of assurance, of self-confidence, which was reflected in my work. It, too, had a groping quality about it.

"Now, suddenly, it is as if all the loose ends of my life were caught up and tied into a solid whole. No longer are there two households with their conflicting problems. No longer is the future a nebulous thing, based on If's.

"For instance, with Ginger growing up, I needed more house room than I had. After a long search, I found the ideal home I wanted, yet I hesitated to assume the big responsibility by myself. Bill, too, thought it was perfect, yet felt he alone could not swing it. We said so many times, 'If we were married, we could make the grade together.' What we wanted was within reach, yet kept from us by that little word If.

"Now, too, I have precious peace of mind instead of the hectic, mad scramble of trying to fit two individual lives into the one groove. Settling on times and places to meet, fretting when unforeseen events twisted everything into a mess. Now we know we'll meet at the end of the day, every day, in one place—our home. No unexpected turn can change that. It has given me peace of mind because Ginger has a normal, family life. So many times I've had to leave her to snatch a few hours with Bill, or neglect Bill to stay with her. More, she has the discipline of a father in the home.

"Chiefly, though, I have stopped being afraid."

Afraid of the future. Alone, she might have risked many moves in her career, fought for what she believed was right and due her. With a baby to answer for, to feed, clothe and keep warm, she did not dare. Possible hardship and discipline for herself, yes. For Ginger, no. The final answer gave her no choice.

That fear is gone. Now she can risk the moves, make the demands which will prove her capabilities. No longer are she and Ginger two against the world. Bill is with them.

He is a man who likes responsibility and can stand up to it. ■

Here's proof my Face Powder makes Skin look Younger!



"ELBOW TEST"

shows instantly how new kind of powder makes skin look smoother, fresher.



By *Lady Esther*

Wouldn't you like to see, with your own eyes, how much *younger* your skin can look—how much lovelier and more glamorous?

You can—so simply and so easily—and without cost! Make the test that is thrilling women everywhere... the Lady Esther ELBOW TEST!

You know how rough and coarse the skin of your elbow is. Well, I'm going to send you some Lady Esther Face Powder FREE. Just take a little on a puff and pat it gently on your elbow...

See what happens! See how the coarse skin of your elbow suddenly looks soft and smooth—how the lines and roughness seem to ease away.

If my powder can do that to the abused skin of your elbow—just imagine what it can do for the skin of your face! Imagine how it can hide tired lines—skin-faults and imperfections—big pores!

You see, my powder is different because it's *made* differently. It's blown by Twin Hurricanes until it's softer and finer by far than any ordinary powder. It goes on a new, *smoother* way—more flattering to the skin than words alone can describe! You must see it with your own eyes—that's why I ask you to make the interesting Elbow Test.



Now more beautiful women use Lady Esther Face Powder than any other kind.

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Your name and address on the coupon below will bring you all 9 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. You not only can make the interesting Elbow Test—you can also try all 9 shades on your own skin, before your own mirror, and see which one is your best shade—your Lucky Shade. Mail the coupon NOW.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

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7130 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 9 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four-Purpose Face Cream.

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ADDRESS_____

CITY_____STATE_____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

Beautiful Ballerina

Loretta Young portrays an internationally noted ballerina in her new vehicle for Columbia, *The Men in Her Life*. Unusually graceful with her hands and feet, she devoted many months of study to the intricate art of ballet long before the story was ready for filming. Large photo shows Loretta with her partner, Sergei Temoff. Producer-director Gregory Ratoff, who is Loretta's favorite director, gives last-minute instruction (top left) to the sensational new screen find, John Sheppard. Bottom left: Exhausted from the extreme demands of her exciting role, Loretta finds herself relaxing in various amusing positions. Center: Loretta and Sergei execute a difficult whirl. Her grasp of ballet is strikingly shown at right. Dean Jagger, Conrad Veidt, Otto Kruger and Eugenie Leontovich (Mrs. Ratoff) are also in the cast











LADIES!

Here Is Such A Special

INTRODUCTORY

Offer To Readers of

HOLLYWOOD

We Hope You Don't Miss A Word Of It



LADIES . . . have you ever wished to own an expensive diamond ring? Well, you know that the marching armies of Europe have brought the diamond centers of the world to a virtual standstill. With genuine diamond prices shooting skyward, it might be a long, long time before your dreams come true. But here's amazing news. If you act now, today, you can obtain a beautiful solitaire *replica* diamond ring, nearly ¾ karat solitaire, one of America's greatest imitations, in a gorgeous sterling silver or gold-plate mounting, during one of the greatest value-giving advertising offers in all history! Simply mail the coupon below. Inspect this remarkable solitaire replica diamond, wear it for 10 days. If you aren't delighted in every way, you need not loose a penny!

Have You Ever Wished To Own A Beautiful Expensive Looking Replica Diamond Solitaire?

JUST think! No other type ring so beautifully expresses the sentiment of true love as a solitaire . . . a replica diamond solitaire, gleaming in its crystal white beauty . . . exquisitely set in a sterling silver or yellow gold-plate ring that proudly encircles "her" finger . . . the perfect symbol of life's sweetest sentiment . . . an adorable token of love and affection. Replica diamonds are decidedly new and very fashionable. So closely do they resemble real diamonds in flaming, dazzling colors, the average person can scarcely tell them apart. So you, too, should inspect this replica diamond solitaire. Mail the coupon, see for yourself that it is one of the world's most popular ring styles. Consider your replica diamond on-approval for ten days. If it doesn't amaze you and your friends, return it and you aren't out a penny.

Send No Money . . . Mail Coupon Today

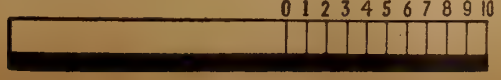
—TEST 10 DAYS On Guarantee of Full Satisfaction or Money Back

THE beautiful, sentimental solitaire has a gorgeous, brilliant center replica, nearly ¾ karat size and two dazzling replicas on each side. The mounting reproduces in fine detail the same popular ring styling which has been the rage from Miami to Hollywood. It is the ring of youth, of love, of affection. You have your choice of genuine sterling silver or yellow gold-plate mountings. Remember, we're not trying to tell you these are real diamonds. The originals would cost $100.00, $200.00 or perhaps more. But these replica diamonds *ARE* one of America's greatest imitations. Not too big, not too flashy: it takes the closest inspection to tell the difference. Stage stars, celebrities, social leaders and millionaires don't risk their precious originals but wear replica diamonds without fear of detection. The solitaire is offered to you for only $1.00. The solitaire and wedding ring to match are specially priced at only $1.69 . . . the perfect pair for only $1.69. Send no money. Just mail the coupon below and deposit $1.00 for the solitaire alone or $1.69 for both the solitaire and wedding ring, plus postage charges. Inspect these beautiful replica diamonds. Wear them, see how real-like they sparkle, how amazingly brilliant they are, how envious your friends may be. Convince yourself—compare these replica diamonds with originals. Consider them on-approval, on free trial for ten full days. Then if you can bear to part with your ring, if you aren't satisfied in every way, return them and get your money back for the asking. Don't wait but mail the coupon, today!

"The Perfect Pair"

THE solitaire replica diamond ring, in either a sterling silver or gold-plate mounting, is offered at $1.00. The wedding ring to match is only 69c extra, both the solitaire and matching wedding ring for only $1.69. Mail the coupon today.

For Ring Size . . . Use the chart below. Cut out the strip accurately, wrap tightly around middle-joint of ring finger. The number that meets the end of the chart strip is your ring size. Mark it down on the coupon.



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Send for my inspection and approval, replica diamond rings as checked below. I will pay postman amount indicated plus postage on arrival on the understanding I can return the rings for any reason in 10 days and you will refund my money immediately without question.

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☐ Replica Diamond Solitaire and Matching Wedding Ring—Both For $1.69

Size..... ☐ Sterling Silver ☐ Yellow Gold Plate

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

The Zaniest Film of the Year







Left: Hilarity runs rampant in Universal's *Hellzapoppin'*, the film version of Olsen and Johnson's Broadway stage success. The popular comic team is aided and abetted by Mischa Auer, above, and shapely Martha Raye, at right

By TOM DeVANE

■ All her life Mrs. Chic Johnson had wanted a church wedding. She and her husband, the plumper half of the famous Olsen and Johnson comedy team, had been married rather haphazardly by a justice of the peace. It wasn't very romantic; as a matter of fact, Mrs. Johnson remembers rather bitterly that *she* shelled out the two dollars for the marriage license.

As the years passed, and her husband and his partner waxed increasingly famous and finally became millionaires when they produced *Hellzapoppin'* on Broadway, Mrs. Johnson's sentimental wish became a reality. Chic finally took the hint, after twenty-five years, and got big-hearted. "Honey," he told his wife, "we'll have that church wedding—on our Silver Wedding anniversary!"

Mrs. Johnson's joy knew no bounds. She made all arrangements for the church, the decorations, and a beautiful bridal gown, complete with flowing veil, and sent out a few select invitations to her closest friends. She didn't know of the invitations being lavishly issued by her husband, as well as partner Ole Olsen, who had been professionally "married" to Chic longer than Mrs. Johnson.

Came the happy day. Mrs. Johnson, a handsome bride, arrived at the church at the appointed time—only to step into a tremendous mob of sightseers, reporters and newsreel cameramen. Smiling rather grimly, she started toward the church, but before she had reached the door, she felt her bridal bouquet being torn to shreds. Her gloves were snitched in short order, and a horrid ripping sound indicated that the bridal veil was being torn up by the souvenir hunters. Mrs. Johnson was not a happy woman as she finally reached the entry to confront her bridegroom of twenty-five years standing.

One look was sufficient. "Chic Johnson," she said sternly, *"you've got that gag look in your eye!"*

In the bona-fide crowd outside the church Chic had planted a few stooges who had orders to muss up the missus—just enough to worry her. But he had also ordered a new veil and bouquet—and the wedding progressed as scheduled.

Olsen and Johnson—Johnson and Olsen, carry their *Hellzapoppin'* antics into their personal lives. They'll do anything for a laugh. Now that they're bringing their phenomenal stage hit to the screen (in partnership with Universal Pictures) Hollywood is undoubtedly due for a cycle of rough-and-tumble humor of the sort that has made the comedy pair among the greatest in their field.

When *Hellzapoppin'* opened in New York City, over three years ago, Olsen and Johnson frankly admitted that their revue was a collection of the best—and corniest—material they had used in vaudeville and picture houses for the past ten years. But the New York critics didn't like corn. They gave the daffy musical pot-pourri a set of the worse notices in modern times. There was one exception—a Mr. Walter Winchell, who had a fine time and said so. And furthermore, reported Mr. Winchell, he had seen many of the caustic critics laughing their heads off!

The third night of the run they played to Standing Room Only—which became the general rule for the next three years, even after Olsen and Johnson left the cast to appear in the film *Hellzapoppin'*, along with Martha Raye, Mischa Auer, Robert Paige and Jane Frazee.

I visited the boys on the set to find out just how they were planning to transform their masterpiece to the screen—because I knew that there wasn't an atom of plot in the stage show. And movies should have plots.

"That problem," said Ole Olsen, when questioned, "became our plot. How to get a plot into *Hellzapoppin'*."

The picture begins in typical musical comedy fashion, with chorus girls and Olsen and Johnson in the midst of a very futuristic Hell (to which they had obviously been consigned on account of their gags). Suddenly there is a hysterical cry of "Stop! Stop!" and the camera is moved away and we find ourselves in a movie studio. The yelling gentleman is the director, and he angrily tells the stars that their *Hellzapoppin'* is a sure flop, a tomato and a turkey—in its present form. "It has to have a story! A love story!" he yells.

In vain do Olsen and Johnson tell him that the show's gags were tried and true gags that got 600 roars from 1,600 nightly customers on Broadway. The director still insists upon a story and produces a writer to outline one to them.

And his story is quite as corny as anything Olsen and Johnson could think up. It's all about a beautiful young girl (Jane Frazee) who is loved by two handsome young men—a struggling playwright (Robert Paige) and a wealthy playboy (Lewis Howard). Just to add to the excitement there's the rowdy Martha Raye, who plays a character named *Baby Betty*, and Mischa Auer, who is *Prince Pepi*, a real prince who pretends to be phony.

Olsen and Johnson agree that it's better than nothing—and the director starts shooting his "story," which opens at rehearsals for a benefit show written by Robert Paige, who hopes it will attract the attention of a Broadway producer. Naturally there are numbers for the lovely Jane Frazee and the indomitable Martha Raye.

But it's still *Hellzapoppin'*, movie or no.

There are constant interruptions by Olsen and Johnson and their numerous stooges. And all manner of strange things happen on the screen. The film starts flapping and breaks down at several points, at which the comedians scream and howl indignantly at "Louie," the operator in the projection booth—a new stooge created for the film.

Then there's an Indian massacre that breaks in every so often—for no reason at all. And Olsen and Johnson have a wonderful "disappearing" routine, a la *Topper*, only their zippers get stuck, and you find the top part of Johnson and the bottom part of Olsen in a sad plight indeed.

But I'd better not give away too much of the brand new material the boys have incorporated into the Universal picture. Olsen and Johnson keep up with the times. For instance, in the "Hell" set where much of the action takes place, the huge modernistic "flames" in the background were in "V" formation. They believe in the great "V for Victory" campaign being waged abroad, and it's their none-too-subtle way of showing it.

Not that Olsen and Johnson have ever been accused of being subtle, since they first became partners in 1914, when Ole was a member of an act called the Four Collegians (he being the only college man in the quartet) and Chic played the violin and sang with illustrated slides, doing a little ventriloquism on the side. They framed an act that landed on the now departed Pantages circuit.

Their rise was slow but sure, and before long they were starring on the eminent Keith-Albee-Orpheum circuit. They added more and more people to their act, and finally had a complete unit of their own. And when vaudeville began to wane, Olsen and Johnson took their unit on the road with a vengeance. They played one-night stands in hundreds of small towns that hadn't seen "flesh" shows in years, as well as the larger cities.

Ole Olsen told me: "In all those years the public never saw us at a disadvantage. We appeared at every Elks' Lodge, every Firemen's Ball, all the Lions' and Kiwanis' Club luncheons. A lot of people might have considered it a waste of time, but Chic and I didn't. Besides, we like *people*. We didn't quite realize what an enormous amount of good will we were building up—that would pay dividends in later years. Those people that we met and joked with and ate with regarded us as friends from then on."

Never known as shrinking violets, Olsen and Johnson believe in publicity and have gone to outrageous lengths to get it. They used to send live frogs and alligators to their newspaper friends, and one Christmas they sent monkeys. To certain critics who expressed themselves in print as being less than happy with the O & J brand of humor, they sent pregnant lady rabbits. They had themselves "insured" by Lloyd's of London to "protect them from being hit by a comet." They staged an old-fashioned milking contest in Times Square. Anything to keep the name of Olsen and Johnson "alive."

And it's a safe bet to say that it will be even more alive, if possible, when the mad, merry *Hellzapoppin'* reaches the vast screen audience that wants to laugh. ■

What a Baby dreams about..



"Look here—you dream-angel!" Baby said.
"You know I ought to be home in bed.
Why, what if my parents could see me now!
Say—where are you taking me anyhow?"



"Oh dear, what's wrong with him? Can't we help?
It's awful to see an angel yelp!
By Jove! I see! It's a clear-cut case
Of *wing-chafe*. Look at this tender place!"



"Good thing my Johnson's was here at hand.
For chafes and prickles that powder's grand!
It's soft and silky, and what it's got
Makes angels of babies who are not!"

P.S. *If you've got a baby who's prickly or hot,*
Try Johnson's! It doesn't cost a lot!



Johnson's Baby Powder

"IT'S HEAVENLY SOFT"

A Jolly Good Fellow

By DRAKE HUNT

■ They call up-and-coming Robert Cummings the friendliest fellow in films. To call him anything less would be actionable slander, and for witnesses you can summon anybody who ever worked with him.

Bob's best pal is his stand-in, who doesn't look anything like him. Bob suffers if he isn't "in" on everything going on around him. If one of the company electricians has a headache Bob is unhappy if he can't take the time to swap symptoms with the sufferer and taste some of his medicine.

When doctors put Mrs. Cummings on a diet, Bob got a copy of it. Result: he's lunching on a jelly omelet and three toasted soda crackers daily. This for a six-footer who spends energy like cigar coupons and has the appetite of a polar bear.

A friend in the automobile racing racket was advised by his handlers to inhale a gulp of pure oxygen several times a day. So Bob carries around an oxygen tank and takes hourly whiffs sufficiently strong to render him slightly woozy. He needs oxygen the way Iceland needs ice.

Directors idolize the boy because he is a tireless and willing worker who keeps 5,000 volts of productive electricity flowing through the rest of the cast. Nobody gets a chance to be moody or morose, cold-footed or camera-shy with the kinetic Mr. Cummings around.

The lopsided relationship between Bob and his stand-in, Eddie Reagan, is one of the nuttiest in Hollywood. Reagan is a burly, curly-haired gagman and vaudevillian who resembles Robert Cummings no more than you do. The only thing the pair have in common is an irrepressible fondness for low humor, bum puns and corny practical jokes. A day seldom passes that they don't fall into faints at their own witticisms.

Inasmuch as the function of a stand-in is to stand in front of a camera while the lens and lights are being lined up to focus correctly on the star, Reagan's usefulness is strictly limited. As often as not the director, ready to shoot the scene, will call out, "Mr. Cummings, will you please stand in for your stand-in on this shot? We'd like to get the focus and lighting approximately right."

Recently the mismatched team of Cummings and Reagan were on loanout to Twentieth Century-Fox from Universal, their home studio. The picture was tentatively titled *Miami*. Bob is greatly admired on the Fox lot and a personal favorite of Darryl Zanuck, who has never met him but insists on calling him "The Funny Man." Whenever Bob is idle at Universal, Zanuck sends over a requisition for the services of "The Funny Man," regardless of whether there is a picture immediately available for him.

The youthful star is always ensconced in a three-room suite and unusual provision made for his comfort during his visit. On his most recent arrival at Fox, Bob found the accommodations even more luxurious than usual.

"Is there anything you lack?" a studio official asked as the actor looked around in awe at the magnificence of his surroundings.

"Yeah," answered Stand-in Reagan. "You might send over a few dozen cases of Scotch."

Miami, which starred Betty Grable, presented many production problems that necessitated overtime work almost nightly. The principal players were seldom released until 10 p. m.

Bob missed his daily swim and mentioned it to some officials at Universal. Almost overnight that studio built a swimming pool, complete with heating equipment for night swimming, on the grounds of his house.

Nevertheless, the night work continued to prove irksome, although Bob did not complain. Eddie Reagan provided the complaints. When Twentieth Century-Fox asked for suggestions for a new title for the picture, Cummings and Reagan submitted *Moon Over Miami*— "because it's always moonlight when we get out of this joint."

The light touch which characterizes his private life is a priceless asset on the screen. In *The Devil and Miss Jones*, in which he appeared opposite Jean Arthur, he had to skate lightly over brittle ice in the role of a labor agitator.

Anything dealing with capital-labor conflicts in the movies has to be handled with butterfly delicacy and only extreme niftiness in acting can make an agitator of either type believable and inoffensive.

When Cummings reported for work on *The Devil and Miss Jones*, he had been forewarned about the extreme shyness of Miss Arthur and her inability to get along with strangers. He had planned carefully how to overcome this difficulty with a single bold stroke.

The blond star was already on the set, chatting with the director, when Bob made his initial appearance. He strode swiftly past them as if on an emergency errand. Catching the eye of Miss Arthur, whom he had never seen before, he smiled cordially and said, "Hello, Stinky. I'll be right back."

When he returned from his imaginary chore, the ice had already been broken and Miss Arthur was predisposed to friendliness with this very original young man. Within twenty-four hours the two leading players had become cordial friends and before the week was out they were busily exchanging anecdotes, criticism and patio furniture.

Currently Bob is doubling between his own studio and Warner Brothers. At Universal he is playing opposite Deanna Durbin in *It Started With Eve*. This is his third Durbin picture. At Warners he is opposite Ann Sheridan in *Kings Row*, which seems destined to be one of the most controversial pictures of the new season.

The hardest feat in the making of *It Started With Eve* was that of creating a deathbed atmosphere within forty paces of Robert Cummings.

The man is so alive that it hurts. ■



Bob Cummings' abundant vitality and wholesome interest in people make him the friendliest fellow in films. Bob, shown with his best pal and stand-in, Eddie Reagan, will soon appear in Universal's *It Started With Eve*

How to have *Vitamin-rich meals*

and make them delicious, too!



Tempting oranges and other inviting foods are *natural* sources of the vitamins and minerals

You *can* put both health and pleasure in your family's three meals a day!

Begin at breakfast with a favorite treat—fresh California orange juice in 8-ounce glasses.

There's all the vitamin C you need each day to feel your best—*plus* valuable amounts of vitamins A, B1 and G; calcium, and other essential minerals.

Vitamin C is a daily need, since your body cannot store it. It is easily lost in open cooking.

Hence the special value of *fresh* orange juice as an excellent, natural source.

Then plan your menus to include liberal servings of appetizing dairy products, eggs, meats, whole-grain cereals, fruits and vegetables. These build your supplies of other vitamins and minerals—*all* found in foods!

Begin right away. Set your breakfast table with a BIG glass of fresh California orange juice at each place. Or serve

the daily equivalent in orange salads and desserts.

Be sure to ask your dealer for trademarked Sunkist Oranges—the finest from 14,000 cooperating growers in California and Arizona. *Best for Juice—and Every use!*

NEW SUNKIST JUICIT FOR HOMES



Full-powered. Compact. Easy to clean. Removable strainer. Guaranteed. Standard model, illustrated, only $6.95, U.S.A. De luxe model, with chromium plated housing and automatic Magic Strainer, only $9.95, U.S.A. At department stores and electrical shops—or write Sunkist, Los Angeles.

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Sunkist

***California* Oranges**

Best for Juice—*and Every use!*

Copyright, 1941, California Fruit Growers Exchange

Why I switched to Meds



—by a society editor

My job is keeping up-to-date, so I've used *internal* sanitary protection for a long time. But Meds are my latest find! They're the new and improved tampon brought out by Modess—and I do mean *improved!*

Comfort? Why, you hardly know you're wearing Meds! And what grand protection—they're the *only* tampons with the "safety center." And imagine —Meds cost only 20¢ a box of ten, an average month's supply—or 98¢ for sixty! No other tampons in individual applicators cost so little.



EXPECTANT?

Pregnancy is made much safer by consulting a doctor regularly. Accumulation of poisons, dizziness, high blood pressure, other dangerous developments are often prevented by regular monthly examinations. Above all, ask a doctor's advice on infant feeding.



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NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE
SAFER...because easier to clean

See Your Doctor Regularly

She Got Tired of Waiting

By JOHN FRANCHEY



Spitfire Susan Hayward got tired of being pushed around—did some "pushing" of her own, and is currently going great guns in Paramount's important new picture, *Reap the Wild Wind*

■ That gabby gal who collared Susan Hayward the very first day she arrived in Hollywood was certainly no friend in need. If our Susan had followed her advice to the letter, the chances are better than even that right this minute she'd either be playing second leads in Monogram B-pictures, or brooding over her misspent life, back in Brooklyn where she came from.

What the loquacious lady, veteran of twenty-eight bit parts in a "successful career" spanning eleven years, advised Susan was this: "Just take it easy, honey, and wait for the breaks."

Well, when you are seventeen, fresh from Brooklyn, and alone in a fabulous city, you are not too choosy about advice, especially when you have no alternative.

You see, what had brought Susan Hayward to Hollywood was the *Scarlett O'Hara* sweepstakes. George Cukor had seen her picture in a magazine and had producer David O. Selznick send Susan a wire and a train ticket. You will recall that practically every other girl eating dinner at the Brown Derby was in town for the same reason, meaning a test for the part. Under those circumstances taking it easy and waiting for the breaks was a cinch.

She was tested and tested—beaming patiently all the while—and finally given the heave-ho. Ready to take it easy for a spell, she moved to a cheaper apartment and took up her vigil of waiting. She waited until she was out of money. So she fudged just a little, made the rounds of the studios, and wound up at Warners' with a six-months' stock contract at seventy-five dollars the week.

She could tell at a glance that what with Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, Ann Sheridan, etc., to pick from that it would be some time before Warners shoved her into a super-super. So she went into her routine: she took it easy and waited for the breaks. When she wasn't taking it easy she was earning her keep posing for the publicity department in bathing suits, play suits, tennis get-ups and a dozen other more-or-less-legitimate excuses for displaying the Hayward gams and torso, which, according to the experts, are Grade A. When her contract was up, the studio, having exploited la Hayward from every angle known to still photographers, thanked her profusely for letting them have six months of her time. Not once, by the way, had they let her gambol in front of a movie camera.

It dawned on her as she was departing and clutching her last paycheck that this stuff about taking it easy and waiting for the breaks was a Chinese lullaby. Maybe it was all right for cuties who had nothing to offer but their curves. But not for a self-respecting Brooklyn Bernhardt.

That very day she revamped her entire outlook. Instead of waiting for the breaks, she was going out and make them.

As a starter, she decided to pay a call on Artie Jacobson, newly-appointed talent director at Paramount. She would breeze right up to Mr. Jacobson, notify him that she had just severed relations with a rival studio, and let him know she was open for any honest offer. Just like that! Provided, of course, she got past his secretary.

Getting by the buffer was no trick at all. She drifted past her a la Hepburn and almost before she knew it she was standing in the great man's presence.

"Heavenly days!" Mr. Jacobson exclaimed joyously. Whereupon he jumped up out of his seat, took her by the hand and led the way to the office of William Wellman, the famous Paramount producer-director.

"Your troubles are now over," Mr. Jacobson said.

Exit all three bound for a vacant sound stage and an idle camera. Three days later Paramount broke the news: an unknown youngling from Brooklyn had been picked to play opposite Gary Cooper, Ray Milland, et al, in *Beau Geste*.

Beau Geste was [*Continued on page* 39]

See The Big Values Offered By Drug Stores During Nationally Advertised Brands Week—October 3rd-13th



The Corsican Brothers, **United Artists' adaptation of Alexander Dumas' classic novel, stars Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. in a dual role in which he portrays two brothers who were separated at birth. By popular demand, young Doug is appearing in the swashbuckling roles his father made famous**



Once more Dorothy Lamour dons the sarong which made her famous —and vice versa. In *Malaya*, her newest Paramount picture, Dorothy plays a white girl who lives in the jungle. The picture introduces a handsome new hero, Richard Denning. The story opens in the United States with the boy and girl, and takes them back to the jungle where they are menaced by an insane elephant. All very exciting, and in gorgeous Technicolor. Top, left, Dorothy dries her long black hair after a stormy session before the camera. Top, right, Richard and Dotty in a jungle scene. Center, the tiger pet acts as guard as Dorothy prepares to take a swim. Right, a tense moment from the film

She Got Tired of Waiting

[*Continued from page* 36]

a triumph, and if Susan Hayward didn't get mentioned for Academy Award honors, she did, at least, provoke pleasant little sounds from several movie critics throughout the land.

One of them, probably a Harvard man, hailed her as "seraphic," and adjective that even Garbo would be proud to have slung at her.

It is sad to have to report that *Beau Geste* didn't transform our Susan into Paramount's darling. Three months after it had been released, she was the studio's neglected nymph. She glided gracefully over the Paramount reservation, when she had business on the lot, wowing the tourists with her titian hair and her alabaster coloring. She may have wowed the tourists but the boys in the front office managed to stay quite unimpressed. They renewed her contract after some hesitation and told her to stick around.

Two years and a half at Paramount and she had contributed to the following: *Beau Geste, Our Leading Citizen, $1,000 a Touchdown.*

Fade into the annual sales convention of Paramount Pictures, edition of 1940. A banquet is going on, and the exhibitors are in high spirits. The head table is filled with screen luminaries. One by one they get up to speak. They say little.

When it comes time for Susan Hayward to take a bow, she plants her feet squarely under her and makes an honest-to-goodness speech. Briefly, but graphically, she paints a picture of an actress drawing down money and doing nothing but sitting around soaking up the California sun. She tells the boys that that is okay on the WPA but personally she thinks it is abominable. Loud applause from the boys. Now she puts the question squarely up to them. How would they like to see her do a picture? Cheers and stomping of feet.

Miss Hayward spins around, faces the Paramount pooh-bahs.

"Well, how about it?" she inquires.

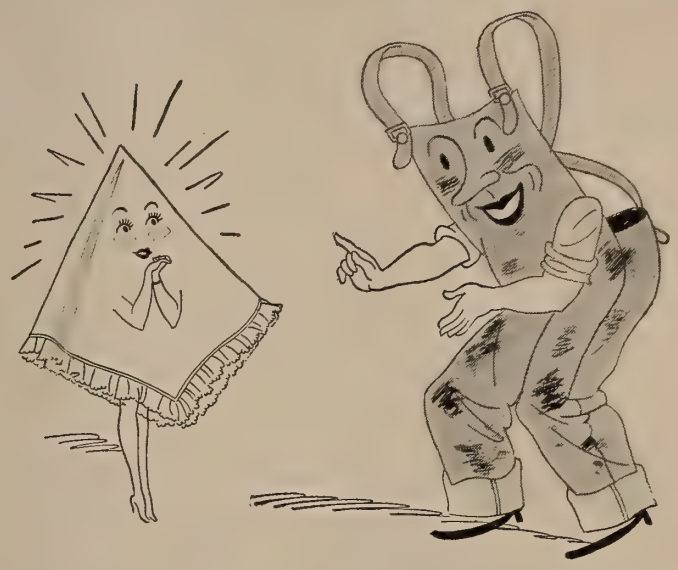
Up rises William LeBaron, then in charge of production. He is embarrassed and no two ways about it. He says something about looking around for the "proper vehicle." The applause grows louder. Mr. LeBaron takes his seat. A posse of the boys whoop, "We want Hayward!"

That was the beginning of the beginning for Hayward. The story department swung into action looking for a script. But before they could find one, Columbia Pictures had put in a fancy bid for Susan's services. Paramount, awed by the Columbia folding money, capitulated. And Miss Hayward went over for the single picture, *Adam Had Four Sons.*

As the rapacious little minx on the make for anything with trousers, the Hayward lady was a sensation. She returned to Paramount in a blaze of glory.

Those days of taking it easy and waiting for the breaks are a closed chapter in the life history of Susan Hayward, now in the midst of etching a memorable role in *Reap the Wild Wind.* It won't be long now. ■

Said the Overalls to the Handkerchief...



"Well, here we go again, pal, head first into another tub-full of Fels-Naptha suds. Funny, ain't it, how Fels-Naptha Soap can take a little softie like you and a big, rough, grimy customer like me; tumble us around in the same tub, turn us *both* out spick and span—without a speck o' dirt left on me or a bit o' harm done to your delicate constitution?"

When you have seen Fels-Naptha Soap pitch into all kinds of dirty clothes and get rid of the worst ground-in grime, without the destructive rub, rub, *rub* that women used to take for granted, you'll know why this Peerless Pair of Cleaners—gentle naptha and richer, *golden* soap have taken the washday job away from weak, would-be beauty soaps.

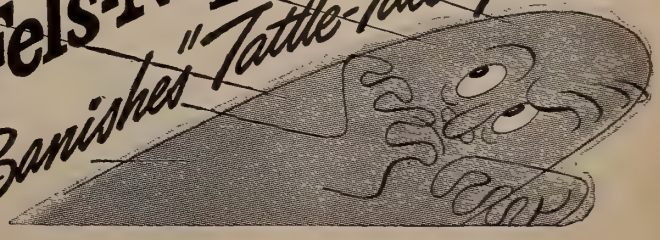


Get Fels-Naptha Soap or Fels-Naptha Soap Chips from your grocer and put the Peerless Pair to work in *your* home next washday. Hot water or cool—hard or soft—Fels-Naptha Soap will give you the whitest wash you've ever seen!

Golden bar or Golden chips—

Fels-Naptha

—Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



Don't Misunderstand My Daughter, Linda Darnell

By Mrs. Pearl Darnell

As Told To BEN MADDOX

■ My daughter's problems are no different now that she is a Hollywood star.

What she is up against in the movie colony, how she is handling her career, her family, her screen salary, and her dates are just exactly what she would have faced anywhere else. It is true that she is spotlighted where many a girl has stumbled conspicuously. But then many a girl takes the wrong steps where there is no glitter even as the booby prize.

Let me give you the correct slant on Linda Darnell's dilemmas. Don't misunderstand her! Already the publicity mills have astonished me with their exaggerations, and I realize more fancy little tales will probably be ground out about her. In Hollywood they call this the necessary build-up.

Only the other day, for instance, Linda and I read that she was considering buying the three-hundred-year-old wedding gown she wore in her last picture. Next morning a certain columnist advised readers to beware of any denial that Linda wasn't planning to marry her Latin beau in it. Actually, I personally doubt if the dress was quite that old. Certainly Linda never thought of buying it. And she has never had the slightest idea of marrying Jaime Jorba, the young man in question. Still, it sounded colorful, I suppose.

Jaime, a twenty-two-year-old refugee from Spain, is one of the finest boys I have ever known. When we vacationed in Mexico City last spring we met him again for the first time since Linda's freshman year in high school. Of course, she had been far too young ever to have had a date with him, but his exceptionally courteous manners and earnestness lingered in her mind so they have corresponded. And there is your lowdown on that much embellished Latin romance of Linda's. That's all there is to it!

She is not in love with Mickey Rooney, either. He is fun and I like the respect he shows her. However, her friendship with Mickey is merely friendshp. At least on her part. So far she has never gone steadily with any one boy. The studio may cast her in roles as adult as Tyrone Power's wife, may have her enact highly emotional scenes. She can do them convincingly without having yet experienced the adolescent crush of first love.

Altogether, since coming to Hollywood, Linda hasn't been out with more than a dozen boys. I okay them all. She doesn't go about with older men, never fibs about her age. She has just turned eighteen. Chocolate malts may not be chic, but they're suitable and she lives like the normal schoolgirl she'd be if she weren't making pictures. She is happy with the quiet pace. She's devoted to the family, enjoys staying home with me and her younger brother and sister.

She loves to dance, but night clubs—I'm glad to say—bore her. Linda doesn't smoke or drink. If I ever see her smoking I'll probably slap the cigarette out of her hand. I don't worry about the artificial side of Hollywood touching her because I won't let her lead that dizzy life. Linda is unimpressed by that glamour stuff.

Linda is not permitted to have dates when she's making a picture. When she isn't working she must be in by 11:30 p. m. I don't want her to be thrown with those one-and-two o'clockers.

I am not one of those ultra-modern mothers who doesn't care what her daughter does when the getting is good. I'm still the Spirit of '76. I try to be broad-minded, but I'm stuck on a few important old-fashioned principles. Linda's contract with 20th Century-Fox hasn't altered them.

She has no melodramatic problems for we've never ventured into any undesirable situation. She won't marry, I hope, until she's between twenty and twenty-three. When she falls, she's going to fall hard and marry for love. Not for money or position. She isn't intrigued by wealth. "I will marry him if he's poor—if I love him," she declares. "And if he's fifty, that'll be all right!"

Only so far as her acting before the cameras is concerned is she on her own today. I have never attempted to coach her for film scenes. Linda responds so instinctively to direction that she never has to bring a script home to rehearse. On Mr. Zanuck's orders, she doesn't study with the studio's drama coach. She's never taken a dramatic or diction lesson. She was never turned down for any role she tried to get in Dallas plays, and she played her first one with a religious group when she was twelve. I think she has been extremely lucky.

I took her to possible employers, for I had always wished to act and was never given the opportunity. But I never pushed her. They had to want her as she was. She modelled in style shows from childhood up, sang over the radio, posed for photographers, made advertising movies, was selected from hundreds as a celebrity greeter at our home exposition. Between ten and fourteen, when Hollywood chose her, she earned $1,800.

Half her movie salary goes into a trust fund for her. We're economical with the rest. We have one car. Linda doesn't have a maid.

When she kisses me good-bye each morning she leaves for work, I know she will be safe at the studio. There's no foolishness about Linda. I can trust her anywhere. That means a lot more to me than Hollywood fame and fortune. ■



Linda Darnell's wise mother sees to it that her famous daughter leads the life of a normal, healthy schoolgirl. Mrs. Darnell always accompanies Linda on her trips. Below, on a recent good-will tour





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Director's Headache

By JOHN FULLER

■ The Reluctant Benchley, formerly an author of note, has not completely mastered his new full-time trade of acting. This becomes apparent to his successive directors the moment he steps before the camera for the very first take.

The director Mr. Benchley is giving the headaches to currently is Sidney Lanfield, who has been deviled by child stars, ice skaters, dog stars and wild animals in previous films. This is his first experience with a tame Benchley.

The enterprise to which Boyish Bob is lending his extraordinary if unorthodox talents is *You'll Never Get Rich,* a mad mural of cuckooism-in-khaki which also employs the services of Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth and Osa Massen.

Director Lanfield had fair warning of the woes he would experience at the hands of the partly-reformed humorist Benchley at the very outset of the proceedings. His colleague in megaphoning, William Seiter, had just survived the making of *Nice Girl?* which starred Deanna Durbin and featured the aforesaid Benchley.

"This guy will drive you nuts," Seiter warned Sid Lanfield. "He knows nothing at all about acting and it's too late to teach him. Just hand him his lines and murmur a prayer. The results will be either utterly charming or second-degree murder, according to your luck."



Bob Benchley may be a headache to his directors, but his utterly charming performances are their just rewards. The reformed humorist is in the Columbia production, *You'll Never Get Rich*.

In *You'll Never Get Rich* Benchley is cast as a musical-comedy producer who spends most of his time chasing dames. In his introductory scene with Osa Massen, the Danish charmer, he seemed to be fascinated by the chalk marks on the floor that indicated where he should stand.

At the completion of the take Director Lanfield called Bob aside and registered a mild complaint.

"You read the lines all right," the director admitted, "but I got the impression you were looking at the chalk marks."

"Nonsense," Benchley replied. "I was looking to see if I had my shoes on."

As a matter of fact, he didn't have his shoes on. This is a habit with the man, dating back to an old case of gout. Instead, he was wearing a pair of turkey-red slippers with gold brocade, the kind sultans are reputed to wear around the harem.

"Very natty little numbers, don't you think?" he inquired, when the attention of the entire company had been drawn to his footwear. "They are the property of a millionaire sportsman named John Hay Whitney. He and I were at somebody's house party and a valet thoughtfully packed his slippers in my bag. I'm getting fine mileage out of them."

His part in the Astaire picture, *You'll Never Get Rich,* Mr. Benchley describes as a "college-type wolf."

"You can tell I'm a college man by the broken hat," he elucidates. "You can tell I'm educated by the cane I carry and you can tell I'm a wolf by my bared fangs."

The tempting Miss Massen, who plays lamb to Benchley's wolf, is still having trouble with her English grammar. The pronunciation is understandable but the verbs and nouns get jumbled up occasionally. When she tries to concentrate on making sense out of her lines Robert Benchley is no help at all.

In the middle of a take he is just as liable as not to interrupt with, "Go on with some more of that hutsut, dumpling."

At every such break-up the normally sane Mr. Lanfield comes charging out from behind the camera like an enraged top-sergeant.

"What the hell is this with the ad-libbing?" he demands. "Things are tough enough with an accent and an amateur. Do we have to have jokes too?"

"Just trying to improve the picture," Benchley chirps with a disarming smile. "My mind is sharp as a knife this morning and I want you to get the full benefit of it."

Many of the lines and situations in the script are the product of Benchley's nimble wit. One sequence shows him alighting from his limousine and entering a swanky jewelry store. The fact is planted that it is his wedding anniversary and that he is about to make a handsome gesture toward his spouse, Frieda Inescort.

He selects something devastating in a $3,000 bracelet and has it inscribed "To my dear sweet Sheba." Sheba is his current flame. When this deal is concluded he mentions to the clerk that he is interested also in buying some kind of a knick-knack for his wife, costing about a buck. He settles for a Chinese back-scratcher.

Despite the facts that he made the first all-talking picture—*The Treasurer's Re-*

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port, Number One in an endless series of monologue shorts—and that he has been an annual sojourner in Hollywood for fifteen years, the fellow insists he is still a novice in the movies. His opinion is shared by everybody else.

"I came out in 1925 as a subtitle writer," he confesses. "I got a fine broken leg out of that—result of an occupational accident. But visitors who got in yesterday from Milwaukee on their first trip ask me how I like Hollywood and whether I am going to try to break into the movies. It's discouraging."

Walt Disney's *The Reluctant Dragon* provided Bob with his first Technicolor adventure. His make-up was a delicate apple green and he customarily wore it home from the studio. One night he found a jolly little circle of friends gathered in his apartment for a cocktail after a hard day on the golf course.

"They took one look at me with my verdant tinge and began to make funereal mutterings," he reports. "I didn't look as if I was made up—I merely looked dead."

What with his many movie chores, Benchley has been suffering from an acute shortage of social life. It seems that he no sooner got settled down comfortably in a night spot than closing time came 'round and he had to go home to bed. This got to be a tiresome state of affairs.

"But the younger generation came to my rescue," he gloats. "Don't say we haven't got clear-eyed, forward-looking youth in this country. My two sons came out from New York and on their very first night in Hollywood they found a joint that's open all night. You can say for me that the Benchleys are back on a solid, sensible routine of all fun and no sleep." ■

DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S SENSATIONAL STORY ON CLARK GABLE



Like her young daughter, Mrs. Gloria Vanderbilt found Hollywood night life highly entertaining. Edmund Lowe was her dancing companion at Ciro's

"For a dazzling complexion try my Beauty Nightcap"



says Dorothy Lamour...

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First, I cleanse my face with Woodbury Cold Cream, the luscious 3-way beauty cream that cleanses, softens, smooths. Then on goes a fresh, light film of this same wonder-working Woodbury Cold Cream to soften my skin all through the night.

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Dual Personality





Beauteous Barbara Allen didn't get a tumble from Hollywood until she created her zany character, Vera Vague, right. Audiences who see Barbara as her own lovely self in *Ice-Capades* find it hard to reconcile themselves to her startling dual personality

By FREDDA DUDLEY

■ Vera Vague has a voice like a screen door closing on a cat's tail; Barbara Allen's tones are low and melodious. "She talks," said Basil Rathbone, "like the notes of violin sixths."

Barbara, or Vera, was invested at birth with a dual personality.

The celebrated Waldo, Vera Vague's imaginary buoy friend (lit up and all wet) was addicted to red hair, so Vera Vague dyed hers. No sooner was that done than Waldo changed his mind at sight of a blonde, so Vera changed her top, too. The result—according to a Sunday night script—was a melange of Kelly green topped with mustard. Actually, Barbara Allen has one of the most beautiful heads of raven black hair in Hollywood. It is thick, naturally wavy, and satin with highlights.

Vera Vague's torso is such that, after a sunburn, it resembles a straw through which someone is drinking a cherry coke; Barbara Allen is built like a Varga girl.

Vera Vague's teeth are strictly kinetic (i. e. easily moved from place to place); Barbara Allen owns one of the most dazzling smiles ever to be fugitive from a toothpaste ad.

Vera Vague's taste in clothes runs to monk's cloth (think what a monastery would mean to Vera!) and her hats look like the thirty-five cent vegetable plate; Barbara Allen, dressed for the street or Ciro's, looks like a tear sheet from next month's Harper's Bazaar.

Vera Vague would give her amber hatpins, her pearl dog collar, her chatelaine watch, and her sterling silver bustle for a date with any male up to and including Mahatma Ghandi; Barbara Allen has been married twice and currently has more telephone calls than she can answer.

Vera Vague thinks children are nice; Barbara Allen has an adorable nine-year-old daughter who is being very carefully reared.

Vera Vague's long suit, in the intellectual department, is a series of addle-pated clubwoman lectures with emphasis on misinformation, subterfuge and insanity; Barbara Allen was educated at Stanford, the University of California, and the Sorbonne in Paris—from which she received her degree. She speaks French without accent, and her Spanish is something to make Cuban hearts beat faster. Currently she is studying economics because she finds it "fascinating." She is also working seriously on a book for children. Not a fiction story, but a volume explaining the *what* of education. Miss Allen feels that children are stoked like furnaces with shovelsful of information, the reason for which is obscure.

"If, however, you can point to a tire and explain why rubber is involved in international politics, you've brought geography to life. If you can tell a child why

we have banks and how they work, you've made a long start toward giving arithmetic some interest. At least, that's my idea."

Because Barbara Allen is *soigne,* a well-groomed, sophisticated woman of the world, her alter ego, La Vague, frequently embarrasses her. While Barbara was vacationing in Catalina, the Chicago Cubs were going through spring practice on the island. Someone told the Cubs—whose heads turned as one swivel when Barbara walked by—"That's Vera Vague, the radio panic."

An astounding statement like that isn't to go unchallenged among the Cubs. Shortly, a stalwart ball player eased over to Barbara and explained that he had ten dollars that said she wasn't Vera Vague.

"I'm sorry to be so expensive, but that's the truth," she said.

"All right—then go ahead and talk like Vera Vague," he ordered suspiciously.

She tried, but she began to laugh so hard that Vera's hysterio-soprano eluded her. The ball player strolled away with a swagger that saved him ten dollars. Vera Vague in that classic chassis? Jellybeans—nobody could fool him.

Although Barbara is frequently exasperated by Vera—and was ashamed of her for a long time—she is now grateful to the zany. Barbara, the beauteous, spent many months in Hollywood trying to crash pictures. She had been in plays on Broadway, and she had played countless dramatic leads for Henry Duffy. She was a thoroughly seasoned actress, but Hollywood was out for lunch.

So she went into radio, making her debut in Carleton Morse's *Witch of Endor.* "I was the witch, of course," she recalls. After that start, being proficient at dialects, she did Chinese girls, negroes, French maids, Swedish characters, and Irish lassies in addition to her regular romantic leads. But it was Vera Vague's screwball shriek that finally shook the paralysis from Hollywood's arm, and signed Barbara to a contract as comedienne in *The Mad Doctor.*

After seeing Barbara in a clinging blue evening gown and a blue-fox evening coat in *Ice-Capades,* audiences will decide that Barbara Allen is glamorous, gorgeous, glistening, and that Vera Vague is just a rib. Not the kind that Adam had, but one borrowed from Lew Lehr.

Still, before you draw too many conclusions about Barbara being the sensible member and Vera being the pixie, consider this: Recently Barbara drove into a nearby town on an errand. When she emerged from the store, her car was gone.

She remembered distinctly where she had parked it, yet it wasn't there. Frantically she telephoned a friend, who drove to the rescue. "Let's have a cup of coffee while we talk this over, then we'll notify the police," he said.

During their conversation, Barbara did her best, mentally, to retrace her steps. She knew exactly where she had parked the car. It had been stolen, that was all there was to it.

When she and her friend emerged, dead bent for the police station, the friend pointed out the missing car. It was parked exactly where Barbara had left it!

Hmmm? ■

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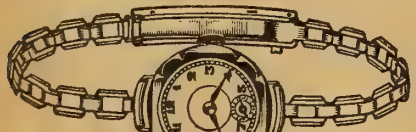
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Crime Pays—



For Mr. Nolan

By FREDERICK McFEE

Lloyd Nolan's ability to portray heroes and heels with equal ease has proved a bonanza. Above, Betty Field gets a sample of his caddish work in the new Warner Brothers' picture, *New Orleans Blues*

■ Lloyd Nolan narrowed his eyes and deliberately socked Betty Field in the puss. It was a whale of a wallop, too—and several onlookers winced visibly as Miss Field, hand to cheek, gazed at Brute Nolan in horror. It was obvious that she considered him a cad, a bounder and no gentleman.

Someone yelled "Cut!" and Mr. Nolan dropped his evil villain's mask to become a tall man with a handsomely chiseled face, kindly brown eyes and a soft voice. "I didn't hurt you, did I, Betty?" he asked anxiously.

"Of course not, silly," Miss Field assured him. She knew that Mr. Nolan was an old socker-in-the-puss from way back, and knows how to pull his punches to the fraction of an inch. Mr. Nolan's blow, Miss Field might have added, was more like a butterfly's caress.

All of this violence was taking place on Stage 4 at Warner Brothers, as part of *New Orleans Blues* in which Mr. Nolan, after quite a siege of straight hero and comedy roles, is once more playing a heel.

Nolan is one of the few actors in Hollywood who can play heroes and heavies with equal ease—and does. The result is that the gentleman is one of the very busiest actors in the film town, with rarely more than a day off between pictures.

Inquiry revealed that the prematurely-gray actor had learned a bitter lesson when he first came to Hollywood, a wide-eyed innocent from the New York stage. Before signing a contract he had been assured that he wouldn't be "typed." That's what his more experienced friends had advised him. So what happened? He was immediately typed.

"They stuck a gun in my hand and I blazed away through a series of gangster stinkers," said the candid Mr. Nolan. "People began to refer to me as 'that movie gangster,' and I began to worry. I worried myself right out of that contract, which was what I was after, anyway. My second studio connection was much better. I had a chance to play romantic leads and comedy roles along with the occasional gangster assignments.

"But now—" Mr. Nolan sighed expressively, "I've only got one contract, and that's with 20th Century-Fox for the *Michael Shayne* pictures. Three a year. The rest of my roles I can be choosy about. And I *am* choosy."

This was not said boastfully, but in a nice, matter-of-fact fashion. Nolan is known as one of the most dependable actors in the industry, and directors scream for his services. He sometimes has more work than he can handle. No sooner does he finish at Paramount then he rushes to 20th Century-Fox, while Warner Brothers delays production on a picture so that he can participate.

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The actor is very fond of his *Michael Shayne* character, and well he might be. Although they're not big budget films, and frankly made for double bills, Nolan has attracted a terrific fan following, and is right up there in the 20th Century fan mail statistics. "*Michael's* a real character," said Nolan. "He's got guts and a sense of humor. And *he* gets the girl."

Nolan is a San Francisco product. The son of a successful shoe manufacturer, with nary a drop of theatrical blood in his veins, Lloyd attended Santa Clara and Stanford Universities. At the latter college, amateur theatricals gave him a yen for the stage. When he left college he enrolled at the Pasadena Community Theater School, which, besides Mr. Nolan, has turned out an enviable list of graduates.

This was in the late '20's, and Edward Everett Horton was then running a highly successful stock company in Hollywood. (People were going to the theater in those days.) Funny man Horton swiped Nolan away from Pasadena to play the juvenile in *The Queen's Husband,* which was a vast hit, and ran on and on. It was Lloyd's first professional experience, and he did well. Even had a movie offer or two, but—

"I had my eye on New York," he said. "It was Broadway or nothing. And it was nothing for a long time, I'll have to confess. Lots of other young guys had the same idea. However, I was luckier than most. I got a tiny part and a job as understudy to Roger Pryor who was playing in one of the touring companies of *The Front Page,* the year's biggest hit. But Roger was revoltingly healthy. Most of the time I just sat in the wings, mouthing the lines that Pryor was saying on the stage."

His next chore was at the famous Dennis Playhouse on Cape Cod, where he worked —not as an actor, but as a stagehand. And he was happy to do it, too, because all sorts of famous stars were making guest appearances—the late Alice Brady, Edith Barrett, Sir Guy Standing and Jane Cowl among others. Another who was thrilled to be around these great people was a mousy-looking usherette with enormous eyes. Her name was Bette Davis.

Several seasons of stock followed. Lloyd became quite a matinee idol in Detroit and Cleveland. He appeared with people like Helen Hayes, Pat O'Brien and Wallace Ford. When he finally did crash Broadway, his first shows were miserable flops.

Sweet Stranger, one of his first Broadway shows, found him playing the part of an office boy who was in love with the stenographer, a lovely actress named Nell Elfrid. Always serious about feeling his roles, Mr. Nolan stayed in the office boy character off the stage, and the two were married when the show closed. This was in 1933, and the Nolans are still happily romancing. Almost a year ago they were made three, as the quaint old saying goes, by the arrival of a baby girl named Melinda.

But it isn't Melinda's fault that the Nolans are such homebodies, and completely unknown to headwaiters at the Hollywood night spots. They have been that way all along. They have their home, a beautiful house in Brentwood, and Lloyd's career to occupy them.

"We had never owned a home before," said Nolan. "And how we worked over this one! We bought one of those phony looking Beverly Hills type Spanish houses, because the living arrangements and location were perfect, and then proceeded to make it over. We knocked out walls, and put in new windows, and the first thing we knew, we had a vague English Colonial effect that we think is pretty nice."

Mrs. Nolan is crazy about interior decorating, and, confessed Tough Guy Nolan, "We're auction hounds. You'll find us at all the big sales out in Glendale and Pasadena, bidding furiously for articles that rarely look as intriguing the next day. But it's great fun. More fun than night clubs. You can get home earlier."

Nolan has been in Hollywood since 1934, having attracted the attention of film scouts as the juvenile lead with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in *Reunion in Vienna,* and later even more favorably in *One Sunday Afternoon,* which was quite a hit. He had the lead in that one—the part you saw Jimmy Cagney play in the recent *Strawberry Blonde.* As for returning to the stage—

"Well, it would be nice, I suppose—but we're pretty settled out here," said the gentleman complacently, forgetting that the average actor, when asked such a question, immediately claims that he'd mortgage his swimming pool in order to return to that wonderful Broadway. Or maybe Mr. Nolan just didn't care. ■

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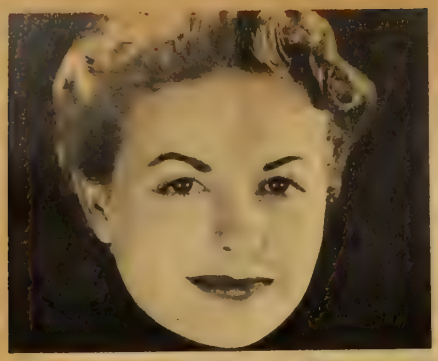
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Granny Knew Best

By BOB HALL

It was at the insistence of Mary Beth Hughes' grandmother that the "blond butterball" tried her luck in Hollywood. Mary gets her wish to play a lady menace in Fox's *Hearses Don't Hurry*

■ They used to call Mary Beth "The Blond Butterball." And with reason. Those dairymaid contours, by courtesy of an appetite that would shame a farmer's daughter, made her appear to be a watch-fob edition of Mae West.

In a couple of Lana Turner pictures Miss Hughes, playing the part of pictorial background, was described by knowing critics as a bursting bud.

Roly-poly proportions are all right for apprentice actresses required to do little more than pout prettily and remark from time to time, "What can Harold be thinking of?"

But when Twentieth Century-Fox hired her, the long-time urge to be a menace cropped up in Mary Beth.

"No dice, Doll Face," the front office informed her when she entered her plea. "You're supposed to be beautiful, numb and appealing."

Against the better judgment of the Fox general staff she was permitted to wangle her way into the ingenue lead of *Four Sons*, a stiff assignment for a recruit considering that the only other woman in the cast was the vastly experienced and generously talented Eugenie Leontovich.

"A fluke," the casting moguls agreed when Mary Beth turned in a creditable performance. They patted her on the head, sent her home on furlough and told her not to fall off her bicycle.

Then *Four Sons* was previewed. The movie reporters and associated wise guys performed verbal handsprings and somersaults over Miss Hughes, of whom they had been permitted to get more than a momentary glimpse for the first time.

The master minds in the producers' office went into a high-speed whir. "Maybe," was the consensus, "our bouncing baby isn't a blank after all."

At that moment John Barrymore was scheduled to make his annual comeback in the charade called *The Great Profile*. Wincing just the least bit at their own bravery, the brass hats at Twentieth played a long shot and pencilled in the name of their beautiful butterball as The Profile's leading lady, privately convicting themselves at the same time of public insanity in the first degree.

Nobody ever yet stole a picture from Barrymore, of course, and *The Great Profile* was something less than earth-shattering as a cinematic work of art. But in it Mary Beth acquitted herself so well that a fanatic dame who confessed herself a lifelong Barrymore worshipper sent in a fan letter beginning, "Mary Beth Hughes, I hate you more than anyone on earth."

Taking that as a sign of success and a cue to reinforce her plea for "heavy" roles, the delectable baby dumpling prayed nightly for ways and means to make her appear uniformly despicable on the screen.

"I was a rat in my very first picture," she told the bosses. "Look it up and see if I wasn't one of the rattiest rats on the

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screen. The picture was *Fast and Furious* and I was so hateful the audiences hissed me."

So fervent was her plea that they gave her four innocuous ingenue parts, playing up the curves and cuteness. The vehicles ranged from *Charlie Chans* to Westerns. They advanced her career about one-eighth of an inch.

At this point all the essential hamminess in La Hughes asserted itself. The flavor of ham in her background is highly fragrant and permeates the nation from coast to coast. The first pungent whiff of Hughesian ham made itself evident on the campus of a girls' school in Washington, D. C.

Previously Mary Beth had been inoculated with Thespic virus by her grandmother, Flora Lucas, who in her heyday had acted in the same company with Ethel Barrymore.

"It was Grandmother who imbued me with the spirit of the theater," Mary Beth confesses. "Grandmother brought me up on tales of the drama and grand opera and anecdotes about the Barrymores. Her recitals still awe me, even after I have played opposite a Barrymore. Grandmother was responsible for my going to dramatic school and for my coming to Hollywood."

Going back among her lavender and old lace Mary Beth recalls that while studying at Holy Cross Academy, Grandma prodded her into enrolling in a dramatic school operated by Clifford Brooke, a veteran actor who used his school as a drill-ground for his Washington stock company, from which the butterball blonde eventually graduated.

For a couple of years after graduation she was a member of the stock company shock troops, playing for a trifling wage everything from flappers to dowagers.

In 1936 the health of her mother became impaired and doctors ordered a change of climate. Florida was her first choice but Mary Beth's ambitious grandmother insisted on California so that the family's fair-haired youngster could be exposed to the inspection of the movie gentlemen.

At the end of the transcontinental trek the budding Mary Beth was unfolded to the gaze of the casting agents. They weren't having any that season.

But Earl Carroll, the well-known connoisseur of adolescent pulchritude, took one look at the kid's 1890 outline and contracted to put it on a pedestal in his Hollywood night club.

There it was that the studio talent scouts, who always seem to be afflicted with astigmatism in their own offices, discovered La Belle Butterball. M-G-M flashed the first fountain pen and won the optional use of her talent for seven years.

In *Fast and Furious,* with Ann Sothern, she showed what many regarded as a genuine streak of malice, if a roly-poly blond kitten can be called malicious. That was and is her favorite role to date. But immediately afterward they relegated her to the role of Assistant Sweater Girl in three little mishaps called *Free, Blonde and 21, These Glamour Girls* and *Star Dust.*

Sparkling, up-to-the-minute stories on Clark Gable, Bob Hope, Fred Astaire, Jane Withers, Kay Kyser and Ginny Simms, Anne Gwynne, Roy Rogers, Tommy Harmon and Kaaren Verne coming next month!

At this point a perceptive gentleman employed across the hills from M-G-M at Twentieth Century-Fox detected a certain glitter about the girl. Negotiations were set in motion which resulted in the sale of her contract—the remaining six years of it.

The first picture her new Simon Legree put her in was a world-stirring drama of human hearts called *Lucky Cisco Kid.* Mary Beth thought she was back in the four-bit stock company in Washington.

Ever since then, even while she was matching her bodily profile against Barrymore's facial splendor—she has been heckling the studio grand jury to try her in a character part.

"Forget it, Cuddles," was the stock reply. "Your business is being a beaut."

She continued butting her pretty golden tresses against a brick wall until a sympathetic cameraman took pity on her and showed her the light.

"Slice it off, little sister," the guy advised. "The way you look now nobody could hate you."

So Mary Beth, who loves food only slightly less than she loves her career, sacrificed herself to a fate only slightly better than death.

She went on a diet.

She trimmed off twenty-five pounds.

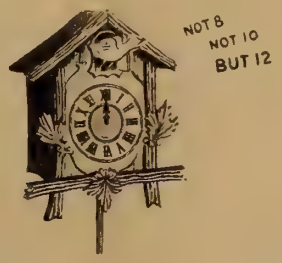
She's a menace, a murderer's accomplice, in *Hearses Don't Hurry.*

Greater love hath no butterball . . . ■

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Binnie Barnes gave up her pretentious home (above) to live in a cottage with her husband, Mike Frankovich, who couldn't afford a mansion. Her sacrifice built a solid foundation to a marriage that was handicapped from the start. Binnie's in *Three Girls About Town*

For the Love of Mike

By NAOMI SHAW

■ If there were a Nobel award for the most intelligent handling of a handicapped "first year of marriage," Binnie Barnes and Mike Frankovich would certainly be running in the money.

If the case of the career wife is close to your heart, you are invited to step in and view one of the most original dramas ever devised on the threadbare framework of Hollywood marriage.

The time:—Two months before the Barnes-Frankovich wedding.

The place:—Miss Barnes' eleven-room home. It is a show-place of Brentwood.

Curtain goes up on the music room.

Beneath a bombardment of a two-party jam session, its academic dignity collapses.

Binnie and Mike are letting their hair down.

The shining grand piano, dedicated to Chopin and Bach, winces under an attack of "Does your mother know you're out . . . Ceceeeeeeeeel-YUH!" as administered by the determined fingers of Miss Barnes.

Mike tootling a clarinet with the enthusiasm of an amateur, serenades a Modigliani duenna, who shudders helplessly in her thin black frame.

Suddenly he catches sight of the Sevres clock.

"Hey," he says, "maybe we better stop, huh? The neighbors. . . ."

"Not through these walls . . ." Binnie crows, her voice soaring with pride. "Why this house . . . this house is soooo. . . ."

Beneath a thunderous cadenza, the remainder of her words are lost. But the sentiment, the love of the home she built and furnished with slow, painstaking care during her years in Hollywood, is unmistakable.

Mike's face shadows with sudden dismay.

"You'll miss this place, won't you . . .?" he asks gravely.

"Miss it?"

Binnie's fingers, arched for a chord, collapsed on the keys.

"Why Mike, aren't we going to live here? I thought you liked this place?"

"It's a swell place," Mike agrees sadly, thinking of the swimming pool, the tennis courts, the artful little patios, the rumpus-room that was really a little house, and the garden.

"It's a swell place," he said, "only, I can't afford it. Even though you own it. I can't afford what it stands for."

Miss Barnes, still seated at the piano, is deep in thought.

Mr. Fankovich looks like a guy who received word that he has forfeited the $2,500 bank-night prize because he wasn't at the theater.

Suddenly Binnie shrugs her shoulders and gives out with a quick flash of sweetness and light.

"Okay, toots," she says, "you're the boss."

And goes back to banging on the piano.

Six months later, in the tiny, shining kitchen of a Westwood cottage, she makes it sound very simple indeed.

"After all," she says, sampling the lobster Newburgh with a ladle, "My life has to be with him, not with a house."

Nothing to indicate that she has lived, or would want to live any other life but this. No little, quickly-suppressed sighs, no far-away looks, no grin-and-bear-it-ness in her voice.

You begin to think maybe the huge, white, sprawling early-American house on Cliffwood Road is something you dreamed up yourself.

Maybe the delicate winding stair-case, ascending to a floor of luxurious bedroom-suites, complete with their glittering tile baths, was just something you had seen in a magazine on home decoration, somewhere.

For there is not one symbol of it any-

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where. Not even one of her precious modern paintings, or the delicately moulded little statues, or a set of Limoges china, had found their way into this home of a young radio announcer and his actress wife.

"They don't belong here," she says matter-of-factly. "They represent a life that has no meaning for me now. And for Mike, they would serve only as little taunting reminders that I'd given up something. Like gay holiday postcards to people who have to slave away in a stuffy office. 'Having a wonderful time, wish you were here,' when they could not possibly be there.

"That was my life alone. This house is our life together. Mike bought this house for me. It cost fifteen thousand dollars. My house cost sixty-five thousand dollars. But Mike bought this one for me. We furnished it together. The pots and the pans and the silverware. "Oh," she laughs, "the time we had about the living room draperies. The material was very expensive, but so beautiful. But," she says pointedly, "we had a budget. Well, finally we did get that material, but we cut down on something else. I don't remember what."

She shrugs. It is an eloquent and significant shrug, shouting her complete indifference to all the things she can not or will not have.

The money she makes goes, untouched by human hands, into the bank, stored up for a day when it may do some good.

"Now," says Binnie, "it can do no good. Only harm."

Were this tale fiction, it could end right here, with an "and they lived happily ever after," a believable tag-line to the story of an actress who swapped luxury for love in a cottage.

But instead, there is a third act.

The curtain rises.

The place:—The Brentwood showplace, which a year before, Binnie, cheerfully and without a backward glance, had deserted.

Sprawled in a canary-colored rattan chair, Binnie watches as Mike poises for a plunge into the aquamarine swimming pool.

The Frankoviches appear to be very much at home.

Which is not surprising. They are at home. Back at the place, which a year before, Mike Frankovich had honestly admitted he could not afford.

Yes, they are back. But on their own terms.

Because Binnie Barnes' confidence in a man's brains and ability, and her willingness to make sacrifices for them, had paid off.

Living in the little house on Prosser Street, with its pocket-handkerchief of a garden, gave Binnie Barnes no inferiority complex whatever.

The same town cars that drove up the winding driveway to the door on Cliffwood, drew up at the curb before the little cottage, to deposit their distinguished passengers.

And when people visited the Frankoviches, they met Mike on his own ground.

As a college athlete, and later as a radio sports-event narrator, he had gained the respect and admiration of a good portion of the American public.

Yet, married to her, he could easily have become, "Mr. Binnie Barnes," simply because movie fame glows more brightly.

Instead, she became Mrs. Mike Frankovich, and Mike, strengthened by her confidence, could speak and act with the sureness of a man who is the head of his own house.

The intelligence, the keen observation, the wit which Binnie recognized the first time she met him, flourished beneath her gentle understanding.

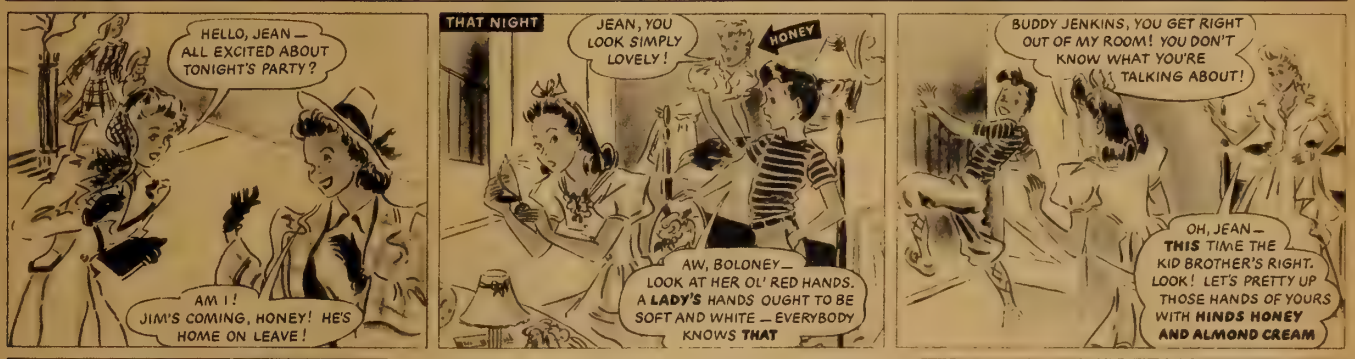
They were discernible to the head of a large studio, who came to dinner one evening.

"Why," said this Mr. Yates, in the course of conversation, "why not discover executive ability, just as we do acting ability? Why take men from other studios, and try to adapt them to our methods? Once you find the right material, it is much easier to start from the beginning. A high grade of intelligence is, in this case, a superior substitute for experience."

Two weeks later, Mike began his career as a motion picture producer, at Republic Studios.

"It was Mike's idea, moving back," says Binnie. "The minute he felt he could afford it, he wanted to move back. He said I'd made sacrifices long enough. As if," she continued with a rush of warmth, "anything is not worth being married to a guy like that!" ■

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Sonja Henie takes pride in concocting the delicacies of her native Norway. *Mandel Kager*, tempting little cookies, are special favorites of hers. The recipe is given below, as well as other prize cookie recipes from the Nordic countries

Cookies—Scandinavian Style

By BETTY CROCKER



Scandinavians have well deserved reputations as cooks. Of all their culinary triumphs, I believe cookies reach the status of high art up there in the Land of the Midnight Sun, and Sonja Henie is inclined to agree with me.

The lovely blond girl whose skates have carried her to fame and fortune had just finished work on her latest picture when we fell into a discussion on cookies, and Miss Henie volunteered to mix some with her own fair fingers.

First of all, it should be explained that cookies with coffee are traditionally the essence of social life in both Norway and Sweden. Whenever two friends meet, the occasion calls for partaking of small cakes and cookies and drinking strong coffee from tiny cups—with lots of sugar.

Etiquette in serving requires offering, first, a small fancy roll, followed by soft cake (usually sponge cake filled with whipped cream or almond paste) which in turn is followed by hard cookies.

A favorite with Miss Henie (who is Mrs. Dan Topping in private life) is Sand Bakels, delectable little tea cakes. You should try them without delay if you have never made them. We will start with the recipe for Sand Bakels and then give you some more from Sonja Henie's own cook book.

SAND BAKELS

1 egg
¾ cup sugar
⅓ cup blanched almonds, ground
4 or 5 unblanched almonds, ground
¾ cup butter
1½ cups sifted all-purpose flour

Beat the egg until light. Add sugar and ground almonds. Mix in butter until thoroughly blended. Add flour and mix thoroughly. Roll very thin and cut into circles to spread on backs of fluted tart forms. If tart forms are not available, cut with different shaped cookie cutters and bake on ungreased cookie sheet or pan.

Bake 8 to 10 minutes in a moderately hot oven (400°). This will make 4 dozen tarts.

MANDEL KAGER

1⅔ cups sifted all-purpose flour
½ cup sugar
1 tbsp. cinnamon
½ tbsp. ground cardamon
½ tsp. baking powder
1 egg
1 cup softened shortening (part butter for flavor)
½ cup chopped toasted almonds

Sift flour, sugar, cinnamon, cardamon and baking powder together. Add beaten egg and softened shortening and mix well. Add almonds. Chill the dough until firm.

Shape into small balls about the size of

See The Big Values Offered By Drug Stores During Nationally Advertised Brands Week—October 3rd-13th

a hickory nut, flatten out, and place on lightly greased baking sheet. Brush tops with an egg glaze made by mixing 1 egg yolk, slightly beaten, with 1 tbsp. water.

Bake 10 minutes in a moderately hot oven (350°). This will make 40 medium-sized cookies.

To keep these rich, buttery cookies crisp and fresh flavored, store them (when cool) in a cool place in a can with a loose cover.

BERLINER KRANZE

1½ cups shortening (use half butter for flavor)
1 cup sugar
Grated rind of one orange
2 eggs
4 cups sifted all-purpose flour

For Meringue

1 egg white
2 tbsp. sugar

Cream the shortening, add sugar gradually with the grated orange rind, and cream well. Beat eggs until light and add to the creamed mixture. Stir in flour, mixing just enough to blend well. Chill dough for an hour. Break off small pieces and form into long rolls the length and size of pencils. Form a circle with each piece, bringing ends through in a single knot. Leave ½ inch end on each side. Make meringue by beating the egg white until stiff and adding the 2 tbsp. of sugar gradually. Brush tops of cookies with this meringue and bake on an ungreased cookie sheet 10 to 15 minutes in a moderately hot oven (400°). This will make 6 dozen cookies.

SELSKAB KAGER

1½ cups butter
1½ cups sugar
1 whole egg
1 egg yolk
1 cup blanched almonds, ground fine
1 tbsp. orange juice
½ tsp. cinnamon or cardamon seed
2½ cups sifted all-purpose flour

Melt butter over low heat (being careful not to brown it). Add the sugar gradually, beating it in thoroughly with a spoon. Add the well-beaten egg, and continue beating with a spoon until mixture is smooth, creamy and somewhat thick. Stir in the ground almonds, flour and flavoring. Roll out very thin and cut in fancy shapes. Bake until brown, about 8 minutes, in a hot oven (450°). This recipe will make 6 dozen cookies.

NEXT MONTH!

The sensational new discovery, Jane Russell, brings you her own choice recipes for tasty Mexican dishes. Watch for them!

SPRITZ

1 cup butter
⅔ cup sugar
3 egg yolks
2½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
4 tbsp. grated almonds, if desired

[*Continued on page* 56]

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Pretty But Perverse



Only a miss as pretty—and perverse—as Ann Miller could withstand the streak of hard luck she has had in Hollywood. She's in Columbia's *Go West, Young Lady*

By MICHAEL MOORE

■ After the opening of George White's *Scandals* in Boston the cops went backstage for an interview with Ann Miller, the dancing star of the show.

Ann thought they wanted her autograph, so, always willing to oblige, she told them to sit down.

"We're giving instructions around here," they told her. "What do you think you were doing out on that stage tonight?"

"You mean that little jungle number?" she asked brightly. "Why, that was my own idea. How did you like it?"

At this point the boys in blue told her they were the official theatrical censors and they didn't like any part of it. The leaf decorations on Ann's costume got too agitated by the wind—or something—and the costume itself was no fit protection from the tropic sun.

"And no bumps, understand?" they said, concluding the ultimatum.

Ann insisted the bumps were no bumps at all, just a Millersque expression of savage emotion.

"Cut the savagery," they told her. "This is Boston. We're all civilized up here. And you'd better cover up those limbs with some opera lengths."

That's always the way with Ann: she gets a big inspiration and then somebody shoves it around until it's all out of shape.

It was that way with the Jessie Matthews stories, *Evergreen, It's Love Again* and *Sailing Along*. Despite certain differences in coloration and contour, Ann bears a remarkable resemblance to

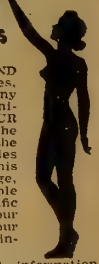
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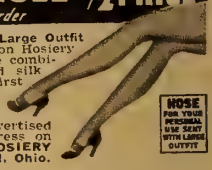
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the English singing and dancing star. She suggested that her studio buy the stories and remake them with her in the lead.

The studio thought it was a good idea. It had some money tied up in England and the purchase of the stories would be a neat financial trick to unfreeze the credits.

Just at the moment when it appeared that Ann's brainstorm was going to click, England froze American movie credits colder than ever and Jessie Matthews herself arrived in the United States determined to take a crack at impersonating her own sweet self.

Thus another Ann Miller inspiration went into the ashcan.

For her newest Columbia picture, *Go West, Young Lady,* she created a Mexican bull-fight dance, even going so far as to have special music composed at her own expense. She also had costumes designed that would blend with her black hair.

Just as she was set to preview her spectacular number for the director, an order came through from the front office that henceforth Ann Miller would be a blonde. Mexican blondes don't make sense. The well-meaning Miss Miller was stymied again.

That's the way it was, too, in two promising movies that had been hits on the Broadway stage. The first was *Room Service,* in which Ann was slated to be the chief foil of the maniacal Marx Brothers. But it developed, as the picture shaped up, that the studio was committed to use two lanky young ladies in the picture. So the leading role was bisected, half going to Lucille Ball. When the necessary rewriting was finished, neither Ann nor Lucille had enough of a part left to make an impression on audiences.

An even worse fate awaited her in *Too Many Girls.* As originally cast, she was to have the chief feminine role, with plenty of love interest. But by that time her flashing legs had created such a stir in other pictures that she was relegated to a straight dancing role and Frances Langford got the speaking lines.

With inspired perversity her agent recommended her for the part of the nutty ballerina in *You Can't Take It With You.* And with equal perversity, the studio gave her the job, despite the fact that until then she had never done any toe-dancing in her life. Her arches still ache from the assignment.

It's been that way ever since Ann busted into the entertainment game. Arriving in Hollywood with her mother from Houston, some charitable soul told her a few stray dollars could be gleaned by entertaining at club meetings and conventions.

Ann allowed that she would do a little dancing at such affairs, dancing being her one exploitable talent. But there was a glut of dancers on the market. So being completely innocent of music, she became a singer. To this day she can't read a note. But she is just about at the pinnacle of Hollywood dancing fame.

So, to prove that she can be as perverse as anybody, she threatens to quit dancing entirely. Bursting with breathless energy, she's determined to be a dramatic actress, like her chum, Linda Darnell.

Anybody who stands in her way had better have the brawn and authority of six Boston cops. ■

WANT TO "DO SOMETHING" ABOUT YOUR COMPLEXION?

WHICH OF THESE FAULTS MARS YOUR COMPLEXION BEAUTY?

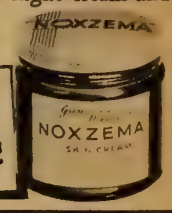
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- √ Rough, "dried-out" skin?
- √ Chapped skin and lips?



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Cookies—Scandinavian Style

[*Continued from page* 53]

Cream the shortening, add the sugar gradually, and cream thoroughly. Blend in the unbeaten egg yolks one at a time and beat well. Add almonds, if desired. Add flour to mixture, mix well and set aside to chill several hours. Force through cookie press in desired shapes on ungreased cookie sheet or pan. Bake for 7 to 8 minutes in a moderately hot oven (400°). This recipe will make 3 to 5 dozen cookies, depending on size and shape.

NORWEGIAN BUTTER COOKIES

- ¾ cup butter
- ½ cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
- ¾ cup cornstarch
- 1 tsp. baking powder

Melt butter over low heat (being careful not to brown it). Add the sugar gradually, beating it in thoroughly with a spoon. Add the well-beaten egg, and continue beating with a spoon until mixture is smooth, creamy and somewhat thick. Blend in vanilla. Sift flour, cornstarch and baking powder together, and add all at once to first mixture. Stir until well blended. Drop by teaspoonfuls (or force through cookie press in desired shapes) about 1½ inches apart onto lightly greased heavy baking sheet or pan. Bake 16 to 18 minutes until a very delicate brown in a moderate oven (350°). (Watch cookies after they have been in the oven for a little while, as they brown all of a sudden!) This will make 4½ dozen cookies (2 inches in diameter).

These cookies should be crisp. Store them (when cool) in a cool place in a can with a loose cover.

OTHER SCANDINAVIAN DISHES YOU'LL LIKE

I only wish there were space to give you some of the other delightful Norwegian recipes in that treasured cook book of Sonja Henie's. However, I can offer you my own selection of Scandinavian recipes which have been carefully tested and adapted for our American kitchens. If you'd like them, just fill out the coupon and send it to me. ■

FREE

Betty Crocker
HOLLYWOOD
1501 Broadway
New York City

Please send me your selection of Scandinavian recipes.

Name .....

Street .....

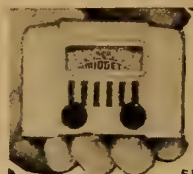
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Hair OFF Face Lips Chin Arms Legs

Happy! I had ugly hair . . . was unloved . . . discouraged. Tried many different products . . . even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked. I have helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. My FREE book, "How to Overcome the Superfluous Hair Problem", explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mme. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 32, Chicago.



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DURABLE PLASTIC CABINETS

Dual Bands—Magictenna—Microdial
Fits your pocket or purse—Wt. 6 ozs. **ABOUT CIGARETTE PACKAGE SIZE! PATENTED FIXED POWER CRYSTAL!** Receives broadcasts clearly. Hi-ratio easy tuning. **"MICRODIAL". No upkeep—OWNERS REPORT 2-3 YEARS OF SERVICE!— THOUSANDS SOLD! M. L. of ILL., SAYS: "MIDGET RADIO WORKS FINE"! ONE YEAR SERVICE GUARANTEE.** Shipped complete ready to listen with instructions and tiny phone for use in homes, offices, hotels, in bed, etc. SIMPLE TO OPERATE—NO ELECTRICITY REQUIRED! LOWEST COST—Send only $2.99 M.O. Cash Check) for postpaid delivery or **GUARANTEE** to pay postman $2.99 plus postage charges on arrival. PRICES MAY GO UP—GET YOUR MIDGET NOW FOR REAL ENJOYMENT! FREE! PLUG IN "MAGICTENNA—ELIMINATES OUTSIDE WIRES WITH EACH ORDER! GUARANTEED TO WORK!
MIDGET RADIO CO. F-11 Kearney, Nebr.

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One year TO PAY IN FULL

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YOUR CHOICE of Jeweled Elgin, Waltham or Illinois wrist watch. New styled size 0 case. Reconstructed movement. Accuracy guaranteed. Given with every Simulated Diamond ring when ordered and paid for on our purchase privilege plan. Payments: $3.50 down, within 20 days after arrival, at your post office. Balance of $3.89 anytime within a year (total only $7.39). Remember, the cost of watch is included in price of the ring. Extra surprise free gift enclosed for promptness. Send NO money with order. Just rush name, address, ring size. It comes by return mail in special gift box, postpaid.
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Dept. K-90-FCW Freeport, Ill.

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ENLARGEMENT
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2 for only 29c each; 4 for only 99c. Just send this ad with any photo or negative. Send No Money but pay plus postage on delivery. Free 6x9" Studio Folder with each Oil Colored Enlargement. Dept. S-10.
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JUST SEND US YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS
We will mail you this beautiful GENUINE 14 KARAT GOLD FINISH CROSS with CLASP PIN attached ABSOLUTELY FREE. Also FREE CATALOG showing over 100 VALUABLE GIFTS—GIVEN FREE—with FULL INFORMATION on HOW TO RECEIVE THEM. Enclose stamp or coin for mailing FREE CROSS.
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TO BE SET TO MUSIC
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A. B. MASTER OF MUSIC
510-FG So. Alexandria Los Angeles, Calif.

See The Big Values Offered By Drug Stores During Nationally Advertised Brands Week—October 3rd-13th

Billy Conn's Feud With Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 19]

tage of Eventually he got in the way and the director ordered Johnny kept off the set. When Billy heard this he turned to the entire crew and said, "Where I go, Johnny goes. If anybody tries to keep him out, let him try it. You don't have to come one at a time, I'll take you all at once." The ban was lifted.

The studio wanted to capitalize on Billy's front page marriage by having his little bride play opposite him.

"I'll ask Johnny," said Billy. The next day Billy said, "Sorry. Johnny says no soap."

Later Billy naively explained. "Besides, I don't think it's right for a man in my position to let his wife work, do you? I'm going to be the champ you know."

He's quite matter of fact about that. He's not trying to brag; it's just a statement of fact. The defeat at the hands of Joe Louis is the only devil in his paradise. But come to think of it, he couldn't have done much better for himself if he had won the championship. He's the most famous loser in the world.

He is also one of the most famous bridegrooms, being the participant in 1941's outstanding Romeo and Juliet romance. It rankles him that the father of the girl he loves doesn't think he's good enough for his daughter. The first time he met Mary Louise Smith, daughter of an oil millionaire, he knew she was the girl for him. Small, blond, sheltered and convent-bred, Mary Louise represents everything he is not.

"She's a real lady," he says proudly. "She can even talk French."

Her father viewed with great alarm her intentions of marrying a prizefighter and tried to break it up. The day Billy fought Louis they secured a license. Papa learned about it and kept Mary Louise at home. Four days later, she sneaked out, met Billy and married him.

When papa heard the news he popped off. "I'll break that whippersnapper's neck!"

"Huh," said Billy later. "Can you imagine anyone beating up a Conn. Why, the Conn's haven't been licked since the snakes were run out of Ireland."

Mary Louise is another reason why Billy was so cocky and blustering in Hollywood. He wanted to show his bride that she married a big shot—a fellow whom other people kow-towed to, even if her father didn't think he was so much. He let everyone in Hollywood know they were getting a preview of the next heavyweight champ. He swaggered, talked back to directors and kept one eye on Mary Louise to see if she was taking it all in.

When he finished the picture and was off for Pittsburgh again, his farewell words were, "I'm going to build Mary Louise one of the swellest houses in town to make up for anything she may have lost in marrying me. Then when I come back here again, I'll be a champ and Hollywood will have to pay me twice as much."

Now that he's gone, it's awfully quiet in Hollywood these days! ■

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CUTICLE REMOVER





CRIMINAL—that's what it is—to let your cuticle get ragged, unsightly, sore like this.



WONDERFUL—that's the way your cuticle looks and feels with Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover.

CUTTING encourages hangnails! With Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover you *wipe away* dead cuticle—leave it softer, smoother. Get a bottle today—see how much lovelier your hands look!

Every Saturday—Look for special Cutex display at your favorite store—Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Oil, Brittle Nail Cream, Orangewood Sticks, Emery Boards.

Northam Warren, New York

* Used by more women than all other Cuticle Removers combined.

SATURDAY IS "MANICURE DAY"

Is your figure slim, trim and smart-looking? Or are those ugly bulges developing into "future shadows." Pauline Rawley's *"10 Day Thrift Meat Diet"* will help you to lose a pound a day—a new, scientific, easy way. Why not send for a copy of her valuable purse size diet booklet? Address your request to—Pauline Rawley, Fawcett Publications, Inc., 22 West Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Connecticut. Kindly include 10c to cover mailing charges.

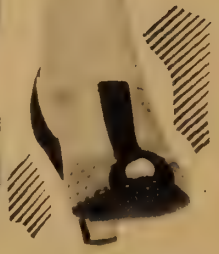
WALK AWAY YOUR CORNS



Felt pad (C) helps relieve pain by removing pressure. Medication (D) acts on corn.



In a few days corn is gently loosened so it may be easily removed.



HOME paring only affects the top of a corn—usually leaves part of the corn in your toe. But Blue-Jay acts as shown in the diagrams. While you walk in comfort it gently loosens the corn so that in a few days it may be easily removed. (Stubborn cases may require more than one application.)

Blue-Jay Corn Plasters cost very little—only a few cents to treat each corn—at all drug counters.

BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY



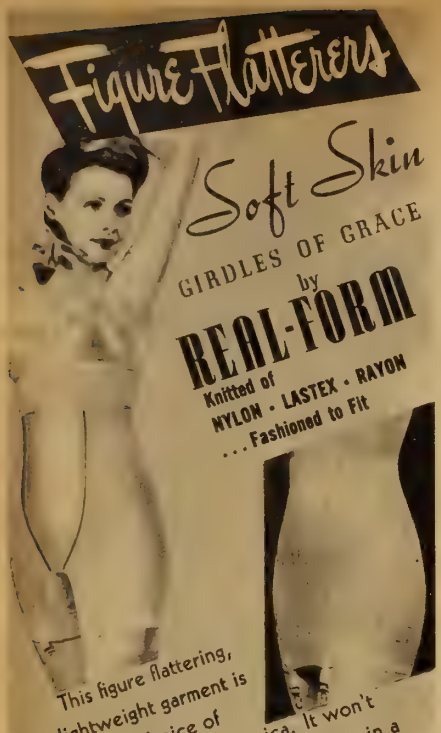
EYES OVERWORKED? Do they smart and burn? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away its *six extra ingredients* start to *cleanse and soothe*. You get—



QUICK RELIEF! Murine eases away irritation. Your eyes feel *refreshed*. Murine is *alkaline*—pure and gentle. It helps thousands—start today to let it help you, too.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES · CLEANSES · REFRESHES



This figure flattering, lightweight garment is definitely the choice of fashion-wise Young America. It won't roll or hike-up—rinses and dries in a jiffy...and is guaranteed non-run.

At your favorite store $1 to $3.50.

Write for illustrated booklet F11
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Most WOMEN of "MIDDLE AGE"



38-52 Yrs. Old
Suffer Distress At This Time—

If this period in a woman's life causes you to get easily upset, cranky, nervous, blue at times, suffer weakness, dizziness, hot flashes, headaches, distress of "irregularities"—

Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—made especially to relieve female distress due to this functional disturbance. Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against annoying symptoms of "middle age." Famous for over 60 years!

Now She Shops "Cash And Carry"

Without Painful Backache

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

SHOPPING GUIDE

Below is a list of department stores where you may buy the clothes shown on pages 26 and 27. Additional information may be had from Catherine Roberts, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Jeanne Barrie Coat and Dress

Allentown, Pa.	H. Leh & Co.
Asheville, N. C.	Bon Marche, Inc.
Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's, Inc.
Austin, Texas	E. M. Scarbrough & Sons
Baton Rouge, La.	The Dalton Co.
Birmingham, Ala.	Burger-Phillips Co.
Boise, Idaho	Mode, Ltd.
Bozeman, Mont.	Riddle's
Buffalo, N. Y.	Adam, Meldrum & Anderson
Chicago, Ill.	Mandel Brothers
Cincinnati, O.	Mabley & Carew
Colorado Springs, Colo.	Kaufman, Inc.
Columbia, S. C.	Kohn & Co.
Columbus, Ga.	J. A. Kirven Co.
Dallas, Texas	A. Harris & Co.
Danville, Ill.	Meis Bros.
Emporia, Kans.	Newman's D. G. Co.
Evansville, Ind.	De Jong's, Inc.
Fairmont, W. Va.	J. M. Hartley & Son
Ft. Smith, Ark.	Pollock Stores Co.
Ft. Worth, Texas	Monnig D. G. Co.
Great Falls, Mont.	Paris Fligman Co.
Hartford, Conn.	A. Siegel
Helena, Mont.	Fligelman's
Hilo, Hawaii	E. N. Holmes, Ltd.
Houston, Texas	Foley Bros. D. G. Co.
Jackson, Miss.	R. E. Kennington Co.
Jacksonville, Fla.	Cohen Brothers
Joplin, Mo.	Ramsay D. G. Co.
La Crosse, Wis.	E. R. Barron Co.
Lansing, Mich.	J. W. Knapp Co.
Lexington, Ky.	B. B. Smith & Co.
Little Rock, Ark.	Pfeiffer Bros.
Lynchburg, Va.	D. Moses & Co.
Macon, Ga.	Pollocks of Macon
Memphis, Tenn.	J. Goldsmith & Sons Co.
Mobile, Ala.	Hammel D. G. Co.
Nashville, Tenn.	Denton's
New Orleans, La.	Maison Maurice
Newport News, Va.	Nachman's
Norfolk, Va.	Ames & Brownley
Oklahoma City, Okla.	John A. Brown Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.	Gimbel Brothers
Phoenix, Ariz.	Korricks D. G. Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Grastenfield's
Portsmouth, O.	Marting Bros.
Richmond, Va.	Greentree's
Roanoke, Va.	Smartwear-Irving Sacks, Inc.
Sacramento, Cal.	Hale Bros.
Salt Lake City, Utah	Auerbach Co.
San Francisco, Cal.	Hale Bros.
San Jose, Cal.	Hale Bros.
Savannah, Ga.	Leopold Adler
Seattle, Wash.	Best's Apparel, Inc.
Shreveport, La.	Rubinstein Bros.
Springfield, O.	Edward Wren Co.
Syracuse, N. Y.	C. E. Chappell & Sons
Tampa, Fla.	O. Falk's Dept. Store
Tulsa, Okla.	Brown-Dunkin D. G. Co.
Washington, D. C.	Hecht Co.
Waterbury, Conn.	Worth's
Wichita, Kans.	Rorabaugh-Buck D. G. Co.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	Fowler, Dick & Walker
Williamsport, Pa.	Brozman's
Wilmington, Del.	Kennard Pyle Co.

Prices vary according to different localities.

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EASY WAY....



Tints Hair JET BLACK

This remarkable CAKE discovery, TINTZ Jet Black Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease, grime and safely gives hair a real smooth **JET BLACK TINT** that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don't put up with faded dull, burnt, off color hair a minute longer. TINTZ Jet Black Cake works gradual . . . each shampoo leaves your hair blacker, lovelier, softer, easier to manage. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanents. Full cake 50c (3 for $1). TINTZ comes in Jet Black, light, medium and dark Brown, Titian, and Blonde. Order today! State shade wanted.

SEND NO MONEY Just pay postman plus postage on our positive assurance of satisfaction in 7 days or your money back. (We Pay Postage if remittance comes with order.) Don't wait—Write today to

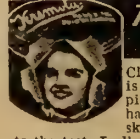
TINTZ COMPANY, Dept. 823, 207 N. MICHIGAN, CHICAGO
CANADIAN OFFICE: Dept. 823, 22 COLLEGE STREET, TORONTO

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.



There's No Excuse For BLOTCHY SKIN!

Clear it with KREMOLA aid! KREMOLA is a medicated M.D. formula, especially for pimples, blackheads and muddy skin. Gently hastens removal of old cuticle, revealing fresh skin. After others fail—put KREMOLA to the test. Ladies will envy—gentlemen will admire. $1.25 at druggists or write KREMOLA, Dept. K2, 2975 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, enclosing 10c to cover mailing and packing for FREE sample. Or . . . Is your trouble **FRECKLES?** DR. C. H. BERRY'S FRECKLE OINTMENT — used for over 40 years. $1.25 and 65c at your druggists! For sample enclose 10c, address **KREMOLA**, Dept. O-2, 2975 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

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PINS 30¢ up—RINGS $1.50



Silver, gold plated, etc. Traditional Bastian quality! Our new book shows over 300 handsome, up-to-the-minute designs by Bastian craftsmen, oldest, largest makers, leaders for 46 years. Write for your free copy today!

BASTIAN BROS. Dept. 42, Rochester, N.Y.



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LADIES and GIRLS 7-Jewel Chrome Finish
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25c COIN—Two 5x7 Double Weight Professional Enlargements, 8 Gloss, Deckle Edge Prints.
CLUB PHOTO SERVICE
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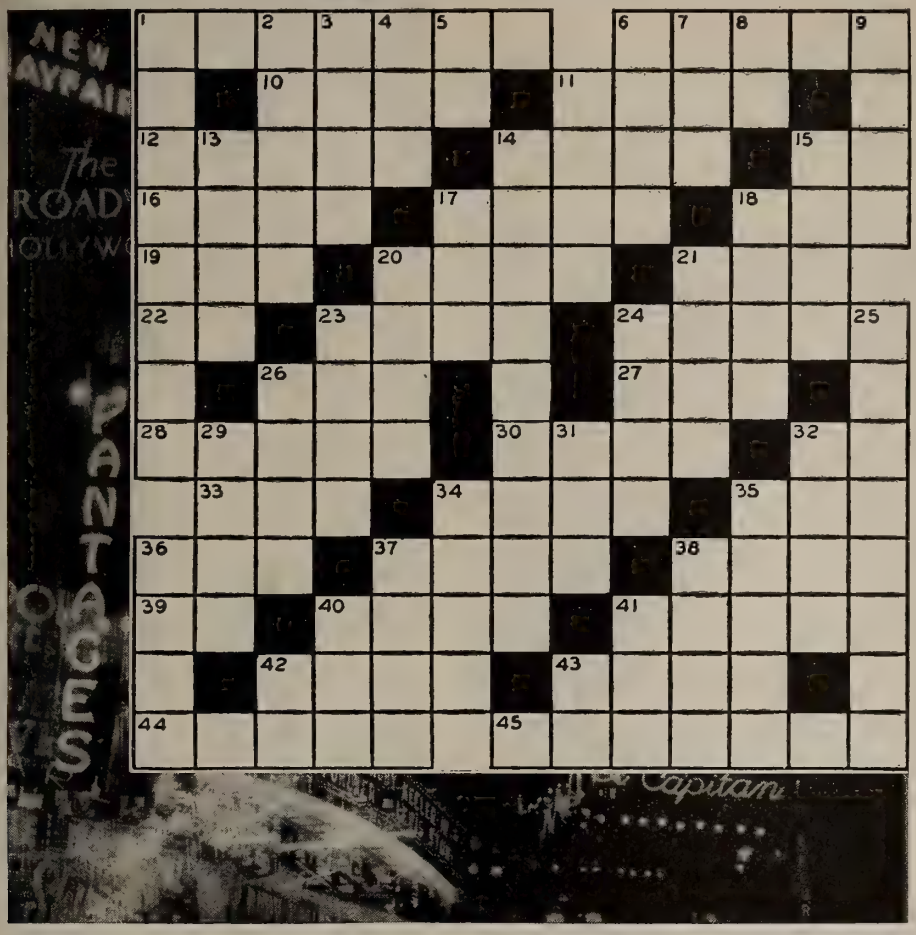
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Loosen thick, sticky secretions causing hawking, coughing, stuffed-up nose. Ask your Druggist for HALL'S TWO-METHOD TREATMENT. Use the Expectorant and the soothing Nasal Ointment. Satisfaction or money back! Send postcard for FREE Health Chart TODAY!

F. J. CHENEY & CO. Dept. 2211 TOLEDO, OHIO

MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Star who gets only teeny roles.
6. What Mary Martin gave to daddy.
10. Her fans follow her everywhere.
11. He gets along as *Hopalong.*
12. First name of one called by his sir name in *Charley's Aunt.*
14. This is finished.
15. Mr. Meredith's initials.
16. Movie players are lucky to have this.
17. Cash customers are served here.
18. He always wears a Brown suit.
19. Kind of spots you saw before your eyes in *Great American Broadcast.*
20. This just can't be quiet.
21. Two of a kind.
22. The Wagons appeared first but this came before Night.
23. Though not a Southerner, he loves Dixie.
24. Where Nelson Eddy may find himself if he sings "On the Road to Mandalay."
26. This gets a head in *Boys Town.*
27. Kind of stare social climbers encounter.
28. What villain sees when hero makes a hit.
30. This goes double for Cliff Nazarro.
32. Miss Darwell's initials.
33. Loquacious Bob Burns couldn't say a word when he first appeared here (abbr.).
34. Hope you won't find this too deep.
35. Fellow recently introduced by Warner Brothers.
36. Wallace Beery can do this by plane living.
37. It wasn't silver but she was born Witherspoon.
38. It's singular; they say heroine cries for it.
39. Comedian with rubber legs, or is that stretching it? (init.)
40. These sound effects are used for cow belles.
41. *Reely Lil' Abner* (poss.).
42. *Dr. Kildare* must have patients for this.
43. Glenda Farrell's home town.
44. When one meets another, it may be George Givot in a dual role.
45. Wife that father took.

DOWN

1. He's Big Boy now.
2. This works like magic in vaudeville.
3. You should be all ears when you hear this.
4. Kind of man your bones make of you.
5. Mr. Denny's initials.
6. This sounds like *Wild Geese Calling.*
7. It is often closed for repairs after pug gets film rights to it.
8. Something which many stars endorse (colloq.).
9. This is served at every meal in prison scenes.
11. *Lov* in *Tobacco Road.*
13. You think of her as relative to Charley.
14. They made a floorwalker of Eddie Cantor.
15. What oily success meant in late Gable film.
17. This is good in French pictures.
18. They get reward for finding villain (guilty or not).
20. These were requisites in *Kisses for Breakfast.*
21. There's fowl play when this Disney hero appears.
23. Asta wouldn't put the bite on you with this.
24. Mr. Robinson, who is always on tap.
25. Colored comic, better known about country by his citified name.
26. He acts easily now, though his first theatrical performances were somewhat stilted.
29. It keeps author in pen-sive mood.
31. Boys in band were once bound for this state (abbr.).
32. In recent film, her face was her fortune.
34. I'll split this with you.
35. He went to town in certain film.
36. All stars in this belong to the Union.
37. It made things look black at the minstrel.
38. A quarter of Crosby's quartet.
40. Jean Parker was just a Green youngster when she was christened this.
41. Her love was on Wayne in *Lady From Louisiana.*
42. Supposed population of *Our Town.*
43. He's been called a fool but considered it perfect (init.).

(Solution on Page 74)



Your Hands
ARE ALWAYS
OUT IN FRONT!

Harsh, unlovely hands and arms are a confession of failure—failure to keep yourself lovely, immaculate.

No need to apologize—to hide your hands, when you regularly use Chamberlain's—the clear, golden lotion that's never sticky or gummy. Keep your skin lovely all the time. Use Chamberlain's Lotion.

Buy it at all Toilet Goods Counters



Chamberlain's
LOTION



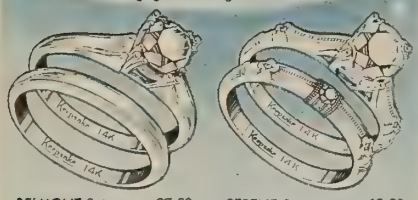
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a GENUINE-REGISTERED Keepsake

DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING

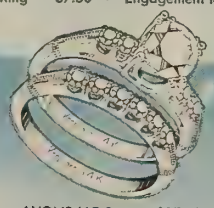


BERESFORD Set 167.50
Engagement Ring 125.00



BELMONT Set 97.50
Engagement Ring 87.50

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SHE'LL be thrilled with the beauty of a lovely Genuine Registered Keepsake Diamond Ring . . . with traditional quality and value through five decades. The Keepsake Certificate of Registration and Guarantee is assurance of high standards of color, cut and clarity. See these new matched sets at your Keepsake Jeweler's . . . $50 to $2500. Extended payments can usually be arranged.

BEFORE YOU ANNOUNCE YOUR ENGAGEMENT . . . send the coupon or write for the valuable book, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding," for coming brides and grooms.



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Keepsake Diamond Rings, A. H. Pond Co., Inc.
214 S. Warren St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Please send me the helpful book "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding," with illustrations of newest ring creations. I enclose 10c to cover mailing expense.

Name.....

Street and No.....

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Reward For Loyalty

By KAY PROCTOR



Jane Frazee passed up a chance at stardom because it meant leaving her sister behind—and they'd been a team since childhood. Her loyalty has been rewarded with happiness for both. Jane's the leading lady in *Hellzapoppin'*

■ Jane Frazee has a saucy tilt to her nose, a forty dollar Lily Dache hat, and a spunky philosophy about life. She was born with the first, bought the second four years ago, and evolved the last when love turned her well-ordered world upside down.

Jane (nee Mary Jane Frehse of Duluth, Minn.) is the sparkling young newcomer in whom Universal has so much confidence they gave her the romantic lead with Olsen and Johnson in the hilarious concoction called *Hellzapoppin'*. She is small, blond and green-eyed with a decided talent for singing and dancing. If I weren't afraid of drastic action, I'd call her a cute youngster.

Even now Jane finds it difficult to think of herself in solo terms because 20 of her 21 years have been spent with her sister, Ruth, on and off stage. But it was that sister-act which led her to Hollywood and her present bright outlook.

The Frehse family included mother, dad (who is a civil engineer in South America), Ruth and Jane. Their comfortable circumstances permitted a back yard, one family car, a room which Ruth and Jane shared, and an upstairs hall where the girls rigged up a trapeze bar and ropes. The life of an acrobat, they felt, would hold plenty of excitement and rich monetary reward. Meantime they condescendingly attended dancing school.

The condescension died a quick death the night the manager of a local theater offered them a week's work at his house. Ruth was 10 and Jane, 8. They were to do a song and dance act, mostly dance.

"Most actors and actresses seem to like to recall the 'mere pittance' they received for their first professional salary," Jane said. "Not me! Ruth and I got $75.00 for that week and our names in lights, too."

Throughout high school days the two girls continued their singing and dancing lessons and their sister act headlined every school function with Jane carrying the lead and Ruth singing alto in their harmony numbers. They also appeared frequently at Duluth conventions of various kinds, civic banquets and service club meetings. At one of these, a Rotarian banquet, a visiting Rotarian heard them and offered a spot in a one-horse revue he was planning to present on a statewide tour.

Mother Frehse said thumbs down. Ruth said she wasn't interested. Jane said "yes." They accepted the offer, appearing in taffeta flowered leotards (perish the memory!) and singing "corny numbers including a couple of mammy songs."

The show was playing in Toledo when Jane decided they were not getting anywhere, professionally. Besides which, they owed the manager money, due to the advances they constantly were borrowing on next week's salary. Tapping an acquiescent mother for $200 by wire, they skipped the show in the dead of night after posting fellow members of the troupe in the hotel lobby to yell "Jiggers!" if the manager hove into sight.

"No use being noble about it and saying we repaid the manager later," Jane frankly confessed. "We never did. We figured he owed us more than that anyway."

They lit out for the closest big town, which happened to be Detroit, and got a six weeks' contract at a night club. Capitalizing on contacts made there, they next went to New York where they joined Ina Ray Hutton's girl band as a harmony team and toured vaudeville circuits for eight months.

It was then the appellation, Cute Youngster, became so repellant to Jane. Critic after critic mentioned "the two cute youngsters singing with the band." At the ripe old age of eighteen, it was an insult beyond bearing, so Jane and Ruth dyed their naturally blond hair a good deep black, bought braids to wrap around their heads *a la* Gloria Swanson in the old days, tacked on some false eyelashes and swished around in slinky sequin evening gowns.

The critics stopped saying "the two cute youngsters."

"But," said Jane ruefully, "we had one heck of a time when we decided to go natural again. Every time we were caught

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in the rain or got very warm, the dye solvent started to smell something awful!"

Leaving the band, they struck out on their own. Among the first engagements was the Chez Paree in Chicago. It was then Jane splurged with the $40 hat, a tan straw with red, green and gold trim.

"Every girl has to get a $40 hat out of her system sometime," she opined. "I did it in celebration of our big salary raise."

Jane is still wearing the hat, so maybe it wasn't such an extravagance after all.

Job followed job in various night clubs and radio programs until the Frazee Sisters found themselves working with the famous entertainer, Joe Lewis, in Miami Beach. When Lewis was signed to appear at the Clover Club in Hollywood, he took Jane and Ruth with him. Studio talent scouts caught the act and 20th Century-Fox gave both girls a silent test. Jane's test showed promise but for some reason, Ruth did not photograph well.

From childhood they had had an unwritten pact about not splitting up the team and over Ruth's protests, Jane insisted on abiding by it. Either both would have movie careers or neither. When the Marx Brothers opportunely offered them a spot in the stage presentation of their forthcoming picture, *Go West*, they accepted and again took to the road.

Then fate stepped in.

In the pact it was understood that all bets were off if either fell in love and married. Ruth had been romancing with screenwriter, Norman Krasna, and after a night club job in Galveston, Texas, flew to New York and married him. Jane returned to Hollywood, free to show some interest if screen tests were offered.

"It merely proved my philosophy about life," she said. "I've always figured it was no use to try to fit the pieces of your life toward one certain pattern. That just won't work out and you get in a terrible stew. But if there's something you very much want to do, go ahead and do it and the pieces will fall into place very nicely indeed. Ruth got what she wanted and I got what I wanted."

Sounds like a snap, the way Jane put it. As a matter of fact, it was a snap for her. She got the feminine lead in her first picture, Republic's *Melody and Moonlight*, without even a sound test!

Universal perked up its eyes and ears at the preview of *Melody and Moonlight* and signed Jane for the romantic lead in *Buck Privates* with Abbott and Costello. At the preview of that she cried quietly to herself and swore she would quit before she was fired. Apparently, however, everyone else was more than satisfied for she was rushed into *Sing Another Chorus* (in which she was given star billing) and *Moonlight in Hawaii*. Republic then exercised its option to give her the lead in *Angels With Broken Wings* and now comes *Hellzapoppin'*.

It was a long, hard pull. Yes, indeed. From August of 1940 to July of 1941! Six pictures in less than a year!

Right now Jane wants a mink coat in a big way. Like $40 hats, she says, a girl has to get at least one out of her system. If she can make her philosophy accomplish that and little pieces of bills marked Paid fall into place, she's apt to start a New Thought movement that is a movement. ■

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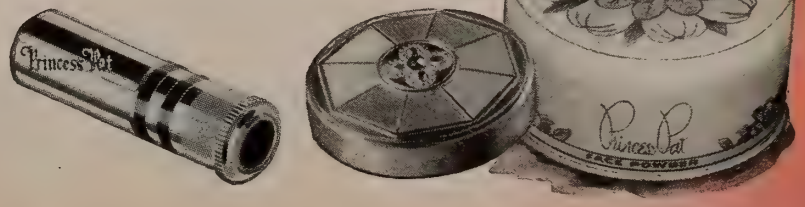
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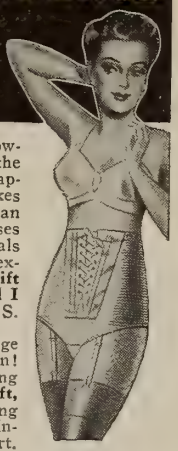
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Acting Is His Business

By KATE HOLLIDAY

Hollywood holds no false glamour for young Tim Holt, son of cowboy actor Jack Holt. Acting is a business with him, and though only 22, he's made it pay dividends. Right, his proud papa lunches with Tim in the R-K-O commissary. They're both appearing in *Call Out the Marines*



■ "I'm just a Wednesday to Wednesday faker!" said young Tim Holt.

If you know your Hollywood, you will realize from that statement that Tim is a somewhat unusual guy. For, children, Wednesday is the day on which the studio ghost walks. On that evening, actors remove their make-up, dash madly in the direction of small gates near the entrances of their lots, and trundle home to their wives and kiddies with dough in their jeans.

Tim is unusual in that he admits he likes the clink of silver. Most thespians wouldn't. Instead, they'd mutter something about "Art" and go off into a trance with their eyes turned ceilingward.

But, Tim—though one of the youngest gents to grace a bit of celluloid—is also one of the smartest.

He's been about the business for years, of course. After all, his father, Jack Holt, was and is one of the brightest stars Hollywood has ever produced. And Tim spent his childhood trying to do the things his father did.

He admits now that he used to mimic his dad to a painful degree. He did death scenes in the family living room—always choosing a soft couch to perform on so that the climax would not be too painful to his childish bones. He practiced roping horses and steers on his sister, and claims that any peculiarity she may have now could be caused by the fact that she was periodically lassoed as a girl.

Because his father was an expert horseman, Tim learned to ride when he was still far from the long pants stage. His first acting job, in fact, came about because he wanted to buy a horse at the age of six. He had accompanied his parent to a location in Utah and had seen the beast on an Indian reservation. Believe it or not—and I wouldn't blame you if you didn't—he talked the director into giving him a bit so that he could earn the necessary dough. After a day of pantomiming "They went that way!" for the silent cameras, the nag was his.

All of these elements helped him in his later career, of course. But the most important of them was the fact that he heard motion picture talk from the time that he could understand conversation.

The result was that young Tim Holt has never been able to "glamorize" Hollywood. He knows how much of a screen star's power comes from the unknowns who pound the typewriters in the studio press departments. He also knows the worth of great names, and screaming fans,—and how soon the public can forget.

Tim is only twenty-two now. He's married to an utterly charming girl and has a small son whom he adores. He owns a ranch. He breeds and trains horses and dogs. And he has a thoroughly good time.

And at twenty-two, he is a success. Financially, I mean. Due only to himself and not the efforts of his father, he has made good in one of the toughest rackets in the world.

"Acting is a business," he says. And he means it. "You have to create the desire for your brand of screen stuff just as much as you create the desire for one or another kind of breakfast food.

"My particular type at present happens to be the 'natural' young man. Luckily, both the public and the studios seem to think they should pay me a salary for being myself."

Right now, Tim is usually associated with Westerns. They are, of course, right down his alley, inasmuch as he can ride,

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look attractive, act convincingly, and make love in an interesting way to the blonde who plays opposite him.

And he's glad to be in them.

For, from his father's experience, he knows that the public does not forget a Western star as rapidly as a matinee idol. He can go on and on, and every Wednesday is a day of rejoicing.

Furthermore, a series of eight or ten of them may be made in the same amount of time it takes to film a super-colossal production. Tim has the happy opportunity of doing his yearly stint for R-K-O in six months, and resting for the other six, if he wants to.

But, regardless of having the financial backlog of Westerns, Tim has played nearly every kind of character Hollywood can dream up in the five years since he started acting in earnest. He has created pseudo-glamour boys, over-sized Boy Scouts, heavies who go frantically virtuous in the final reel, policemen, and almost everything else—barring a Supreme Court Judge—that you would care to mention.

So, in spite of the fact that he says he can't act, he seems to be able to. In spite of the fact that he claims he is really at home when dashing about after a pair of dangerous bandits, he does all right in a drawing room. The boy is an actor, whether or not he will admit it.

And how much of his success is due to his father, Jack Holt?

None. Jack Holt had nothing to do with his son's career.

"Not only would Father have never done anything," says Tim now, "but I didn't want him to. I went into his business, yes, just as hundreds of other boys go into their father's rackets. But he never lifted a finger in my behalf.

"In fact, we have never worked for the same people. I have never played a part for a director he acted for, and vice versa —unless you can count that routine with the horse in Utah when I was six! We are going to break our precedent for the first time when we both go into *Call Out the Marines* for R-K-O. And, I'm not sure which of us will be more nervous!"

Tim actually started in pictures under his own power, then. He did a play called *Poppa Is All*, in which his role was that of a half-wit. (Holt: "But *really* screwy!") Walter Wanger saw the thing and gave him a contract. And to this day he doesn't know whether Wanger wanted him because he could act or because he needed a man for his polo team and Tim could ride. (That reaction's typical.)

That was three years ago. And those three years have been on the credit side for the scion of the Holt tribe.

I hope I have made it clear that this is one gent in Hollywood who, at twenty-two, knows what he's doing and is a thoroughly nice guy.

For, despite the accent on financial security, Tim Holt is in no way crass or miserly. He just feels that, if he's going to be an actor, he might as well be a successful one. If he's going to follow his father's footsteps, work in his father's trade, he might as well be as big as his father, both personally and monetarily.

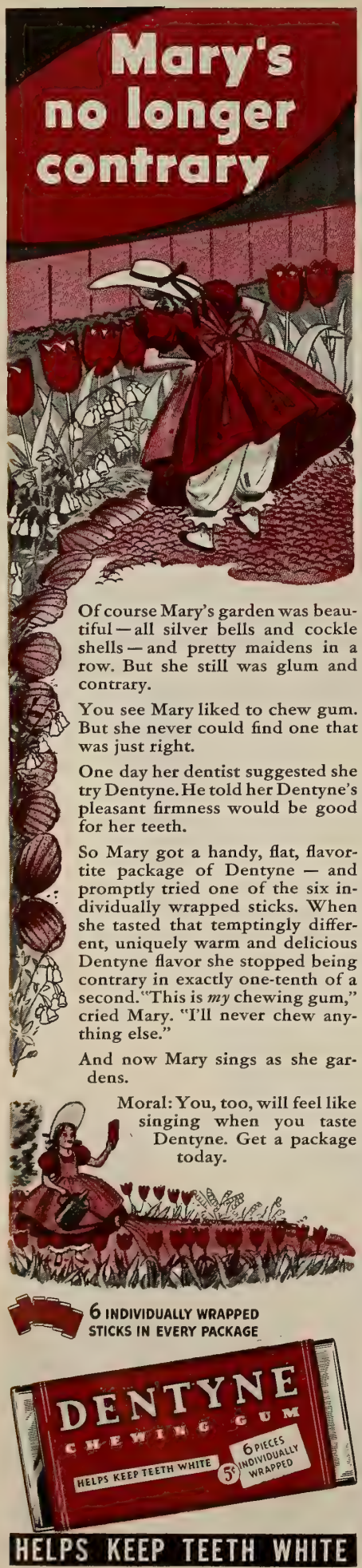
Hollywood, to Tim Holt, is a place in which to work. Yes, acting is a business. ■

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Little Philosopher

By JACK DALLAS



Circumstances have forced young Roddy McDowall to become a philosopher. His chores on the 20th Century-Fox lot keep him from his real love—architecture. Roddy takes it all in stride, however, meanwhile turning in an unforgettable performance in *How Green Was My Valley*

■ Master Roddy McDowall, twelve, late of London and now of Beverly Hills, California, has his parents to blame for his awful predicament. Now receiving a tidy weekly sum from Darryl Zanuck and therefore subject to his orders, poor Roddy is right this minute saddled with the role of *Huw*, the youngling in *How Green Was My Valley*, said part being easily the outstanding juvenile assignment of 1941 and said photoplay Twentieth Century-Fox's picture of the year.

Don't get it in your head that Roddy is balking at his chores. To him acting is a snap. But after all, he did start out to be an architect. What Roddy loves to do better than anything else in the world is to work at his hobby which is very fascinating indeed. Five years ago Master Roddy invented an imaginary world, a private universe, you might say. He named it Fidelis. It is chock-full of weird-sounding countries such as Novatame, Saxinia, and the Royal Empire of Lane, which is by way of a tribute to Priscilla Lane whom he admires no end. For five years he has been working on a map of his private universe, a blueprint measuring 18 by 18 feet and representing 4,880 man-hours of labor. Fifty countries are laid out in detail, along with their capital cities, counties, etc. These past eighteen months Roddy has been working on the floor plans of his public buildings—palaces, cathedrals, museums and the like.

All this takes lots of time, and time is something that he's a little short on these days. First, Zanuck pushed him into *Man Hunt*, a chore which he executed very handily the while he scared the socks off Walter Pidgeon by demonstrating how handily he could walk off with a scene practically whenever the spirit moved him. With *How Green Was My Valley* in the works, Roddy is afraid he won't get to finish laying out his newest country, Halberto, before the Yule is upon him.

"One becomes a philosopher," is how he puts it.

He would never have had to become a little philosopher if it hadn't been for his mother, Mrs. Thomas Andrew McDowall. It was Mrs. McDowall who clapped him into the Hanover Academy of Art when he was a mere shaver of eight. She did it out of a noble motive, she explained to her husband at supper that night. Training at Hanover, she felt, would be a sure way to stymie a bad case of shyness which seemed about to overtake her son and heir.

The Hanover School is not a run-of-the-mine talkie factory where the young are taught to recite *The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck* at five pounds a month. It is an illustrious institution whose graduates are the bulwark of the British stage. Naturally, plays are being put on right and left at jolly old Hanover.

Six months after Roddy joined up, the Academy stood sponsor to a play in which sixteen-year-old maidens were to compete for acting medals and certificates. It so happened that the play chosen required the presence in the cast of a small boy. None of the girls wanted to play the part because he was supposed to be a nasty little tyke who created a scene whenever he didn't manage to have his own way. Besides, not a single one of the sixteen-year-olds could look nine or ten to save her life.

Well, they asked Roddy to help out and he said, "It will be a pleasure." And play the part he did, played it to such a fare-thee-well that he ran away with the show, which was supposed to show a Mr. Adrian Harley, the school "examiner," what nice little actresses the sixteen-year-olds were.

Mr. Harley promptly drafted a recommendation that Roddy McDowall be awarded an honorary acting certificate. The school magnificoes almost had a fit. No certificates had ever been awarded to anyone under sixteen. The thing was positively unheard of. Mr. Harley wouldn't budge. Roddy got his certificate, a special little item created just for him.

A few months later Roddy figured in another and larger triumph. Taking the field against all comers up to the age of seventeen, he won an elocution contest with a rating of 100, the only such grade ever achieved at Hanover. Five medals, six loving cups, and four certificates later

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Mrs. Thomas A. McDowall was leisurely scanning the *Daily Express* when she chanced upon a little item in the column of one Paul Holt, the Jimmie Fidler of London. Monty Banks, the actor-manager, was looking for a boy to play with Gracie Fields (whom he later married) in a picture about South America.

Mrs. McDowall, a fairly impulsive lady as Englishwomen go, picked up the telephone and rang up Mr. Holt. Mr. Holt seemed annoyed.

"Look, madam, I wish I had never written that bloody paragraph. Ninety-one mothers have called me up already. This is not a casting bureau. Mr. Banks is stopping at the Hotel Grosvenor. Good day." Bang!

Mrs. McDowall got Mr. Banks on the telephone and began telling him about Roddy.

"Why don't you send me some photographs?" Mr. Banks suggested.

Mrs. McDowall lost no time in rounding up the latest photograph of Roddy.

If Mr. Banks thought that Roddy looked like the hottest juvenile in England, he didn't show it. Mrs. McDowall never heard from him.

Six weeks later Roddy McDowall, going on nine, was hired for a flashy part in a thing called *Scruffy*. The picture was hardly under way before Director Al Parker, a T.C.-F. director on leave, clapped Roddy into a high-budget picture called *Murder in the Family*. From then on, Roddy's career was in the bag. He did five pictures in 1938, including crime, costume pictures and comedies. One of these last was a lulu called *Hey! Hey! U. S. A.* and starred Edgar Kennedy. He did five more in the first seven months of 1939. The outbreak of the war interrupted his activities, but only briefly. He did three pictures in 1940, the last of which, *This England*, was filmed by the rockets' (Nazi) red glare. At this point Mr. McDowall packed his family off to America.

They hadn't been in New York more than four months before Mrs. McDowall picked up a paper and discovered that Darryl Zanuck was in trouble: he couldn't find a juvenile to whom he could entrust the all-important role of *Huw*.

Mrs. McDowall might have ignored Mr. Zanuck's delicate situation were it not for the fact that only that very morning she had received some advice from her husband something along these lines:

"I don't think there is much use in trying to get Roddy a place in the American films. For one thing the field is overcrowded. Then, too, competition is very keen. When the war is over, it will be time enough for Roddy to pick up where he left off in England."

Right then and there Mrs. McDowall got in touch with the T.C.-F. offices. She reeled off Roddy's imposing record at the Hanover Academy. She recounted his successes with the British cinema. And, by way of postscript, she let slip the information that once the McDowalls had had a Welsh maid and Roddy had the difficult Welsh accent down pat.

You know what happened.

Mr. Zanuck watched Roddy sign the contract with a tear in his eye. The tear was in Mr. Zanuck's eye. And it was a tear of gratitude. ■



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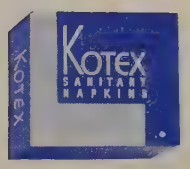
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Important Pictures

By SARA CORPENING

THE LITTLE FOXES ★★★★

R-K-O-Radio

Rarely does a fine play become an even finer film. But such is the happy case of *The Little Foxes*. Samuel Goldwyn's picturization of Lillian Hellman's successful Broadway play retains all the stark tragedy and compelling force of the original, plus artistic achievement of photography. *The Little Foxes* is the story of a greedy Southern family at the turn of the century. Most avaricious of all is *Regina Giddens* (Bette Davis). Even more than her two brothers, she lusts for money in order to have the things she missed in a poverty-stricken childhood. For it she marries a man she does not love, cheats her own brothers, and finally lets her husband (Herbert Marshall) die before her eyes when she refuses to get him the medicine for his failing heart. The acting of the superbly chosen cast is magnificent throughout. Miss Davis equals the intense, compelling performance created on the stage by Tallulah Bankhead. Patricia Collinge brings to the screen the same role she made unforgettable on Broadway—the tragic dypsomania, *Birdie*. Theresa Wright, newcomer, makes a sensational debut as Miss Davis' daughter. Charles Dingle and Carl Benton Reid are fine as the two evil *Hubbard* brothers, while Dan Duryea does a masterful job.

Richard Carlson, as a young newspaperman, adds a note of decency to the dark proceedings. *The Little Foxes* may easily be the best film of 1941. Don't miss it.

SUN VALLEY SERENADE ★★★½

Twentieth Century-Fox

Sonja Henie is at the peak of her skating and skiing form in *Sun Valley Serenade*. She manages to excel even the breath-taking routines she so expertly performed in her previous films. In addition, Miss Henie reveals a definite flair for comedy which she hasn't heretofore had sufficient opportunity to display. Her role is that of a Norwegian refugee who arrives in the United States consigned to the custody of a bandsman (John Payne) who has the mistaken idea he is befriending a homeless child. When he learns the truth, he is forced to carry out the agreement, against his will. Sonja, of course, falls in love with him, but in order to distract his attention from Lynn Bari, has to perform some intricate ice manoeuvres to gain his interest. Milton Berle and Joan Davis are very funny in their roles.

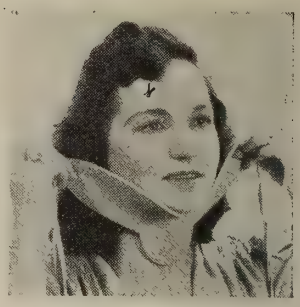
LYDIA ★★★½

United Artists

Women will love *Lydia*, and the men will find it thoroughly enjoyable. It is, first and last, a woman's story—the story of a woman's heart and the loves and tempests which beset it during the course of her life. The film is told in retrospect by flashbacks, which we found a bit jarring in following the absorbing story.

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Four men love Merle Oberon—Joseph Cotten, the young doctor; Hans Yaray, the pathetic blind musician; and George Reeves, the clumsy football hero with whom she almost elopes. But it is Alan Marshal who sweeps her off her feet and away to a month's hectic romance. He then leaves her, promising to return. On that promise, *Lydia* stakes her whole life—waiting for him to come back. Only when he finally turns up for a reunion of the four loves, and does not recall the romance, is her dream shattered. Miss Oberon is excellent in her role of *Lydia.* Her make-up for the span of years is particularly effective. The photography too, deserves a word of comment, especially the scenes of the snow-bound rendezvous.

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE ★★★

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

■ For the third time, the grim Robert Louis Stevenson story of the good and evil in man has been brought to the screen. The current version sparkles with names which mean good performances—Spencer Tracy, Ingrid Bergman, Lana Turner and Donald Crisp—but the picture is not a success. In the ten years that have elapsed since Fredric March won an Academy Award for his work in the title roles, movie-goers have become too sophisticated for the sort of medical hocus-pocus on which the Stevenson story is based. Too many *Frankensteins* and bogey-men have stalked across the screen in the interim for *Mr. Hyde* to be a very convincing monster. While Spencer Tracy does a grand job in his dual role, his *Mr. Hyde* is inclined to be more humorous than terrifying. Ingrid Bergman provides some breath-taking moments in her portrayal of *Ivy Peterson,* the girl of the streets who falls into the clutches of *Mr. Hyde.* For her dramatic performance—plus Tracy's make-up—you should see the picture.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH ★★★

Paramount

■ Can a man tell the truth, the whole, unadulterated truth, for 24 hours? That's been the theme of several rollicking stage and screen plays for many years. This time Bob Hope is the fellow who is put to task, and the results are hilarious, of course. Hope, with $10,000 given him by Paulette Goddard with the plea that he double it in three days, gets into a predicament where he stakes her money on the wager that he can go 24 hours without telling a lie. Before he finally wins the bet which doubles his money, he runs into a lot of complications. Miss Goddard, the romantic interest, is good to look upon, while Leif Erikson, Edward Arnold, Helen Vinson, Willie Best and Glenn Anders comprise a good supporting cast. This isn't as timely as Hope's recent *Caught in the Draft,* but all in all, it's more amusing.

WHISTLING IN THE DARK ★★★

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

■ M-G-M have a new star on their hands. Red Skelton by name, and he's the dark horse who has heretofore had only small parts in the *Dr. Kildare* pictures, but who's overnight emerged as a

[*Continued on page* 73]



The premiere of *Charley's Aunt* was one of the most gala openings of the season. George Montgomery was escort to two lovely ladies—Cobina Wright Jr. and debutante Gloria Vanderbilt. The five-inch pompadour of Miss Vanderbilt was the cynosure of all eyes. George is in *Cadet Girl*; Cobina's in *Small Town Deb*

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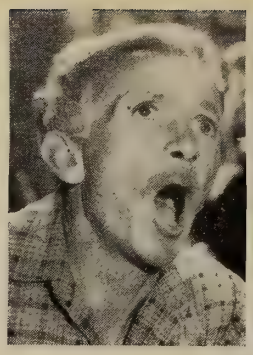


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He Can't Be Beat

By ERNEST BELL



The only actor in Hollywood who has three *Oscars* on his library shelf is Walter Brennan. They're for his great supporting roles in *Come and Get It* (above, left), *Kentucky*, right, and *The Westerner*, opposite. People are saying he'll have another soon for his role of the pastor in *Sergeant York*. Walter is in both 20th Century-Fox's *Swamp Water* and Universal's *This Woman Is Mine*

■ Mr. Walter Brennan, who has more Academy Award "Oscars" than Queen Bette Davis, was suffering through an interview. Literally suffering—with a prize-winning case of sunburn.

"Darn fool trick of mine," he said, squirming painfully on his couch. "It's happened before. But when I get down to the beach I always forget that the sun sometimes causes sunburn!"

The actor was a vivid pink. It was obvious that the "Oscars" he won in recent years for his work in *Come and Get It*, *Kentucky*, and last year's *The Westerner*, were of little consolation at the moment—although they were present. The little statuettes were displayed prominently among the books and bric-a-brac that filled one wall of the study of his San Fernando Valley home.

The reporter, who had been told not to expect an elderly character actor, was nevertheless surprised at the youth of the gentleman. Mr. Brennan is taller, heftier than he appears on the screen.

He would have to be vigorous, as he assured us, in order to get through his latest role in Universal's *This Woman Is Mine*. In this he plays a heavy, for a change—a villainous shipping captain who makes life miserable for Franchot Tone, Carol Bruce and John Carroll. Comes the climax, however, and Mr. Brennan gets his. He is stabbed by an Indian, falls through a hatchway in his own ship, crawls to a powder keg and blows up the whole works.

"He was a fine character," Mr. Brennan assured us. "And I really had to study him. Although it's always easier to be someone other than yourself. But I'm anything but a villain." He smiled at such a notion.

Critics will tell you that the reason Brennan is known as Hollywood's best character actor is the fact that he really studies his roles. Outside of the fact that they are all done by the same man, there is little resemblance between the two-gun sheriff in *The Westerner*, the hobo in *Meet John Doe* and the pastor in *Sergeant York*.

The actor had just returned from a personal appearance tour with the latter picture, the third picture he had made in a row with Gary Cooper. Which is all right with Brennan. He and Cooper have been friends and mutual admirers for over fifteen years. "I'd rather work with Gary than any other actor in the game," he said. "He's *real*. He's got both feet on the ground."

Personal appearances were not viewed with the same enthusiasm. "I'm a lousy showman," claimed Brennan, "and all those banquets and meetings and interviews finally wore me down. When we got to New York—the studio put us up at the Waldorf Towers, which we could never have hoped for in the old days—I turned to my wife and said 'Honey, let's get out of here!' And we took the next plane."

Walter's New England twang comes naturally, since he was born in Swampscott, Mass. Amateur theatricals at school (he attended Tindge Tech, in Cambridge) gave him theatrical ambitions, and instead of following his original plans to become an engineer, left school and went on the stage. He played in vaudeville and musical "tab" shows, none of it big-time, until the outbreak of the war, when he promptly enlisted. In spite of vivid war experiences ("When the Armistice was signed I was sitting in a shell hole near Verdun," he reminisced) he managed to keep in the theatrical swim, even in the army. He was placed in charge of regimental shows.

After the war he married a lovely New England girl and not long after they were on the Pacific Coast. But it was years before he got a good movie break in Anna Sten's last production for Sam Goldwyn, *Her Wedding Night*. Goldwyn put him under contract and has had him under contract ever since. Nowadays he pays Brennan a terrific salary every week, and lends him out to other studios for a good deal more.

"Sam's a fine boss," said the actor. "Every time my yearly option comes up, he asks me to tack another year onto my contract—and I never fail to surprise him. I say "Yes." So I think I've still got

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another six or seven years to go with Goldwyn.

"I free-lanced far too long to want to toss up a nice contract like that. And besides, I don't care that much about money. I get enough to live on comfortably and save a couple of bucks. We're happy."

The handsome Mrs. Brennan entered the study to inquire solicitously about her husband's sunburn. "He's such a baby at times," she told the interviewer with a happy smile.

"Well, it *hurts*," said Mr. Brennan, plaintively. "Dear, try to get the news broadcast."

Mrs. Brennan fumbled with the dials of a massively built radio. "This is Walter's pride and joy," she said. "It took him six months to make up his mind to buy it. It's just about the loudest radio you ever heard."

"Turn it up, dear," suggested Mr. Brennan. She obeyed, and the entire house rocked with noise. The actor beamed.

"Walter was the same way when he got his first good car," continued his wife. "We had been riding around in old jaloppies for years—and finally he saved up enough money to make the down payment on a new car. It took him months to decide what he wanted, however—a black Chevrolet with vermilion wheels, like one he had seen. But when we started looking for one, there wasn't one on the market.

"No other car would do. It was vermilion wheels or nothing. A dealer finally located one for us away out in San Bernardino. When we finally tracked it down, Walter's face was a study. He looked as if he were going to cry!"

Mr. Brennan grinned. "That car meant a lot to me," he said. "It meant that I wasn't an extra any more—I was an *actor!*"

And he has the "Oscars" to prove it. ■



The younger set was represented at the R.A.F. Ball by Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville, who looked fetching in a black gown with velvet trim. Bonita's in *H. M. Pulham, Esq.*, Jackie's in *Glamor Boy*



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He's Got His Fingers Crossed





Paramount has Bob Hope, Fox has Milton Berle, Universal has Abbott and Costello and now Metro has Red Skelton!—in *Lady Be Good.* Left: The lanky, red-haired comic with his attractive wife, Edna, who is largely responsible for the meteoric rise in his career

By MAY DRISCOLL

■ "Red Skelton is the funniest guy alive!"

That's what Mickey Rooney, Hollywood's most astute showman, said of the hilariously funny comic when he caught Red's side-splitting act on one of his Eastern vacation trips.

And that's what everyone is saying after seeing the lanky redhead in his two new pictures for Metro, *Whistling in the Dark* and *Lady Be Good.*

"Where has he been all our lives?" movie audiences the country over are asking in unison.

The answer is everywhere—just about.

When Red was ten years old in Vincennes, Indiana, he made a most important discovery. He learned that not only could he indulge in his favorite sport, clowning, but he could be paid for it at the same time. That was the time a medicine show hit town. When it folded tent, Red was part of the show. He sang, danced, stood on his head and sold candy bars and yo-yo sticks between acts for $10 per week.

He stayed with the show during the summer, and caught his schooling in the winter. This brought a conflict between show business and education which found education steadily retreating. His great ambition was to be a circus clown. Red is what you call uninhibited. One frosty morning, he sneaked out of the family manse and checked in at the circus headquarters in Peru, Indiana.

"I can do flip-flops," announced Red, "and open an umbrella at the same time."

The circus bosses yawned.

"I can walk on my hands twice around the ring and whistle 'Yankee Doodle.'"

Still unimpressed.

"I hung around the circus until they had to hire me," says Red, thus summing up his secret of success. "I did all the dirty work. Every circus has the standard act of the galloping jaloppy which finally comes to a halt and twenty midgets bounce out. All those midgets pile on top of one another and there is one guy on the bottom who holds them up and runs the car. Well," he says simply, "I was the dope on the bottom."

But what really discouraged Red with life in the Big Tent was the night he subbed for an ailing trapeze artist.

"This is a cinch," he thought as he swung merrily on the bars the first night. Then he let go and was supposed to grab the hands of his partner. Instead, he missed and the partner luckily caught him by

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one leg instead, dangling him like a lobster fifty feet up in the air.

"Hey, leggo—*leggo!*" yelled Red, and the audience howled. Finally, a net was spread under him and he flopped wearily into it.

"Can you imagine—they wanted me to do that every night," says Red disgustedly. "So I quit."

Then he joined a burlesque wheel and played second-rate theaters in the Midwest. He was once stranded in St. Louis, hungry and with one dime jiggling lonesomely in his pocket. He bought a large bar of soap, sliced it into little strips, and wrapped each soap slither in cigarette tin foil. Then he parked himself on a busy corner and sold the little packets as "fog preventers."

"It's a cinch," explains Red. "Rub soap on ordinary glasses and it cuts the fog. Made $2.80 on that one bar of soap."

Bouncing from one city to another in various theatrical jobs that ranged from taking pratt falls to assisting the Japanese acrobats, Red one evening found himself on the stage of a Kansas City theater staring right into the pretty, but definitely bored, face of an usherette in the balcony.

"How could I help but notice her?" he wails. "She wasn't laughing. She almost broke me up."

Soon Red began to point his jokes to the usherette, but she still didn't crack. "I'll show her," he said. "I'll take her out and show her I'm a funny guy."

He did—and three weeks later he found himself saying, "Will you marry me—and I won't take 'yes' for an answer."

That was the funniest joke the girl had ever heard. She laughed so hard that she did say "yes," and Red found himself in the City Hall next day promising to love, honor and protect the girl, Edna Stilwell. That was eleven years ago; he was a nervous bridegroom of seventeen hectic summers, and she had just celebrated her fifteenth birthday. She became Red's partner in the act, and his Everything.

"That girl," raves Red. "She made me what I am today. I would still be wearing baggy pants in burlesque if it weren't for her."

Edna wanted Red to crash the Big Time on Broadway. They tried it—and starved.

"Once we went three days without eating. Didn't have a cent. Why, we even prowled the streets to see if we couldn't find a penny or a nickel!

"During another layoff, Edna got a job as an usherette, but she was fired because she didn't wear stockings. She had none. But that girl never groused. Instead, she started fixing over the act, writing all my material. That's when I started getting the breaks."

A Hollywood talent scout saw him in vaudeville, and Red did a small part in *Having Wonderful Time* which turned out to be an unfortunate episode for him. "Even I want to forget it," says Red, wincing.

He returned sadly to New York and the night club and vaudeville stint, never dreaming that he might get a second chance at Hollywood. Mickey Rooney saw his act one evening and sent a wire to his agent telling him about Red Skelton.

"Will you come to Hollywood to make a test for M-G-M question mark," wired the agent.

"Will I exclamation point," answered Red in a jiffy.

He was tested and the test was so hilarious that when any studio executives feel blue they order Red's test run for them.

It doesn't look as though this sudden success will spoil him. He's too unself-conscious and naive. A friend came up to him in a restaurant and told him, "I hear your finish in the sailor number of *Panama Hattie* is terrific."

"Oh," said Red, "you mean this?" And in full sight of all the diners, he jumped three feet up in the air and came down flat on his face.

The Skeltons derive their greatest pleasure out of sitting in their den and competing with each other to see who can create more gags out of one comedy situation.

"She always tops me," beams Red, from which you may deduce that he's still nuts about the lady. You're right. He's so much in love with her that he feels guilty when he has to kiss another girl before the camera, so he keeps his fingers crossed during the love scenes.

"Say," a friend advised him. "The audience is going to notice your crossed fingers and think it's strange."

"Listen," said Red. "When the audience starts noticing my fingers instead of me—I'd better quit." ■



Vera Vague, Jerry Colonna and Dorothy Lewis, starring in Republic's "Ice-Capades of 1941".



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ALL GIRLS ARE EASY





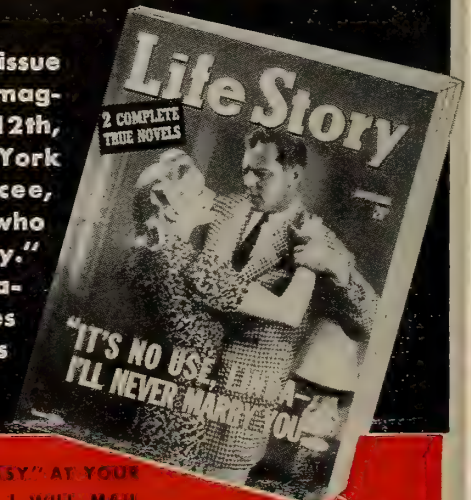
Miss Beatrice Landry answers this soldier's charge.

"ALL GIRLS ARE EASY." That's what one soldier says. In the October issue of LIFE STORY, the remarkable new kind of magazine, he tells with complete frankness of his experiences and disillusionments. He gives you his straight-from-the-shoulder opinion—and that of his fellow soldiers—about girls. You may disagree, but it's worth reading, and it will make you think.

BUT IS HE RIGHT? *Can* it be true that all girls are easy? That's what girls all over the country are asking. That's what Mary Shannon, the wise, understanding editor of LIFE STORY, determined to find out.

and now...A SOLDIER'S SWEETHEART ANSWERS

In the November issue of this remarkable new magazine, on sale October 12th, Beatrice Landry, of New York City, a soldier's fiancee, answers the young man who says "All girls are easy." She talks freely of temptation, of the uncertainties and heightened emotions of camp life.



LIFE STORY is "more magazine;" more pages, more stories, more hours of reading, more powerful subjects, told in the words of people who have lived and loved and learned—the magazine that helps you know those things that people used to say "only experience can teach."

Mary Shannon



IF YOU CAN'T GET THE OCTOBER NUMBER WITH "ALL GIRLS ARE EASY" AT YOUR NEWSSTAND, SEND ME YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, WITH 25c. I WILL MAIL YOUR COPY IMMEDIATELY. THEN, IF YOU DON'T AGREE THAT IT'S THE "MOST" MAGAZINE OF ITS KIND, WRITE ME AND I'LL SEND YOUR MONEY BACK AT ONCE. ADDRESS MARY SHANNON, DEPT. L, 22 WEST PUTNAM AVE., GREENWICH, CONN.

Important Pictures

[Continued from page 67]

top-ranking comedian. This is his first feature-length picture, and he's a knockout. Physically he resembles Bob Hope, and his humor is fashioned along the same lines. Skelton, however, seems to be able to do more facial contortions, and when registering a "double-take" he's at his best. The story is a rather improbable one, of course, but serves its purpose, which is to provide a suitable backdrop for Skelton's monkey-shines. A racketeering "cult" kidnap a radio crime serial figure, "The Fox"—who is Skelton—and force him to evolve a foolproof plot for murder. The Fox manages to prevent the murder and call police to the rescue. It's entirely zany, of course, but you don't want to miss Skelton.

WHEN LADIES MEET ★★★

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

■ Rachel Crothers' famous stage play comes to the screen for the second time with Joan Crawford, Greer Garson and Robert Taylor in the leading roles. Being a close translation of the stage play, the film is long on talk and short on action. However, the starring combination of the three leads—plus Herbert Marshall—carries it along in enjoyable fashion. Miss Crawford portrays a young authoress, admired and loved by Taylor, who launches a romance with her publisher, Mr. Marshall. To break it up, Taylor brings Miss Crawford and the publisher's wife (Greer Garson) together with their identities unknown to each other. They have a frank, highly illuminating boudoir chat, after which Miss Crawford, disillusioned at finding the real nature of the publisher revealed, falls into the waiting arms of Taylor. Miss Garson walks away with the top acting honors as the understanding, tolerant wife.

BELLE STARR ★★★

Twentieth Century-Fox

■ The notorious woman outlaw of Missouri history is brought to the screen in a highly romanticized version. Gene Tierney portrays the title role with spirit and fire. Instead of presenting *Belle Starr* as the famous outlaw she really was, the film dresses her up as a slave-owning aristocrat who refuses to admit the South has lost the war and continues fighting the "dam' Yankees." She marries *Sam Starr* (Randolph Scott) and continues the guerilla warfare by his side. She is killed as she rides to save him from a trap set by the enemy. Her death becomes a legend. There is a close resemblance in the character Miss Tierney portrays to *Scarlett O'Hara,* and she's dressed in much the same fashion. Just like *Scarlett, Belle* has her colored mammy, Louise Beavers. All in Technicolor.

DIVE BOMBER ★★★

Warners

■ Warners have made a fine film about the men behind the scenes in the great United States Naval Air Corps—the flight surgeons, the men who keep the pilots fit for the skies. *Dive Bomber* is immensely timely and significant in theme. Filmed at the U. S. Naval Air Base at San Diego and aboard the aircraft carriers *Enterprise* and *Saratoga,* it has an authenticity which too many glamorized aviation films miss. There is little story, the film being almost documentary in tone. It concerns the feud between Flight Surgeon Errol Flynn and Flight Commander Fred MacMurray. There is no romance other than a few brief sequences in which Alexis Smith, striking newcomer, walks on and off. The entire film is done in Technicolor, and nothing more thrilling than the gorgeous air shots has come our way in a long time.

UNFINISHED BUSINESS ★★★

Universal

■ With the assumption that there is some "unfinished business" in every woman's life, Gregory La Cava has produced another sparkling comedy. He has taken a basically serious situation and handled it in highly entertaining, light fashion. Irene Dunne portrays a small town girl in search of love and excitement in the big city. She has a mad moment with wealthy playboy Preston Foster, who leaves her with the "unfinished business." For spite, she elopes with his brother, Robert Montgomery. Montgomery is in love with her, but she still carries the torch for Foster. She leaves him, but a year later they are reunited, due to the intercession of the playboy brother, who brutally ends Irene's infatuation for him. The entire cast is excellent. Miss Dunne is given opportunity to use her charming singing voice, which, for some strange reason, producers keep hidden. Except for a let-down of pace in the middle, *Unfinished Business* is excellent entertainment.

NAVY BLUES ★★

Warners

■ A good star line-up and a couple of corking dance numbers make *Navy Blues* pleasant entertainment. The story is rather weak, concerning two pretty girls (Ann Sheridan and Martha Raye) who are dance hall hostesses in a night club in Honolulu. When Jack Haley and Jack Oakie, two slap-happy gobs, land

[Continued on page 74]

GARBO GOES WILD!

She skiis, she rumbas, she wears daring clothes and a startling new hair-do—and she plays a dual role in her latest picture, *Twins.* Read about the new Garbo in our intriguing on-the-set story in the December issue of

HOLLYWOOD

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IDEAL PORTRAIT CO.
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Important Pictures

[*Continued from page 73*]

there, the fun begins. The highly publicized *Navy Blues Sextette* of lovely girls appears in several sequences, and a likely looking group they are, too. Ann Sheridan, of course, looks like a million dollars, but she hasn't enough to do. You'll like the grass skirt dance number.

THIS WOMAN IS MINE ★★

Universal

■ *This Woman Is Mine* is of interest primarily because it introduces Universal's new star, Carol Bruce, to the movie-going public. Miss Bruce is a recruit from Broadway where she gained fame with her singing and dancing. The earlier parts of the film give her opportunity for two songs and she starts off with promise. However, her looks and talent are gradually lost in a weak plot and uninteresting misadventures. The story tells of a fur-trading expedition from New York to Oregon, on which Carol stows away because she is enamored of John Carroll, trader. Before the trip is over, she has transferred her affections to the more stable Franchot Tone. In spite of the good work turned in by Miss Bruce, Carroll, Tone and Walter Brennan, the picture succeeds in being only mildly entertaining.

THE PITTSBURGH KID ★★

Republic

■ Republic Pictures, knowing a good thing when they see it, grabbed Billy Conn right after his excellent showing against Joe Louis in the heavyweight contender's fight and proceeded to write a picture in which he is the chief attraction. He does very well for himself—and Republic. Conn is clean-cut and personable in appearance and holds his own with the more experienced actors he is pitted against. Except for a rather stiff delivery of his lines, he comes through in fine style. The story begins with the death of Conn's manager and the attempts of Jonathan Hale to sign him up. He sets his daughter, Veda Ann Borg, on Conn's trail. Just as he's about to sign, Jean Parker, who's in love with him, decides she will manage him herself. The whole thing adds up to a pleasing little movie.

OUR WIFE ★★

Columbia

■ The old triangle of husband-divorced wife-other woman turns up yet again, but it is handled in such effective fashion that you'll find it fun. Melvyn Douglas plays a composer, who, while drowning his sorrow over an unhappy marriage, meets Ruth Hussey. Her companionship inspires him to write a concerto for which he is acclaimed. And which brings back the errant wife, Ellen Drew. From that point on, it's a cat fight between the girls for Melvyn, and a merry battle it is. Charles Coburn and John Hubbard are fine in supporting roles.

ICE-CAPADES ★★

Republic

■ Republic brings the internationally famous Ice-Capades into the films with pleasing results. Over half the film is devoted to sequences on the skating rink, which are a treat to watch. Star of the show is Dorothy Lewis, a No. 1 personality of the ice revues, who performs in high style. Jerry Colonna and Barbara Jo Allen (*Vera Vague* of radio fame) afford comedy relief.

TILLIE THE TOILER ★★

Columbia

■ The well-known comic-strip character created by Russ Westover comes to life in Columbia's *Tillie the Toiler*. The film is filled with laughs, and the characters closely resemble the pen sketches. Kay Harris, a newcomer, makes a very convincing and attractive *Tillie*. In appearance and in her pert manner, she strongly resembles the cartoon character. Like the *Blondie* series, this promises to become a popular and entertaining feature.

Miniature Reviews

★★★★

A WOMAN'S FACE (M-G-M) Cast: *Joan Crawford, Melvyn Douglas, Conrad Veidt.* Joan Crawford gives the best performance of her career without benefit of glamour or striking clothes. Story is grim, but enthralling.

BLOSSOMS IN THE DUST (M-G-M) Cast: *Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon.* Based on the noble work done by Mrs. Edna Gladney of Texas in finding homes for orphan children. Greer Garson is enchanting in Technicolor.

CITIZEN KANE (R-K-O) Cast: *Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore.* Orson Welles' controversial film is one of the grandest bits of entertainment ever offered by Hollywood. The story relates in engrossing manner the highlights in the life of a notoriously wealthy publisher. Don't miss it.

RELUCTANT DRAGON, THE (R-K-O) Walt Disney's latest enchanting full-length feature stars Robert Benchley as a bemused visitor to the Disney plant. Through his eyes, we are shown how a Disney feature takes form.

SERGEANT YORK (Warners) Cast: *Gary Cooper, Joan Leslie, Walter Brennan.* The true story of a man from the Tennessee mountains who became a hero on the battlefield of World War I. One of the best pictures of the year.

Solution to Crossword Puzzle

W	I	T	H	E	R	S	■	H	E	A	R	T
I	■	R	A	N	D	■	B	O	Y	D	■	I
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L	U	C	K	■	B	A	N	K	■	J	O	E
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L	E	■	M	O	O	S	■	O	W	E	N	S
A	■	W	A	R	D	■	E	N	I	D	■	O
G	R	E	E	K	■	S	W	A	N	S	O	N

TOM, DICK AND HARRY (R-K-O) Cast: *Ginger Rogers, Burgess Meredith, Alan Marshal, George Murphy.* Delightful Cinderella tale of a girl who couldn't make up her mind which beau to choose. One of the year's gayest comedies.

★★★½

CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT (Paramount) Cast: *Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour, Eddie Bracken.* First in the series of draft comedies. Bob Hope, as usual, is very, very funny.

CHARLEY'S AUNT (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Jack Benny, Kay Francis, Laird Cregar.* Jack's funniest role to date, in which he dons petticoats and gets into all sorts of situations.

MAN HUNT (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Walter Pidgeon, Joan Bennett, George Sanders.* One of the best war movies to date. Story of a man who tries to shoot Hitler.

★★★

HERE COMES MR. JORDAN (Columbia) Cast: *Robert Montgomery, Evelyn Keyes.* Fantastic, but thoroughly absorbing.

HOLD THAT GHOST (Universal) Cast: *Abbott* and *Costello.* Another in the amusing series by Universal's No. 1 screwballs.

LADY BE GOOD (M-G-M) Cast: *Eleanor Powell, Ann Sothern, Robert Young.* Bright and sparkling musical in which Ann Sothern clicks in a big way.

LOVE CRAZY (M-G-M) Cast: *William Powell, Myrna Loy, Gail Patrick.* Powell and Loy go completely slapstick and romp merrily through one of the gayest comedies of the season. Watch for the hilarious elevator scene.

MILLION DOLLAR BABY (Warners) Cast: *Priscilla Lane, Jeffrey Lynn, May Robson.* Light entertainment for a summer evening.

MOON OVER MIAMI (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Betty Grable, Carole Landis, Robert Cummings, Don Ameche.* A good cast, plus lilting tunes and Florida landscapes shown in Technicolor, make this fair entertainment.

NEW WINE (United Artists) Cast: *Ilona Massey, Alan Curtis, Albert Bassermann.* Covers a brief span in the life of the composer Schubert. Enchanting music throughout.

PENNY SERENADE (Columbia) Cast: *Cary Grant, Irene Dunne.* Heartwarming story which provides plenty of opportunity for releasing any pent-up tears.

SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS (Paramount) Cast: *John Wayne, Betty Field, Harry Carey.* Even the most sophisticated movie-goer will find much to like about this tale of simple folk in the Ozark Mountains. All in Technicolor.

THE BRIDE CAME C. O. D. (Warners) Cast: *Bette Davis, James Cagney, Jack Carson.* Bette deserts her long run of heavy dramatic roles for a bit of light comedy. Result is an entertaining film in which Bette is kidnaped by Cagney on the eve of her wedding.

THEY MET IN BOMBAY (M-G-M) Cast: *Clark Gable, Rosalind Russell.* About two jewel thieves out to get the same diamond who have to combine forces to outwit the police. Gable and Rosalind make even the weak story good entertainment.

ZIEGFELD GIRL (M-G-M) Cast: *Lana Turner, Hedy Lamarr, Judy Garland, James Stewart, Tony Martin.* Plenty of beautiful girls and lilting tunes will give you an enjoyable evening. A bit slow in pace, however.

★★

ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS (Paramount) Is a lightweight Tahitian romance of familiar trend. Again *Dorothy Lamour* wears a sarong and sings several songs in pleasing fashion. Color photography adds an enchanting new note.

BARNACLE BILL (M-G-M) Cast: *Wallace Beery, Marjorie Main, Virginia Weidler.* Presenting Wally in the waterfront role he does so well.

FATHER TAKES A WIFE (R-K-O) Cast: *Gloria Swanson, Adolphe Menjou.* A light little comedy which is noteworthy because it marks the return of Gloria Swanson.

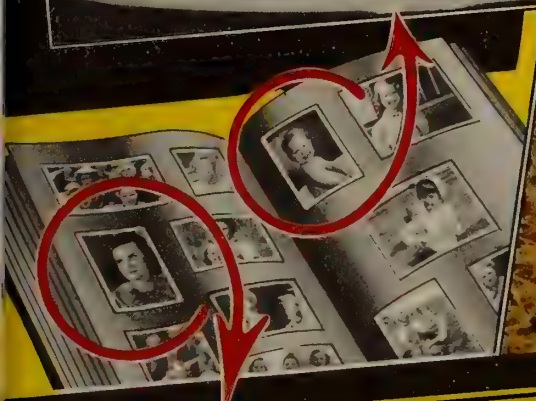
MY LIFE WITH CAROLINE (R-K-O) Cast: *Ronald Colman, Anna Lee, Reginald Gardiner.* Introducing British star, Anna Lee. A giddy little domestic comedy with some bright spots.

WILD GEESE CALLING (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Henry Fonda, Joan Bennett.* An old story in a new version. Rather slow.

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BROILED GRAPEFRUIT

Wash 4 grapefruit. Cut in halves. Loosen sections with knife. Cut 4 Maraschino cherries in halves—4 in narrow strips. Place cherry halves in centers of grapefruit, use strips to outline segments. Measure out ½ cup KARO (red label) and brush tops of grapefruit with the syrup. Broil slowly 20 minutes—or until brown. Makes 8 servings—*Less than 4¢ a serving* (in season).

KARO GLAZED APPLES

Wash and core 8 medium sized apples. Do not peel. Place in sauce-pan; add 8 whole cloves, 1 piece stick cinnamon, 1¾ cups water and ¾ cup KARO (red label). Cover, and cook very slowly for one hour, or until tender. Makes 8 servings—*Less than 3¢ a serving.*

KARO COTTAGE PUDDING

Combine 1 c. KARO (blue label), ½ c. sugar, 1 tbsp. cream, ¼ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. vanilla...Cook 5 minutes; remove from heat; add 1 tbsp. butter, and stir until dissolved. Pour over eight squares of plain, "one-egg" cake. (There's a good recipe in "KARO KOOKERY")...Cost of cake and KARO Sauce *less than 4¢ a serving.*

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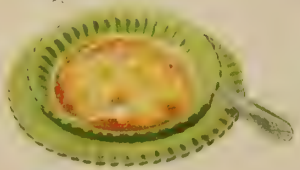


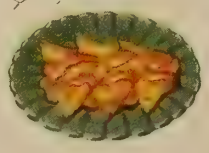
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BEAUTY editors agree! Beauty specialists give their approval and men from the days of Adam have endorsed with their eyes and sealed with their vows every single word: "Nothing adds more charm to a girl than a *bright, sparkling, appealing smile.*"

Take hope, plain Sue, and take heart. Even if you weren't born to beauty, you can win beauty's rewards. Help your *gums* to health and bring out your smile's sparkle. Start today with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"

Play safe! If you ever see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist immediately.* He may simply tell you your gums have become sensitive because they need more work—work denied them by today's soft, creamy foods. And like many dentists these days, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed not only to clean your teeth to a brilliant lustre but, with massage, to help bring new strength and firmness to your gums.

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. You'll like its clean, freshening taste. And that invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissues—helping your gums to new firmness. Keep your smile your most appealing asset. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today.



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They went on to say that "Even a plain girl can be charming, if she has a lovely smile. But without one, the loveliest woman's beauty is dimmed and darkened."

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For "The Chocolate Soldier" (not propaganda for candy or warriors) comes singing to the screens of America.

★ ★ ★

A lusty duet when Nelson Eddy joins with the sensational new star Rise Stevens.



Miss Stevens is unquestionably a thrush. Her voice has the liquidity of a babbling brook. Although unlike the famed stream of Tennyson it only goes on to the ultimate convincing note.

★ ★ ★

There has been some curiosity about this new excitement. It is a blending of two famous works.

★ ★ ★

Ferenc Molnar's "The Guardsman" has been embellished and enriched with the historic score of Oscar Straus' "The Chocolate Soldier".

★ ★ ★

It might well have been called "The Chocolate Guardsman".

★ ★ ★

But be that as it may it will unquestionably be called a great hit.

★ ★ ★

Eddy is in rare form. Director Roy Del Ruth gets a half-Nelson on his audience with a whole Nelson on his screen.

★ ★ ★

This is a film to see and to hear. To see beauty in the unstinted M-G-M manner.

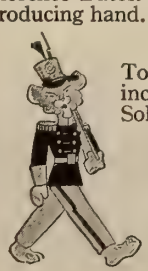
★ ★ ★

And to hear "My Hero", "Sympathy", "The Chocolate Soldier" and other Straus songs of romance, as well as stirring pieces from Wagner, Schubert, Bizet.

★ ★ ★

In the cast also are Nigel Bruce and Florence Bates. Victor Saville's is the producing hand.

★ ★ ★



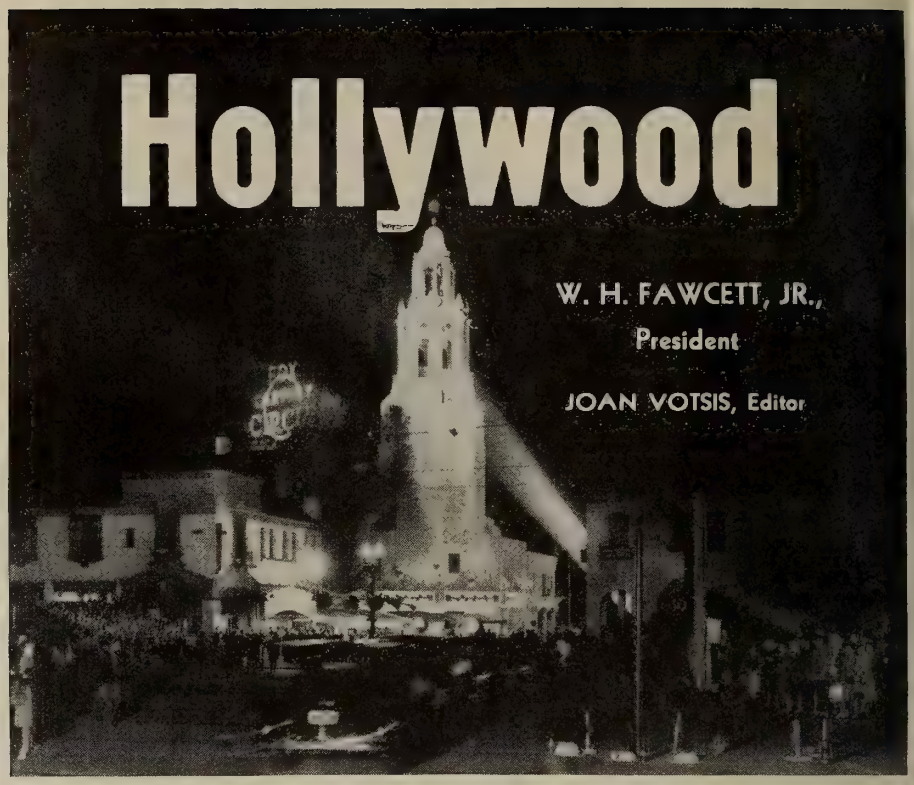
To be not brief but all-inclusive, "The Chocolate Soldier" has everything from A to...

★ ★ ★

Zip and zest.

—Leo

Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*



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The Chocolate Soldier

starring

NELSON EDDY
RISE STEVENS

with **NIGEL BRUCE · FLORENCE BATES**

Based on Ferenc Molnar's "The Guardsman"
Screen Play by Leonard Lee and Keith Winter
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture · Directed by
ROY DEL RUTH · Produced by VICTOR SAVILLE

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Oscar Straus' gayest love songs: "My Hero", "Sympathy", "The Chocolate Soldier", "Spy Song" and other marvels of melody, "Evening Star", "Song Of The Flea" and more, more, more!





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LASTS LONGER...
SMOOTHER



USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ERSKINE JOHNSON



What a way to face the camera! This weeping little lady has since changed her mind and today likes nothing better than having her picture made. She's an up-and-coming young actress who used to be a fashion commentator, later went on the stage, hence to motion pictures. Give up? Turn to page 10 for the answer, and try your luck again with next month's puzzle picture

■ Betty Grable and Carole Landis made the set of the picture *Hot Spot* the hottest spot in Hollywood during the four weeks they worked together. I predicted the hair would fly when these two blondes met before the camera again. And it flew like a windstorm in the House of Westmore. Betty landed the first punch by reading aloud on the set a nasty review of Carole's work in a recent film. Carole answered by walking out of a projection room just as Betty's face came on the screen during the showing of the day's rushes. For the rest of the film it was every woman for herself—with no punches barred.

■ Producer Gene Markey's last Hollywood date before reporting as a lieutenant commander in the navy was with his ex-wife, Hedy Lamarr. Both deny that they'll try the marriage game again.

■ William Powell is still a very sick man. He had to take time out frequently on the set of the new *Thin Man* picture. Bill may even have to undergo another in a long series of operations that started shortly after the death of his tragic love, Jean Harlow.

■ Kay Kyser, usually good-natured and agreeable, refused to act as a judge at a bare leg contest at a Hollywood night club. He was asked to serve with John Barrymore and Peter Lind Hayes to determine which girl looked best without silk stockings. Kyser turned down the invitation. He was afraid the publicity would be bad for him. Barrymore accepted without hesitation. The Great Profile doesn't need an invitation to judge feminine legs. He does it on his own time.

■ Strangest, most comical and extremely outlandish performance turned in for Paramount's *Malaya*, the Dorothy Lamour film, was carried out by Director Al Santell and other members of the crew—from behind the camera. At odd times during the day, they could be seen jumping up and down and hammering one another on the back, meanwhile shouting madly. All this was for the benefit of Muk, a chimpanzee. When the company wanted Muk to wave his arms, clap his hands and express joy, they coaxed him into it by pounding one another on the back. It worked wonders.

■ Billy Conn, the fist slinger who almost licked Joe Louis, found Hollywood a bit strange while making his film debut in *The Pittsburgh Kid*. One day Conn watched the make-up man combing someone's hair on the set. "Tell me," Billy asked him with a dead pan, "are you a barber out of work?"

■ There will be no abatement in the prodigious girth of Andy Devine, who appeases his appetite between scenes by partaking of hardboiled eggs which he brings to work with him every day. Cautioned by a friend that this eating program might further increase his waistline, Devine said: "I always think of the time when I was very hungry in this town so I'm going to stay as big as I am. I'm

[*Continued on page* 8]



When Ginger Rogers goes out dancing, she turns heads, not only because of her beauty, but because she doesn't go out very often. Bentley Ryan, handsome young attorney, was her lucky escort at the Mocambo Club recently



ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING



Tony Martin and Lana Turner were among the stars who turned out for the gala Wilshire Bowl Theater Restaurant opening. Lana is one of Hollywood's strongest advocates of the bared shoulders for evening. She's appearing in *Johnny Eager*

making up with a vengeance for all of those meals I missed."

■ Carole Landis is the latest feminine star to get her wings. The blond actress qualified for a private pilot's license by flying solo for three hours and making four successive take-offs and landings.

■ The socially prominent daughter of an old eastern family hit the ceiling the other night when a news photographer snapped her picture dancing with a Hollywood actor. Joining the girl's protests, the actor and a couple of friends threatened the camerman with everything short of murder. The camerman finally handed the girl the exposed plates. "Here," he said, contemptuously, "you're not THAT important!"

■ Penny Singleton, looking at a dress in a fashionable Beverly Hills shop, was accosted by a saleslady who assured her that timber line green and buffalo brown were winter's top shades. "Wait a minute," said Penny, "it's for me—not for Buffalo Bill."

■ *Peace on Earth,* a Hugh Harmon animated cartoon showing squirrels living in shell holes on a deserted battlefield, will be re-issued again this Christmas for the third consecutive year.

■ After the preview of a recent film, a friend told Humphrey Bogart: "You looked like a collar ad in that picture." "Yeah, I know," replied Bogart, "a horse collar ad."

■ Wallace Beery sings again in *Steel Cavalry,* his new picture at M-G-M. Beery has mumbled a few bars in previous films, but this time he actually goes in for a solo—a soldier ballad called *The Yellow Ribbon.*

■ Sign on Arthur Murray's new station wagon: "Gotno Rancho."

■ Ironic note on the *H. M. Pulham, Esq.* set. Gent who's waiting on Fay Holden (she's Mickey Rooney's ma in the *Hardy* pictures) in the film as her butler is David Clyde, who in real life is her husband.

■ As a novelty in *The Chocolate Soldier,* you'll hear Nelson Eddy and his co-star, Rise Stevens, singing before the picture even starts. They'll sing all the credits, including the copyright line.

■ An apple a day may keep the doctor away, but nobody will ever sell the idea to Sam MacDonald, a nurseryman at the Warner studio. MacDonald was putting the finishing touches on a huge orchard set for *Kings Row* which required the wiring of some 5000 apples to the trees. Just about the 4134th apple, MacDonald fell off the stepladder and sprained his ankle.

■ June Havoc, sister of Gypsy Rose Lee, the Broadway strip teaser, who made her film debut in *Street Girl* at R-K-O, has tabooed publicity linking her with Gypsy and all references to her own stripping in Broadway shows. But the studio has given her a song in the film titled, "I Haven't a Thing To Wear."

■ Jean Arthur, usually so shy, is conducting a one-woman, all out campaign to get polo player Tex Austin before the Hollywood cameras. She's even promised to play opposite him if he'll take a screen test. But he says no.

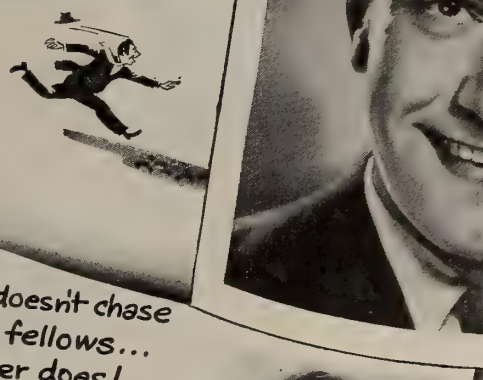
■ Gregory Ratoff, the director who butchers the King's English, was having trouble explaining to a bit player just what he wanted for a scene in *The Corsican Brothers.* "Look," said Ratoff finally. "I will make it very plain for you. I will put it in words of one letter."

[*Continued on page* 10]

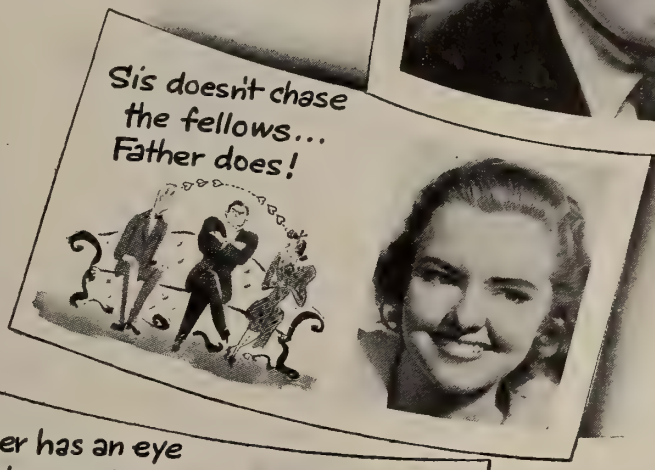


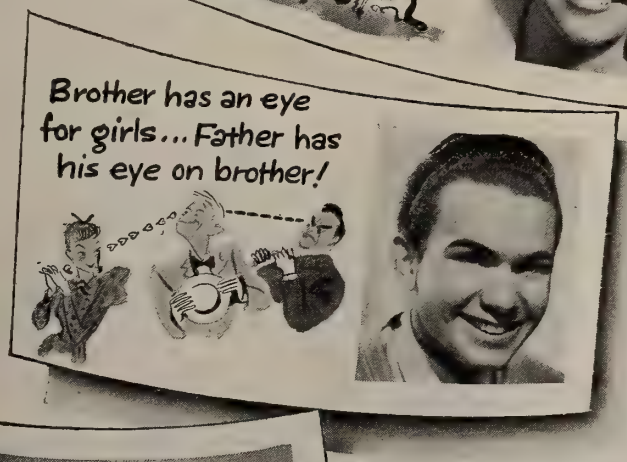
Since this picture was made, George Brent has placed a diamond on Ann Sheridan's finger. But according to Ann, it's just a friendship gift and doesn't mean an engagement. That's Cesar Romero at the left, who used to squire Ann around himself

MAN! What a Man IS FATHER!











WARNER BROS. delightfully present the most affable, laffable family that ever stepped out of America's screens . . . into America's heart!

FREDRIC
MARCH
MARTHA
SCOTT

In the big new hit based on the year's most celebrated best-seller!

"ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN"

With BEULAH BONDI • GENE LOCKHART
ELISABETH FRASER • HARRY DAVENPORT
LAURA HOPE CREWS • GRANT MITCHELL
Directed by IRVING RAPPER

Screen Play by Casey Robinson • From the Book by Hartzell Spence
Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros.-First National Picture



Beautiful Marvella pearls fashioned in pretty decorations for your ears.

Nature dipped in luscious iridescence from the sea . . . to give them the depth of sheen you find only in Marvella pearls.

Earrings pr. $1.00



Look for this tag . . .

At Better Stores everywhere or write to

WEINREICH BROS. CO.

383—5th Ave. New York



And this is what the sorrowful little lady shown on page 6 looks like today. It's charming Ruth Hussey, who's soon to be seen in *H. M. Pulham, Esq.*

■ Not In The Script: "Give the studio cameramen credit. They make us actresses glamorous. With a few lights and shadows they can turn all of Grimm's witches into fairy princesses"—Loretta Young. "No director has any right to take credit for an actor's performance. No director can make an actor out of someone who isn't really an actor"—Director Fritz Lang. "I'm an awfully poor Romeo. When I go courting it's a pretty sad performance. I'm just a muddle-tongued boob"—Cary Grant. "I'm not what you call a good mixer"—Charles Boyer. "You know how I feel about night life—I hate it"—Spencer Tracy. "The man I'm going to marry must be about ten years older than I am—and tremendously intellectual"—Olivia de Havilland.

■ Monty Woolley, who co-stars with Bette Davis and Ann Sheridan in *The Man Who Came to Dinner,* was complaining about the number of shots Director William Keighley was taking of Bette and Ann from behind Monty's ear. "What's the matter," Keighley said, "are you feeling left out?" "It's not that," Monty replied, "I'm just afraid my ear will steal the picture."

■ Richard Bennett's forthcoming autobiography has a lot of Hollywood folk worried, including his three daughters—Joan, Barbara and Constance.

■ During his first years in the theater, Sir Cedric Hardwicke was on tour in Africa with a small stock company. One evening after his stint in the first act was over, Sir Cedric joined the sparse audience to get their reaction to the play. The drama dragged to a close, and the entire cast lined up for bows. "I don't know why we should applaud them after the terrible show they put on," said a man in front of Sir Cedric. "Maybe we'd better," replied his friend, glancing first at the cast and then at the audience. "It looks as though we are outnumbered."

■ It happened on a set at Universal when Margaret Sullavan brought her two youngsters to the studio for a brief

[*Continued on page* 14]



W. H. Fawcett, Jr., president of Fawcett Publications, was extensively entertained on his recent trip to Hollywood. One of the parties given for him and Mrs. Fawcett was at the Brown Derby, to which many stars came to welcome the popular publisher. Above, Ann Miller, Mr. Fawcett, Rita Hayworth, Mrs. Fawcett and Allan Jones

Two movie dates you'll want to keep this Fall!

NEW "IT" MAN VICTOR MATURE

THRILLING CAROLE LANDIS

TERRIFIC BETTY GRABLE



Together

in the most exciting picture you will see this year!

HOT SPOT

with

Laird Cregar • William Gargan • Alan Mowbray • Allan Joslyn

Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone • Produced by Milton Sperling

Screen Play by Dwight Taylor • From the novel "I Wake Up Screaming" by Steve Fisher

20th CENTURY FOX



JACK OAKIE • GEORGE MURPHY • LINDA DARNELL

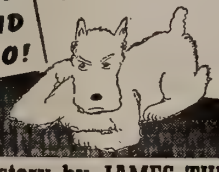
WALTER BRENNAN • MILTON BERLE

in Mark Hellinger's

RISE and SHINE

THEY'RE ALL COMPLETELY WACKY ... BUT, OH, WHAT FUN THEY ARE!

THE LAUGHS COME LOUD, LONG . . . AND CLOSE TOGETHER! AND THERE'S MUSIC, TOO!



with

Sheldon Leonard • Donald Meek • Ruth Donnelly • Raymond Walburn

Directed by Allan Dwan

From the story by JAMES THURBER

EYES RIGHT!

By ANN VERNON
Hollywood's Beauty Editor



For wide-awake looking eyes, Universal's Peggy Moran uses eye lotion twice every day



Peggy, who's to be seen in *Man or Mouse*, shows how to camouflage under-eye circles



Try applying eye shadow with a soft artist's brush to get the subtle effect you want



Peggy's smiling broadly because she knows there's nothing more glamorous than curly eyelashes



Deepen the color of your brows, but do it carefully. Ann Vernon explains how Peggy does it



Use mascara to darken upper lashes. Tilt head back to avoid smudges around eyes

■ BRIGHT EYES . . . Without clear, sparkling eyes like Peggy Moran's, you can't hope to accomplish wonders with eye make-up, for cosmetics only call attention to dull and bloodshot orbs. While nature provides a cleansing liquid for the eyeballs, it's wise to give her a little extra help, especially since most of us abuse our eyes by overstraining them at work, too much smoking or outdoor life. Every night and morning give yours a refreshing bath with a fine, reputable lotion. You'll like my favorite because it's mild and soothing and is applied with a sanitary dropper-stopper. When your eyes are very weary, soak cotton pads in this lotion, lie down with the pads pressed gently on your eyes. It's a wonderful pick-me-up before partying! The lotion comes in a 60 cent size as well as a 20 cent size to tuck in your purse.

YOUNG AND FAIR . . . You can look fresh and youthful at 16 or 36 if you avoid dark circles under your eyes. Lots of sleep and a correct diet helps prevent them, but when you *do* indulge you can immediately conceal the after-effects by covering up the dark, aging skin. Your ally in this camouflage is a tinted paste foundation that has body enough to cover skin discolorations without appearing heavy and mask-like. It comes in three flattering shades to match or harmonize with all skin tones—and of course, it's ideal as an all-over powder base for face and throat. Gives the skin a rosier, more glowing color. In applying it, dot lightly over skin, then blend to an even film. Comes in handy dime sizes.

BRUSH WORK . . . Peggy isn't painting her own portrait in picture 2 at the left. . . . She's applying eye shadow with a tiny camel's-hair brush like an artist's. It's the most accurate and professional way of tracing a seductive hint of eye shadow on your lids, and a method you won't ever desert for the little finger technique, once you've tried it. . . . Write me if you'd like the name and also the label of a fine, creamy shadow that blends artfully. It comes in a wide variety of shades to match your eyes or harmonize with cos-

[*Continued on page* 20]

RADIATE ROMANCE . . . with beautifully groomed eyes. Write for the names of necessary items you'll want to start using right away. Address your letter to Ann Vernon, Beauty Editor, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Be sure to enclose a stamped (U. S. postage, please), self-addressed envelope for reply. And ask about your skin, figure or hair problems.



The Saturday Evening Post serial that thrilled millions...

WALTER WANGER'S Great Adventu*romance* of Today!

SUNDOWN

starring GENE TIERNEY · BRUCE CABOT · GEORGE SANDERS
HARRY CAREY · JOSEPH CALLEIA · Reginald Gardiner · Carl Esmond
Marc Lawrence · SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE

Directed by Henry Hathaway · From the Saturday Evening Post story "Sundown" and screenplay by Barre Lyndon · A HENRY HATHAWAY PRODUCTION · Released thru United Artists

● ASK THE MANAGER OF YOUR LOCAL THEATRE WHEN HE IS PLAYING THIS GREAT ADVENTUROMANCE

NUMBER One Hundred

"GOOD BEHAVIOR" SLIP

ABOUT $1.49

will NOT twist when you walk.

will NOT strain at seams when you bend.

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IN RAYON SATIN AND CREPE
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tall, medium, short
SIZES: 32 to 44

Also in Junior Sizes
11—13—15—17

at your favorite store or write to

Movie Star

159 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 10]



There was so much to see at the circus that Ann Sothern and Robert Taylor had to look two ways at once. The stars are avid circus-goers and always have as much fun as the kiddies. Ann's in *Panama Hattie;* Bob's in *Johnny Eager*

visit. Miss Sullavan introduced the youngsters to various members of the cast and crew. Among the latter was Joseph Valentine, the cameraman. He, in particular, appeared to make an impression on four year old Brooks. Reluctant to speak up, however, Brooks cupped her hand to Miss Sullavan's ear, indicated Valentine and whispered: "Mama, is he the man who cuts out the hearts?"

■ An accidental line of Martha O'Driscoll's in Paramount's *Midnight Angel* never will be heard on the screen. Martha, speaking to a waiter about her boy friend, Robert Preston, was supposed to say: "Never marry the moody type. They'll drive you crazy." What she actually said was: "Never marry the movie type. They'll drive you crazy."

"Cut," said Director Ralph Murphy. "That's hitting too close to home."

■ Short Takes: Abbott and Costello's first picture next year will have a South Sea Island background, with the ace comedians burlesquing all of Dorothy Lamour's jungle epics. And the boys will even don sarongs for one sequence . . . Shirley Temple is wearing an evening gown on the screen for the first time in her new M-G-M film, *Girl on the Hill.* It's a copy of the formal she wore to her first school dance . . . Talking about a certain

[*Continued on page* 16]



Hollywood openings are always something out of the ordinary. When Harry Rosenthal opened his new music store, he had hostess Evelyn Moriarty dressed for the occasion. Milton Berle was inspired to offer a serenade to Miss M.

You Would Remember This Picture Always For Its Great

Love Story

You Would Praise It Solely For Its Thrilling Hitchcock

Suspense

You Would See It Just To See Its Two Brilliant

Stars....



And Here Are All Three

OF THESE EXCITING FEATURES COMBINED TO BRING YOU THE MOST THRILLING HOURS YOU HAVE EVER SPENT BEFORE A PICTURE SCREEN

He was charming enough to make many women love him... desperate enough to ruin the life of the one woman he loved.



CARY GRANT

Finer Than In "Philadelphia Story" and "Penny Serenade"

JOAN FONTAINE

In Her First Picture Since "Rebecca"

Suspicion

FROM FRANCIS ILES' BRILLIANT NOVEL, "BEFORE THE FACT"

with SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE • NIGEL BRUCE • DAME MAY WHITTY

Directed By ALFRED HITCHCOCK



The GIRL you'd LIKE TO BE!

HERE *you* are, and there *she* goes again . . . the girl you'd like to be!

How you envy her *buoyancy* . . . her *sparkle!* That wonderful ability to *do* and *go* whenever she desires—never saying "no" to invitations, keeping active, living without discomfort in spite of the "time of month."

Isn't it time you learned what she already knows . . . that much functional menstrual pain is *needless?*

With the trustworthy help of Midol, millions of women of menstrual age have proved this to their own satisfaction and comfort. Broken the bonds of the calendar, and regained many "lost days" for active living.

If you have no organic disorder calling for special medical or surgical treatment, Midol should make you the "girl you'd like to be" —taking the dread from trying days, giving welcome relief throughout the period.

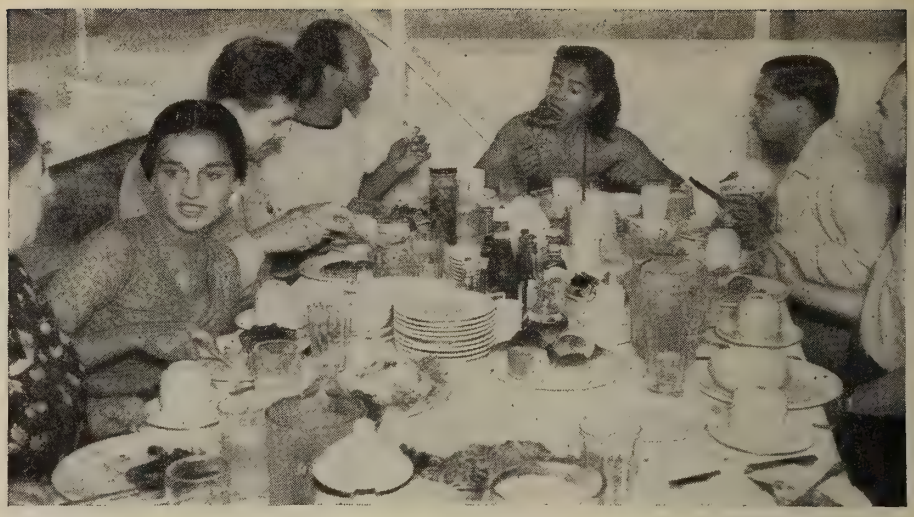
You can put confidence in Midol, for it contains no opiates. One ingredient is often prescribed for headache and muscular pain. Another ingredient, *exclusively* in Midol, increases relief by reducing spasmodic pain peculiar to the menstrual process.

There's only one way to discover the comfort in Midol. *Try* it! Among thousands of women recently interviewed, more reported using Midol to relieve functional menstrual pain than all other preparations combined. And 96% of these Midol users said they found Midol effective.

If you don't see Midol on your druggist's counter, ask for it. The large size, a trim aluminum case to tuck in purse or pocket, is only 40¢; the small size, 20¢.



Relieves Functional Periodic Pain

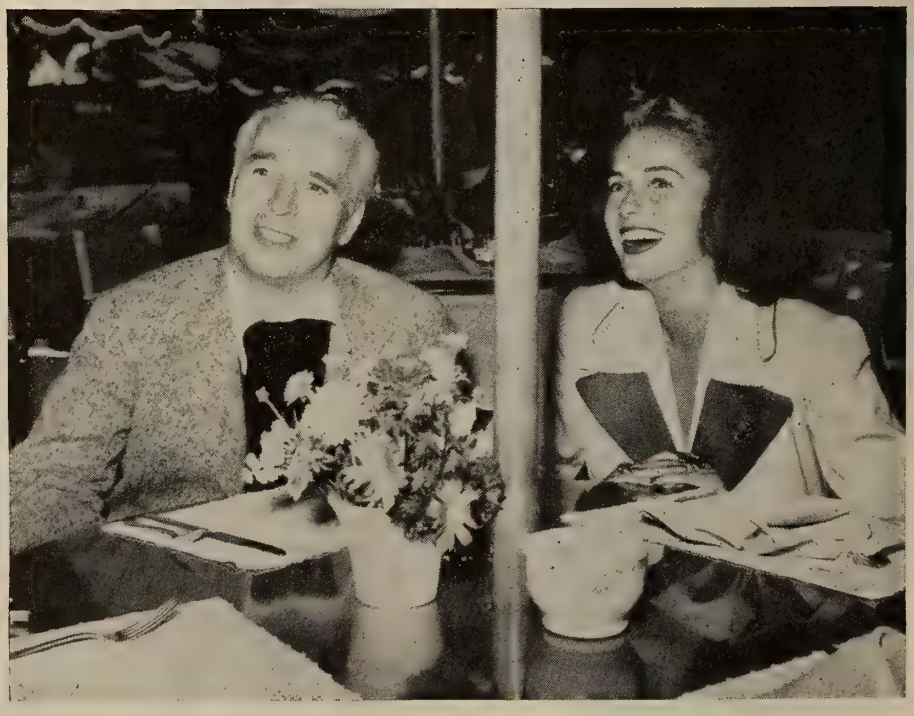


Sabu, young East Indian star, finds it takes a lot of nourishment to maintain his stamina for the dynamic role of *Mowgli*, the wolf-boy, in the picturization of Rudyard Kipling's famous *Jungle Book*. A dining-room was constructed on the location set where an abundance of all kinds of food was served the cast and crew. That's Sabu at the head of the table, and the dark-eyed young lady at the left is Patricia O'Rourke, 14-year-old high school girl who plays the role of *Mahala* in the film

Hollywoodsman, Ben Blue cracked, "Why, he even walks with a dialect" . . . Add minor Hollywood mysteries: Why some photographer doesn't make himself famous by photographing Jane Russell's face . . . Lana Turner is wearing the highest pompadour in town. But boy friend Tony Martin no likee . . . Brunette Rita Hayworth photographed so well as a red-gold blonde in Columbia's *You'll Never Get Rich* that the studio has decreed the same hair-do for her next film, *Eadie Was a Lady.*

■ For a scene in Republic's *Sailor Be Good,* Chic Chandler comments: "Marriage is a 50-50 proposition." "Yeah," replies Cliff Nazarro, "she spends 50 dollars for a new dress. He spends 50 cents for a new shirt."

■ Samuel Goldwyn's new picture, *Ball of Fire,* is a story revolving around the experiences of a professor who is writing a chapter on modern slang for an encyclopedia. Gary Cooper is the professor, Barbara Stanwyck a slang-happy



Two of the most enthusiastic onlookers at the Pacific Southwest Tennis Matches were Charlie Chaplin and Jinx Falkenburg, famous model who's now in films. Both Jinx and Charlie are better-than-average players themselves and so they have a real appreciation of the game. Jinx is in *Sing for Your Supper*

night club entertainer who increases both his vocabulary and his heart beats. Naturally enough, Writers Charley Brackett and Billy Wilder did a great deal of research on modern slang before writing the script. Some of their best discoveries included:

A call on the Ameche—telephone call. Do you dig me? do you understand? Loose tooth—a farmer. Yum-yum type—very kissable. Give him the Fuller—give him the brush. A slight case of *Andy Hardy*—to get sentimental. Chop-chop—good-bye. Hit the jiggles—go out dancing. Cooking with gas—you get wise. Hoytoytoy—having a good time. What's buzzin', cousin?—what's happening? Off the scale—gaining weight. Squirrel fever—acting silly.



The minute the cameras stopped grinding after an outdoor scene in *The Feminine Touch*, Don Ameche hied himself to the nearest stump and applied a little first aid to his burning feet. Reason: he'd just completed a fight with Van Heflin in a pine-cone littered forest

■ Charles Laughton has returned to regular eating habits after losing his waistline—and almost losing his life. The star made up his own reducing diet several months ago and dropped 40 pounds before his doctor caught up with him and warned him if he didn't stop, the consequences might be fatal.

■ Hollywood has finally discovered a way to beat the Hays office censors with a love scene. In a new Warner picture, *The Body Disappears*, Jeffrey Lynn makes red hot love to Jane Wyman. And there was nothing the Hays office could censor. They couldn't even see Jeffrey Lynn. He's invisible throughout the scene.

[*Continued on page* 18]

Girl meets Boy—Girl wins Boy
Girl guards her Charm with Mum!



Keep your Charm your winning asset—prevent underarm odor with Mum!

SOME GIRLS live alone and like it. Others marry their second best choice. But happy Sue nailed the man of her heart's desire and better still, she plans to keep him. Sue knows that personal daintiness is one asset a girl *must* have. And *every day* she guards her charm with Mum.

She knows that even the most refreshing bath can't prevent risk of underarm odor to come. *Mum does.* A quick, daily dab under each arm and you know that your daintiness and charm are secure, all day or all evening long.

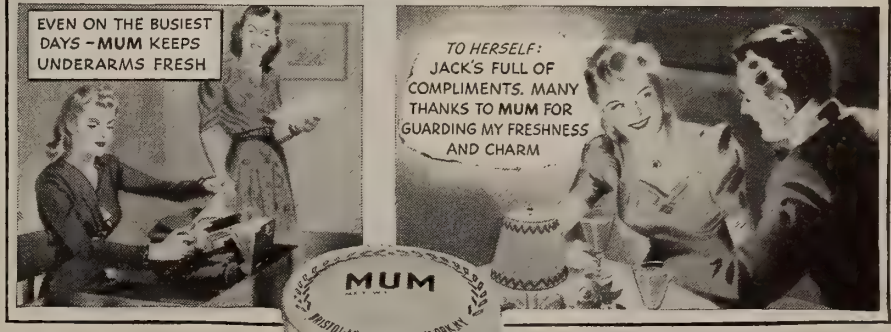
More girls use Mum than any other deodorant. You'll like it, too, for—

SPEED—Only 30 seconds to prevent underarm odor for hours!

SAFETY—The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric . . . so gentle that even after underarm shaving, it won't irritate your skin.

LASTING CHARM—Mum keeps underarms fresh—not by stopping perspiration, but by preventing odor. Guard your charm—get Mum at your druggist's today.

CHARM IS WORTH GUARDING . . . PLAY SAFE WITH MUM!



For Sanitary Napkins
More women prefer Mum for this use, too, because it's gentle, safe . . . guards charm. Avoid offending—always use Mum.

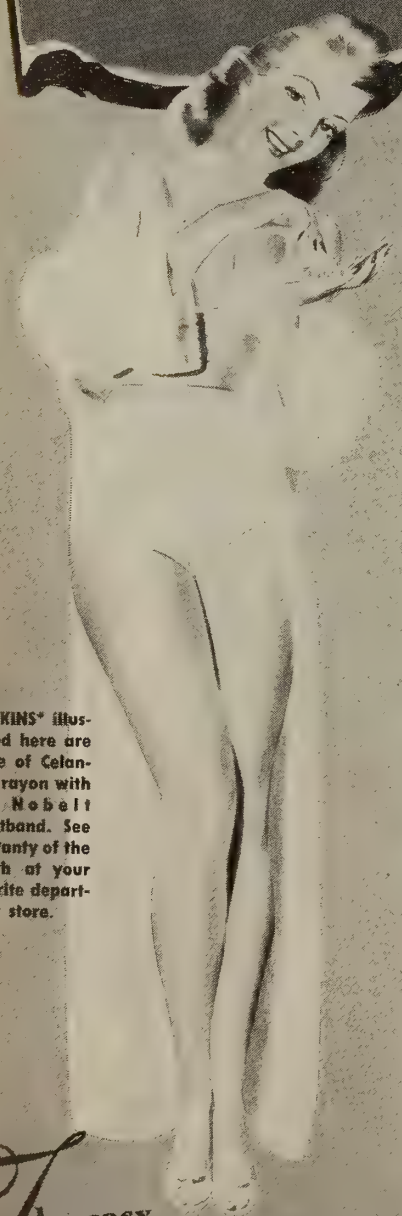
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MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

COMPLETELY CORRECT...

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FOR EVERY COSTUME
FOR EVERY OCCASION



MINIKINS* illustrated here are made of Celanese* rayon with the Nobelt Waistband. See the Panty of the Month at your favorite department store.

The easy comfort of Blue Swan's six flattering pantie styles... their budgetable price...their superb fit under your every costume...tell you you're correctly dressed with Undikins, the only complete pantie wardrobe.

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Blue Swan
EMPIRE STATE BUILDING • NEW YORK



Three box-office champions of yesterday are brought back to the screen—Francis X. Bushman, Sr., Clara Kimball Young, and James J. Jeffries, former world's heavyweight champion. All three appear in *Mr. Celebrity*, an original story by Martin Mooney and Charles Samuels, a contributor to HOLLYWOOD and other Fawcett publications. A story by Mr. Samuels on Hans Yaray will appear in the next issue

■ Franchot Tone's day-time courtship of 17-year-old Jean Wallace has it's difficulties. Not long ago Tone went to the Beverly Hills hotel swimming pool to watch Jean pose for some publicity pictures. Between shots, she dashed over to Tone's table beside the pool. But she didn't dash alone. Rachael Smith, the studio school teacher, went with her every time and made it a threesome. It's a state law that minors in pictures must be in charge of a school teacher during working hours. But the crowning blow came when the school teacher wouldn't even let Tone carry Jean's books home.

■ Here's the oddity of the month: A famous Broadway star recently lured to Hollywood is going back to school—to acquire a glamorous voice. Her name is

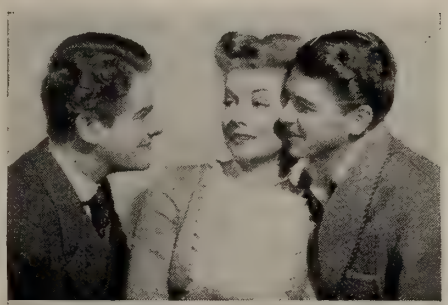


Star-studded was the audience attending the Wilshire Bowl Theater the night John Murray Anderson introduced his Silver Screen Revue. Dick Powell, Bette Davis, Joan Blondell and Bette's husband, Arthur Farnsworth, had a gay evening. Bette is in *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, Joan's in *Lady for a Night*, and Dick is busy looking for a stage play with a part in it which he likes

Carol Bruce and Universal studio big shots think she can be built into a star after seeing her film debut in *This Woman Is Mine*. She has beauty and talent but a voice that does not match her personality. It's harsh and husky—and the studio decided something must be done about it. So Carol is going back to school—a vocal school—to have glamour put into her voice so she can be a movie star.

■ European Producer Arnold Pressburger's filming, with Hays office approval of John Colton's bawdy old stage play, *Shanghai Gesture*, is the best trick of the year in Hollywood. Movie makers have been trying to put the play on celluloid for years. Before Pressburger and his writers took over, 32 screen plays had been junked, 18 rejected by the Hays office. Whether there's anything left after the cleaning up is a question only the completed film can answer.

■ Funny story about Red Skelton's first day on the set of *Panama Hattie*, in which he's co-starred with Ann Sothern. Director Norman McLeod asked him what kind of a dressing room he'd like and



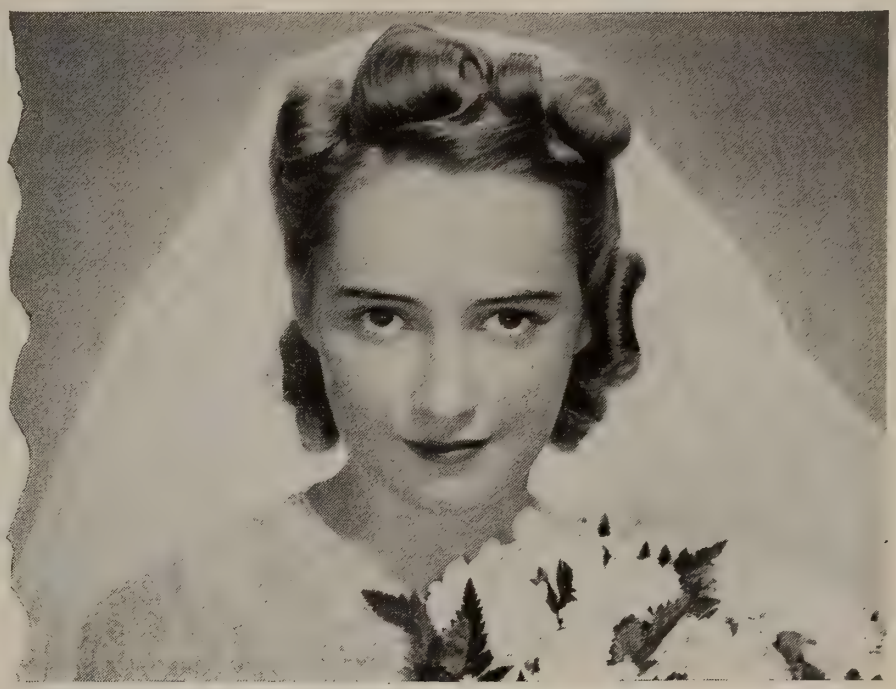
***Kings Row*—the movie all the world is waiting to see! Adapted from the sensational novel which deals with passions and emotions gone berserk, the film has an all-star cast headed by Ann Sheridan, Robert Cummings and Ronald Reagan. Be sure to read this engrossing on-the-set story in next month's issue!**

Skelton said: "Any kind will do—just so it has a Sothern exposure."

■ Casting of the month: Jack Oakie as a college freshman in T. C.-Fox's *Rise and Shine*. Twelve years ago at Paramount Oakie was cast as a football coach—because Hollywood felt he was too old to portray a student.

■ Complaints of movie fans that Tyrone Power hasn't been given enough love scenes in recent pictures is about to be answered—and in typical super colossal Hollywood style. In his new film, *Son of Fury*, he has four love affairs, one every two reels. Elsa Lanchester, Virginia Gilmore, Gene Tierney and Cobina Wright, Jr., will share his romantic interest.

Find your way to new Loveliness Go on the Camay "MILD-SOAP" DIET!



This lovely bride, Mrs. Allen F. Wilson of Detroit, Mich., says: "I'm thrilled by what the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet has done for me. It's simply wonderful! I'm telling all my friends about this wonderful way to help keep their complexions beautiful."

Try this exciting idea in beauty care—based on the advice of skin specialists—praised by lovely brides!

YOU CAN BE lovelier—you can attain a fresher, more natural-looking beauty by changing to a "Mild-Soap" Diet.

How often a woman lets improper cleansing cloud the natural beauty of her skin...and how often she uses a soap not as mild as a beauty soap should be!

Skin specialists advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is milder by actual test than ten other popular beauty soaps tested. That's why we say—"Go on the 'Mild-Soap' Diet!"

Twice every day—for 30 days—give your skin Camay's gentle care. Be constant—it's the day to day care that reveals the full benefit of Camay's greater mildness. And in a few short weeks you can reasonably hope to see a lovelier, more appealing skin!

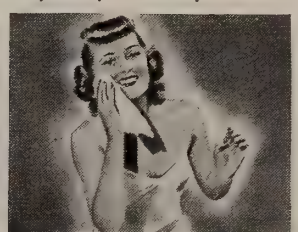


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THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

✓ Camay is milder by actual recorded test—in tests against ten other popular beauty soaps Camay was milder than any of them!

Go on the **CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!**



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of the nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashings.



Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.



Eyes Right!

[*Continued from page 12*]

tume accents—and there's also silver and gold for a sheenful overcoat for evening use, as well as iridescent blue, violet, green and bronze. All very yummy with the lush new fall clothes. The shadow is 75 cents, the brush 50 cents.

CURL UP IN STYLE . . . What's the good of long, dark lashes, if they don't have a nice, modified cinnamon bun curl? Very little, because they aren't noticed unless they curl over the upper lid. Peggy and all the Hollywood stars realize this so they wouldn't think of being without a grand mechanical lash curler. On the market for years, it has recently been improved so that it's even easier to use. You simply clamp the rubber-protected bows over your upper lashes, count to 40 or more and lo! your lashes are curled for the whole day. It's perfectly safe because it can't possibly touch anything but your lashes when it's used according to directions. I've used one for years and consider it as essential as my lipstick. Only one dollar for this prize.

DRAWING LESSON . . . Don't ever try to use an eyebrow pencil at right angles to the skin, as you use a pencil on paper. . . . This produces a harsh line that looks not even remotely like the feathery line of an eyebrow. Follow Peggy's rule and hold the pencil parallel to the brow, draw on short, slanting strokes to fill in color. And do use a pencil that is the best seller in the field. It's made by a company famous for eye beautifiers—and it comes in natural, believable shades of brown and black. The texture is just right, neither too hard nor too soft—so you can't help getting a natural effect. A mere dime.

THE FINAL TOUCH . . . I've saved the frosting until last. The best part of all eye make-up is mascara, because it does such a wonderful transformation job—making light, scant lashes look longer, darker and heavier instantly. Apply it only on the upper lashes, first sweeping it across, then brushing upward with a clean brush to remove excess darkener. Applied after the lashes are curled, it serves to hold the curl in place longer. Want the name of a mascara that is "tops"? I know you'll like it because it goes on so easily and clings until it's removed. And there are two types to choose from—cake and cream. My suggestion is that you use cake mascara at home and carry a small tube of the cream in your purse, so you'll have it handy for emergency make-ups. If you're a blonde or a redhead use brown for softness and if you're a brunette, black is your dish. And any girl is a dream in midnight blue for evening wear. Comes in dime sizes.

Write to me before December 15th if you wish the names of products mentioned above. Enclose a stamped (U. S. postage), self-addressed envelope and send your letter to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



Dark and virile Victor Mature appears next in United Artists' picturization of the controversial stage play, *Shanghai Gesture*. Gene Tierney has leading feminine role, that of a beautiful half-breed girl trapped in a Levantine gambling den

Garbo Goes Wild!

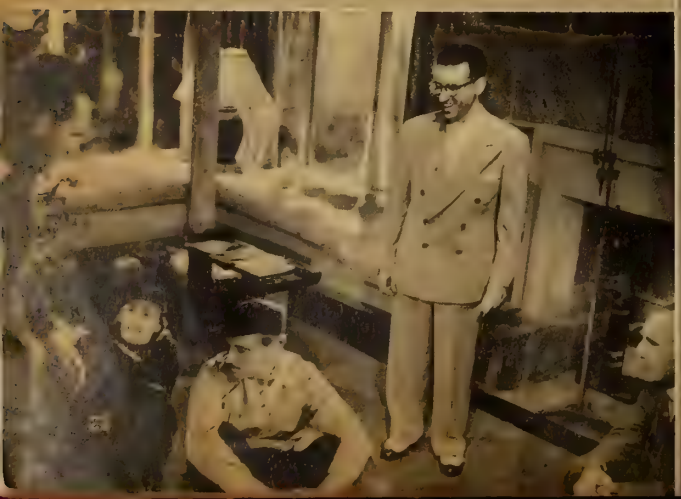
By HELEN WELLER

Not only does Garbo play a dual role in her new M-G-M film, *Two-Faced Woman*, but she rhumbas, swims, whistles, sings, and wears a new coiffure. Left: She gives publisher Melvyn Douglas a merry chase

Garbo and Roland Young are shown in a scene from the new comedy. Garbo is wearing the much-talked about "foolscap" mentioned in story



Director Cukor, standing at right, enjoys gay repartee between Garbo and member of crew. Roland Young (in right corner) and Mel look on



■ The gateman at the M-G-M entrance scratched his head and tried to figure it out. First, Ann Sothern drove in, whispered mysteriously, "*Psssst*, where is she?" then whizzed in. Then Joan Crawford followed, and after her, Lana Turner, Ann Rutherford, Laraine Day, Ruth Hussey and Rosalind Russell. Funny—many of those girls weren't even on the call sheet that day. What was the attraction?

Just then, a sleek black limousine slid around the corner of one of the buildings and he caught a very brief glance inside. The lank gold hair, the crouched position of the girl, the huge hat half-shielding the face—all looked faintly familiar. He raked his memory. Suddenly, he beamed.

Garbo!

That was it. Garbo was back at work. And Garbo's million dollar fan club had



Garbo also skis in her new film. She is shown practicing skiing off a roof! Constance Bennett, Bob Sterling and Roland Young round out stellar cast

made quick tracks into the studio to try to get a look-see!

That's Garbo. Neither time, wars, nor Vitamin C can pierce the golden aura about her. She still has the amazing power to reduce long-established, glamorous stars into hero-worshipping, inquisitive fans. When she returned to the studio to make her first picture in two years, the news buzzed around the sets. Why had she been away so long? What did she look like now? What would she be doing—light comedy or the heavies? What would she wear? How would she behave? And above all, *can we sneak a look?*

There wasn't a girl on the lot who didn't try to find the answer—in person!

Laraine Day borrowed a rhumba costume and moved in on the set with a group of chorus girls.

Joan Crawford crashed the set the first day and nervously wished Garbo luck. An hour later, a half-dozen top-flight stars phoned Joan to ask her how Garbo looked!

Ann Sothern, learning that Bob Sterling was in the cast, pummelled him with questions. "How does she wear her hair?" she asked breathlessly.

"Ummmm-mmm—well," said Bob, "you know—er—it's around her face sort of."

"Dummy! But how? Is it parted on the left or the right? Is it—"

"Well—umm—that's hard to say. It's kind of—well, you know . . ."

When Ann learned that Bob didn't know a pompadour from an Australian bird nest, she gave up, but she loitered outside the set to try to get a look.

No wonder there is so much excitement about Garbo's latest picture. Remember what a world-shattering event it was when Garbo talked? Now she rhumbas, whistles, sings, skis, fights and even takes a pratt fall! Not only that, she plays a dual role, wears mad clothes and she has cut the dangling bob that has been her screen trade-mark.

There is a special reason why this is Garbo's most important picture. It will decide her future career in Hollywood. A good part of Garbo's popularity has been in Europe, and with the war a good chunk of her following was gone. She was supposed to have made *Madame Curie* a year ago, but the plan was abandoned. Not, as some said, because she was in ill health, but because the studio decided that her next picture should strike more directly to the American public, and American fans would rather see the great Garbo cut up in a comedy than prowl grimly as a woman scientist.

So you'll see a completely defrosted Garbo. She doesn't mind going in for some fancy didos to prove that she's a real human being.

Garbo is first seen as a skiing instructress, athletic but frumpy. To show you how Garbo can kid herself these days, when she was told she would be fitted for a dowdy wardrobe, Garbo asked, "Why don't you copy one of my costumes? Some people think that is bad enough."

And that's exactly what was done.

Melvyn Douglas, publisher of a fashion magazine, visits the ski resort and marries Garbo. When he leaves for a New York trip, she learns that he is carrying on with smoothie, Constance Bennett, so she decides to beat her rival at her own game. She has herself overhauled and glamorized, then presents herself in New York as her own twin, and takes husband and rival for a ride.

Because Garbo plays two exact opposites, it was necessary to achieve a marked contrast. As the plain ski instructress, Garbo wears her hair in the famous, uncurled long bob. As the chic sophisticate, hairdresser Sydney Guilaroff wanted to cut her hair short and curl it. But Garbo wouldn't hear of it. Adrian then suggested draping turbans on her head, but a turbanned Garbo in every scene would look silly. Things were at an impasse when Constance Bennett sailed in one morning sporting a chic new short bob. When Garbo heard about it, she visited Connie and studied her gravely from every angle. She even fingered her hair to see how short it was. "Ay like it," she finally announced. An hour later, the hairdresser's shears were snipping away.

"That is the way it should be," explained Garbo archly to Director George Cukor. "Ay am supposed to copy Miss Bennett in the picture, and Ay do it in private life too."

Although Garbo doesn't give a hang about clothes personally, she is an important style-setter in pictures, and ranks with Crawford and Dietrich as a fashion influence. What she wears in her films is immediately adopted as the newest fad. The long bob, the heavily-fringed eyes, the world-weary mouth, all stem from Garbo. So it appears likely that Garbo's new haircomb will have far-reaching consequences. Even now girls are marching into their hairdresser's shops demanding the new Garbo bob.

Much secrecy surrounded the clothes that Adrian designed, because a Garbo gown is pounced upon, copied and reproduced in such volume that by the time the picture was released, Garbo might be wearing clothes that were already on every girl's back. Adrian had a holiday designing for her, because Garbo loves ga-ga clothes in her pictures. When he walked on the set carrying one particularly silly hat, Garbo put it on happily. It is a high-coned affair which conceals the hair and resembles a foolscap. There was some doubt as to whether it should be worn. It was so goofy audiences might laugh at it.

"But you remember the pill box hat Garbo wore in *The Painted Veil*," one bright person pointed out. "It was so different that audiences laughed at the preview, then it became the most popular hat in the country. Garbo can wear a cracker box and it will become high style."

The foolscap remained.

It's not news for Garbo to introduce new styles, but she also introduces a new dance—and that *is* something.

In one scene Garbo is forced into going on the dance floor to rhumba with Bob Sterling. She can't dance but she must, otherwise she will reveal herself as the non-dancing ski instructress. Heroically, she gets up and improvises a rhumba. It ends up as a rhumba to out-wiggle all rhumbas. Bob Alton, top Broadway dance director, was hired to teach her.

Garbo was considered a difficult pupil, not only because of her austerity and remoteness, but because she had been on a dance floor only twice in her life.

Alton spent the morning alone on the dance stage with her, and when he emerged, George Cukor approached him anxiously. "How was she?"

Alton mopped his brow and beamed. "Wonderful! She's a natural. It took her twenty minutes to learn a routine that would ordinarily take an hour."

Garbo was far friendlier and more at ease working in this picture than she has been in any of her others. She was more eager to please and proved it by breaking many of her traditions. She still kept to herself and didn't become palsy-walsy with the others. She rushed to her dressing room after each scene and didn't appear on the set again until she was needed. But this wasn't due to a contempt for the others but a desire to concentrate on her script.

She still won't allow visitors on the set, because they create an alien vibration and interfere with her work. She is as sensitive as a cat to people about her and she has an uncanny, almost supernatural response to the presence of others.

Three dress extras from *The Feminine Touch* set across the lot sneaked onto the set of the Garbo picture with 250 other dress extras working in the night club scene.

The assistant director was putting the large group in place when Garbo quietly said to Cukor, "There are some people on the set who don't belong here."

Cukor looked at the large mob, then at Garbo as though she were crazy. To please her, he announced through the loud speaker, "Will the outsiders please leave."

Three red-faced extras walked off the set, and Cukor almost fainted!

Garbo walked calmly before the camera. "Now," she said serenely, "Ay will work."

Ah yes, although Garbo goes completely wild in her new picture, she is *still* Garbo, the strange and the mystic. ■



Why Gable is Today's Topic for Gossip

By EDWARD MARTIN

■ William H. Gable, a plain man from Ohio, had a birthday the other week. His son Clark had given him a little car to use on hunting and fishing expeditions and Gable, Sr., dropped around to the studio to express his thanks. It was only the second time he had ever set foot in a studio.

Clark's director in *Honky Tonk,* Jack Conway, exchanged a few words with the star's father.

"That's quite a boy you raised," he said, trying to draw the old gentleman out.

"He's all right," came the grudging reply.

"One of the nicest things about him is that he's not conceited," Conway went on.

"Hell," said Mr. Gable. "He never had anything to be conceited about."

That opinion coincides exactly with Clark's own opinion of himself. And it's an odd opinion when you consider what Hollywood is whispering about its loftiest star, the man with the fattest contract in movie history.

"High-hat" and "stuck up" are the mildest of the appellations being applied to him by the film colony smart set.

This surprising attitude toward the erstwhile social idol is attributable to Clark's absence this season from the fashionable haunts of the film folk. The race track, the night clubs, the big charity affairs have seen him not. While working at the studio he has spent his spare time at his Encino home. Between pictures he slips away with Carole to little-frequented desert resorts where the telephone and telegraph can not reach him.

Is this being high-hat? Does absence from the gay spots mean that Clark is giving his Hollywood friends the brush-off?

Take it from him direct:

"It's merely a change of pace," he explains. "I've always been nuts about hunting and fishing. This year I'm taking a little bigger dose of them than usual, that's all."

But what about holidays and evenings and the months when hunting and fishing are out of season?

"I'm getting literary," he admits. "You know, the missus is just about the best literary critic in town. She reads every play and book she can get her hands on. I'm learning to be a kind of assistant critic. We don't read selfishly, looking only for vehicles for ourselves. Frequently when we find one we like, Carole recommends it to one of her friends. She's personally responsible for finding about six stories a season."

An additional factor that keeps the Gables out of circulation is Carole's health, which has been none too robust. Sunshine and regular hours are doing wonders for her, and Clark wants to keep in step with her routine.

It's no secret that Clark and Carole are anxious to purchase a large ranch either in Arizona or Nevada. But it is a secret that the ranch, if they find one, may be the scene of their retirement from the screen. Clark and Carole, both veterans of many years before the cameras, are about ready to quit and become plain Mr. and Mrs. Gable. And when they do retire, they don't intend to do it in Hollywood.

It was this concentrated effort to stay out of the spotlight as much as possible that resulted in the heavy barrage of separation rumors, which were consistently denied by both Clark and Carole. The gossip columnists and air commentators have taken turns at both confirming and denying the rift rumors rampant in the Gable household, without so much as bothering to approach either of the parties involved!

When a certain air commentator's report filled the Gables' living room where Clark and Carole were seated before their huge fireplace Gable, the great tough guy of the screen, unable to restrain himself any longer, took his ire out in a solid form by picking up the radio and smashing it against the wall. As soon as the first flash of anger subsided and the Gables had cooled off sufficiently to view the matter coldly and impersonally, they got into their car and drove into town where their public appearance at Ciro's hastily killed the unkind rumor.

Another factor enters strongly into the picture. Both Clark and Carole are crazy about children. It is their hope that outdoor life in restful atmosphere from hectic Hollywood activities will restore Carole's health, and once that vital problem is licked, they will be ready to face the matter of parenthood. They both want their children to grow up in normal, unglamorized conditions like other wholesome, unspoiled American children.

The race track has also been ruled out of Clark and Carole's lives. The race horse Clark used to own has gone on the auction block, along with a score of other luxuries.

These sane and simple reasons are all that lie behind Clark's new "exclusiveness." Anybody who thinks otherwise is entitled to glance over Clark's own estimate of himself and his career. Any doubt about his regularity will be instantly dispelled. [*Continued on page* 35]

Has Gable gone high-hat? Is he giving his Hollywood friends the brush-off? The film colony is buzzing with speculations about the "changed" Clark Gable. His most recent picture is *Honky Tonk*

Meet Nelson Eddy's New Girl Friend

By GLORIA BRENT



Rise Stevens, the screen's new singing sensation, is teamed with Nelson Eddy in Metro's *The Chocolate Soldier*. Read why the charming Metropolitan opera star is on the spot!

■ The day the motion picture columns carried the news that Rise Stevens, the Metropolitan Opera star, would appear as Nelson Eddy's vocal partner in *The Chocolate Soldier*, the young lady was preparing to give a concert in a Cincinnati auditorium. Always a trying period, the half-hour before the concert began was made even more difficult by the persistent demands of four girls waiting outside who insisted upon seeing Miss Stevens. They simply *must*. Now!

When Miss Stevens sent word that she would be happy to see them after the concert she received a mysterious and bristling note in return: "Miss MacDonald always sees us."

This nettled Miss Stevens' curiosity, but it wasn't until the last echo of applause had died down and she was in her dressing room changing into evening clothes that the four girls were admitted. The leader stepped forward and eyed Rise speculatively. "We are members of the Nelson Eddy Fan Club," she explained. "We're glad we saw you on the stage first after all, Miss Stevens. Now we know you're good enough to team up with our Nelson."

"Why, thank you," said Rise Stevens graciously. "But—but this Miss MacDonald. What is that all about?"

"Oh," explained the girl casually as though such things didn't need explaining. "Jeanette MacDonald has always been Mr. Eddy's girl friend, and when we heard you were taking her place we didn't know whether to like you or not."

Blunt words—but true. The surest fighting words in the fan world are the merest suggestion of teaming Nelson Eddy with any actress other than Jeanette MacDonald. So loyal are the fans to both Nelson and Jeanette that they take it as a personal affront when any other singer replaces her.

Every concert engagement after that, until Rise reached the Coast and started the picture, brought about a repetition of the Cincinnati incident. One, two, a dozen Nelson Eddy-Jeanette MacDonald fans would drop backstage to see this interloper first hand. They all placed their stamp of approval on her, although one reactionary grudgingly admitted in a masterpiece of understatement, "Well, after seeing and hearing you, I think you're apt."

Apt! Rise Stevens is considered one of the most brilliant of the younger stars of the Metropolitan Opera. Born in New York City, not too well endowed with beauty, money or background, daughter of an advertising salesman of Norwegian descent, her amazing voice lifted her out of her middle class surroundings to the top in the music world.

Rise (pronounced *Ree-sa*) was offered a contract at the Metropolitan Opera one year after she had won a scholarship at the Juilliard School of Music. She floored them with her answer. "No. Not ready yet." She startled M-G-M at that time too by refusing to come to Hollywood. It was the same answer. "Not ready."

She sailed off to Europe to study. "I studied in Salzburg, Austria, and lived on 1,000 kronen a month—about $20. It meant cutting corners, but when you are a student singer in Salzburg you don't mind that."

She made her European debut at Prague in the opera "Der Rosenkavalier." One evening a strange man sent her a small stuffed rabbit.

"Everyone sends flowers backstage—not toy rabbits. Naturally, I had to meet him."

Which is what the rabbit-sender had intended. He was Walter Szurovy, an actor playing in the same city. The rabbit and the man became a permanent part of her life. The rabbit rests on her dressing table and she doesn't sing without first touching it for luck. The man, of course, is her husband, her adviser and her everything. If it weren't for him she might still be saying "no" to Hollywood. But Walter insisted on showing her talents to the world and urged her to accept a movie offer.

It might appease Nelson Eddy's fans to know that he himself chose Rise as his new movie girl friend. He heard her at a San Francisco concert, met her backstage, and then raved about her at the studio. Jeanette MacDonald was in the midst of making *Smilin' Through* and Nelson needed a new singing sweetheart.

Rise Stevens is something new in opera stars and in movie stars. She is as unassuming and as humble as a young, untried starlet getting her first break. She is so calm and good-humored that Nelson Eddy found it impossible to play his favorite joke on her. All in fun, Nelson engaged a professional ribber to come on the set and annoy Miss Stevens. He was introduced as an Australian music critic and proceeded to try to tear Rise apart. He told her her training was inadequate, she didn't stand right, her high notes were off-key. Any other singer would have thrown a vase, but not a beef out of Rise. The little man was perspiring by this time, then gave it up. When he left, beaten for the first time, Rise looked after him, smiled, and said, "He's quaint, isn't he?"

She is not a great beauty in the Hollywood sense; but she has the graciousness and softness of a lovely lady who is used to liking people and being liked in return. That is her best weapon in disarming the die-hards who still want only Jeanette with their Nelson. And after seeing *The Chocolate Soldier*, it's pretty certain there won't be a reluctant fan left. Her undeniable ability, plus the warmth of her personality, strikes a winning response from the moment she appears on the screen. Wait till they get to know Nelson's new "girl friend." When she opens her mouth—either to smile or to sing—they'll be a pushover for her! ■

Why Hollywood Hates Jimmie Fidler

By HELEN HOVER

When Errol Flynn delivered the famous slap to Jimmie Fidler in a Hollywood night club recently, he was congratulated by practically everyone in the motion picture industry.

This was one night club brawl to which Hollywood gave its approval. For Flynn had struck the most unpopular man in Hollywood.

For a long time now there has existed a deep and bitter hatred between Hollywood and its most obstreperous gossiper. A feud so deeply buried under surface jollities and politeness that only recently, when Hollywood felt that Fidler had turned Judas on them, did it erupt in the open and spill its fire.

Hollywood feels that Jimmie has hit below the belt, and now there are no holds barred.

Taking the matter to court, Flynn called Fidler, who was not present, "a contemptible liar" before he was stopped by attorneys.

"I am not the kind of a man who enters into undignified behavior, but this business in Washington when he testified to the sub-committee provoked me.

"Here is a man allowed to live on the garbage of the business and here he sets himself up as an expert on what is a good and bad picture," Flynn continued.

The Flynn incident is comparatively unimportant. The two combatants are really Fidler versus Hollywood.

First, you must understand Jimmie Fidler himself. Fidler came to Hollywood from Memphis, Tennessee, about twenty years ago, determined to crash pictures as an actor. But he failed. In that period was born a certain resentment of the affluence of motion picture stars, and a burning determination to some day become a big shot in the town and show them up. Frustrated, he nursed that desire so long that when, years later, he finally did become one of Hollywood's top gossip writers, with a growing string of over 150 papers and a network radio program behind him, he had begun to consider himself pretty important.

His power—for Hollywood makes a god of the power of the press—made him feel like a little Napoleon. He began to strut. He preened. With a fanciful imagination and a flair for the dramatic, he liked to picture himself as one of the most feared men in Hollywood.

It satisfied his colossal ego to picture himself a lone crusader in a den of vice, a daring champion of lost causes. Even at the expense of Hollywood's reputation! He never gets tired of telling, to this day, of the time "two thugs called to see me and threatened to beat me up unless I stopped printing certain things about a producer."

And the day before he married, he read an Open Letter to his bride-to-be on the air, which was an epic of ego and swaggering bravado: "Dear Roberta," he said. "You're going to marry Hollywood Public Gossip Number One. Don't be alarmed if you come home and see a gang of tough guys waiting at the front door . . . They'll be waiting for your husband . . ." And so on.

That didn't please Hollywood at all. The industry had been kind to Jimmie and didn't like his implication—even made humorously—that hired thugs were prowling the streets waiting to beat up little columnists.

Yet, in spite of it, Hollywood extended the velvet hand to Jimmie. He was a newspaper columnist and air commentator with a huge audience and they wanted his good will and publicity. They gave him scoops and news, and consequently helped increase his audience and make him more powerful. They made him rich. Studios loaned him their stars and players to accompany him on a personal appearance tour which netted Jimmie over $50,000. And when Jimmie's wife opened a gown shop Harry Brand, publicity director for 20th Century-Fox, threw a large party to introduce Mrs. Fidler to the right people.

That was all very generous and Jimmie should have been a little grateful. But he began to bite the hand that was feeding him. Stars complained that he was attacking them in his column without giving them a chance to answer. He criticized Alice Faye for failure to show up at certain affairs when she was in Pittsburgh and failed to mention the fact that she was ill and under a doctor's care at the time.

He accused George Brent of being a cad for keeping Ann Sheridan on the string. "I'm not complaining at the way George treats me—why should Fidler?" asked Ann, with some justification.

Soon he began to spread from his original policy of purveying Hollywood gossip and he tried to tell the movies how to run their business, blowing off considerable editorial steam when they disregarded his advice. He presumed to tell the studios how and where to cut salaries and what type of pictures to make. He accused "the business of always being executed for the benefit of executives and stars and to hell with everything else." He attacked the integrity of producers by declaring: ". . . they succeeded in boosting their own pay checks . . . irrespective of the success or failure of a picture."

When he heard of a vague plan to film the life of LaFayette with Charles Boyer, he hit the ceiling declaring it was "propaganda." Jimmie apparently forgot that LaFayette is considered a great patriot by Americans.

He once wrote that he "seethed at the story that talent scouts are at New York docks searching refugee lists for new film prospects. It's time to raise an official fuss at the lack of patriotism that prompts motion picture executives to give more jobs to foreigners. The Immigration Department and Washington government authorities should look into it."

If Jimmie "seethed," Hollywood fumed at these insidious attacks. Studio heads, at



When hot-headed Errol Flynn encountered Jimmie Fidler in a Hollywood night club after Fidler's testimony before a Senate sub-committee in Washington, Flynn did what several other actors had expressed a desire to do—he slapped the face of the radio commentator-newspaper columnist. Errol, the hero of the hour, received warm kisses from Merle Oberon and Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, right

the time, said it was a false and ridiculous charge and Jimmie should have known better than to paint a picture of film companies sending talent scouts to Ellis Island to sign up refugees willy-nilly. Art is universal, and Hollywood furiously resented Fidler's dangerous insinuation that Hollywood was un-American.

But while Hollywood "burned," Jimmy fiddled. The same tune, louder and louder. He shrieked that Hollywood was "goading us into war through propaganda pictures."

Hollywood was shocked. This was a damaging and scurrilous accusation. But Fidler didn't care. In one sweeping prize remark of ingratitude, he severed all pretense of an amicable attitude toward Hollywood. "Newspapers and radio pay my salary," crowed Jimmie. "Not Hollywood." He failed to consider that the whole-hearted co-operation of the studios was no mean help in supplying him the fodder for his newspaper and radio mouthings.

Jimmie had begun to be as popular in Hollywood as Sadie Thompson at a spinsters' tea. Then, in September, came Fidler's chance to prove to Hollywood whether he was with them or against them.

A Senate sub-committee in Washington was probing the picture industry to find out whether Hollywood was making propaganda films devised to incite war-mongering. It was a serious charge and everyone in town, no matter what petty grievances he held with the industry, forgot all prejudices to come to the aid of motion pictures when its very integrity was under fire. Fidler was subpoenaed to testify before the committee in Washington.



Above: Jimmie Fidler in a pose indicative of his new predicament in Hollywood

Left: Herb Stein's "Rambling Reporter" column, dedicated to Fidler, is reproduced from *The Hollywood Reporter*, a popular film trade paper

RAMBLING REPORTER

AN OPEN NOTE TO HOLLYWOOD'S LORD—HAW! HAW!

You must have found a lot of welcome for you in Hollywood, Jimmie, on your return yesterday. All the old door mats must have been swept clean of your tracks. It must have been a dismal town for you to return to. Yes, Jimmie, pretty dismal for Hollywood's Lord—Haw! Haw! But it's tbe same town, Jimmie. The same spot that took you out of the Tennessee mountains and put socks on your feet and food in your belly. It's the same town that provided that $250,000 for you a few years back; the same town that afforded you all your current extra curriculars. It's a good old town, Jimmie, chuck full of good old people, most of whom you've slapped around. But even with that slapping, it still kept you. But, Jimmie, when you slapped around the whole town and the whole business at that session of the Fifth-Wheelers Monday, you closed the doors for Fidler and Company. Your slapping days are about over.

How could you do it, Jimmie? Really, it was not expected even of YOU. The whistle you blew at the nation's capital sounded to most of the boys as though the Bremen had pulled into San Pedro. The gang was disappointed even in YOU. And even YOU had some sort of popularity around town, even among some of your contemporaries. But yesterday, Jimmie, all the Hollywood correspondents (more than 135), had their chins at half-mast—in mourning for you. It's a pretty tough spot for even YOU to be in, Jimmie. But you had it coming.

So Russell Birdwell tried to pay you $2500 to call the "Prisoner of Zenda" right, according to your testimony, and Birdwell called you a liar. We heard a recording yesterday of your broadcast on the night you reviewed that picture, and you gave it not two, not three, nor four, but FIVE BELLS. Just how many bells was Birdwell trying to "buy" for Selznick? But maybe you were a little mixed up Monday, maybe you were thinking of the $40,000 Warners paid you for your appearance in "Garden of the Moon." That was a great picture, Jimmie, and you were great in the picture. We remember an exhibitor advertising the showing with: "A row for every patron—a balcony for every family." And how many bells did you give that effort, Jamesie?

And on that tour you are planning this year, Jimmie—you had better book Wheeler, Nye, Clark and Lindbergh to make it with you, because we don't believe you can get any of the Hollywood gang to appear on your platform. Too bad, Jimmie, that you have to toss away all that dough. It was a pretty soft touch. Or maybe the Wheeler, Nye, Clark trio can dig up another investigation for you. Or maybe you can hatch out a couple of new issues to take the place of your sale of titles, Bobbie's dress shop, your cafe enterprise and some of the other touches that made life so marvelous for you during the past years. If you can think up any, Jimmie, you had better start thinking fast—the [illegible] handle is broken now. —**Love and kisses from Herb.**

Hollywood held its breath. Here was a great chance for Fidler to emerge a hero. Instead, they claim he emerged a heel!

On the Senate floor, Fidler proceeded to tar and feather Hollywood. He condemned Hollywood quite thoroughly and said they made hate-breeding pictures. Then, in the opinion of the movie industry, he stooped to the foulest blow of all. He charged that Hollywood had tried to buy him off; that large sums of money had been offered him by various producers to "buy" favorable reviews. When he was pinned down, the vast campaign of bribery shrank to two alleged attempts. Fidler turned on his old friend, Harry Brand—who had done so much for him before—and said that Brand had paid him $3,000 to make a trailer for the *Charlie Char* series. This was his example of "bribery." In a shadowy innuendo he charged another press agent, Russell Birdwell, with trying to offer him $2,500—for a favorable review of *The Prisoner of Zenda*.

Hollywood held its nose. Newspaper men wore their chins at half mast in mourning for the ethics and honor of a fellow-newsman. [*Continued on page 59*]



Rosemary ponders the temperature. No, it really isn't cold enough to hide her new mix-match suit under her winter coat! You'll be inclined to brave the elements, too, when you've acquired *your* jacket and skirt. As shown, the jacket is maize with a plaid skirt to harmonize. Both at Mandel's, Chicago. Tag shown opposite will identify these fashions for you

You Knew What You Wanted!

Casual Styles Designed to Your Order

By Catherine Roberts

■ Most of the fun of knowing what you want is being able to get it after you've made up your mind on the subject. You knew what you wanted when we asked you about jackets, skirts and blouses. You told us what features you preferred. In fact, you were very definite on the subject. Guided by those preferences of yours, the garments on these pages were made up. Actually, they are *your* designs.

The mix-match possibilities for wear under fur coats is a winter consideration of vast importance. For several months now you've been wearing dark dresses. But as the days get shorter, colder and grayer, the introduction of some warm colors, light in tone, has a marvelous way of lifting one's spirits. That is why, in interpreting your fashion desires, we have developed the jacket and skirts in winter pastels. Lovely, pale colors that mix or match beautifully, that will make you a cheerfully decorative asset to even a depressing winter background.

The jacket, as you see, is classic in feeling which means that you will have several seasons of wear from it. Made of a Shetland tweed, 100% wool, it has a half lining to keep the tailoring and drape of the shoulders in perfect condition. The back has a center seam which achieves a nice semi-fitted line.

Matching the jacket is a gored skirt, your first choice. Gores are double-stitched and the newest of new tricks is added—creases pressed into the center of each gore. Your second choice skirt is the multi-pleated one which we've worked out for you in plaids to harmonize with the jackets.

To wear with your jacket-skirt combination is the rayon crepe blouse you also helped design. French cuffs, button linked, convertible neckline and smart long pointed collar. It's a honey.

TURN TO PAGE 66 FOR ADDITIONAL STORES





Suitable neckwear; a gay plaid, woven wool scarf, self-fringed and a chunky wooden bead necklace with colored eyes



Pocket plunder; add the dash and smart tailoring of this Volupte compact and cigarette case to your new winter pastel



The toast-colored jacket and skirt you helped design. Pressed creases at center of gores give skirt a nice swing. At Mandel Bros., Chicago, the skirt is under $6, the jacket under $8. Sizes 12-20



Rosemary wears the blouse you asked for. Washable rayon crepe, French cuffs, convertible neckline, long-pointed collar. Under $3 at Mandel's, Chicago. It's a Keepsake wedding set on her left hand



Their eighth picture together! That's the score at present for Olivia de Havilland and Errol Flynn, who are sweethearts again in *They Died With Their Boots On*, Warners' historical drama of Custer's Last Stand. It's all in Technicolor, too

Heap Big Romance

By TOM DeVANE

The Hollywood Indians were good and mad. They had been told for months about the new Warner Brothers historical epic, *They Died With Their Boots On*, which boasts Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland as stars, and Custer's Last Stand, in full and gory Technicolor, as the *piece de resistance*.

Now Custer's Last Stand, as any school child knows, means Indians, and the Hollywood red men felt assured of weeks of steady employment, massacring *General Custer* and his brave men.

Then out of a bright blue sky came the blow: Warner Brothers announced that they were importing some 50 strapping Sioux Indians, right off the Rosebud Reservation in South Dakota, to show dashing Errol and his soldiers a bad time. The horrid explanation given by studio officials was that the Hollywood Indians were either too old or too fat—and the imported Sioux were all prime specimens of vigorous manhood.

This was an insult. There was even some talk among the movie redskins about scalping a few Warner executives, as a mild protest. But since neither producer Jack Warner nor director Mike Curtiz are good scalping material, they didn't worry. And even grinned when the Hollywood Indians began to picket, on a prominent corner. In full warpaint, in front of a huge teepee, they began to pace up and down, bearing huge signs reading "Warner Brothers Unfair to Hollywood Indians!"

But out at Calabasas, California, a wild stretch of country that looks more like the Black Hills than they do, there was more dissatisfaction. The Sioux visitors weren't happy men. The studio had generously built them a fine barracks, much more elaborate than their own home quarters, and there the poor Indians had to stay unless actually working on the picture. The Department of Interior, which had lent its wards to the movie makers, had insisted that there be no night life for the new actors.

The Hollywood Indians gloated among themselves when they heard this. They, at least, were free to roam the brightly-lighted streets of the film town, and even buy a few beers for themselves, pleasures denied their South Dakota cousins.

Warners is going to great lengths to make *They Died With Their Boots On* as authentic as possible. When we cantered out to Burbank the other day, having been assured that the company was on the lot, we learned a great deal about the brave *General Custer*. The whole company of *T. D. W. T. B. O.* is steeped in the *Custer* legend.

Our first shock was in learning that *General Custer*, idol of millions these many years, was the worst student ever graduated from West Point Military Academy. He broke every rule and disobeyed orders when he felt like it. Just before graduation, he had 99 demerits against him —and 100 meant dismissal. On graduation day *Custer* was in the guardhouse—so his diploma was turned over to him by the turnkey as he left. West Point was glad to see him go.

This was in 1861, and *Custer* was commissioned a Second Lieutenant. But two years later he was known as a Brigadier General (much to the bewilderment of the War Department, who hadn't made him one!) and fighting on the side of the North in the Civil War, leading his own company, then known as the Michigan Brigade. *Custer* became a great popular hero in the Civil War, because of his daring, often foolhardy, exploits. And also because of his rugged good looks and his spectacular uniforms, which he designed himself.

After the War, *Custer* was retired as a

Captain on a mere pension—but he didn't take that sitting down. He howled and bellowed so loudly that the War Department nervously gave him command of the 7th Cavalry, in Indian Territory, in 1866. This was the same 7th Cavalry that was to die, along with their general, with their boots on.

Not a few Warner Brothers people commented on the similarity between dashing *General Custer* and dashing Errol Flynn. "Guess Flynn's got a part that really suits him this time," they observed, remembering the rebellious antics that have made the star one of Hollywood's most colorful figures these past six or seven years.

Flynn seems happy about it, too—though he might not have been had they followed the original plans and made him play *Custer* with moustache and beard and long shoulder-length black hair.

But sometimes authenticity can go too far. Flynn agreed to make the required tests with long curly wigs. And he was at the studio bright and early next day to see the rushes. As the tests were flashed upon the screen, everyone waited for Flynn to explode. He didn't. He merely made a wry face and said, "Migawd, I look like Shirley Temple!"

So the long wig was out. The new Flynn hair-do is a modified page-boy effect—and in order to keep it looking nice, the studio gave him Bette Davis' hairdresser!

Flynn has long been known as the most insouciant star in Hollywood, but he dropped the indifferent mask early in the filming of *They Died With Their Boots On*. They say he cried when the body of his beloved Schnauser, Arno, was recovered on the coast off Balboa Bay. The big dog had been swept overboard at night, and wasn't missed for hours. Flynn hoped against hope that Arno had managed to reach shore, because he had been washed overboard before. But no dog will ever take Arno's place.

Both Errol and Olivia de Havilland were working when we arrived on the set—Flynn very handsome in his cadet's uniform, and Olivia lovely in full-skirted period costume. It was, we discovered, their first scene together in the picture, with the brash Olivia trying to scrape up an acquaintance with the young cadet. She keeps up a rapid fire of conversation as he paces up and down in front of her, musket on shoulder, never answering a word, or giving her a glance. Olivia doesn't know that he is on guard duty, and therefore not allowed to talk.

"I've never been to West Point before," she volunteers archly, "and it's even more wonderful than I thought it would be!"

No answer from Flynn.

"It's thrilling to see all the wonderful places I had heard about—like Flirtation Walk—"

Flynn continues his relentless marching up and down in front of the bench on which she is seated. It is obvious that he would like to become friendly—but other cadets are spying on him to try to catch him breaking a rule. Olivia babbles on for a while, but finally tosses her head and leaves, with a flounce of her hoopskirts. (The next scene, however, has her telling her father that she has just met the man she is going to marry.)

Warner historians proudly point out that while *They Died With Their Boots On* is the eighth co-starring picture for the famous team of Flynn and de Havilland, they have never played man and wife before. Said Olivia, when we got a chance to chat with her: "I only hope the real life *General* and *Mrs. Custer* were half as romantic as Flynn and I are in this picture! History tells us that they were actually an extremely devoted couple."

Olivia had just returned from a wonderful vacation in Cape Cod, Massachusetts. "I was so tired and exhausted after I finished *Hold Back the Dawn* at Paramount that I just hopped a plane, without letting anyone but my mother know where I was going. I found a lovely old hotel and settled down to relax. No one knew, or cared, who I was. But my, how they buzzed when Lew Ayres tracked me down after a few days. Mother had given him my address when he found that he had to make a sudden trip East. Lew had a rented car, and wanted to tour the cape from one end to the other.

"And we did. I told Lew how wonderful it was to be unrecognized, and how I was enjoying my vacation. But every place we went, they recognized *him*. Whispers of *'Dr. Kildare!'* went up every time we stopped to do a bit of sight-seeing. I didn't mind for the first couple of hours, then I began to burn around the edges. No one even *looked* at me! The final blow came when we got back to Boston, where I had gone to see Lew off at the airport. Of all the reporters and photographers there, not even one recognized me. They photographed and interviewed Lew like crazy, while I stood on the sidelines.

"Do you suppose—" mused Olivia, with a twinkle, "that Lew was having a bit of fun at my expense? That's what I got for boasting of the joys of being unrecognized. I realized that I didn't like it *at all!* De Havilland, the ham."

They Died With Their Boots On has quite a lot of plot, most of it authentic. There's a sub-plot, strictly Warner Brothers, that has *General Custer* feuding with a fictitious character named *Sharp* (Arthur Kennedy) who runs a trading post and sells whiskey and guns to the redskins. This is considered quite naughty business, as is *Sharp's* inducing settlers to come out and settle in Indian Territory, a sure fire invitation to scalping. And there's a big supporting cast: Stanley Ridges, Walter Hampden, John Litel, Gene Lockhart, Anthony Quinn and Regis Toomey—picture stealers all. ■



Hattie McDaniel, who has an *Oscar* to her credit, has another of the *Mammy* roles she does so well



Anthony Quinn gets away from the gangster roles which are his usual lot to portray *Crazy Horse*



Real Sioux Indians were brought from North Dakota for the film. None had ever been off their reservation before, and found life in Hollywood fascinating. All boast colorful names such as Harry Chin, Flying Cloud, Prairie Dog, etc. They prefer hotel floor to chairs

Romeo Runs Riot

By DRAKE HUNT

■ Can you picture Charles Boyer as Pagliacci—"laughing with tears in his eyes"?

If you can, dismiss the picture, for nothing is so distasteful to M. Boyer as being regarded as a figure of tragedy, suffering inwardly while bowing to the ancient Thespian axiom that "the show must go on."

True it may be that he has suffered major dislocations with the fall of France. The homeland he knew is no more.

"But what is there to be gained by descent into pathos?" he asks with characteristic self-control.

Instead of bemoaning the fate of France and joining the Hollywood chorus of expatriated mourners, the soft-spoken ex-lieutenant goes quietly about his affairs. Currently these are about equally divided between earning money and dispensing it among the many war-connected causes that enlist his sympathy.

It is purely accidental—and in no way distasteful to the star—that the current Boyer picture is an out-and-out comedy, with little more subtlety than the recent crop of rip-roaring Universal laugh-getters.

The newest Boyer characterization is as nutty as any of the maddest flights of fancy of any of the movie madmen. A visiting New York producer, watching the French star in a scene with Margaret Sullavan, decided that he looked and acted more like Ed Wynn than like a romantic leading man.

Off screen as well as on, there is no suggestion of tragedy about Boyer. With the greatest friendliness and good will, he took time out between scenes to chat about ring science with Billy Soose, middleweight champion of the world. Another day he posed in a picture to be used as a testimonial for a patent floor-mop invented by the husband of the company's script girl.

Appointment for Love presents Boyer as a Broadway playwright named *Andrew ("Dreamboat") Cassil.* The nickname is accounted for by the fact that he is enormously successful both in love and at his profession and that he is one of the world's most accomplished frauds and liars, in a nice way.

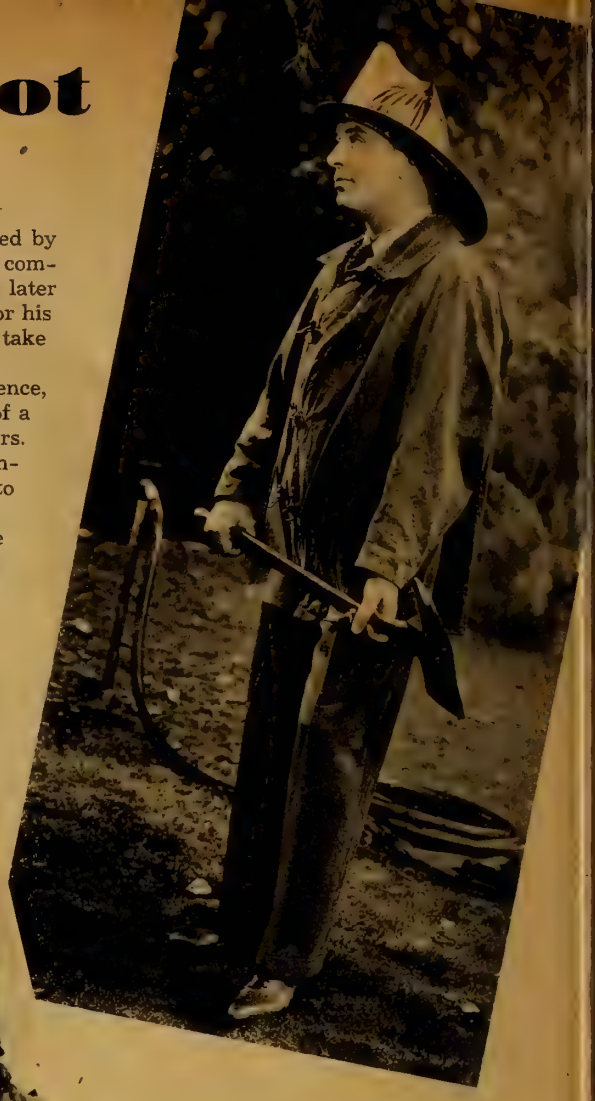
The thread of the tale begins to unwind when *Dreamboat* Boyer, on the opening night of his most pretentious play, discovers, when appearing to make a curtain speech, that a member of the audience is lying unconscious in her seat.

The passed-out spectator is Margaret Sullavan, a lady physician. She has not fainted from emotional shock, as *Dreamboat* supposed, but merely gone to sleep.

From there the yarn leads Boyer through a succession of knockabout comedy sequences. Feigning illness, he goes to Dr. Sullavan for an examination. She gives him the works. He takes her to his mountain lodge and is interrupted by a call to serve with a volunteer fire company. Attempting to be chivalrous later in a barroom, he gets knocked out for his troubles. Ruth Terry attempts to take advantage of him on a love seat.

And in a big climactic sequence, *Dreamboat* Boyer gets thrown out of a radio station by a quartet of bouncers. Really a change of pace from the intellectual dramas we have come to expect from the facile Frenchman.

No longer ago than *Back Street* the Boyer-Sullavan team was treading the dreary path of illicit love in a drama regarded by the critics as "a typical Boyer story." When the same critics perceive the romantic Charles disappearing under an avalanche of broken crockery they will have to revise some of last year's opinions. In *Appointment for Love,* Boyer undergoes as much punishment as a 1915 Keystone Kop.





Charles Boyer, the screen's most romantic lover, puts aside his bedside manner for a turn at slapstick. He is shown above as he cavorts through a scene in his new picture for Universal, *Appointment for Love,* co-starring Margaret Sullavan, left

His complete enjoyment of all this lighthearted buffoonery does not mean, however, that he has adopted a frivolous attitude toward world affairs. Evidence of the depth of his feeling about international politics is found in his relations with Jean Gabin, the French leading man imported by Twentieth Century-Fox.

Immediately upon Gabin's arrival it was assumed by the film colony that Boyer, being the earlier arrival, would go to great lengths to make the newcomer welcome. Such was indeed the case, particularly during the first weeks of Gabin's sojourn in Hollywood, before he had learned enough English to get along unassisted.

In recent weeks, however, a distinct chilliness has been noticeable between the two. The exact cause of the estrangement is not a matter of common knowledge. It is known, though, despite the extreme reticence of both, that the differences concern sharply opposed viewpoints of French politics.

Although bewildered at the present plight of France, which requisitioned his services at the outbreak of war and then relinquished them, Boyer has an abiding faith in the destiny of *la patrie.* Until the world adjusts itself, he busies himself by being the thing he is best suited for, a good actor by day and a good humanitarian in the remaining time.

An incident illustrative of M. Boyer's current state of mind occurred during the studio visit of a famous New York comedienne. During a pause in the shooting, the lady, chatting with the leading man, remarked, "Do you know, you are the only man I know who can kiss a lady's hand gracefully?"

"Thank you," Boyer replied, with an inclination of the head. "It is nice of you to remember that. I shall kiss no more ladies' hands. This is not the age of hand-kissing." ■

"Guess My Age!"



New kind of Face Powder makes her Skin look Years Younger!

By *Lady Esther*

Once this lovely girl looked quite a bit older. Some people actually thought she was approaching middle age...

For she was the innocent victim of an *unflattering* shade of face powder! It was a cruel shade—treacherous and sly. Like a harsh light, it showed up every tiny line in her face—accented every little skin fault—even seemed to exaggerate the size of the pores, made them look bigger.

But look at her now! Can you guess her age? Is she 20—30—35?

She has found her lucky shade of face powder! She has found the shade that makes her look young and enchanting.



Now more beautiful women use Lady Esther Face Powder than any other kind.

How old does your face powder say you are?

Are you quite sure the shade of powder you use doesn't lie about your age—doesn't say you're getting a bit *older?*

Why take that chance? Why not find your *lucky shade*—the shade that makes you look your youngest and loveliest?

Lady Esther

FACE POWDER

Send for the 9 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder and try them all, one after another. Let your mirror tell you which is the *perfect* shade for you!

Lady Esther Powder is made a new way. It's blown by ***TWIN HURRICANES*** until it's softer and smoother by far than any ordinary powder. That's why it clings so long—and that's why its shades and texture are so unusually flattering.

Try All 9 Shades FREE

Find your most flattering shade of Lady Esther Face Powder! Send for the 9 new shades and try them all. You'll know your lucky shade—it makes your skin look younger and lovelier! Mail the coupon below now, before you forget.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, 74
7130 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 9 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four-Purpose Face Cream.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

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If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.



Anne Shirley, who has long been buried in innocuous little roles, has at last taken off her thirteen petticoats to reveal an alluring, electric personality to pleasantly startled movie audiences. Anne's in *Street Girl*

She Took Off Her 13 Petticoats

By TOM CASEY

■ Scene: A huddle of a group of R-K-O executives seated 'round a shiny, mahogany table and looking worried. They have a problem on their hands. The problem this time is whom to cast as the glamour girl in *Unexpected Uncle*.

"What this picture needs," an R-K-O emcee is saying, "is a little cupcake that makes sparks like Lana Turner, catches the eye like Carole Landis, and tosses around personality like Lombard."

"Mmmmmmm," says the gentleman in the loud sport coat.

"Now let me see," says the man in the fawn-colored slacks. "We can't borrow Turner from Metro because she's busy . . ."

"What about Anne Shirley?" suggests Tay Garnett, who is about to direct the picture.

"Come again!" says the emcee, a little startled. "You mean OUR Anne Shirley?"

"I think Miss Shirley would be nifty."

"And thrifty!" pipes up a cost-minded party, interested in seeing that R-K-O keeps on paying dividends. "We have her under contract. Remember?"

"But does she have glamour like this picture needs? That's the point."

"We could test her and see."

The emcee shrugged and sat down.

Well, they made the tests, and then the boys met in the projection room to have a look. Such whistling and sighing you never heard from tired executives in all your life. They gathered 'round that mahogany table and took a vote. The decision was unanimous: Anne Shirley, by all means.

"I don't understand it," a new Shirley convert was saying to one of the publicity boys after the session had broken up. "What's happened to the girl? She's actually got s. a., and I don't mean South America, either."

"She took off her thirteen petticoats, I guess," was the reply.

The surprise of the R-K-O braintrusters was as nothing compared to the stir she made the first day of production when she strayed into the studio commissary at lunch time, bedecked in an out-of-this-world evening dress, which hugged her contours in an almost desperate fashion. There was a new walk to her. It was more of a glide than anything else. There was a strange expression on her face, an expression which blended wonderfully with her wardrobe. The sweet, slightly-startled look crossed with a campfire girl innocence which she had sported up until then, as the heroine of *Anne of Green Gables, Anne of Windy Poplars,* etc., had given away to an air that was gay, arch, charmingly-knowing and electric.

The salute sublime was yet to come. When she appeared before the camera in one of Designer Renie's filmy negligees, every workman's neck was craned. Electricians, perched precariously on catwalks overhead, peered down admiringly. Property men gaped. And the hard-boiled publicity men wrote frantic memoranda to themselves reminding them to get in touch with the still photographers as soon as the camera stopped grinding. And the R-K-O rajahs present looked at one another and remarked: "Isn't our new glamour girl sensational?"

This confusion of Anne Shirley with *Anne of Green Gables* would make sense if it weren't for the fact that for three or four years the lady has been enjoying the status of a real-life glamour girl—Grade AAA.

Tiny, blond, and sparkling, she has been a head-turner wherever she has appeared. Women have taken pains to notice her trim, shapely figure. Men have invariably fallen for the charm and allure of her personality. All this without any effort on her part.

When she has appeared at tracks, connoisseurs of true art have had difficulty keeping their minds on the scratch sheets. When she has bobbed up at parties, she has invariably become the hub of a circle of men, part of which popularity was due to her reputation for tossing off clever epigrams in effortless fashion. Even at such elegant affairs as parties tossed by Barbara Hutton, where the competition is terrific, she has done all right for herself.

At Ciro's when she and friend husband, John Payne, get up to dance, eyes always stray in their direction. Knowing clothes, the Shirley lady has always ranked with the screen's most outstanding glamour queens. On one occasion she dazzled her beholders by appearing in a handsome black original with a band around the neck suggestive of a Chinese motif. In her shining hair—parted in the middle and combed back—she wore a white camelia. Her manner was subdued and oriental, blending perfectly with her gown.

Naturally, this off-screen glamour was recorded by Hollywood photographers who know a rare ornament when they see one. And pictures were duly printed in newspapers, rotogravure sections, magazines and heaven knows where-all else.

Did the gentlemen at R-K-O ever see these photographs or, maybe, bump into Miss Shirley at Ciro's, say, when she wasn't being *Anne of Green Gables*?

If they did, they must have thought it was twelve other Anne Shirleys.

From now on the screen's cotton-frocked star is going to demand—and receive—the silk and satin roles that will not only showcase the lady's handsome curves, but will reveal her vivid acting technique that has long been smothered under the tremendous weight of period costumes—and her thirteen petticoats. ■

Why Gable Is Today's Topic for Gossip

[*Continued from page 24*]

"I landed in Hollywood because I was pushed by cold weather and pulled by Number 7," he recounts in his down-to-earth manner. "There's been a lot of Hollywood baloney about lucky numbers. With me Number 7 isn't a lucky number; it's a Go signal, and I'm not kidding.

"When I was a kid in Cadiz it was my greatest ambition to get on the neighborhood sandlot baseball team. I was a big, ugly rawboned kid and didn't look like material for the Cleveland Indians. But the fellows gave me a tryout. They didn't own a mask so they let me be the catcher, expecting I would get my teeth knocked down my throat. They asked me what position I wanted to bat in and I said seventh, thinking I'd get beaned by the pitcher long before my turn at bat ever arrived. "Well, old 7 gave me the Go signal. That day I hit three homers and got a regular job on the team.

"My first salaried job was in a rubber factory at Akron. I told a few fairy tales about my age and experience and went to work at $7 a day. When my Dad and I teamed up to work in the Oklahoma oil fields I made that same magic salary. In those days seven bucks looked magic to me. I still have a good healthy regard for seven bucks because in the intervening years I was so often without any bucks at all.

"On January 7th I joined up with a repertory company touring the West. I've been trying to be an actor ever since.

"But there was more cold and more Number 7's between me and Hollywood. Our company went broke in Butte, Montana, on February 7th. Also, I personally went broke. Blizzards were in season and I had nothing but a cheesy little topcoat to ward off the wind.

"I went into a barroom to get something to eat off the free lunch table. In Butte it's a hanging offense to enter a cafe without a silver dollar in your kick. Hunger made me eloquent, I guess. Anyway, I jawboned the bartender out of a picnic meal. With a full stomach I felt adventurous again.

"I went down to the railroad station and cuddled up to the pot-bellied stove. On the bulletin board I noticed that Train Number 7, going West, was due.

" 'That's for me,' I said, and went out to the freight yard. When Number 7 pulled out of Butte I and five other hoboes were in a nice cool refrigerator car. That train took me to Portland, a regular job in stock, and eventually to the *Last Mile* performance in Los Angeles that landed me in pictures."

Until he made *Honky Tonk* Clark had hardly an uncomfortable moment in California.

"A bad moment came at the end of my new picture. I'm supposed to be a tinhorn gambler, run out of every town in the West. One scene shows me running for a freight train. That touch had a little too much autobiography in it, too."

Is this the guy Hollywood is calling high-hat? If so, Hollywood had better go wash out its mouth with soap. ■

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Men Love "The Fragrance of Youth"



The names of Kay Kyser and Ginny Simms have been linked together in both business and romance for many years. What, then, is behind the split-up of radio's most famous team? Ginny is appearing in R-K-O's *Sister Carrie*

Why Kay Kyser and Ginny Simms Split

By ROD REED

■ "Listen, sister, I've got you tied up with an iron bound contract. And if you try to take a runout powder, I'll sue you so fast you'll think lightning is a double-take!"

How often has a threat like this kept a promising youngster from bettering herself in films, stage or radio!

How often has a girl who went ahead in spite of the threat been so tangled in legal wrangling that a potentially fine career was strangled before it ever had a chance!

Well, here's a switch that should warm your hearts. It's about a friendship (or is it love?) that is stronger than the strongest contract. It's the case of a bandleader who is permitting his star femme vocalist to leave his orchestra for a film career although it means loss of a property whose value can only be counted in thousands of dollars. It's the story of Kay Kyser and Ginny Simms.

Ginny has just signed a pact with R-K-O for a build-up as a singing star. They hope to make her a sort of "Jeanette MacDonald in the pop field." It's Kyser, her orchestra leader boss, who's making the movie career possible.

To Kyser, more than anyone else, Ginny owes the fact that she's not just an obscure school teacher in California, getting paid in red apples instead of green bills. Her rise as one of the foremost singers in the country (a poll of college students taken by *The Billboard,* amusement trade magazine, revealed her as the most popular female vocalist this season) dates from her first commercial radio broadcast with Kyser back in 1934. The names of Kay Kyser and Ginny Simms have been linked in both business and romance since that time.

Ginny had had a modest singing success before she teamed up with Kyser but nothing so sensational that she didn't sometimes wonder whether it wouldn't be wiser to go back to her original school-teaching plans.

Virginia E. Simms was born in San Antonio, Texas, and grew up in Fresno, California. She was an honor student at Fresno State College and specialized in music. One of her classmates there was a man who, conceivably, may someday appear with her as a co-star in pictures—Jon Hall.

Ginny didn't get enough of music during

"Save With United States Defense Bonds and Stamps."

school hours so she organized the "Triad in Blue" with two Sigma Phi Gamma sorority sisters and they sang together at club meetings, dances and so forth.

At the end of her sophomore year Ginny summered in Los Angeles, did some radio work there and hooked up with Tom Gerun's orchestra as a vocalist. A second singer with that band was Al Morris. He's another chap who might be teamed with Ginny in future movies—his name's now Tony Martin!

It was Gerun who took Ginny to Chicago and it was in Chicago that Kyser heard and hired her. Kay, who has a shrewd sense of showmanship under that bubbling funnyman personality, recognized hazel-eyed, dark-haired Ginny as a real find.

Movie scouts had seen her before this in Los Angeles. But they turned her down without a test because her teeth were crooked. Those crooked teeth had been a handicap to charming Ginny all along the line. Would they forever bar her to bigger things? Not if Kyser could help it. He insisted that she get the finest of dental work, and Ginny agreed, wearing uncomfortable braces on her teeth for years.

Now she sports one of the nicest sets of teeth in the entire glamour industry—and here again it's the effect of a favor Kyser did for her that's taking her from him!

If hard work and a good trouping spirit mean anything, Ginny will go far. Perhaps you think she played her small parts in *That's Right, You're Wrong* and *You'll Find Out* with a little stiffishness, but don't be too quick to judge by that. She's determined to learn how to act.

This has never before been printed, but Ginny has been taking all kinds of parts on daytime radio serials on small stations, just to get acting practise. Naturally, she used assumed names.

Often this extra work meant loss of beauty sleep, for in addition Ginny has been singing on the radio, making movies, appearing in theaters and ballrooms and recording with her own small orchestra.

She owns a ranch and has a comfortable bankroll so it can't be need of money that keeps her working day and night. It must be that trouper spirit, which is also exemplified by the fact that Ginny, in traveling with the band, has always insisted on drawing lots with the rest of the orchestra for berths, and riding in an upper when the draw came out that way.

Playmates, her current film, is the last of three in which she has appeared with Kay and the band. From here, she's on her own, working before the cameras in California while the orchestra goes east.

Some theorists point to this separation as a conclusive answer to the oft-repeated question, "Are Kay Kyser and Ginny Simms married?" They say if they were husband and wife they'd stick together and disregard the film career.

Others declare it's proof they are married—that the opportunity Kyser has given her is something only a loving husband would do for his wife.

Walter Winchell has referred to her as Ginny (Mrs. Kyser?) Simms.

But Ginny and Kay are mum on the subject. To paraphrase: "My singer and I—but we don't talk about that." ■

"My husband's kisses were cold as ice"



HOW A WIFE OVERCAME
THE "ONE NEGLECT"
THAT THREATENED HER MARRIAGE

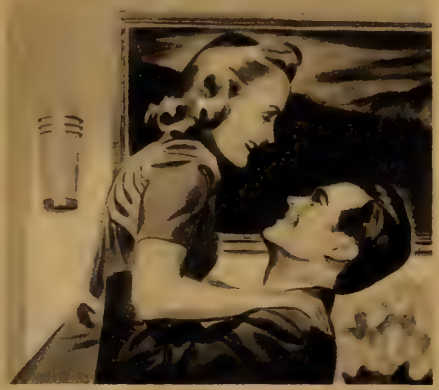
1. I never dreamed I would ever play the rôle of a neglected wife. We were so madly in love, at first—then, little by little, Jack's ardor waned until it seemed as though he actually disliked to be near me. I was utterly miserable.



2. I hid my unhappiness from everyone. Until one day at luncheon with Jane, my closest chum—I broke down and told her *everything*. She said, "Darling, don't be offended, but perhaps it's *your* fault. There's nothing that chills a husband's love more than carelessness about feminine hygiene.



3. "Early in my marriage," she said, "a woman doctor set me straight forever about this one neglect. I've followed her advice ever since and used Lysol disinfectant for intimate personal care. Because Lysol cleanses, deodorizes . . . and a single douche kills millions of germs, without harm to sensitive tissues."



4. I went immediately to the nearest drug store, bought a bottle of Lysol, and followed the simple feminine hygiene directions on the label. I've used it ever since, with 100% effective results. My marriage, I might add, has become a happy honeymoon once more!

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"I'm No Cinderella!"



By
GENE SCHROTT

Contrary to public opinion, the beauteous Carol Bruce had her ups and downs before she landed a movie contract and the lead in Universal's *This Woman Is Mine*. Carol's in *Keep 'Em Flying*

■ Carol Bruce was bawling!

Tears were coursing down wan cheeks. They were brimming over in the incredibly blue eyes. She wiped them away with her sleeve. But still they kept streaming down. The sob in her voice was real. It was Carol's first day before the cameras. But she wasn't acting. She was crying real tears. She was crying because Frank Lloyd, the producer and director of *This Woman Is Mine*, had just bawled her out.

"It was my fault," she confessed between sobs. "I just haven't caught on yet. I thought it was easy to act. I thought all you had to do is get before the camera and make believe. But I was all wrong. And I don't blame Mr. Lloyd for getting impatient with me."

Miss Bruce magnanimously forgot it was the first time in her nineteen years she ever faced the terrifying barrage of a battery of cameras. That it was the first time she ever did any dramatic acting. That it was the first time she was ever inside a studio. But Carol is like that. She insists on shouldering the blame. She insists on doing things the hard way.

"All these stories you've been hearing," she said, "about my being a Brooklyn Cinderella—well, they're just stories. It wasn't as easy as all that. They didn't discover me sitting by the fireside. It didn't happen overnight. It took years. A good three years before I got a break. And let me tell you, there were times when the going was mighty tough—when I was ready to give up."

Before her arrival in Hollywood people liked to think of Carol Bruce as the young lady who stepped before the curtains of a Broadway theater last winter and in a voice shaded with husky nuances knocked the audience right out of its seat with a ballad called, "Lord Have Mercy on My Soul." Later on that evening, she did another number—this time, the title song, "Louisiana Purchase." The audience recovered sufficient sanity to go wild for the second time in one night. After that Carol Bruce was known to every newspaper reader in and around the city of New York. They gave her the key to Brooklyn. They feted her at City Hall. They honored her at the World's Fair.

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Her praises were sung from one end of Manhattan to the other.

But Carol herself firmly avows, *"I'm no Cinderella."*

At fourteen, she was selling lingerie and hosiery to bustling Brooklyn housewives. She was still going to high school but the family finances had been wiped away in the tidal wave of the depression and the seven dollars a week she earned were mighty important. When she graduated from Erasmus Hall, she got herself a twenty dollars a week job. But this time as a model in a wholesale cloak and suit establishment.

Carol hardly realized she had a voice. She used to sing—in the bathtub and at parties. But it wasn't until she entered one of those amateur contests at the local neigborhood theater and walked off with a fifteen dollar prize that she thought others might like to listen to her, too. This made her decide to do something.

Three years later, through her manager, Mike Spector, she really started going places. Mike was a Virginia lawyer who came to New York to hang out his shingle. When Nat Brusiloff, the WOR program director, asked him to handle Carol, he forgot about his law and headed toward Broadway. One look at Carol—at the high cheekbones, at the blue eyes and olive complexion—one glance at the shapely figure—and one song she sang, were enough to convince him that law wasn't half as exciting as this young lady.

Mike scurried about. He got her an engagement to sing at the Mount Royal Hotel in Montreal. She came for a week-end and stayed for an entire summer. She would still be there if the Hotel New Yorker hadn't offered her a twelve week engagement in its cocktail lounge.

"After that," she relates, "Mike thought I was ready for some shows. He got me a part in George White's Scandals which after three weeks of rehearsals didn't bother opening. Then came a role in *Nice Going*. That, too, never reached Broadway.

"When I heard that Buddy DeSylva was putting on *Louisiana Purchase*, my heart almost stopped. That was what I wanted! And it looked as though I was going to get it too. But just when I was sure the deal was sealed, they decided to try out Hildegarde for the part. Something went wrong. I was able to breathe again. I had renewed hopes. But as I was thanking my lucky stars, they suddenly thought of Mary Healy. Again, my heart almost stopped. Well, to make a long story short, I sat chewing my fingernails for three whole months. In the end, it was worth it. When the show proved to be a hit and when the audiences liked my singing, all those years of struggling and slaving suddenly seemed worth while. And that isn't the way the story of Cinderella was written in my book."

The minute the performance was over, Carol was beseiged by motion picture offers. She accepted the one Universal offered . . . with the understanding she was to do musical comedies. Instead, her first part was purely dramatic. That's why Carol was crying the first day on the set. Hollywood signed her up to sing. Instead, it expected her to be a second Bette Davis. But you never can tell. Maybe some day she will be. ■

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The Tortured Tenor

By BOB HALL

■ He can't sing and he won't sing. But Hollywood is determined to make a singer out of him if it kills him.

That's the doleful destiny of Jimmy Ellison, who has been up and down the Hollywood ladder as often as a hod-carrier. As soon as he seems firmly planted on one of the upper rungs of security, some genius of a producer decides he's a singer and immediately Jimmy is back in the lower depths again.

Two pictures ago he went on strike. "I won't sing," he said in so many words. But the powers-that-be decreed that he was a singing type whether he could sing or not. They dubbed in somebody else's voice on the sound track. Result: The reviewers reported that Jimmy's performance was okay until he started to sing. Inescapable conclusion: Jimmy is a bum singer even when somebody else supplies the voice.

Bruised but philosophical, young Mr. Ellison declares it is a healthy thing for a young actor's ego to make a bad picture every two years; not intentionally but for the good of his soul and the sharpening of his perspective.

The trouble with Jimmy's career to date has been that bad pictures have come too close together, and all for the reason that producers won't let him stick to acting. When he's going along nicely in straight speaking roles, some villain always steps forward with a maniacal leer and says, "Here's where you gotta warble."

Jimmy is a discovery of Mike Curtiz, the celebrated director and language-mangler of Budapest, Hungary, and Burbank, California, and busted into pictures not on the strength of his far-from-golden singing voice but because of his looks, speech and carriage. He was working on the Warner lot as a photographic printer in the darkroom, a job obtained for him by his brother, Howard Ellis Smith, who was then the studio's story editor. At lunch one day the brothers encountered Curtiz, who suggested without any prompting that Jimmy become an actor (not a singer).

The kid kept his studio job but meanwhile signed up with every amateur group that would have him and eventually graduated to that celebrated hothouse for talented Hollywood youngsters, the Pasadena Community Theater.

He snapped at the first professional offer that materialized, a good role in a touring company of *As Husbands Go*. *As Husbands Go* went after three weeks in San Francisco. Still unaware that he was a singer, Jimmy had visions of returning in humiliation to his laboratory job when Billie Burke hired him to play the juvenile lead in her touring company of *The Vinegar Tree*.

This was a long engagement and some



Hollywood is determined to make a singer out of actor James Ellison even if it kills him

"Save With United States Defense Bonds and Stamps."

minor movie roles resulted from it. But no movie contract was forthcoming until Jimmy unveiled his vocal accomplishments. The odious title of "singer" was hung on him purely by accident.

Director Clarence Brown at M-G-M wanted a young chap of about Ellison's size and shape to do a comedy part in a forthcoming picture. The requirement was that the fellow should be able to sing.

Jimmy made a test for the part but didn't get it. The test kicked around the studio until another director, seeking a real singer, happened to come across it one day. Being no music critic, he thought Jimmy had a passable voice. A contract resulted from this misconception and James Ellison went on the Metro payroll as a singer.

Presto! He was on the screen and on the radio doing the thing he hated most and was least fitted to do. Despite his pleas for a non-singing role he was judged purely as a singer. As such it didn't take him long to prove that his talents were not in his throat. At option time his contract expired with a sickening gasp.

The next villain in Jimmy's path was Paramount Pictures, who, perversely, were seeking a singing cowboy to ride alongside Bill Boyd in the *Hopalong Cassidy* Westerns.

Luckily he was but one of a trio of wailing waddies in this series and the deficiencies of his feeble tenor were masked by the robustious baritone and basso. But even with this tonal camouflage his destiny overtook him.

In one of the early *Hoppies* a trick of the camera and of the recording mechanism made it appear that a baritone solo aria was issuing from Jimmy's vocal organs. Actually it was the work of one of his two accomplices.

Walter Wanger happened to see the picture, was impressed by what he insisted was Jimmy's singing voice, and hired him on the spot to play—and sing—opposite Frances Langford in a musical picture called *Palm Springs*.

The voice test with Miss Langford, Wanger assured his new protege, would be merely a formality, a sort of musical introduction of the two leading players preliminary to their formal teaming.

The ordeal was scheduled for the sound recording room at the Wanger studio. The celebrated Boris Morros was in charge and there were 25 musicians and technicians on hand to appraise the result.

Miss Langford was charmingly reassuring to the suffering James. "This will be a cinch," she assured him.

Morros asked Jimmy what key he preferred. Jimmy said he was as good in one key as another, no misstatement of fact. Morros asked him what numbers he knew. Jimmy knew *I'm in the Mood for Love*. It was decided that he and Miss Langford should sing one chorus, each taking alternate phrases.

The orchestra vamped. Miss Langford sang her phrase and looked expectantly at her partner. James took his phrase, wrestled around with it in his tortured tenor, and finally got rid of it somehow. So it went for an excruciating minute, with Jimmy making a holy show of himself. When he finished, his audience silently evaporated.

The kid went back to his boots and saddles and remained a *Hopalong* sidekick for a whole year. R-K-O snatched him up then and put him into two leads opposite Ginger Rogers where he had a chance to demonstrate that he was an actor. No singing.

Things were going along swell until he had the bad luck to get involved this season in a misadventure called *They Met in Argentina*. This movie was nominated by Hollywood as the all-time Pan-American gesture of ill-will. Jimmy (again a singer by virtue of voice-dubbing on the sound track) and Maureen O'Hara both got their fingers burned on this one. Both were yanked out of future R-K-O pictures for which they had already been announced.

For both, by a back-handed caress of luck, it proved the best break in years. Because she was immediately available, Maureen was chosen by Twentieth Century-Fox for one of the top parts in one of the season's most pretentious pictures, *How Green Was My Valley*. And Jimmy, not on account of his singing voice, landed at the same studio in what he regards as the best part he ever had, in *Charlie's Aunt*.

Currently he is appearing in Republic's mammoth ice spectacle, *Ice-capades*. Notice carefully that he doesn't sing a note. In fact, if you ever hear the Ellison voice raised in song on the screen, you are entitled to stand up in the aisles and yell in a loud, clear voice, "It's a fake!" ■



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Welcome Back, Shirley



Shirley Temple's new film, *Girl on the Hill*, brings the little actress out of her mysterious 18-month retirement, and puts a stop to the various wild rumors which circulated about the talented child star when she left the screen. Shirley is shown above as she was interviewed by one of HOLLYWOOD'S ace reporters, Helen Hover

By HELEN HOVER

■ There was nothing, really, to distinguish this early California morning from any other. The same gray dawn with a hint of gold trying to break through, the same view of the swimming pool from the bedroom window, the same tangy morning air. But to the little girl with a riot of brown curls who tossed the blue coverlet quickly aside and bounced eagerly out of bed, this morning *was* different. It was a wonderful morning. A scrumptious one!

To Shirley Temple, it was the morning she was going back to work after having been away for eighteen months.

Her clock was set for 6:30, but when the alarm rang she was already up, showered and dressed and waiting impatiently for her mother.

"But darling," protested Mrs. Temple, "you're not due on the set before eight."

"I know, but—but, you know how it is, Mother."

Mrs. Temple did know. While everyone has been wondering about Shirley's "retirement," speculating as to whether the greatest child star of all was "through," making dinner conversation of the many rumored and fanciful reasons for her absence from the screen, Mrs. Temple knew how anxious Shirley was to face a camera again. Although Shirley has earned about two million dollars and has spent a happy, unprofessional "retirement" in a girls' school, like a champion race horse she was champing at the bit to go back to the scene of her victories.

So excited was she at the prospect of working on a movie set again that on her first day of *Girl on the Hill* at M-G-M, she was on the sound stage an hour early, even before the electricians were on hand. When Director Harold S. Bucquet arrived, he found her seriously studying her script.

"It's too bad you have to work on your school vacation," said Bucquet.

"Oh, no," beamed Shirley. "Coming back to work is like a vacation to me."

When Shirley and 20th Century-Fox called it quits two years ago, and when Shirley disappeared from picture-making into the recesses of a conservative girls' school, that seemed to put her definitely on the shelf. Baby Shirley, the child wonder, now knocked for a loop by the awkward years, people buzzed.

That wasn't it at all. Her parents thought it was about time Shirley let up and led a normal life in school and not on a movie set. That's all. Far from being a cinematic back number, every studio in town came forward with a huge contract. But all of them were turned down for the time being.

"She is going to be like other girls," said Mrs. Temple firmly. So Shirley was promptly enrolled in the Westlake School for Girls and quickly and deliberately lost her identity as a million dollar child star to become just another white-middied student, indistinguishable from the others. She shied away from any act which might

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make her conspicuous, and became popular with the girls not because she was Shirley Temple, movie star, but because she convinced them by her attitude that she was one of them.

The first day in school, one of the girls rushed to her and asked, "Oh, tell us what it's like to work in pictures?"

Shirley wrinkled her nose distastefully. "Oh, skip it," she said quietly and moved on.

Another girl, watching this, called out approvingly, "Atta girl, Shirley," and Shirley's popularity was cinched.

Christmas time, Shirley was offered the lead in the school play, but she refused it in her effort to be un-actressy. However, she did want to participate in school events, so she accepted a tiny role as a Christmas angel along with ten other "angels."

She spent a happy, normal year and a half in school, attended school dances and teas, experienced the thrill of wearing silk stockings for the first time and went to properly chaperoned dances in long party dresses with socially approved young boys from military school. But she was still homesick for the sound stages, so when school was out in June, Shirley signed up with M-G-M to make a picture during her vacation. It was a $50,000 vacation!

At first it was announced that Shirley would appear with Wallace Beery in *Barnacle Bill*, then with Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney in *Babes on Broadway*. But she developed a mild whooping cough just before *Barnacle Bill* started, and the studio decided that Shirley's comeback picture should be a drama, which eliminated *Babes on Broadway*.

You should have heard the wild stories that started! Zowie! The rumors buzzed that (1) Shirley was getting high-hat, (2) she wouldn't work in a picture with Wallace Beery, (3) Beery wouldn't work in a picture with her, (4) Shirley wasn't as pretty now as she used to be, (5) and quite the silliest of all that she was taller than Mickey Rooney and couldn't work with him.

Hooey! All of it.

But the studio kept mum and scouted for a suitable story for Shirley's return. They found it in *Girl on the Hill*, which presents Shirley as a motherless little girl whose father is too occupied with his business affairs to give her more than fleeting attention. She reacts brattishly to his gold-digging fiancee (Gail Patrick) and eventually brings her father and her pretty nurse (Laraine Day) together and shows him that happiness can be his with his own daughter.

Shirley and Mrs. Temple loved the story. "In all her other pictures," said Mrs. Temple, "Shirley was busy saving the Indian Garrison or Great Britain or something. In *Girl on the Hill* she's a normal girl, not saving anyone except perhaps herself."

Her long absence hasn't changed Shirley's manner of work. She is still up to her old tricks. In the old days, Shirley used to confound directors by knowing not only her own lines but the dialogue of all the other actors. The first day of work Shirley had learned all but two sequences of the script and she knew most of the lines of the other players. In the opening scene, Shirley and her domineering nurse are having one of their frequent duels. When they made such progress on the opening day that they reached a scene not on the schedule it was Shirley who cued the older actress in her lines.

After the first such rehearsal, Director Bucquet turned to the script girl and said. "I guess you can go home. We have a star and script girl all in one." Which was exactly what Shirley's director on her last picture, *Young People*, said two years ago!

But physically, twelve-year-old Shirley Temple vaguely resembles the golden-haired cherub of years gone by. Her hair is chestnut brown—she is two inches taller, her baby fat has slid off and now she is a slim, poised young lady. The "awkward years" haven't touched her and she is blossoming into a lovely young lady.

Inwardly, Shirley feels more grown up too, and a little scene which took place on the *Panama Hattie* set is final proof that Shirley has forever said good-bye to the old days when she was America's most loved child star. On the *Panama Hattie* set this particular day, seven-year-old Jackie Horner, a precocious little actress, was performing. Little Miss Horner is a cute trick. She sings, dances, emotes. Shirley watched her with great admiration, then turning to her mother asked, "My goodness! Was I ever like that?" ■



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Claude Rains will follow his momentary goodness in *Here Comes Mr. Jordan* with his most fiendish role to date in Warner Brothers' *Kings Row*, the year's most controversial film

Vivid Villain

By JOHN FRANCHEY

■ In a Hollywood where screen villains come at so much a gross, Mr. Claude Rains not only manages to keep busy but to charge for his celluloid sinning such fancy sums as to make even J. Edgar Hoover wonder whether crime doesn't pay after all. As adept at playing nefarious noblemen as he is unscrupulous United States Senators, this same Mr. Rains has the strange faculty for presenting rogues who are not only interesting but actually fascinating. So fascinating, in fact, that you hate to see them killed off at the end, even if Errol Flynn is perpetrating the slaughter as he did so beautifully with bow and arrow in *Robin Hood*. Remember?

The Rains villainy is practically out of this world.

With him there is none of this "Here, take this. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!" Oh, no. Mr. Rains is definitely on the subtle side, and whether he is playing a detective in *They Made Me a Criminal* and driving poor John Garfield to crime, or vexing helpless Margo in *Crime Without Passion* he is being an elegant scoundrel every inch of the way. Not once has he been so vulgar as to throw a haymaker at the hero in his pictures. As for kicking a woman in the bottom as Mr. Cagney has found occasion to do, the very thought is horrifying to Mr. Rains. He may be a villain but he happens also to be a gentleman.

You are not going to be surprised to discover that Mr. Rains is from England. Only the English could make homicide and wickedness so polished, finished, and attractive. And considering the top-notch quality of his chores, you are not going to be surprised to learn that forty-two of Mr. Rains' fifty-two years have been spent in the business, although in his day Mr. Rains has managed to be very respectable at times, never more so than in *Here Comes Mr. Jordan* in which proceedings he, of all people, enacted the role of a modern St. Peter in street clothes. (In his next role as the fiendish *Dr. Tower* in *Kings Row* he will more than make up for this momentary goodness.)

Fifty-two minus forty-two is ten, at which age Claude Rains discovered the theater. Strangely enough, no matter how much he looks the part, Mr. R. is none of your British aristocracy. As a little shaver he used to sell newspapers on the streets of London, run with urchins, and swipe apples from busy owners of fruit stands.

On the way home from school one day, via some London alleyways, he looked in backstage at His Majesty's Theater where a play was in rehearsal. He was so enthralled that he quit going to school and dropped by every day to watch the actors rehearse. He was sitting there in the dark theater one morning when the house manager asked him how he would like a job.

"If it's on the premises, yes, sir," the unrepenting truant said. They gave him a double job. He was page-boy by day and call-boy by night. His parents didn't learn about his desertion from school until three months had elapsed. It was then too late to do anything about it. After that, he used to ride back and forth to the theater reading Shakespeare on top of a bus.

From call-boy to actor was a long and involved process, with such way stations as carpenter, master mechanic, electrician, property man, treasurer, company manager, stage manager, and then at long last his first appearance as an actor in *The Gods of the Mountains*.

Once he had set foot on the stage, a transformation that took ten years, he was a marked man. He traveled to Australia with Maeterlinck's *The Bluebird*. At Sydney he made his first important hit in *You Never Can Tell*. He returned to England with a reputation.

The grand tour of the world made him restless. He did a half dozen plays in London and sailed for America.

He had just about got started here when war was declared. He returned to England, enlisted in the London Scottish regiment, saw action immediately, was gassed at Vimy Ridge, and came out of the war a captain.

Back in London, he resumed his acting career, watched his stock climb to a new high, and once more sailed for the United

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States for an attack on the theater.

His first appearance on Broadway in *The Constant Nymph* was the forerunner of a string of brilliant performances as leading character actor for the Theater Guild. A New York drama critic hailed him in a review as an actor "who, in his proper setting, is without fault or blemish, who manipulates his speaking voice as if it were a stringed instrument." Whether this particular review was spotted by Universal Pictures or not, it is hard to say. The fact remains that just when the studio decided to produce *The Invisible Man,* Claude Rains was engaged for the part. So that his first screen "appearance" was an appearance in name only, the Rains features being absent from the picture, as befitted the features of an "invisible man." However, the Rains voice, meditating murder, went over so big that he was cast as the purple-dyed villain in *Crime Without Passion,* which was an artistic triumph but a commercial flop. The picture made Rains.

The screen's most vivid villain at close hand is a shy but contented gentleman who lives a quiet life.

If Mr. R. has a hobby, it is acting. Those perfect performances of his are the result of a prodigious quantity of homework. When he was cast in *Four Daughters,* he discovered that the character he played, one *Adam Lemp,* was a flute player and that there were places in the film that called for some solo work on the instrument, which, of course, could be dubbed in.

"There'll be no dubbing in," said Mr. Rains. And there wasn't. He put in two weeks taking lessons from Leonard Posella, flute player under contract to Warners' music department.

For *Anthony Adverse* he memorized an entire rapier-routine, lost eight pounds prepping for his fight with Louis Hayward. For *Robin Hood* he schooled himself in the lost art of handling falcons and had Director Curtiz at wits end for fear one of the carnivorous birds would leap from Rains' wrist and peck some lady's nose off.

"It gives me the inner confidence I need," he explains it.

Does he prefer villainy to goodness?

Mercy yes.

"Good men, while slated to inherit the earth and the kingdom of heaven, too, are rarely as captivating to the eye as a polished blackguard. Or to the mind, for that matter. People can't help saying: 'My, my. If only the rascal had turned his talents in the proper channels—what a power for good he would have become!' It's the reforming instinct in mankind, I guess."

If it's all right with the customers, Mr. Rains will stay unreformed for the next ninety years or so.

It is paying handsomely. ■

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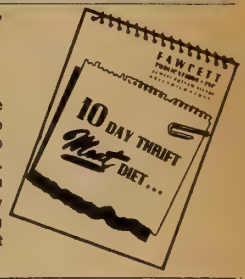
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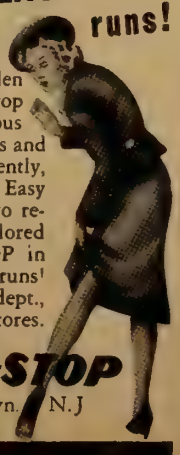
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Incurable Perfectionist

By GEORGE HOWARD



Astaire, the perfectionist, makes life miserable for Astaire, the actor. Fred bends over backwards to make each succeeding picture better than the last. He's in Columbia's *You'll Never Get Rich*

■ In a profession which has more than its share of wacks, show-offs, egomaniacs, clowns, and, alas, heels, Fred Astaire manages to stand out as conspicuously as would Mae West doing the conga with Mahatma Gandhi.

Miss Greta Garbo may demand (and has) that extras turn their backs while she does a love scene for the camera and Director George Cukor. John Barrymore may get tossed out (and has) of Earl Carroll's for being a trifle on the moist side. And Constance Bennett may spend a king's ransom (and has) to keep herself on the list of the ten best-dressed women. But Fred Astaire—he'll settle for sanity.

Sanity, obviously, comes easy to Mr. Twinkletoes. One of the greatest names in the entertainment world, he has somehow escaped the star's complex. He doesn't look like a star, he doesn't think like a star, and he doesn't behave like a star—except before the camera.

At forty-two, Fred Astaire is an agile, young-looking man who resembles a business executive more than he resembles an actor, except that he seems always to be absorbed with some problem or other. He is not handsome. When he isn't wearing a hat (which is very seldom indeed) you notice he has a high hairline. Movie directors worry about it more than he does. For the camera he wears a toupee.

Detesting as he does the gaudy and the spectacular, he doesn't dress in the knock-your-eye-out Hollywood fashions. When he is dressed on the debonair side, you can count on it: everything is casual but correct, which may account for the fact that tailors regard him as a sartorial sensation and never even mention the Hollywood boys who try so hard.

His thinking doesn't follow the usual Hollywood channels of thought. He is not self-centered. Nor has he acquired the Hollywood complex, glory be, of gauging his actions in terms of their effect. He likes the movies, but sees nothing glamorous about them. He probably likes Fred Astaire, but he doesn't think he's anyone who rates kow-towing. By the same token, he doesn't feel that his privacy ought to be invaded right and left merely because he happens to be in pictures. He wants his dancing to be liked (he thinks he's a dreadful actor) but he doesn't crave personal adoration.

A believer that genius (which he disclaims for himself) is one-tenth inspiration and nine-tenths perspiration, he is by all odds the hardest-working man in Hollywood. For two reasons: first, he is an incurable perfectionist; second, he is hell-bent on giving theater audiences dancing that they will like and, perhaps, admire, dancing that will bring them back to see him in his next picture.

Astaire the perfectionist makes life miserable for Astaire the debonair citizen of Hollywood, which city he likes and will never abandon for Broadway, he swears. Never satisfied with his work, he bends his efforts to making each succeeding picture better than the last.

"It isn't often," he will tell you, "that I can sit through any part of my pictures in comfort. Usually I can hardly bear to look at them. Two I've never seen at all."

The Astaire sanity is best illustrated in his refusal to siphon all the money he could out of the movies by turning out a long string of pictures at $100,000 to $150,000 apiece, which he could do easily enough, being, as he is, tops in the field.

In 1940 he could have made five pictures, but he made only one, *Second Chorus*.

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In one or two instances, it was a matter of getting a script he didn't like, a script that didn't work in his dancing logically but made it seem as if the action of the picture had been stopped so that he could do his stuff. The other offers were nixed because the production was scheduled to begin before Mr. A. could work out his routines.

The facile grace of his dancing and his effortless steps create the impression that each number is practically spontaneous, a sort of inspired reaction to music. It is just an illusion. Actually, it takes from seven to nine weeks to go into those dances. He works feverishly, almost grimly, as he blocks out his routines. He never repeats himself. Whenever he suspects that he is borrowing from another picture of his, he has the picture run off in his projection room at home. In *You'll Never Get Rich* there are six routines, three of them with Rita Hayworth. It took him seven weeks to think them up.

He preserves his sanity on the set. A trifle reticent, but not at all temperamental, he is no problem to his directors. All legends to the contrary, he doesn't mind who watches him doing his routines, provided, of course, he or she can get past the studio gate.

He's prouder of being a papa than he is of being a great dancer, although for his money you can skip the adjective. You have to break down a lot of resistance before he'll talk of Fred, Jr., but get him started and he goes to town.

Master Fred, Jr., is five, bright, and bouncing. An athlete of parts, he dives like a seal, swims like a merman, and rides a horse like a junior Gene Autry. He writes letters, after a fashion. Not so long ago he wrote one to his aunt, the former Adele Astaire, now Lady Cavendish. The letter was grabbed by the British Intelligence which suspected it of being a coded message. Fred, Jr., has quit writing to his aunt for the time being.

Is the little shaver already a demon hoofer? Not yet, although he has picked up a few fancy steps from his father. Let there be music and to quote Astaire pere young Fred is inclined "to rattle around a bit."

Noted as a worrier, Fred Astaire never worries about himself—his falling hair, say, his career, or his investments. Right now his major worry is England, where both his mother and Adele are bivouacked. Mistress of a castle with 200 rooms and a bath, as she herself has described it, Lady Cavendish, like all good British women, is doing her part. She has plowed in the fields, planted, and harvested, as part of her contribution to the war effort. The two Astaires correspond regularly. She is his most valued advisor.

Sitting on top of the world, Fred Astaire, like every actor in Hollywood, has his ambitions. The difference is that in the case of Astaire they're simple. And sane. Let them give the Academy Award to Gary Cooper. All he wants is to be able to shoot golf in the low eighties and to write a few more song hits. (He has written one.) He understands that his chief Hollywood competitor, Mickey Rooney, is doing all right with his tunes. He wishes Mickey would give him a ring one of these days and come on over. Mickey could leave his ladies behind, just this once. What Mr. A. wants is to talk shop. ■



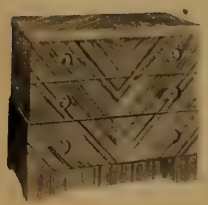
When there's a mean blow to be landed, Humphrey Bogart usually gets the job. In this scene from Warner Brothers' *All Through the Night*, he's coming through in his usual expert fashion—giving what appears to be a real sockeroo but actually not hurting the fellow at all

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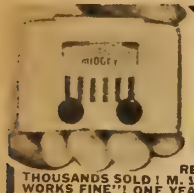
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Tall and Terrific

By MAY DRISCOLL

■ You've all heard about the man who sat down to the piano, haven't you?

Well, the same thing once happened to Alexis Smith, lanky, blond Warner Brothers siren. When she was a drama student at Los Angeles Junior College, she walked out on the stage of the school auditorium, quite serious and earnest—and the audience laughed! It was heavy drama, about murder in the Malays, and they shouldn't have laughed, you understand.

Suddenly, Alexis realized why. The leading man was a little fellow who just about came up to her chin. Stacked against each other, the effect was a little startling. The kids in the dramatic course thought it would be fun to substitute a twerp for Alexis' leading man.

Did she get mad? Did she flounce off in a huff? Not she. Alexis, as she treats most of the trying moments in her life, threw back her head and laughed. That set the pace and she played her role broad and funny.

That's Alexis—easy-going, nonchalant, taking things as they come and turning every little defeat into a victory.

When Alexis decided one day that she was going to be an actress, she didn't receive too much encouragement from friends.

"You're too tall," they warned. "Stunning figure for a model, but movie actresses are little. Look at Davis. Look at De Havilland. Little girls make actors look like Tarzans."

Alexis' attitude toward this was strangely neutral. She just lifted a brow and said, "You don't say." Then did as she pleased, a freedom of movement which led her straight into pictures.

Alexis was raised in Hollywood where her family had migrated from Toronto, Canada. When she was eight years old, a blond cherub with legs like a gangling gazelle, her mother put her in a dancing school to acquire grace.

But she hadn't counted on Alexis being just about the best dancer in the class and nurturing an urge to be a ballet dancer. As Alexis grew up—and really *up*—her dancing teacher shrugged his shoulders and said, "Forget ballet. Male ballet dancers are pee-wees. Where can we find one tall enough for you?"

So Alexis ruefully dropped the idea and turned to another love, to wit: acting. She read plays avidly, pretended to be the heroine of all of them and used to stop friends and pretend she was everybody from Eliza fleeing the bloodhounds to Camille gasping for breath.

Like all other youngsters reared in the cinema city, she was determined to get into pictures. She turned down the boys in high school who wanted to buy her ice cream sodas and take her jitterbugging, and concentrated on the drama. When she won the state declamation contest in Hollywood High, there was no holding her. She majored in dramatics at the Los Angeles City College and was the most enthusiastic member of the group. When Alexis wasn't the leading lady she was the spear-carrier, and when she wasn't that she was happily painting scenery or printing tickets. Anything, as long as it meant keeping her hand in.

She was cavorting in a decidedly minor role in a school play one evening when the news buzzed backstage that none other than Vic Orsatti, one of the most powerful movie agents, was in the audience. The heroine of this particular offering was a fluttery mite of a thing, while Alexis' role consumed something like four lines and pauses. She stalked out unhappily and retired to be lost among the props again.

When Orsatti saw her, stately, elegant and regal, he didn't look at anyone else but made quick tracks backstage to sign her up to a contract.



Hollywood was quick to find a place for Alexis Smith, a girl who doesn't have to strain her neck to be kissed by Flynn or MacMurray. She's in Warners' *Bridges Are Built* and *The Smiling Ghost*

"You looked like a queen," he told her. "So aloof, so divine, so dignified. I'll get you into pictures."

Alexis nodded dumbly, too stunned to believe it. In private life, Alexis is as dignified as a kitten. Her hair looks as though she had just emerged from a rumble seat, she uses little make-up and lives in shirts and slacks.

Through Orsatti, Alexis was signed up by Warner Brothers as one of their many contract players, which is like being shut up in a vault. There are so many young contract players signed up and shoved into bit parts, that barring an Act of Congress, it's the sure road to nothing.

"I played so many switchboard operators that a telephone doesn't look the same to me any more," says Alexis.

But she *was* being noticed. She was different. She hadn't gone ga-ga just because she was now a movie starlet. She kept to herself, didn't shoot craps with the prop men and was a dignified, sincere young player who stayed in a corner studying her lines even if it consisted—as it usually did—of only the word "Hello." Then again, the regal way she carried herself, her elegant grace made her stand out. Opportunity was about to rap.

NEXT MONTH! EXCITING NEW STORIES ON ROSALIND RUSSELL, HANS YARAY, JOHN SUTTON, KAAREN VERNE, ROBERT STERLING, RICHARD TRAVIS, MICHELE MORGAN AND HENRY WILCOXON!

Dive Bomber was in production at the studio and half way through, the director decided that this epic of daring young men needed some oomph.

"Get us a girl—get us some love interest," he ordered. "And let's have a girl who doesn't have to strain her neck to be kissed by Flynn or MacMurray. No little tweegees."

This, naturally, narrowed the field, and Alexis won the role. Then the studio promptly put her up against their other big boy, Wayne Morris, in *The Smiling Ghost* and she has recently finished working in *Bridges Are Built.*

Of her brand new success, Alexis is trying to maintain her balance. She was quite upset when gossip columnists very erroneously had her romancing with Wayne Morris, just because they were part of a studio junket to San Diego for the *Dive Bomber* premiere.

"What," she wailed, "will Pat Stewart say." Pat happens to be Mr. Morris' intended bride.

She is appalled, too, at any attempt to make her go glamorous. In this, she is lined up solidly against her bosses who think she is a very gorgeous hunk of girl and want to publicize her as such. They haven't had much luck yet. They once managed to get her into a white fox cape for a studio affair. Alexis looked like a dream walking, but she could hardly wait until she shed it.

"I can be an actress," she says, "without looking actressy, can't I?"

Seems like the girl is long on sense as well as inches! ■

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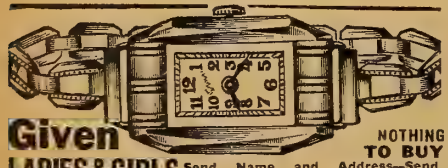
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Stymied Cyclist

By FREDERICK McFEE





Believe it or not, the determined young speed demon above is Charles Coburn in his days as a professional cyclist. When that career fell through, he turned to the theater (below), and today he is one of Hollywood's finest character actors. Charles is in Warners' *Kings Row*



■ Every so often Charles Coburn has dreams. Wheels keep turning in his head, turning endlessly, their bright spokes flashing in the sun.

Does he wake up screaming? Does he run to a psychiatrist to find out what it all means?

Don't be silly.

Those wheels endlessly turning, their bright spokes flashing in the sun, have a meaning all right. They are meant to remind Charles Coburn that he is a frustrated professional bicycle rider. They are meant to taunt him for giving big-time bike-riding the go-by for the stage which led, naturally enough, into his present movie career.

Mostly C. C. has no regrets. As an ex-bike champ he would be doing well to be drawing nowadays a slender monthly pittance from a tiny annuity, provided, of course, that he had been smart enough to have taken one out. As a celluloid character actor whose stock is a sensational new high thanks to his annexing cards, spades and casino, in *The Devil and Miss Jones*, he is right this minute in excellent spirits, enjoying good health, and contributing annually to the Department of Internal Revenue a handsome annual subsidy in the form of income tax.

He was tall, lean, gracefully-muscled and nineteen when he quit his native Savannah, Georgia, and a job as manager of the old Savannah Theater (where Madame Modjeska, Minnie Maddern Fiske, Edwin Booth, E. H. Sothern and the rest of the immortals had gamboled) and hied himself to New York to become a professional bicycle rider. Back home he had given a very good account of himself as a cyclist. But Savannah wasn't New York. And the $100 purses of the big Georgia meets paled into nothingness beside the big $1,500 stakes on tap at the big Eastern circuits.

That first big meet at the Manhattan Beach Track meant everything to young Coburn. To begin with, he was in hock two weeks before the starter's gun was fired. He owed $20 room and board to a nice lady who ran a tavern-inn over at Sheepshead Bay. She was on the verge of tossing him out when he convinced her that he had first prize money for the grand meet in the bag. Hadn't he won practically every important race in and around the great city of Savannah?

Came the great day, and came twenty-four good riders to compete for the $1,500 top money. A two-mile race was to narrow the field down to six riders, all of whom would receive sums ranging from $100 to the $1,500 in question for participating in the feature race.

Young Charles Coburn gave all he had to that two-mile qualifying event. The day was bright and the crowd noisy. He spun the wheels of his trusty streamlined Monarch, vintage of 1899, until the spokes were a continuous whirl of silver. He crossed the finish line seventh.

It was a desolate young cyclist who

"Save With United States Defense Bonds and Stamps."

trundled his wheel back to the riders' quarters. En route he brooded over a trick of fate which had eliminated him from the feature handicap race. Undaunted, he hustled himself a job as pacer for a famous racing gentleman named Starbuck, who was due to vie with another racing gentleman named Michael in a two-way championship race in Philadelphia a fortnight hence. He told his landlady the sad tale, and she almost collapsed. He left his trunk with her just to ease her mind and took off for the City of Brotherly Love.

Three days after his New York Waterloo, young Coburn was grinding away on the pedals, burning up the track and leading Starbuck by four lengths, which gap the sensational Mr. S. could have closed up at any given moment. For some strange reason, young Coburn noticed after he had knocked off four of the twenty-five miles which was the daily training stint for the mighty Starbuck, his mind wasn't on pedalling. It wasn't even on the inglorious Manhattan Handicap in which he had fared so poorly. It was on Madame Modjeska, Mrs. Fiske and Edwin Booth.

He jumped off his bicycle.

"What the devil's ailing you, boy?" the great one demanded, pulling up.

"Nothing, Mr. Starbuck. I've just decided that I'm not a bicycle rider and I'm quitting."

"Boy, have you gone mad?"

"I think so. I've just decided to become an actor."

He had dropped by the office of a booking agent on a social call when a man with a diamond stickpin collared him. "I've got a job for you," he said. It was for a season of stock in St. Louis. Coburn snapped it up, and was a wow. The very next year he was appearing in New York in a number called *Courting at Green's*. After that he was a cinch. He did a half dozen plays one after the other. In one of them there was a professional bicycle rider. It reminded him that over in Sheepshead Bay there was a weeping landlady with a battered trunk and an I.O.U. for twenty dollars. He hurried over to see her and paid up. He gave her a bottle of cologne for a present.

The year 1906 is the year 1 in the life of Charles Coburn. He was doing a season of Shakespeare when the troupe got stranded in Fulton, New York. For want of something to do, he began noticing his leading lady. He found her "incredibly exciting." Naturally he married her. From this date on, he became one-half of the Coburns, a partnership that was dissolved only by her death in April, 1937.

The next two decades were packed full of activity, Broadway revivals, cross-country tours (the Coburns made the last coast-to-coast tour using regular theaters during the season of 1924-1925) and finally the directorship of the Mohawk Festival at Union College, which under the direction of the Coburns achieved an national importance.

DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S EXCLUSIVE STORY ON MICKEY ROONEY BY HIS SCREEN MOTHER, FAY HOLDEN!

Exit the Savannah meteor pushing his bike.

Thunder and lightning from the direction of Starbuck.

The nineteen-year-old ex-manager of the great Savannah Theater, a youth who had actually had breakfast with Sir Henry Irving and had played a game of checkers with Otis Skinner, did not exactly take the New York theater by storm. When he dropped by to see the producers, he did, of course, casually mention that he was hep to what the theater was all about. To the last man, the managers were not impressed. He took the first menial job that came his way and waited to be called. Six months of wrapping bundles in a department store got to be pretty tedious stuff. Especially to a young man who had helped the immortal Maude Adams pack her bags. To ease his boredom, he took a night job as usher for the Fifth Avenue Theater at fifty cents a night. His spirits were revived for the time being.

The chances are that the closest Charles Coburn would ever have come to the theater is the post of head usher, were it not for a telegram that reached him when he was at an all-time low spiritually. The telegram was from a trouper he had befriended when he was manager of the Savannah Theater. And the telegram offered him a job as press agent for an act involving some singing and dancing twins. He took it hoping it would lead to something else.

It did.

It was Metro's *Hardy* saga that got him into pictures. Metro tested him, liked him, and invited him to do *Judge Hardy*, provided that he would sign a term contract. He told Metro he wasn't interested. A few months later he was sent for to play the rum-ridden medico in *Of Human Hearts*. He got such excellent notices that the studio tried once more to put him under a term contract. Once more he said no. Every picture would have to stand on its own merit. Money didn't mean that much to him.

Lord Jeff and *Yellow Jack* followed in short order. *Vivacious Lady* had the critics cooing once more. *Made for Each Other* was a competent job. *Bachelor Mother* was excellent fooling. It shot him up into the Milky Way. His asking price climbed to $2,500 a week. Seven pictures later he was ready for public acclaim thanks to *The Devil and Miss Jones*. His latest stint in *Kings Row* will not exactly diminish his following or prestige.

A man who has done big things on Broadway, he is more than tolerant of Hollywood. He thinks it's the "most dynamic medium ever invented." He wishes there were a few more competent actors around and not merely box-office magnets.

He does not own a bicycle. He has too many dreams as it is, dreams in which wheels keep turning in his head. He doesn't want to aggravate his subconscious mind. ■

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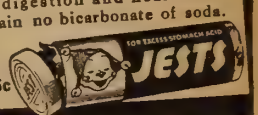
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Jane the Jitterbug

By JACK DALLAS



Although Jane Withers is rapidly approaching the "grown up young lady stage," she is still movieland's leading jitterbug. Above: Taking a brief respite from her "jiving," Jane leads a Conga line at a recent party. Her next picture is 20th Century-Fox's *Young America*

■ "Glamour—I hate it. When I grow up and quit playing brats and tomboys, I'm going to become a comedienne. Like Judy Canova, maybe. But glamour—no thanks." The last time this reporter held parley with Jane Withers, these were her very words.

All of which would have been dandy if the reporter hadn't wandered onto the set of *Young America*. For lo! right before his eyes was young Mlle. Withers, glistening with glamour, glistening like a Christmas tree. Miss Withers, as a matter of fact, was dispensing something more than glamour. She was actually scattering allure. Clothes, hair-do, make-up and even the walk—they were all there. And she was aiming all four at a very personable young man named Robert Cornell who, we gathered from the action, already had him a girl.

When the scene broke, we confronted Miss Withers. Was this what she meant by hating glamour? That tender little scene between her and this Cornell fellow—was she playing it for comedy, a la Judy Canova?

"Oh, that," young Miss Withers came back, "that was romance—the real thing. You see, in the picture, I'm what you might call a charmer. I'm out to take Lynne Roberts' boy-friend from her. That's how come this get-up."

The get-up was pretty snappy. Nothing like the slinky item sported by Rita Hayworth in *Blood and Sand*, but quite a little number at that. The figure was tall and slim. The face was pert and pretty. The manner was bouncing. Also assured, as you shall see.

"That talk we had was a long time ago," she explained. "Three years, wasn't it? You know people change in three years. I'm going to be sixteen in a few months. I've changed, too. You might say I'm a new woman."

To start with, the ex-foe of glamour had something on her mind: a date with Stirling Hayden, no less. Of course, she admitted, it was one of those unglamorous luncheon dates. Still, just think how many girls in Hollywood would go without silk stockings for six months just to be in her shoes.

"Nothing serious," she hastened to add. "He belongs to his set and I belong to mine. I guess you'd call mine the jitterbug set."

Did she like to jitterbug? What a question! Of course she did. Especially with Cesar Romero, although, getting back to her own set, jitterbug dancers didn't come any slicker than Buddy Pepper. On a date he was "practically superb."

Mr. Zanuck's erstwhile brat was only too happy to explain this dating business, after being prompted.

Two years back she had her first dates, "if you could call them dates." Four pairs of partners her own age, five occasionally, would go to some nice quiet place (where there was dancing, of course) accompanied by their parents, one or both. Way back then her mother had promised her that when she got to be fifteen she could go on dates solo. On the day before her fifteenth birthday, practically every lad in her set called up and asked if he could take her out the following evening. Come morning and her mother broke the sad news: there would be no solo dating for another year. Meanwhile, she could have her dates, but not without a chaperone. Many brave hearts, including Jane's, were broken on that tragic morning of April 12. They recovered miraculously, accepted the inevitable chaperones, and settled down to make the best of things pending the arrival of April 12, 1942.

Top man at the moment is Richard Clayton, the 20-year-old actor who appeared with her in *First Love*. His position is precarious. At any minute, either Buddy Pepper, Freddy Bartholomew, George Ernest (whose anklet she wears), or Joe E. Brown, Jr., may dislodge him.

Masters Bartholomew and Brown, Jr. are bitter rivals. Whenever they get invitations to parties, they rush for the telephone to ask Miss W. to come along. First one reaching her wins. Once Freddy arrived in person just as Buddy was telephoning in. She called it a photo finish, went out with both of them.

Back to this jitterbug business, she's really mad about color, especially red. She owns a flashy red Buick convertible which she will be allowed to drive herself on her sixteenth birthday. She owns four pairs of red slippers, eight red formals, three or four red bags. The "rumpus room" at home is done in red—red-edged napkins, red straws at her private soda fountain, also located in the "rumpus room," and red upholstery.

Her favorite band leaders are Glenn Miller and Skinny Ennis. She has a collection of jitterbug records that is in the hundreds. She owns a few lonely semi-classical pieces, too.

She practices piano playing, one-half hour every day.

Does she play Brahms or Beethoven?

Not by a long shot. Boggie-woogie is her dish. Her teacher is "practically superb." His name is Jean Leonard, known, also, as the King of Swing.

Where does she do her jitterbugging?

At the Pirates' Den or the Cocoanut Grove. Her mother doesn't let her go to Ciro's or the Copacobana or the like yet. Maybe beginning next April 12.

No plain Jane, her wardrobe is colossal as jitterbug wardrobes go. Some of her dresses are masterpieces. Many of them, Jane the Jitterbug has designed herself. Her talent for designing is matched by her genius at interior decorating, which is best proved by an inspection of the Withers' living room, a brilliant array of mirrors, striped upholstery, lavish drapes, eye-ravishing lamps, marble fireplace, and elegant tables. The *piece-de-resistance* is a pink-tinted piano that blends with the color scheme.

Wasn't the work supervised by an interior decorator?

"There was one around. But he was only a yes man."

Give some jitterbugs a sweater, skirt, and, above all, a good pair of shoes and they're happy. Jitterbug Jane likes the refinement. "Jools," for one thing. She isn't allowed to wear more than two pieces all told on any one occasion. She satisfies her soul by wearing her "jools" to bed, en masse. She is a great admirer of perfumes. Bottles of perfume fairly litter her dressing room, bottles of all sorts, cylinders, statuettes of Madonnas, faces of cherubim, castles, chessmen, roulette wheels, etc. There is even a bottle of perfume that plays waltz music when you remove the vial. Mostly she wears perfume to premieres and such. She is careful not to make too good a thing out of this perfume-toting A jitterbug, after all, is still a lady. ■

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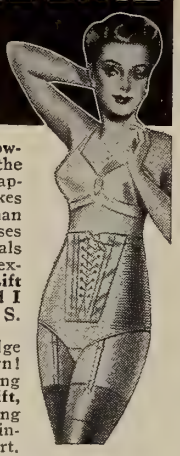
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Roy Rogers, up-and-coming young singing star of Republic's "sagebrushers," is unique in ambition-ridden Hollywood. He has no desire to be among the "big names"—he's completely satisfied with his present lot in life. Roy's latest thriller is *Bad Man of Deadwood*

Gentleman From Wyoming

By E. J. SMITHSON

■ Over in the Republic corral they have a strange creature by the name of Roy Rogers. We say strange because if there's a completely happy man to be found anywhere around these days, Roy Rogers fills the bill.

He's the handsome, young up-and-coming singing star of Republic's "sagebrushers," you know. Or "westerners," as your kid brother says. He's been in 22 pictures since 1937, and he can point to a weekly income (if he were the pointing kind) that will match the high salaries of many of the "big name" stars in the major studios. Yet this easy-going cowboy from Cody has no wish to get up among the big names. He's completely satisfied with his lot in life. He has no ambition other than to become a better actor in his lowly westerns. He wants no part or parcel of the usual leading-man pattern of Hollywood living; he doesn't go in for any of our often publicized samples of exhibitionism; he refuses to stir a foot out of his way to court publicity.

Roy was born on a ranch a few miles from Cody, Wyoming, and learned to stick on the hurricane deck of a cow pony almost before he'd cut his first set of teeth. He was a mighty sad boy, he says, when the family moved to Cincinnati where he later worked beside his father in a shoe factory. Unlike most shoemakers, both he and his father refused to stick to their lasts and one bright day walked out of the factory, hopped in their car and headed for California. As sudden as that.

Of course, when all this happened Roy had received his diploma from high school (with better than fair grades) and had learned to pluck the daylights out of a guitar and to sing a bit. As a matter of record, he did such a handy job of his singing and guitar playing that more than one well-wishing friend had suggested

"Save With United States Defense Bonds and Stamps."

that he try to get himself a radio job. "The family wanted me to enter a dental college," Roy says, "and I might have been a dentist instead of a cowboy in westerns save for that unexpected trip to California."

Roy's first break came when he was signed to sing on the *Sons of the Pioneers* program. This program went on for years. It finally went on the road—and that's when a talent scout pricked up his attentive and musical ears and signed Roy up to play a part in a short subject starring El Brendel. It was called *Radio Scout* and came under the classification of a comedy. But Roy's singing wasn't comical. Not by a couple of tenor notes. It was so good that he got another job right away. And this time in pictures. "For a while," he says, "I thought my voice was a curse, because I was never given an acting part—always just singing. By this time, doggone it, I wanted to be an actor."

So Roy kept trying, alternating between screen and radio and always hoping for the chance to really act before the cameras. But without success. Finally, he decided to get out of Hollywood for a while and went on tour with three other cowboy singers. "The first town we appeared in turned out to be practically a 'ghost town,'" Roy recalls. "We took in an even four bucks for that night's program. It was the same in almost all the towns. For eats, we'd borrow a .22 rifle from the owner of the inn and go out on the prairie and shoot us three or four rabbits which we'd cook for our dinner. For variety we shot a hawk, but something must have been the matter with the way we cooked the bird because it was not only tougher than rawhide but it had a very peculiar smell and taste. The boys really got to grumbling after that hawk dinner and the next night we kinda hinted over the radio that we'd sure appreciate it if we could sink our teeth into something like a homemade pie or cake. Well, you should have seen what we got the next day along about noon. Seemed like every good cook in that town had been busy whipping up cakes and pies and meat dishes. I never saw so many kind-hearted womenfolks all at once in my whole life. We sure hated to leave that town."

This call for food not only brought Roy and his gang the above-mentioned supply of cakes and so on, but it brought him his wife. She came along with her mother one morning and deposited a huge cake on the doorstep of their cabin. Roy liked the cake and from the fleeting glance he got of the daughter, he liked her, too. So much so that he returned a year later, paid ardent court to the young lady and came away married to her.

Roy returned from his tour in 1937 and got himself signed by Republic Studios for a part in a Gene Autry picture. Right after that—and without so much as a test, the studio handed him the starring role in *Under Western Stars*—a picture that was the springboard from which he jumped into a quick succession of others and into stardom. "I sing—and I act," is all you can get out of him about his roles, except the fact that he's about as happy as he can possibly expect to be. ■

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Tommy Harmon Invades Hollywood

By ERNEST BELL





Tommy Harmon, All-American football flash, hits the Hollywood line in Columbia's *Harmon of Michigan*. Tommy denies any heavy romance, but he's quite a hit with the ladies, as the picture at the left proves

"Hollywood girls are such *little* squirts!" said Tommy Harmon. The great all-time, All-American football star made the statement with awe and admiration, his alert blue eyes not missing a trick as he gazed around the Hollywood Brown Derby.

"On the screen, all the girls look about six feet tall. It was a shock to find them so tiny. The only tall girl I've met is Gail Patrick, and she never impressed me as being very tall on the screen. It's a bit confusing."

Mr. Harmon had just finished his first movie, an epic called—of all things—*Harmon of Michigan*. And you can bet your bottom dollar that Mr. Harry Cohn and the other Columbia stockholders will beam all over when they see the box-office returns. The fabulous Tommy will attract not only the sports fans, but the kids, to whom he ranks with *Captain Marvel* and the *Lone Ranger*. It's his first venture into the professional cinema, of course, but he's posed for thousands of feet of newsreel film during his meteoric career, and the camera doesn't terrify him one little bit.

"They didn't try to make me act," said Tommy with a disarming grin. "I was just my natural self—or as natural as I could be with all that make-up on my face. I was very lucky in having such a swell director and crew, because they didn't expect too much, and were very patient with me. So was Anita Louise, the leading lady—and such a beautiful girl!"

Girls again. All right, Mr. Harmon. "I had an awful time getting a date when I first got out here," he confessed. "I didn't know many people—and had the dickens of a time finding a girl who would go dancing with me. But—" he smiled blissfully, "I got acquainted after a while, and I've had a fine time."

Tommy met some fine people like Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor, the George Murphys, Cesar Romero and the entire Crosby tribe. Of course the latter were practically old friends. Bing had been one of Harmon's earliest boosters, and was the first radio star to present him to a waiting world. Tommy surprised everyone with his easy, assured delivery. He seemed a veteran at the mike. When questioned, the football hero admitted that he had been studying dramatics and speech at Michigan, along with his other studies. He had an idea that he might become a radio announcer and commentator when he left college.

The Crosbys were fascinated. Bing immediately started pulling wires to have Tommy screen-tested at Paramount, and brother Everett Crosby promptly became his professional manager. But shortly after Harmon returned to Ann Arbor, Columbia stepped in with a handsome bid for the young man's services, with an option for more pictures if the first one clicks. And he signed.

Said Tommy, sagely: "You know, Hollywood isn't as hard-boiled as I had heard it would be. Everyone has been swell to me, and I haven't seen any of the backbiting and jealousy that I was assured was on every hand. Take Bing Crosby, for instance. I've never heard him say one disparaging remark about anyone. Hollywood's no different from Ann Arbor. More pretty girls, perhaps—but the people are not unalike."

Dancing, admitted Mr. Harmon, was one of his favorite sports, next to football. He's typically modern in his 22-year-old musical tastes, and collects Tommy Dorsey and—yep!—Bing Crosby records. For a time in school he played the trumpet and drums, but football—not to mention track and basketball—interfered with his practicing.

There was also a little matter of studying to be considered. Tommy's grades—and this has always been a source of great pride to the University of Michigan—were always among the highest in his class! If it hadn't been for the gridiron, he might have ranked with the college intellectuals. He's a smart boy, this Harmon. He belonged to every honor society on the Michigan campus.

Tommy started playing football shortly after he started high school in Gary, Indiana, where he grew up—although he was born in Chatsworth, Illinois, on Sept. 28, 1919.

"I was pretty punk when I first started," he told us, "but I got stuck on a girl who gave me the needle in no uncertain fashion. She said, 'Look, bud, I want a *real* football player!' That made me sore, and I got in and worked like the dickens."

So a girl was responsible for the great career of Tommy Harmon? "Gosh, no," he said. "Everyone just took it for granted that I'd be a good athlete. My three older brothers were all top-notchers. Louis was on the championship basketball teams of Purdue during their big years of 1932-'33-'34. Harold was also at Purdue, the sprint champion of the Big Ten. And Gene was the captain of the basketball team at Tulane for two years."

His brothers weren't particularly encouraging, Tom says. "They used to stand by and watch me getting beat up," he said. "I had to fight my own battles—they wouldn't lift a finger to help me."

But Tommy understands them, and loves them even more for it. "My parents made plenty of sacrifices for us kids," he said, "and I'll always feel that my first duty is to them."

Any heavy romance in the offing, Mr. Harmon? Tommy grinned. "No," he said, "and I don't think I'd find it in Hollywood. Romance out here seems to be so temporary. I want mine to last."

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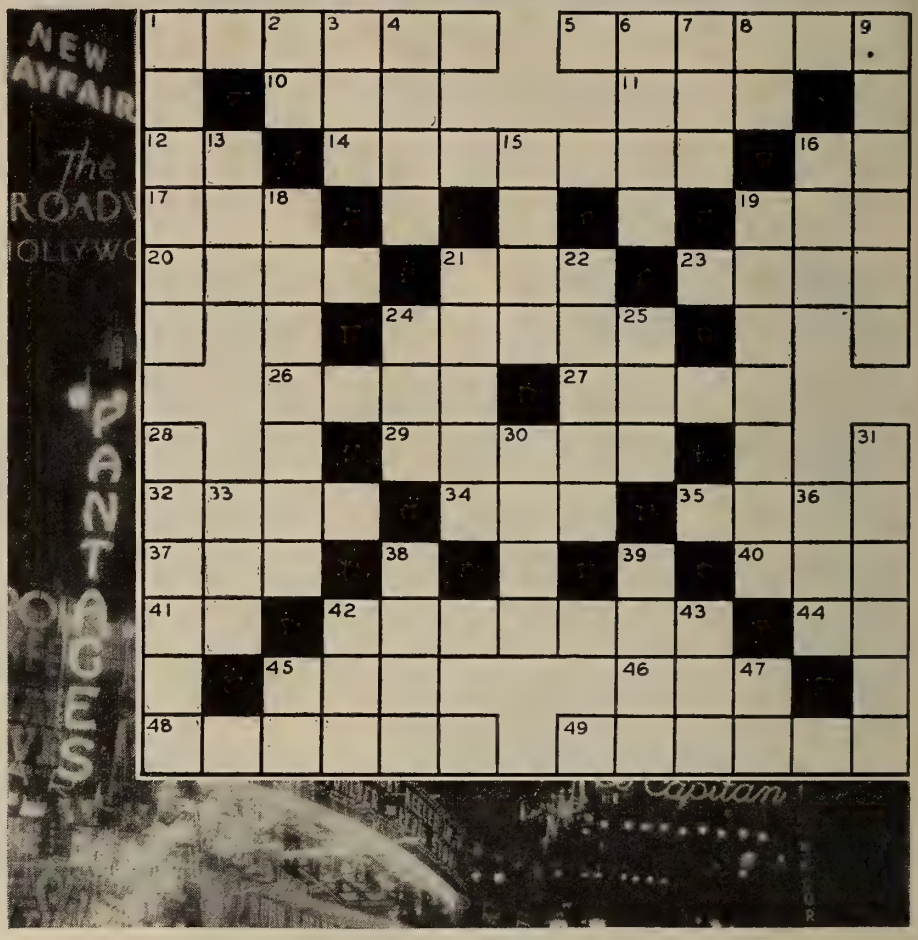


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ACROSS

1. He always gives a Powerful performance.
5. She's said to be really some Ping.
10. She was somewhat wild in *Wild Geese Calling.*
11. Negative not used in movie camera.
12. Initials of a Coward who isn't one.
14. Hitler would enjoy bomby weather here but for British Hurricanes.
16. If Donald Duck became one, he'd be just a quack (abbr.).
17. Theater patron can take this right in middle of trailer.
19. Tearful little earful.
20. The eyes have it.
21. She has always made one guess her age.
23. Crowning glory of king of beasts.
24. This has more cells than Sing Sing.
26. Not bad.
27. Pair of Astaire's took Fred to top.
29. Vixen in *The Little Foxes.*
32. He wouldn't be used in sound films without caws.
34. What Horace Horsecollar's girl friend answered when he proposed.
35. Baby Sandy must do this before she can become an ingenue.
37. Heroine often gets burned before she can get coat of this.
40. This means theater has no sitting room.
41. What former glamour gals had.
42. She was always in peril in silent thrillers.
44. He fell for Dietrich in *Manpower* (init.).
45. Thornton Wilder's Town.
46. It might be used in *Street Scene* (abbr.).
48. Spicy cinema star.
49. They hold passengers being held up by bandits in Westerns.

DOWN

1. Love means nothing in this game.
2. Mr. Owen's initials.
3. Number of people needed for a dual role.
4. Blonde who photographs Grey (poss.).
6. She had a Sunny disposition in recent musical.
7. Yes-man's gesture.
8. Initials of a Brooklyn Tree transplanted to Hollywood.
9. More figures than facts appear on this in a theater.
13. Its gears look shifty.
15. *Dr. Jekyll* was engaged to her before *Hyde* engaged his attention.
16. Talent searcher in *Kiss the Boys Goodbye,* a good scout.
18. He was nearly strung up because of his bead on Hitler in *Man Hunt.*
19. Service men seen at Ciro's.
21. "Buzz" Baker in *Whistling in the Dark.*
22. Comedian considers his best gag to be this.
24. Bing's brother.
25. Born (unless preceded by "k" which gives it a joint definition).
28. Making faces, love, and money.
30. Word from dog's master sets this in motion.
31. These may foil villain if hero is good fencer.
33. Just a squealer.
36. What gold diggers hope to find.
38. Hero refuses to take this from anyone.
39. Backbiter in jungle films.
42. He goes the rounds and is sometimes a knockout.
43. She landed forceful role in *Forced Landing.*
45. It followed Rookies in recent movie parade.
47. Initials of 43 Down.

(Solution on Page 70)

Why Hollywood Hates Jimmie Fidler

[*Continued from page 27*]

Brand and Birdwell shouted "liar" at Fidler with the entire industry swelling the roar.

Brand said, "Fidler's statement . . . is a deliberate attempt to distort facts as he so repeatedly does in reporting the Hollywood scene."

Outspoken Howard Dietz, M-G-M's publicity director, said, "Fidler is a congenital liar and it would be going against his conscience to tell the truth. I make it a point never to mention or think about Fidler."

Every last vestige of respect for him was gone in Hollywood.

"Give Fidler enough rope and he'll hang himself," one producer once said. Now Hollywood feels that he has strung his noose.

Today, in the almost unanimous opinion of the film colony, Fidler is the most despised—hated is too mild a word—man in Hollywood. Groups have sprung up calling themselves the "All Out" clubs. When Fidler walks in, they all walk out. Judy Garland and Dave Rose went out with him one evening, and the next day Judy's phone rang continually with calls from friends who bawled her out.

The studios refuse to have anything to do with him and he is learning now what it means to get his news without studio help. He complained to a friend that he finds it difficult to get enough material to fill his column these days. He is a social leper in the town and the doors of Hollywood homes are closed to him.

Errol Flynn, more hot-headed and contentious than the rest, couldn't contain himself when he saw Jimmie enter the Mocambo night club with his wife soon after his return from Washington. He strode to his table, muttered: "You should be run out of Hollywood," then slapped him.

Fidler says that Flynn hit him when his back was turned and that it was because he didn't like what Jimmie had said about him in a column.

Flynn says he was annoyed because of Fidler's utterances before the Senate.

It doesn't matter. Night club brawls don't do Hollywood any good, nor do they settle arguments.

The important thing is that Hollywood rallied around Flynn and said he had done something they all wanted to do. Right or wrong, he was lauded for felling the villain.

As for Fidler, he says he doesn't care what Hollywood says about him. He is a rich man and brags that he has almost a half-million dollars and earns close to $125,000 a year—money reaped in the Hollywood vineyards. What Hollywood thinks of him apparently doesn't disturb him a bit.

"As long," he says with typical swagger, "as long as they keep me on the front pages!"

But those in the movie industry feel that Fidler's front page publicity will soon boil down to one word—"Exit!" ■



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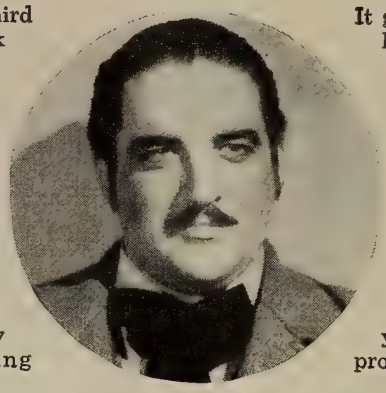
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Shakespeare's Chum

By JOHN FULLER



Now that Laird Cregar has made his mark in the movies, he's forgiven Shakespeare for some of the early tribulations the Bard caused him. Laird's in the 20th Century-Fox film, *Hot Spot*

■ For a while there Laird Cregar used to walk up and down Hollywood's Vine Street, poke his nose into the door of the Brown Derby just as if he were looking for someone, drink deep of the wonderful odors that came from the Bob Cobb cuisine being wolfed by the Brown Derby steady trade, and exit cussing Shakespeare something fierce.

What did he have against Shakespeare?

Plenty.

If it hadn't been for Shakespeare, he never would have become an actor. If he hadn't become an actor, he never would have ended up in Hollywood, walking the streets broke and hungry and looking in on the well-heeled patrons of the Brown Derby just to give him courage enough to stick it out a little longer.

But where does Shakespeare, dead these 325 years, come in?

Well, it's like this. When our hero was a mere broth of a boy and nothing at all like the six-foot-three giant he is now (and weighing 290 pounds), he was packed off to England for a spot of education at the veddy special Winchester School, where his ancestors before him had been enrolled. Come vacation time and one of the masters, just to keep the little shaver out of mischief, got him a very minor spot with the Stratford-on-Avon players, a group dedicated to producing Shakespearean drama in the very little hamlet where the immortal William was born and whither he returned after making a killing on what passed for Broadway in Seventeenth Century London. Being eight and impressionable, Master Laird Cregar developed a violent case of admiration for Shakespeare. So violent, in fact, that when he returned to school in the fall, after having done his stint as a page in six Shakespearean plays, he notified the master who had been concerned about keeping him out of mischief for the summer that he was going to be an actor, a Shakespearean actor, no less. Ever afterward, until he was called back to his native Philadelphia by his mother, he was eternally squaring off and ranting Shakespearean speeches at all comers.

Back in America after two years of English life, he was clapped into the Winchester Academy at Longport, New Jersey. He did a four-year trick there which just about clinched his hunch that Shakespeare had put him on the right track. By push or cunning, young Cregar managed to snag a role in every amateur theatrical that hit Longport during those four years. It goes without saying that he was all over the stage whenever the Winchester masquers put on a play. After he turned thirteen he recalled that Shakespeare had done a little literary work as well as acting. So, like Shakespeare, he took to writing plays. He tossed off seven in two years. All seven were produced, either at the Winchester Academy or at the Episcopal Academy whither he departed to finish off his education after he had siphoned all the wisdom available at Winchester.

He quit Episcopal Academy after a mere year's trial. Episcopal, he discovered, didn't understand young actors. It insisted that, actor or no actor, everyone do his homework in algebra and Latin, which subjects young Cregar loathed. So at fourteen he kissed Episcopal good-bye and set out to lick the stage.

Right outside of Philadelphia at Germantown is bivouacked the Hedgerow Theater run by a distinguished gentleman named Jasper Deeter. It is the Mecca of all young hopefuls who want to splash around in shallow water before they try the deep seas of Broadway. The Hedgerow Theater may not be Broadway but it is hardly a pushover. Some of the fanciest names in pictures were terrible flops at Hedgerow. Not our young Master Cregar. He hung around Hedgerow for some sixteen months and was accounted a pretty good hand. He quit Hedgerow because he couldn't afford to hang around any more. The Cregar fortune suddenly vanished, and the young scion was forced on his own.

He received the news by announcing he was ready to turn professional. There were a few objections at home by members of the family who felt that Sam, as his intimates knew Master Laird, ought to go to college. But these objectors were squelched properly when the wily one said: "Find the money and I'll go." The silence after his little speech was as heavy as a fruit cake.

As a would-be vanquisher of the professional theater, he was not exactly sensational. For a while there the nearest he got to the theater was the front door. He got a job as doorman for the Orpheum Theater at Germantown. When he was promoted to an usher's job, he actually got inside the theater. But he was still on the wrong side of the footlights. Undaunted, he wrote to the Pasadena Playhouse in California and suggested, after listing his accomplishments, that they give him a scholarship. To his surprise, the

"Save With United States Defense Bonds and Stamps."

Playhouse was perfectly willing. The director wrote and said that it would be all right for him to come along but not unless he had on hand $300 to deposit in a Pasadena bank against rainy weather, which is always harassing poor actors, especially when they're far away from home.

The $300 ante was quite a blow to young Cregar. Just for the heck of it he tried to raise the money from members of his family. No luck. In desperation he wrote to the local Rotary Club which, he had heard, lent money to deserving youths of 19 who wanted a professional career. The secretary of the Club replied to his application for an appointment to address the Board in the affirmative but added a postscript to the effect that the Rotary Club regarded actors as the world's worst risk. Still, if he felt like it, the Board would hear him. He snatched at the opportunity, appeared before the Board, and talked so eloquently that they lent him $300 and then some. He caught the train for California the next morning. He took with him a duffel bag and a huge volume of Shakespeare.

He did very well at the Playhouse. He served two years as an apprentice. Then he hied himself East to try his wings on the professional stage. He got them clipped in short order. So he returned to the Playhouse for a year's post-graduate course.

That second trip to California and the Playhouse almost finished him. He completed the post-graduate course, was hailed as a sensation, and then promptly set out to get himself cast in a play. The West Coast casting men couldn't see him with a telescope, figuratively speaking. Actually, they could see nothing else. (He weighed something like 330 pounds and looked 400.)

Things got to such a sorry pass that he had no place to sleep. Some good Samaritans showed up in the guise of a young married couple with whom he had romped on stage at the Playhouse: they let him sleep in their sedan. He barely made it. But that didn't solve the food problem. There were times when he would get so hungry that he would try to divert his mind by going on long walks up and down Vine Street. These are the walks we told you about, on which occasions he would poke his head into the Brown Derby, sniff the nice smells, and exit cussing Shakespeare who was responsible for his plight as an unwanted—and hungry—actor.

He calmed down one day and was struck by a marvelous thought. In New York a play called *Oscar Wilde* had been a terrific hit. A hefty named Robert Morley had wowed the critics with his performance. Why wouldn't that part be a natural for him? If some one would sponsor the play it would be. He started out that afternoon in search of a man who would produce *Oscar Wilde* on the West Coast. Five days later he had found an angel, a man named Arthur Hutchinson who thought *Oscar Wilde* would go over big in Los Angeles.

The play opened on schedule and Laird Cregar got four curtain calls. The next day he got five telegrams, one from every major studio in Hollywood and all of them offering him a test and a contract. He liked the terms offered him by Twentieth Century-Fox and three months later he was co-starring in *Hudson's Bay* with Paul Muni.

The Mr. Laird Cregar who weekly draws down $750 of good T.C.-F. money drops by the Brown Derby nowadays just as often as he did in those drear days in the fall and winter of 1933. Only nowadays it's a little different. He prances in and takes a seat with Phil Regan or George Raft. Furthermore, he orders a three-dollar steak, mushrooms extra.

Life, as you can see, is very wonderful for our Mr. Cregar. It will be more wonderful yet. His role of the effeminate critic of bull-fighting in *Blood and Sand* was named by New York critics as one of the best acting jobs of 1941. Mr. Zanuck, ever grateful, is right this minute combing the country for a starring vehicle which will really give his find an opportunity to win the Academy Award.

Laird's one lament is his weight. He wishes he could bring it down to 250 pounds and keep it there. But if he doesn't quite make the grade, he won't let out a peep. Just as soon as he's salted away an even $250,000 he will use that ponderous bulk to good advantage. He will do *Falstaff* in *Henry IV* on Broadway. You know who wrote the play, don't you?

It was Shakespeare. ■

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The Mexican Way



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By BETTY CROCKER



■ "The secret of making Mexican food *taste* Mexican," says Jane Russell, "is to take plenty of time. It's the slow, easy cooking and patient blending that gives it that special tang. You can't hurry a frijole!"

The lovely Jane received first-hand instructions on the art of Mexican cookery while on location in Arizona, where she went to make scenes for Howard Hughes' production of *The Outlaw.*

There were a great many Mexicans working in the picture and Jane haunted the corner of the kitchen where they presented their special dishes.

If her guests don't care about calories, Jane gives them Mexican chocolate, beaten to a froth with the little wooden beater that is spun between the hands in the manner of a Boy Scout making a fire without matches.

After one of these dinners, the Mexican custom of the siesta becomes quite understandable.

Be sure to remember Jane's advice—allow plenty of time for cooking so that the flavor of the chili, the oregano and the whisper of garlic penetrate into the food. When the recipe says "simmer" it means just that. Don't think that the same results can be acquired by dousing a dish ultra-liberally with chili and pepper.

Here are some of the authentic Mexican recipes from Jane's notebook.

FRIJOLES REFRITOS (Fried Beans)

Soak a pint of red Mexican beans overnight. Let them come to a boil in the water in which they were soaked, then simmer slowly. Drain when soft, add chopped onion and chopped green pepper that have been lightly browned in fat, salt and pepper and a whiff of garlic (1 clove grated is sufficient). Turn the beans into a heavy iron frying pan and let brown. At the last minute—to make them extra good—scatter grated Mexican cheese over the top.

CHILI CON CARNE

1	lb. ground beef
1	large onion, chopped (1¼ cups)
3	tbsp. butter or drippings
2½	cups cooked kidney beans (No. 2 can)
1⅓	cups tomato soup (1 can)
3	tsp. chili powder
1	tbsp. flour
3	tbsp. water
1	tsp. salt

Brown meat and onion in butter or drippings in heavy frying pan. Add beans and tomato soup, and cook 10 minutes. Make a paste of the chili powder, flour and water. Blend paste into meat mixture. Season with salt. Cook over low heat for 45 minutes, stirring frequently to avoid scorching. This will make 8 servings.

BUNUELOS (Fritters)

1	cup sifted all-purpose flour
½	tsp. baking powder
½	tsp. salt
6	tbsp. cold water (or enough to make dough hold together)

Sift flour, baking powder and salt together directly into mixing bowl. Add cold water gradually. At first blend water in lightly with a fork, then gather dough together lightly with the fingertips. As soon as you can make dough stay together, you have sufficient water.

Round up dough on cloth-covered board (using flour rubbed into cloth to keep dough from sticking). Roll out very thin—only one-sixteenth of an inch or less. Cut into 2-inch squares. Place in refrigerator and chill thoroughly (about 1 hour). For convenience, the squares of dough may be placed on an ungreased baking sheet for chilling.

Drop squares of dough into *hot* fat (having fat about 4 inches deep in kettle). Let brown on one side, then turn and let brown on the other. Lift from fat when delicately browned on both sides (about 2 minutes in all). The fat should be 400° to 425° (when a cube of bread browns in 30 to 35 seconds), then the bunuelos are dropped into it. When nicely browned, drain over kettle before placing on brown absorbent paper in a warm place to drain thoroughly.

Serve immediately. These make a perfect accompaniment for soups and salads if you are not planning a complete Mexican menu.

SPICED COCOA

6 cups milk
5 sq. chocolate (5 oz.), shaved
5 tsp. sugar
½ tsp. nutmeg
⅔ tsp. allspice
⅔ tsp. cinnamon

Place all ingredients in large saucepan over low heat. Stir occasionally until chocolate is melted, then continue stirring slowly and constantly until mixture reaches boiling point. Beat with rotary beater until mixture becomes foamy. Allow mixture to reach boiling point and beat again with rotary beater. When mixture reaches the boiling point a third time, beat again. Serve immediately.

Note: All the beating should be done over the heat.

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Mexican parties are fun, but as the holiday season rolls around again we all want some of our own good American holiday foods. Pumpkin Pie . . . Roast Turkey with all the trimmings. But, of course, we want to present the old favorites with a new glamour. If you are wondering just what to serve for your Thanksgiving or Christmas dinner or Christmas Tree Supper . . . send for Betty Crocker's assortment of HOLIDAY MENUS.

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Born To Be Funny



It hurts Eddie Bracken that his comic looks keep him from getting the romantic roles he pines for. He doesn't want to be typed a comic; he wants to be like the other fellows and have Madeleine Carroll or Paulette Goddard go daffy over him. Meanwhile, Eddie is convulsing audiences in Paramount's college film, *Sweater Girl*

By DANA GALE

■ Anyone who doesn't believe that America is the land of opportunity will get no free dinners at the home of Eddie Bracken.

Eddie has a face like a winsome question mark, ears like open taxi doors, the build of a suspender strap, a whining voice that will never be mistaken for Boyer's and hair that is one vast cow-lick, but look! He gets more fan mail than many a triangle-torsoed Romeo.

Dear Eddie, We think you're cute, write the girls. *We hope you get the girl in your next picture.*

Eddie does, in *Sweater Girl.* True, she's little June Preisser, definitely sub-deb, and the close-up clinch is a quick buss on the cheek, but it's progress. In *Caught in the Draft,* Eddie was pushed around by Bob Hope, never got within necking distance of Dorothy Lamour, and was rewarded for one amorous attempt on a blond doll with a slap.

Hardly anybody could be expected, then, to believe that not only is Eddie a sort of frustrated Gable, but that his career started at the age of five singing soprano solos in the civic auditoriums of Astoria, Long Island.

"I sang mother songs," he recalls gloomily. "It's a wonder some civic-minded neighbor didn't grab me by the neck and dunk me in the Gowanus Canal."

Instead, a kindlier fate awaited. He was signed up by a New York producer of kiddie shows, known as *The Kiddie Troupe.* This fact confused his parents, industrious folks both of whom worked for the local gas company. They weren't sure whether it was an honor or disgrace to suddenly uncover an actor in the clan. But Eddie's stipend came in handy to the hard-pressed family, so all was forgiven. The *Kiddie Troupe* went bankrupt shortly after Eddie became a member, although he disclaims all responsibility for that. But the damage had been done. Eddie had had enough of acting to know he had to go on. Nothing else would do.

When he was fourteen and had begun

to gangle into a sort of junior gargoyle, he was a veteran Broadway job-hunter.

"I haunted Broadway. But really. Whenever I caught wind of a group of people rehearsing, I'd run backstage, poke my head in and ask, 'Could you use an actor?' I rehearsed in thirty-two plays, but opening night each play used to chase the customers into the streets. No one show lasted long enough to give me a full week's pay.

"By that time I was beginning to discover the drawbacks of existence without salary, so I quit New York to try Hollywood. I had $4.20 my mother had given me to pay for putting my picture in *The Daily Star,* and I started to hitch-hike. Half-way to the Pacific, I got homesick, miserable and hungry, but I pushed on. In one town I knocked on a back door and the lady of the house gave me dinner.

"The night I barged into Hollywood, I flopped down and slept under a tree on Hollywood Boulevard. When I woke up, I sounded like Andy Devine."

Eddie looked up Junior Durkin, a fellow *Kiddie Trouper* in the old days, and Junior took him in. But Eddie couldn't get inside the main gate of any of the studios and the one studio that did let him in had no job for him. When his ever-loving mother sent him a bus ticket for home, he didn't hesitate.

"And wouldn't you know it," he groused. "The minute I hit New York again, I found a letter from Junior telling me that right after I left a call had come in offering me a part in a picture! It didn't make me feel any better when every play I appeared in after that did a floperoo."

By this time, Eddie was taking on any and all parts. He played a forty-year-old plumber in *Iron Men.*

"Didn't need much make-up," he explains. "Worry made me twenty years older."

The man who was to change Eddie's plunging destiny saw *Iron Men* and Eddie's luck began to rise like a head on a freshly opened bottle of beer. Play Producer George Abbott was looking for an older man for the school commandant in *Brother Rat* and he thought the actor who played the plumber might do. When Eddie showed up, his egg-shaped phiz freshly scrubbed of stage wrinkles, his big ears at attention, Abbott clutched his forehead and moaned: "What is this—are there two Eddie Brackens?" This, Eddie asserts, was a subtle testimonial to his art. Abbott gave Eddie a role more in keeping with his personality, that of the bedeviled undergraduate, Mistol Bottom.

Love hit our hero between the eyes during the road show. The leading lady was Connie Nickerson, a pint-sized brunette with an impish nose and a frequent giggle.

"She was but cute," raves Eddie, rolling his eyes. "When I learned she didn't mind going with a goon like me, I married her—but quick.

"Then George Abbott wired me to rush back to New York. He was casting *What a Life* and wanted me to play *Henry Aldrich,* the lead. What a wedding gift, I thought, gloating.

"But I arrived just one day too late. Ezra Stone had ambled by the Abbott office twenty-four hours earlier and sewed up the part. I half-heartedly accepted the role of *Dizzy,* a subordinate part, but it turned out to be a good break. The show was a hit and from there I went into another sock, *Too Many Girls.*"

Naturally, Hollywood called. And was that town surprised to learn that this goofy-looking lad wasn't so much of a goof after all. For the truth must be told: Eddie is an earnest student of his art and he has very serious plans for himself. In private life he is no more a screwball than Paul Muni.

He doesn't flit to Ciro's every night, and if he walked into the Brown Derby the headwaiter would probably seat him near the kitchen with the tourists. Evenings he stays home, reads best-sellers to see if there's a role in it for him, and he's forever making amateur films, acting in, writing and directing these parlor-made De Milles. It's more than a hobby. It's serious training.

He fought against doing *Caught in the Draft.* "Put me next to Bob Hope and I stand out like a wart on an elephant," he wailed. "I'm not funny enough." But his querulous pan and funny voice stole laughs from even the Great Hope, and the picture established him as a comedy sensation.

But he still doesn't want to be typed a comic. He wants straight parts. He begged for the chance to play *Drake McHugh,* romantic but tragic figure in *Kings Row.* Ronald Reagan got the part, and no one had even considered flap-eared Eddie. That almost broke his heart. It always hurts him when his comic noggin stands in the way of being taken seriously.

"I'm an actor," he protested one day, "not a gagman. If I'm always cast as the dumb cluck I'll never be able to play serious roles. I'd like to be like the other fellows. I'd like to have Madeleine Carroll or Paulette Goddard go daffy over me."

At that, his studio bosses hooted. "You a romantic character? You're just not the type girls go for. You haven't any sex appeal."

"Oh, no," answered Eddie, drawing his comely little *frau* to his side. "I got one of the prettiest girls in the country to become my wife. And she didn't marry me because I had a season pass to the baseball game!"

That is known as the South American squelch. It stopped 'em. ■



When a scholarly professor falls in love with a lively chorine, there's bound to be fireworks! Get a first-hand account of it in our on-the-set story of *Ball of Fire,* starring Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper, in the January issue of HOLLYWOOD



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SHOPPING GUIDE

Below is a list of department stores where you may buy the clothes shown on pages 28 and 29.

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Asheville, N. C.	Bon Marche, Inc.
Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's, Inc.
Austin, Texas	E. M. Scarbrough & Sons
Baton Rouge, La.	The Dalton Co.
Birmingham, Ala.	Burger-Phillips Co.
Boise, Idaho	Mode, Ltd.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Adam, Meldrum & Anderson
Cincinnati, O.	Mabley & Carew
Colorado Springs, Colo.	Kaufman, Inc.
Columbia, S. C.	Kohn & Co.
Columbus, Ga.	J. A. Kirven Co.
Dallas, Texas	A. Harris & Co.
Danville, Ill.	Meis Bros.
Emporia, Kans.	Newman's D. G. Co.
Evansville, Ind.	De Jong's, Inc.
Fairmont, W. Va.	J. M. Hartley & Son
Ft. Smith, Ark.	Pollock Stores Co.
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Springfield, O.	Edward Wren Co.
Syracuse, N. Y.	C. E. Chappell & Sons
Tampa, Fla.	O. Falk's Dept. Store
Tulsa, Okla.	Brown-Dunkin D. G. Co.
Washington, D. C.	Hecht Co.
Wichita, Kans.	Rorabaugh-Buck D. G. Co.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	Fowler, Dick & Walker
Williamsport, Pa.	Brozman's
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Baltimore, Md.	Hochschild-Kohn Co.
Boston, Mass.	R. H. White Co.
Cleveland, O.	The May Co.
Dayton, O.	The Johnston-Shelton Co.
Denver, Colo.	The May Co.
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Duluth, Minn.	Duluth Glass Block
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IMPORTANT PICTURES

By SARA CORPENING

ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN ★★★★
Warners

■ *One Foot in Heaven* is a milestone in the motion picture industry. Warner Brothers have taken the Protestant clergyman and made of him a dramatic hero—telling the story of his life in his community, his privations, his problems, and his underlying faith in his fellow-men. However, the story fits as perfectly all other denominations as far as the American scene is concerned. The picture manages throughout to be entirely human—not dogmatic—in treatment. Adapted from the popular best-seller by Hartzell Spence, it emerges as a brilliant and full-bodied film that may easily be a contender for Academy Award honors. Fredric March is a young medical student who discovers religion through listening to an evangelist. He takes his bride, Martha Scott, away from her wealthy Canadian home to his first parish in a mud-road Iowa town. Many similar parishes follow, with the couple undergoing continual hardships and sacrifices. The leading roles are handled expertly, Miss Scott in particular bringing to her part an understanding and restraint that will increase her status as an actress. Frankie Thomas is outstanding as one of the three children that are born to the couple.

A YANK IN THE R. A. F. ★★★½
20th Century-Fox

■ Immensely timely and exciting is *A Yank in the R. A. F.*, with the ring of authority and reality. Much of the picture was made in England with the cooperation of the R. A. F., which accounts for its authenticity of tone. Tyrone Power fits perfectly into his role of a volunteer American in the British flying corporation. Betty Grable, with improved acting technique, is his ex-fiancee whom he meets again in England where she is combining volunteer work with her duties as a chorine. Their romance lightens the seriousness of the picture with just the right degree of humor. All the supporting players are excellent, especially John Sutton and Reginald Gardiner, two English fliers who are friends of Ty's, but very interested in Betty as well.

IT STARTED WITH EVE ★★★½
Universal

■ Deanna Durbin's first screen appearance since her marriage has been eagerly anticipated by her many fans. It's a pleasure to report that in *It Started With Eve* Deanna's vibrant, warm personality emerges more pleasing than ever. Her charming voice is heard in three lovely tunes, one of which is Dvorak's "Going Home." There is less stress on music in this picture, with Deanna being given more opportunity to display her natural abilities as a comedienne. Robert Cummings is faced with the predicament of producing his missing fiancee (Margaret Tallichet) for the blessing of his rich, cantankerous father, who is dying. Failing to locate her, he grabs a hat-check girl (Deanna) who makes such a hit with the father (Charles Laughton) that he

[*Continued on page* 69]



Gene Tierney and Victor Mature relaxed after a strenuous day on the set of *Shanghai Gesture* by a visit to Ciro's. That's Gene's husband, Count Cassini, at the left. Notice Gene's Oriental make-up, inspired no doubt by her role of the half-breed in the film

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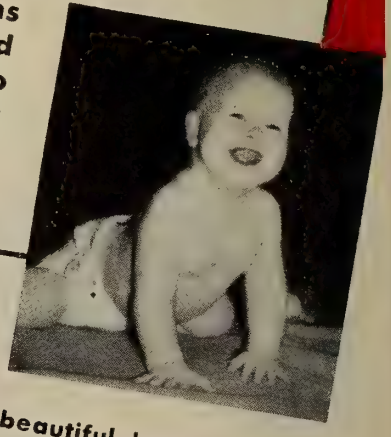
IN THE DECEMBER ISSUE OF LIFE STORY

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Mary Shannon EDITOR



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Important Pictures

[Continued from page 67]

miraculously recovers. When the real fiancee turns up, a lot of amusing complications develop. Laughton plainly enjoys his role of the temperamental old Mr. Got-Rocks; in fact, a delightful spirit of fun pervades the whole film. It's unpretentious fare, but quite delectable.

LADIES IN RETIREMENT ★★★½

Columbia

■ The successful stage play loses none of its grim horror in being transplanted to the screen. The story is one of a sane young Englishwoman, employed by an ex-actress, who is responsible for the welfare of her two elder sisters, who are mildly but harmlessly deranged. She is forced to bring them to live with her at her place of employment. To this the ex-actress agrees until the sisters make her life unbearable with their queer antics. To prevent their being sent to an institution, the young sister kills her benefactress. In the meantime, an absconding young cousin arrives and discovers the crime. He goes to the police when she threatens him also. Ida Lupino makes the role of the young sister dramatic and compelling, and noteworthy are all the performances of the supporting players—Louis Hayward as the young scalawag, Elsa Lanchester and Edith Barrett as the sisters, and Isobel Elsom as the benefactress.

HONKY TONK ★★★

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

■ The starring combination of Clark Gable and Lana Turner is a potent one. There's going to be a lot of mention made of their love scenes in *Honky Tonk*. As a matter of fact, the strongest drawing power of the film lies in the romance of the two leads. It is regrettable that their talents did not have a stronger vehicle in which to shine. *Honky Tonk* has all the elements of a rousing good show—colorful backgrounds, acting, a strong role for Clark, humor, and a refreshing touch of bawdiness. However, it moves along slowly, is poorly constructed and loses what possible punch it might have carried, long before the end. Gable is *Candy Johnson*, a "con guy" who is run out of so many towns he decides to build one of his own. He browbeats his way into control of one, and to cover his gambling operations, plays benefactor by building a school and church. He meets Miss Turner, a school teacher from New England, who has come West to join her father, Frank Morgan, who himself is a grafter covering his nefarious dealings by posing as a judge. Before the picture reaches a labored climax, Morgan is killed, Clark and Lana go through numerous misunderstandings, and Gable is again run out of the town he built.

THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER ★★★

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

■ A warm, rich personality is introduced to the screen when Rise Stevens makes her debut in *The Chocolate Soldier*. Hers is a glorious voice, and for her first appearance before the cameras, she is amazingly poised and skilled. While not a striking beauty by Hollywood standards, she has a charm and sincerity that will bring a warm response. The scene of the picture is Vienna in its happy, carefree days. *Karl Lang* (Nelson Eddy) and his wife *Maria* (Miss Stevens) are the musical comedy toasts of the city. Highly successful as a stage team, their marriage—at least to the egotistical and jealous *Karl*—seems headed towards dissolution. He is constantly fearful that *Maria* is going to leave him for another. To test her fidelity, he masquerades as a Russian opera singer, and complicates his life no end before they are happily reconciled. The greatest flaw of the picture is that it is too long drawn-out. However, if you are a music-lover, the glorious voices of Miss Stevens and Nelson will hold you spellbound.

SKYLARK ★★★

Paramount

■ *Skylark* is an hilarious marital farce and a personal triumph for Claudette Colbert. In portraying the leading role, she was up against the precedent set in the theater by smoothie Gertrude Lawrence. But her performance equals that of the brilliant stage actress. The story is about a wife who, on her fifth wedding anniversary, finds herself playing second fiddle to her husband's job. He is so eager to be a success that he is willing to sacrifice everything—including his wife's own cook to the boss's wife who needs one. On the advice of Brian Aherne, her handsome lawyer, she goes to Reno for a divorce, and from then on the story is hinged on whether there will be a reconciliation. Claudette and Ray Milland, her husband, are charming and natural in their roles, while Walter Abel, the business partner of Ray, is screamingly funny in a drunk scene.

SMILIN' THROUGH ★★★

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

■ This is the third time *Smilin' Through* has come to the screen. Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien starred in the first version, Norma Shearer and Fredric March in the second, and Jeanette MacDonald and Brian Aherne in the latest version. The story has not changed much—it remains the tragic, moving tale of *Moonyean* and *Kathleen*, who falls in love with the son of the man who murdered her aunt on her wedding day. Jeanette MacDonald plays both roles, the first in a brown wig, the second as her own red-headed self. The story spans the years from 1868 to 1919, with Gene Raymond first as the disappointed suitor who murders the girl who spurned him, then as the son, lover of *Kathleen*. Gene is a blond again and performs his romantic roles adeptly. Highlight of the film is, of course, the lovely singing voice of Miss MacDonald. Her poignant singing of four songs keeps the picture from being a little

[Continued on page 70]

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Important Pictures

[*Continued from page* 69]

sombre and dated. It's all in Technicolor, which gives audiences a chance to admire the gorgeous titian locks of the star.

BIRTH OF THE BLUES ★★★

Paramount

■ This is the story of jazz—how it was born, how it grew, and how it finally emerged as a national tempo. It's all told in music, of course, and it's a fine show. Bing Crosby is the star, and he sings in his usual pleasing fashion. There are a number of old numbers which will bring a sentimental tear to the eyes of older movie-goers. The background is New Orleans in the '90's, and it begins on Basin Street with a kid who plays a sweet clarinet. He grows up to be Crosby, of course, with a desire to have a band—a special kind of band. Gradually he assembles an orchestra and after a number of mishaps, his particular kind of music catches on, and jazz is made. Mary Martin is the love interest, and little Carolyn Lee adds a cute note to the proceedings. The nicest things about the picture is the feeling that everybody was actually having a good time while working.

YOU'LL NEVER GET RICH ★★★

Columbia

■ For the first time, Astaire fans can't complain that their hero doesn't dance enough in his screen appearances. In *You'll Never Get Rich*, he performs six intricate numbers, all by Cole Porter and staged by the sensational young dance instructor, Robert Alton. Most appealing is the "So Near and Yet So Far" number, in which Astaire solos, backed up by a melodic group of negroes. Rita Hayworth is his new dancing partner and she lends beauty and exceptional talent to the numbers she shares with him. The story is lightweight, with Astaire as a reluctant draftee who spends most of his time in the guard-house. Robert Benchley delights with his droll clowning.

THE FEMININE TOUCH ★★½

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

■ This is another in the recent generous bill of fare of light screen entertainment. The background is the literary world, with Don Ameche playing a grim young college professor who comes to New York to sell his book, "Jealousy in All Its Aspects and Universal Application." His disbelief in jealousy is the despair of his attractive young wife, Rosalind Russell. To arouse some response in him, she becomes the victim of amorous advances from Van Heflin, neurotic publisher. Kay Francis is Heflin's assistant who helps Ameche re-vamp his book, and of whom Rosalind is acutely jealous. Complications ensue, with a dream sequence and a finale that is pure slapstick. Rosalind was never better than in her role of the wife, proving again that she is one of the screen's most adept comediennes. Van Heflin looks like star material.

Miniature Reviews

★★★★

A WOMAN'S FACE (M-G-M) Cast: *Joan Crawford, Melvyn Douglas, Conrad Veidt.* Joan Crawford gives the best performance of her career without benefit of glamour or striking clothes. Story is grim, but enthralling.

BLOSSOMS IN THE DUST (M-G-M) Cast: *Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon.* Based on the noble work done by Mrs. Edna Gladney of Texas in finding homes for orphan children. Greer Garson is enchanting in Technicolor.

CITIZEN KANE (R-K-O) Cast: *Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore.* Orson Welles' controversial film is one of the grandest bits of entertainment ever offered by Hollywood. The story relates in engrossing manner the highlights in the life of a notoriously wealthy publisher. Don't miss it.

RELUCTANT DRAGON, THE (R-K-O) Walt Disney's latest enchanting full-length feature stars Robert Benchley as a bemused visitor to the Disney plant. Through his eyes, we are shown how a Disney feature takes form.

SERGEANT YORK (Warners) Cast: *Gary Cooper, Joan Leslie, Walter Brennan.* The true story of a man from the Tennessee mountains who became a hero on the battlefield of World War I. One of the best pictures of the year.

THE LITTLE FOXES (R-K-O) Cast: *Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, Theresa Wright, Richard Carlson.* An even finer film than the magnificent stage play from which it was adapted. May easily be the best picture of 1941.

TOM, DICK AND HARRY (R-K-O) Cast: *Ginger Rogers, Burgess Meredith, Alan Marshal, George Murphy.* Delightful Cinderella tale of a girl who couldn't make up her mind which beau to choose. One of the year's gayest comedies.

★★★½

CHARLEY'S AUNT (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Jack Benny, Kay Francis, Laird Cregar.* Jack's funniest role to date, in which he dons petticoats and gets into all sorts of situations.

LYDIA (United Artists) Cast: *Merle Oberon, Joseph Cotten, Hans Yaray, George Reeves, Alan Marshal.* Women are going to love this, and men will enjoy it too. It's the story of a woman who had four men at her feet, and of the choice she made.

SUN VALLEY SERENADE (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Sonja Henie, John Payne, Milton Berle.* Sonja is at the peak of her skating and skiing form in this one. And Milton Berle is one of the funniest of the new comic recruits.

★★★

BELLE STARR (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Gene Tierney, Randolph Scott.* All about the notorious woman outlaw of Missouri history, in which Miss Tierney acquits herself well in the title role.

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DIVE BOMBER (Warners) Cast: *Errol Flynn, Fred MacMurray, Alexis Smith.* A fine film about the men behind the scenes in the Air Corps—the flight surgeons. An exciting newcomer, Alexis Smith, has a brief breath-taking sequence.

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE (M-G-M) Cast: *Spencer Tracy, Lana Turner, Ingrid Bergman.* The remake of the Robert Louis Stevenson classic is not so good, depending on the stellar value of the leading players for merit. But you should see it for the startlingly dramatic performance turned in by Miss Bergman.

HERE COMES MR. JORDAN (Columbia) Cast: *Robert Montgomery, Evelyn Keyes.* Fantastic, but thoroughly absorbing.

HOLD BACK THE DAWN (Paramount) Cast: *Charles Boyer, Paulette Goddard, Olivia de Havilland.* Boyer in one of his best roles as a European gigolo who tries to get into the United States via Mexico by marrying an American schoolteacher, Olivia de Havilland.

HOLD THAT GHOST (Universal) Cast: *Abbott and Costello.* Another in the amusing series by Universal's No. 1 screwballs.

LADY BE GOOD (M-G-M) Cast: *Eleanor Powell, Ann Sothern, Robert Young.* Bright and sparkling musical in which Ann Sothern clicks in a big way.

NEW WINE (United Artists) Cast: *Ilona Massey, Alan Curtis, Albert Bassermann.* Covers a brief span in the life of the composer, Schubert. Enchanting music throughout.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH (Paramount) Cast: *Bob Hope, Paulette Goddard.* Can a man tell the truth, the whole truth, for 24 hours? See Bob's hilarious new picture and find out.

THE MALTESE FALCON (Warners) Cast: *Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor.* One of the best mystery films that has come out of Hollywood in a long time.

UNFINISHED BUSINESS (Universal) Cast: *Irene Dunne, Robert Montgomery, Preston Foster.* Gay and sparkling comedy in which Miss Dunne is given an opportunity to use her lovely singing voice.

WHEN LADIES MEET (M-G-M) Cast: *Joan Crawford, Greer Garson, Robert Taylor.* The combination of the three stars should be enough for anyone's money, we believe. Miss Garson walks away with top acting honors.

WHISTLING IN THE DARK (M-G-M) Cast: *Red Skelton, Ann Rutherford, Virginia Grey, Conrad Veidt.* Introducing Red Skelton, a very, very funny new find. The story is not much, but his hilarious antics carry it along.

★★

ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS (Paramount) A lightweight Tahitian romance of familiar trend. Again *Dorothy Lamour* wears a sarong and sings several songs in pleasing fashion. Color photography adds an enchanting new note.

FATHER TAKES A WIFE (R-K-O) Cast: *Gloria Swanson, Adolphe Menjou.* A light little comedy which is noteworthy because it marks the return of Gloria Swanson.

ICE-CAPADES (Republic) Cast: *Dorothy Lewis, Barbara Allen, Jerry Colonna.* If you're an ice-skating addict, you'll love this spectacle.

NAVY BLUES (Warners) Cast: *Jack Oakie, Ann Sheridan, Martha Raye.* Good star line-up and a number of amusing dance numbers makes this pleasant, if light, entertainment.

OUR WIFE (Columbia) Cast: *Melvyn Douglas, Ruth Hussey, Ellen Drew.* Old triangle of husband-wife-other woman. Melvyn Douglas and Miss Hussey make it fun, however.

THE PITTSBURGH KID (Republic) Cast: *Billy Conn, Jean Parker.* Pleasant little item written for Billy Conn while he was headline news.

THIS WOMAN IS MINE (Universal) Cast: *Carol Bruce, Franchot Tone, John Carroll.* Noteworthy because it introduces the Broadway star, Carol Bruce to the screen. Only mildly entertaining.

TILLIE THE TOILER (Columbia) The well-known comic strip character is brought to the screen in a pleasing little film. Kay Harris acquits herself well in the title role.

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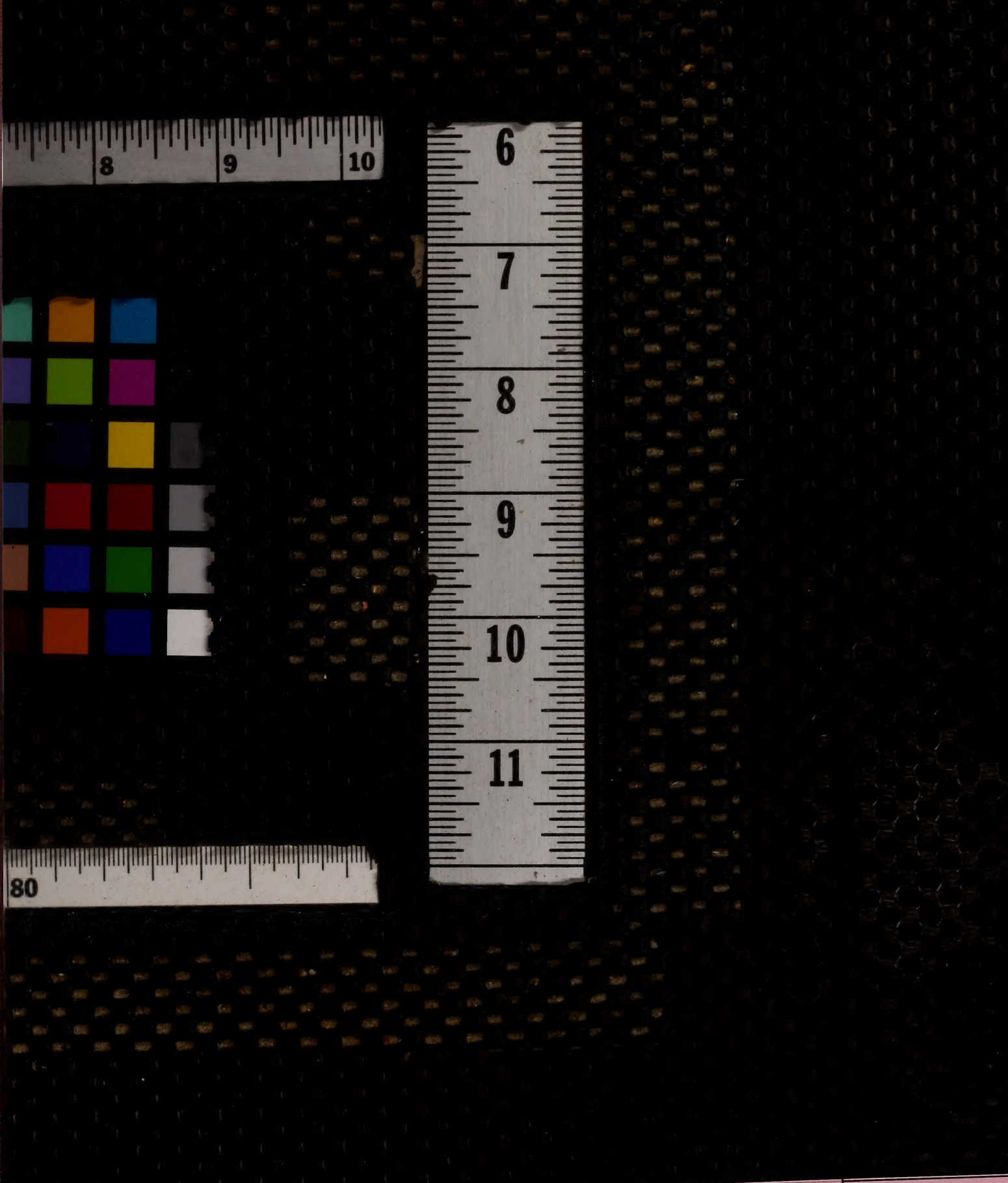
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